

CRESCENT CITY TO ASHLAND

R. R. Ryan Writes Interestingly of Trip Across the Mountains

Crescent City is largely controlled by the sawmill company which owns a large mill in the city, with a capacity of 70,000 feet daily, and also one out three miles from the city cutting 40,000 feet. They own the only general merchandise store in town; they also own and control the line of steamers to Frisco, thus controlling the shipping business in all lines. The beach is one mass of logs, driftwood and wreckage, but the town is nicely located, and a good seaport. There is some good farm land near the city which extends for four or five miles out, ranging in price from \$40 to \$75 per acre.

After leaving the city, about five miles northeast on the road to Grants Pass, we commenced to climb the hills and soon came into the great redwood belt of timber, which extended for 15 miles. Then we struck the south fork of Smith river where the timber is mostly spruce, hemlock, alder and live oak which was fine for 10 miles, or more, then the timber was common to inferior. At the South Fork hotel we got hay for our horses paying one and one-half cents a pound. From there we went to Adams station, where the stage changes horses, then on to Gasquet at the foot of the mountains, also a stage station, where hay is one and one-half cents a pound. Crossing the mountains we came to Patrick's station at the foot on the east side where hay is two cents a pound. This is the place where the old man was killed a few years ago for his money. The man who killed him got \$300. This mountain is over seven miles up on the west side, and five miles down, 2000 feet on the east side. From there to Monumental, a great mining district, owned by a company in San Francisco there is some splendid ore, and a good many miners in that locality, and some good chances for more as there are some wonderful openings here in the two ranges of mountains, each 12 miles across, both high.

Leaving Monumental we drove down the steep mountains for four miles, then crossed the state line back into Oregon and camped for dinner on the side of road. Then in the afternoon we drove to Waldo, also a mining town, both placer and quartz. This is an old place where mining has been carried on for years. The whole district is rich in ore, of which there is a large variety—gold, silver, copper, lead, coal and iron.

From there we drove four miles north, and camped near David Shafers. Mrs. Shafer is a cousin of J. E. Baker of Salem. From there we drove to Kirby, a small place. Here the ranchers are all using the water from the Illinois river for irrigation, then from Kirby to Selma 7 miles. We crossed Deer creek; all farming is done under the irrigation system here. Land is \$25 to \$40 per acre. At Selma, a stage station, town land sells from \$2.50 to \$10 per acre. Love's station is a small stage station, seven miles from Selma. Next is a road house, on the line where we stopped for dinner. The next is Wonder House, then we went on to Wonderville station, and went up Applegate river, drove up four miles and camped for the night. Next morning we drove up a mile forded the river and drove three miles up on the north side to Huffman's store, then crossed back to the south side where there was a better road, then up stream to Provost store and post-office.

We camped two miles above for dinner, after noon. We then drove up stream over the hills to Jacksonville, a nice little town at the foot of the mountains. This territory was famous at one time for placer mining and some of the ground is yet worked. Jacksonville has a beautiful location for a town and is the county seat of Jackson county. They seem to be growing, and this is certainly a beautiful valley to live in, with its fine orchards, and great fields of alfalfa. We drove out two miles on the road to Central Point, and camped for the night. The next day we went to Central Point, and took dinner at the Central Point hotel. J. F. Redeliff, recently from Michigan, is the new proprietor. He set up a fine meal for 25 cents. We would say to all if you stop here, call on him, and he will treat you nicely. Here we also met Frank Wiley, a son of B. F. Wiley of Salem. Freeman & Wiley are selling agricultural implements and harness, Mr. Wiley bo-

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ing a harness maker. J. W. Gray, formerly of Silverton, is working for them in the harness shop. This town has a fine location, five miles north of Medford.

This afternoon, August 14, we go to Medford then on to Ashland and Soda Springs. Then we will cross the mountains to Klamath.

Leaving Central Point we stopped and took a look over F. H. Hopkins large orchard of apples and pears. He has picked the most of his Bartlett pears and shipped them, they were fine. He has some fine Newton Pippin and Spitzenberg apples. His Newtons will go to England direct from the orchard. This whole valley has some magnificent orchards and beautiful alfalfa fields.

We arrived at Medford at 5 p. m. This is a thriving, bustling town of 4000 people, they have just held a street carnival of ten days, which was a great success. We saw F. Hollister, formerly of Salem, also Wm. Talant and Dr. J. M. Keen, who is kept close at home on account of his wife's severe sickness. She has been lingering between life and death, but is now somewhat better.

Leaving Medford we passed up the valley to Phoenix, Talent, and then on to Ashland. We stopped for dinner with David Brooks and sons, who have a fine orchard. They were picking and packing their peaches for market; we took in our share while there, and a supply for our journey.

Ashland is beautifully located, with its peach and apple orchards in every direction and with fine alfalfa fields north and east. The small tracts, 10 to 15 acres, are held at from \$150 to \$500, and some fine places at \$1000 per acre. We met Conrad Hill here, he was sergeant-at-arms in the last legislature. We also met G. W. Cavanaugh and wife. She is a sister of the Cunningham girls of Salem. They have a beautiful home and one of the nicest peach orchards it has been my pleasure to view, and the town of Ashland is, to my notion, the nicest place we have seen on our trip in southern Oregon.

