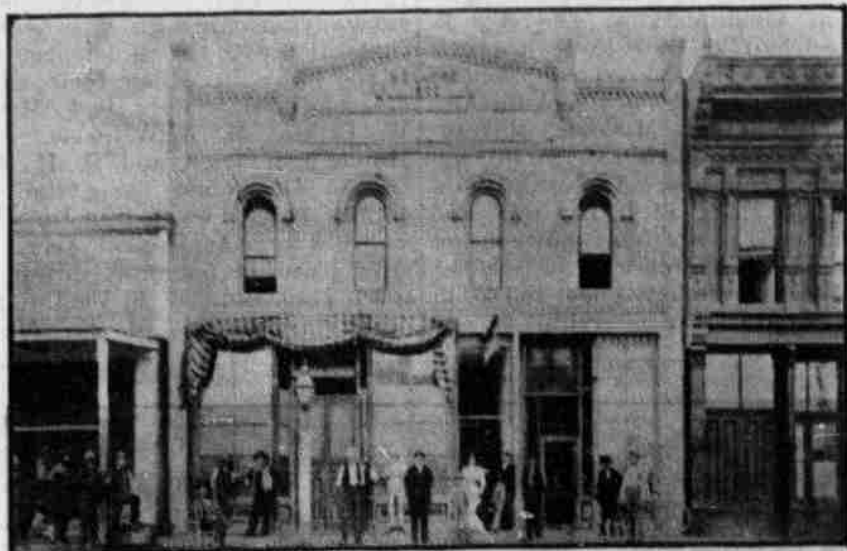




FOLSOM BUILDING — "MONOGRAM SALOON."

1889. Its present membership is 96. The officers for the ensuing term are: S. P. Gilmore, Past Master Workman; G. F. Skipworth, Master Workman; W. M. Pitney, Recorder.

Knights of Pythias.

Lucullus Lodge, No. 52, K. of P., was instituted in 1889. It has a membership of 35. The officers for the present term are: J. D. Hamlin, C. C.; C. P. Houston, K. of R. & S. Junction City also has a Degree of Honor Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, Rathbone Sisters, Woodmen Circle and Modern Brotherhood of America.

JUNCTION CITY HOTEL.

One of the things that Junction City has to offer the traveling public is a hotel with comfortable rooms, cleanly kept, and a table that would satisfy anybody. It must indeed be a finicky person who is not thor-

oughly satisfied with the fare set before him by "mine host," the Baker Sisters.

The Baker Sisters (Misses Dollie and Carrie) are ideal hosts, and in themselves are evidence of the manner in which they conduct their popular hostelry, viz.: Liberally, in all departments, and with an eye to the comfort of every guest that crosses their door sill. There is a large sample room, well adapted to the wants of the traveling man, while the casual visitor will find agreeable reception rooms, tastefully furnished, placed at their disposal. The cuisine, as hinted above, is abundantly supplied with the best the market affords, well cooked and most acceptably served. To express a want is to have it filled, and that promptness so often desired and so frequently disregarded in the hotels throughout the country, has here that attention paid to it which is most gratifying to the transient guest.

SUPERBLY SPLENDID

Is the Land "Where Rolls the Oregon."

To Picture Its Wealth Would Require the Pen of Ruskin or the Brush of a Durer.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Far away to the south and west there lies,
Away in the sunset land,
Where the weird Sierra lifts to the skies
The wealth of her jeweled hand—
There lies deep hid in the mountain range,
As old as the world is old,
A fabulous valley, dim and strange,
That is known as the Vale of Gold.
There's a golden grot, and golden ledge,
And blooms of gold, and golden bees,
Gold in the grass and sighing sedge,
And gold in the orchard trees.
There are flowers as bright as the orbs of night,
And birds of radiant wing,
And streams that quiver and dance forever
In time to the tunes they sing.

The following beautiful description of this portion of the Willamette Valley was penned by an Eastern writer, who received his inspiration while viewing his surroundings from the summit of Skinner's Butte, 14 miles south of Junction City:

"In the center of the Valley, which here assumes a circular basin form, a spur of the Coast Range breaking to

buildings. Here is located the University of Oregon, an educational institution of which any State might be proud. It is also the seat of the Eugene Divinity School; and here are gathered every year more than a thousand of the stalwart young men of Oregon. Eugene is the Athens of the West. It is a school town as well as a manufacturing center. The country around it is rich and fertile, while the mountains that surround it, like distant sentinels, are seamed with veins of gold bearing rocks, and in the sands of the Willamette the golden grains sparkle and gleam like wavelets playing with the sunbeams.

"Storms are unknown and the entire valley is free from malaria."