From there we drove to the Wagner soda springs, 12 miles from Ashland, at the foot of the mountains. Tomorrow we start for Klamath Falls and eastern Oregon points. R. R. RYAN & CO.

Tip Humphrey Sarcastic.
W. M. Bushey and Fred Waters were up from Salem Tuesday on business pertaining to a proposed electric line from Salem to Albany. The new road is all on paper as yet, but may develop all right. Such a line would certainly be of great benefit to farmers along the route, as it would enable them to ship produce, vegetables, etc., to market daily at a trivial cost. There was, however, a route surveyed through here several years ago for an electric line, and that is all there was done, so we can't "enthuse" much over this one until something definite is learned.—Jefferson Review.

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Orient Believes Us Lazy.

It is startling to learn from the greatest living authority upon the Japanese, Prof. Chamberlain, that "from hints dropped by several of the educated, and from the still more interesting, because frankly naive, remarks made by Japanese servants whom I have taken with me to Europe at different times, I found that the traveled Japanese consider our three most prominent characteristics to be dirt, laziness, and superstition."

That we should seem relatively lazy to the Japanese and Chinese is intelligible when we consider their dogged and indomitable industry. I remember being greatly struck by the following instance of Chinese industry given in Sir George Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's experience as ambassador to China, compiled from his lordship's papers. Lord Macartney in passing through one part of the Chinese empire noted a man suspended by a rope hanging half-way down a precipice. Thinking that he was collecting bird's eggs, like the men who are so suspended from the cliffs of Moher in Clare, Lord Macartney stopped to watch and to find that he was cultivating a little plateau of a few yards of land. He grew vegetables upon a number of these jutting out coigns of vantage, but all of them together did not amount to extent to half an acre. At the bottom of the precipice he lived with a wife and a large family, whom he supported by his industry—hanging daily half-way down the dizzy cliff, like one "that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!"

Apreros of the embassy of Lord Macartney to China, I cannot resist quoting De Quincey's humorous account of the present sent with this ambassador by George III, to the emperor of China. "Amongst the presents carried out by our first ambassador, Lord Macartney, to China was a state coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III, but the exact mode of using it was an intense mystery to Peking. Lord Macartney, indeed, had made some imperfect explanations upon this point; but, as his excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper at the moment of his departure, the

celestial intellect was feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question. "Where was the emperor to sit?" The hammer cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous, and, partly on that consideration, and partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne, and for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch."

"The horses, therefore, being harnessed," De Quincey proceeds, "solemnly his imperial majesty ascended his new English throne under a flourish of trumpets, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand and the chief jester on his left. Peking gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, 'Where am I to sit?' But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition that he was still dissatisfied. 'I say,' he cried out in an extemporé petition addressed to the emperor through the window 'I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?' 'Anyhow,' was the imperial answer, 'don't trouble me, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows, through the keyhole—anyhow.' Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check strings to a sort of jury reins communicating with the horses, and with these he drove as steadily as Peking had any right to expect. The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits. He decended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it, and he dedicated the state coach thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo-Fo—whom the learned more accurately call Fi-Fi."

Those who dread China as the yellow peril of the future should read Sir Henry Colville's "The Allies." In the first place, China is the most peace-loving country in the world, so peace loving that she has as deep a

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scorn of the military profession as Japan has of the mercantile profession. In the second place, China is less a country than a continent.

"China, indeed, is so vast, so heterogeneous, that in some respects it can be compared more to a continent than a country. She has not even a permanent name for herself, being known to her inhabitants only by the names of her dynasties. Nor has she one spoken language. It is true that those who speak the Mandarin dialect can understand each other, as Europeans who speak Latin can communicate; but the people of Canton and Peking can no more talk together than those of Rome and Madrid, and take even less interest in each other's affairs. 'That belongey Peking side; no my pidgin,' the Cantonese said when told of the Japanese victories in 1894."

The Japanese, on the other hand, are the most compact and patriotic of people, to whom their country is more sacred than father, mother, sister, brother, wife, or child. To it they are proud to pay all they owe. "As an instance," writes Sir Henry Colville, "of the spirit of loyalty of the Japanese, I must repeat a story which I heard on the best authority. Within the last few months a Japanese officer perfected a warlike invention of which an American expert in the temporary employ of the Japanese government happened to hear. It so impressed him that he offered the Japanese inventor \$100,000 for it. This offer, the Japanese officer indignantly refused, saying, 'I was educated by my government, and to them I owe everything. Anything that my brain can produce is theirs.'—T. P. O'Connor.

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Toward Portland—		
No. 222	—10:54 a. m.	11:38 a. m., Portland
No. 226	—10:40 a. m.	11:38 a. m., Way
Toward San Francisco		
No. 11	—11:05 a. m.	press.
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