The sturdy oaks that have long symbolized American hardihood and stood as the emblem of majesty and defiance are here transformed into Arcadian bowers, the most varied, resplendent, gorgeous and beautiful I have ever seen. I have read of the vegetable profusion of the tropics and of the veritable Edens of the nabobs of India, but the Willamette Valley is the Florida of this continent. The mighty mountain barriers on the east impound the warm, moist breeze of the Japan

profligate hand shakes a billion golden arrows from his flaming quiver, which, breaking and refracting in the dew, make the land look like the Field of the Cloth of Gold where some spendthrift Deity had looted the vaults of the mighty deep and sown its fabulous wealth of treasured pearls over hill and mead and dale. Tinged is his beaming face with flame, and mountain city and plain appear like Bunyan's castellated vision of the Delectable Mountain. Ruskin's picturesque and lurid pen has drawn the most beautiful of all landscape paintings. Under its dextrous and tasteful touch all nature seems to bow in submission, and yield to his dominion. He listens to the whisperings of the elements, catches the murmured mysteries, and embalms them with the subtle and resourceful arts of the rhetorician. The cliffs and the crags, the cataract and the cascade, the clouds and caverns, the grassy plains and the sweeping declivities, the meadows billowy by the touch of the gentle breeze, the mountains rugged with stupendous grandeur—all these are garnered in the priceless sheaf of his princely intellect. But Ruskin never gazed on grander scenes than these. How apposite to this favored land are the beautiful lines:

Bounteous nature loves all lands,

Beauty wanders everywhere,

Footprints leaves on many strands,

But her home is surely here.

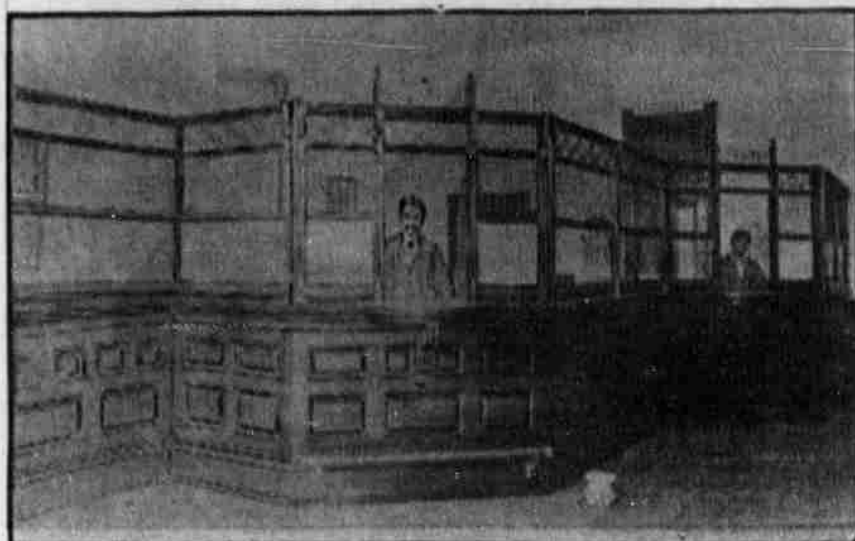
Angels fold their wings and rest

In this Eden of the West.

On the margin of the crest toward the rising sun stands a solid stone structure, an observatory. The limpid, clear atmosphere makes this an admirable location for the work of the savant. And here in the quiet hours of the night, when the world is wrapped in slumber, our toiling benefactors read the stories of the skies, written in flaming worlds across the brow of immensity. Here they wrest from the heavens the secrets that have lain sealed from mortal eyes since the birth of time. And, indeed, it was deep foresight or

An account of this wonderful land would be incomplete were no mention made of its people. The soil is almost a spendthrift in its extravagant profusion. It yields to the husbandmen the richest products within the imperial domain of the miners' pick and the farmers' plow. It used to be a favorite thought of the philosopher, Ernest Haeckel, that people are as much a product of the soil as are crops and cattle. The people of this Edenic land excel like its vegetation. Generous of heart,

lioned American stock—whom Darwin said had the largest brains, deepest chests and biggest bones of any race that ever dwelt on the globe. Like Minerva from the brow of Jove they sprung from the sturdy loins of the great Anglo-Saxon race—a race which has wrecked empires, dethroned kings and trampled despots under the booted heel of righteous might. When one thinks of all the political pollution and commercial corruption of the great cities of the East, he despairs of the future of his country.

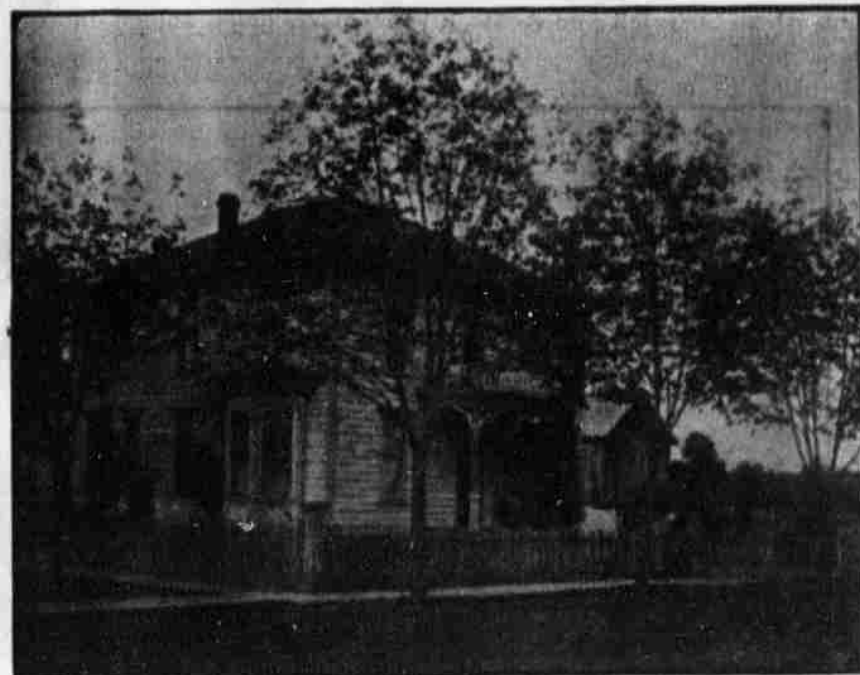


INTERIOR FARMERS & MERCHANTS' BANK.

noble of soul, tolerant of the opinions of others, without bigotry or prejudice, they make the stranger feel proud that he belongs to the human race. Their nobility can be accounted for by purely common sense reasons. A half century ago, during those turbulent times when this nation was standing on the epicentrum of an internecine earthquake; when the air was pregnant with the dismal forebodings of war presaging national annihilation; when two mighty nations, bent on each other's destruction, faced each other like gladiators fencing for the final thrust—this vast region was settled. Discontented

But to know the people of Oregon is to be more optimistic. Mighty fortunes may rise, Phoenix-like, corporations may combine and decompose, the ideas of kingcraft and oppression may saturate the minds of the meretricious and vainglorious, while the sober tongue of reason is forever silenced, but so long as the country is inhabited by such fearless yeomen as bepeople the Pacific Coast, no tyrant will ever place foot on these shores, or wave his scepter over this land. In the darkest days of his Russian campaign Napoleon would point toward the peasants of Auvergne and say that France would never be subjugated so long as they could rally 'round his banner. At Valley Forge the illustrious Washington gazed at the vast western wilderness and declared that if his ragged battalions were defeated in that unequal and despairing struggle, as certain as the inexorable decrees of Destiny, a mighty people would sometime girdle this continent with their homes, over whose threshold no tyrant shall leave his footstep. The people of Oregon bring back the memory of the giants that were and of the glory that has been. They are the best representatives of a race that has humbled the prince in his palace and torn usurped power from his frantic clutch, crowned the peasant with the civic wreath of independence and laid the imperishable glory of knightly sovereignty down at his cabin door.

Thus far I have said nothing about the ladies of Oregon. Some way or other a man cannot talk (unless he is a doctor) about women seriously. People will laugh at him. But to score a fact, I'll give the reader the chance of getting a good laugh on me. The ladies I saw in Oregon were beautiful. The salubrious climate and their outdoor life gives them health, and health in a woman is nine-tenths of beauty. Without beautiful women this sad old world would not be fit to live in. If everybody were men I would commit suicide. No matter to which land my soul would take its flight, I know I would find women there. It seems to me I once heard of a man named Pope declaring that "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Pope was a 75 pound collection of skin and misery, bones and dyspepsia. So far as intellect is concerned, he stands on the summit of human greatness. But he was nothing but intellect, and by itself it is a merciless, bloodless despot, cold as commerce and cruel as atrocity. Pope was not actuated by the motives which stir most men. He was never in love. He had no blood in his veins. Had you phlebotomized him you would have found whey. He lived on thought, not passion. Women had no attractions for him. The flashing eye, the dimpled chin, the blooming cheek of beautiful women had no balm for his sick soul. He sipped the icicle soup of dispassionate reason; he had



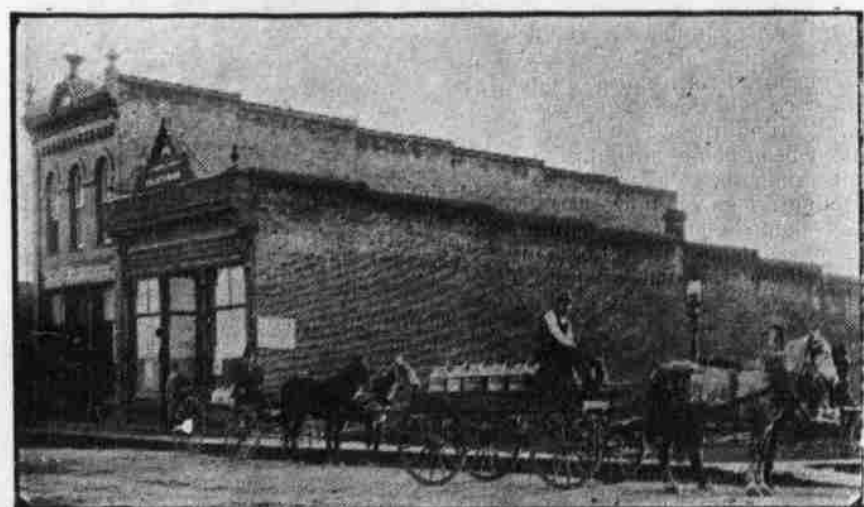
RESIDENCE OF COUNCILMAN CHARLES VAN VRANKEN.

happy chance that sent them here. While other mountains lift bolder cliffs and crests to greater heights, and other plains spread wider their dim horizons, yet nowhere else can mortal man stand nearer heaven or the finite pierce deeper the darkened shadows of infinity.

At your feet lies the city of Eugene, half hidden by the foliage of the trees that line the streets. To the east, and outlined against a summer sky, are the "Three Sisters," in their vestments of eternal snow. Just beyond the blue waters of the Willamette gleam in the morning sunlight. The banks of the river are lined with giant trees which mark its course away to the north long after its waters are lost in the hazy distance. Across the stream, to the north, east, south and west, stretch mile after mile of orchards, meadows, fields of grain and cultivated farms, dotted with cottages surrounded by roses and honeysuckles. Beyond them rise, in seeming regularity, the lightly timbered foothills like the swell of a heavy sea, which still farther on break into ridges of foam-crested mountain waves. In the dreamy, shadowy distance it seems as if you can catch the rhythmical sweep of the billows, but the green of the waves is in reality the fir clad mountain side and the crest foam their regal crowns of snow.

The light that 1900 years ago fell upon the Damascus road still shines with undimmed splendor here, and in its glare the eye of faith can still read the deepest lessons of Omnipotence. The serrated crest of the Coast Range to the west wards off the storms that occasionally sweep over the Pacific, but the fresh breath of the salt sea, cooled by the mountain snows, is constantly wafted over this Valley. It seems like a mighty aerial tide flowing off the shores of another world. It is dashed with the ocean spray, and laden with the breath of the Spice Islands, sweeter than the breezes that ever blow over Araby the Blest.

with their lot of life, they braved the dangers of the forest and prairie, of mountain and wilderness, and stream and storm, with covered wagons, with oxen and dog and gun, they crossed the continent and builded their homes on the sunny slopes of the illimitable Pacific. Removed from the contiguity of screeds and dogmas, freed from the tyrannous customs of mediaevalism and from the pillory of intellectual serfdom, these hardy pioneers built a newer and grander civilization. The fugitive sunbeams of knowledge stole into the dingy garrets of the mind; the lightning of freedom began to play around the haunted castles of Tyranny and Fear, and the rays of science flooded the lampless dungeons of the brain. Like a tree transplanted from stony to fertile soil, like an eagle freed from the prison cage against whose iron bars it had fretted its mighty soul away, these people on a virgin soil built their homes with a pride as pure and a chivalry as noble as ever steered the sinewy arms of the free or covered with its benediction the uncovered heads of the brave. The people of Oregon live in pure air and in limpid sunshine. They are the best product of the old fash-



WEATHERLY CREAMERY CO.'S BUILDING.

the east and closing it in—the watershed between the valleys of the Rogue and Willamett Rivers—Skinner's Butte rises abruptly from the plain to a height of 300 feet. It is a perfect cone, and on the summit is a grove of knarled oaks, whose heavy foliage throws an inviting shade on the boulder-strewn sward. It looks like an altar built by Titans to the worship of omnipotent Jove. At the western slope of this majestic altar lies the beautiful city of Eugene. It is a town of 5,000 population, with wide shady streets and substantial

current and make it the cloister and hearth of amaranthine splendor. The passionate breath of spring wooes the sterile face of the earth, catches the wondrous soul of the sunshine in its magic clasp, and from dust and rain and dew, from speechless clay and insensate clod, bedecks and adorns the shapeless crest of old mother earth with a plumage as gaudy and gorgeous as bloomed ages ago when our primal parents were driven by flaming sword from their painless paradise. The sun now rides high above the horizon and with



JUNCTION CITY FLOURING MILL.