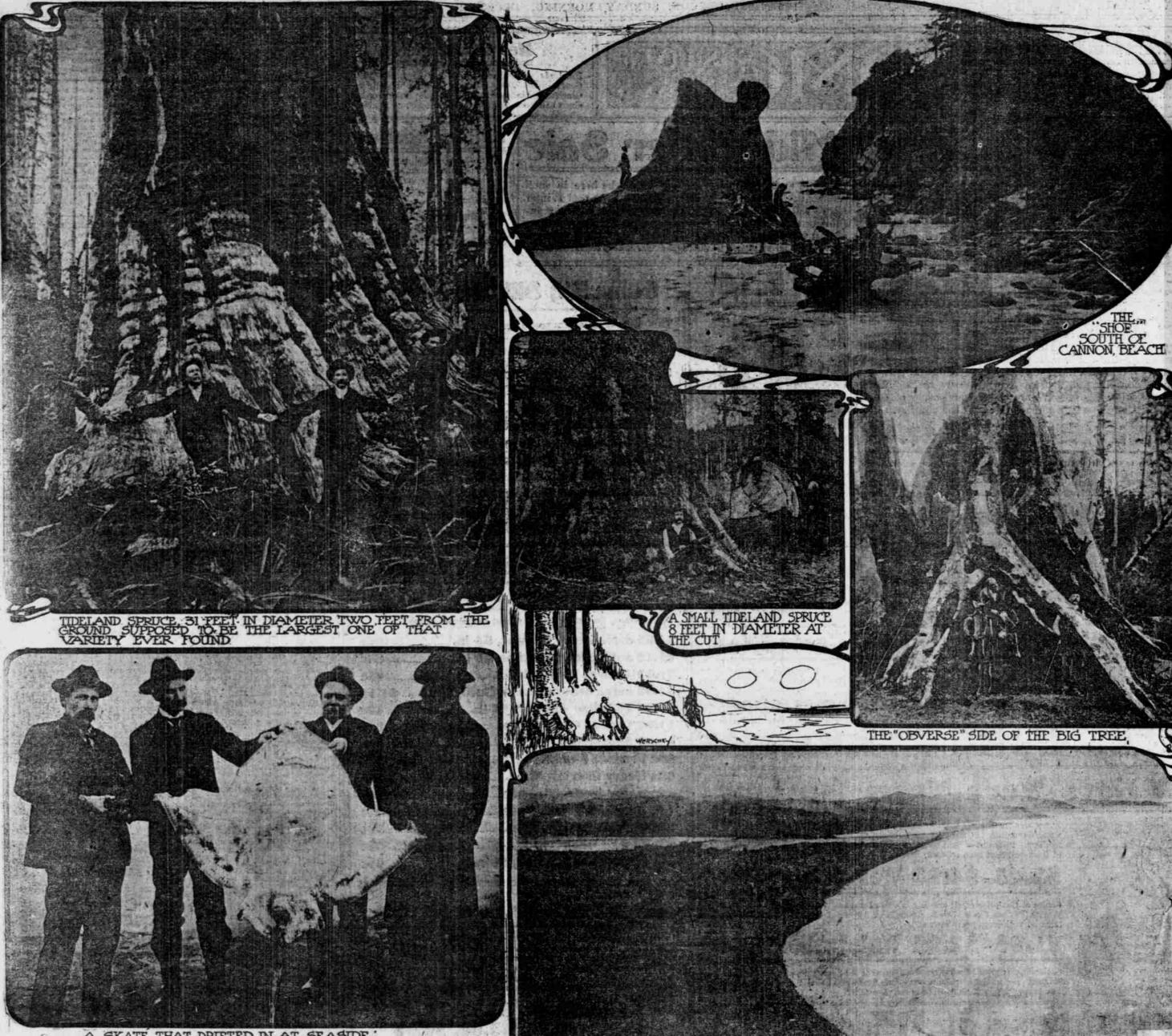
FOUND THE BIGGEST TREE IN OREGON

PORTLAND NATURALISTS' STRENOUS JOURNEY INTO GOD'S VALLEY, CLATSOP COUNTY



A SKATE THAT DRIFTED IN AT SEASIDE

that is being made to secure a log of spruce to send to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition next year. It is the intention to get a log from the largest tree to be found, for the purpose of showing what Oregon produces in the form of tide-land spruce. Inquiry revealed that on the Inquiry revealed that on the spruce. Inquiry revealed that on the North Fork of the Nehalem River there stands the stump of a gigantic spruce, the largest to be found in Oregon, and consequently in the world. The valley which nurtured the giant is significantly known as God's Valley, and lies along the North Fork of the Nehalem in Clatsop and Tillamook Counties.

So all Winter. We had an awful time of it. We evidently had considerable faith in the appearance of things, because when we stepped into a puddle we never mired down over our boot tops times without number. You know Colonel Hawkins, don't you? Of course. Well, as you are aware, he's no feather-weight, and when he went down it wasn't the bottom of the puddle that stopped him. Oh, but he was

In order to verify the report and to learn whether or not it would be possible to secure a section of it for exhibition, a party consisting of M. W. Gorman, L. L. Hawkins, Professor Sheldon and Photographer Kiser, made a visit to the place, took among others, the accompanying photographs, and added an interesting chapter to their experiences.

"We had a most enjoyable trip," said Mr. Gorman, in speaking of the journey. "We saw the Oregon coast in Winter, learned much about the delights of traveling Oregon country roads during the rainy season, and saw the remains of the biggest tide-land apruce in the world.

"At Scanide we secured a horse to carry what little luggage we had, and set out on foot for the mouth of the Nehalem. As we went down the coast, I was impressed by the increasing beauty and adaptability of the various beaches for the purposes of pleasure resorts. Another thing was the great number of heads and promontories and rocks of basalt there are in those 40 miles. There are no less than 14, and all the time I kept thinking that it is no wonder the Spaniards who sailed their feet in diameter. From the picture you frail craft up and down the coast in those can comprehend its size. There's the Colearly days, had a wholesome dread of onel sitting on our horse in the hollow

I want to tell you, that trall is the worst on this continent, absolutely the worst. It is only about a foot wide, and is lined

puddle that stopped him. Oh, but he was sight when we got through! And over that wretched trail a woman carries the mail from Nehalem to Cannon Beach, 16 miles and back every day, having to walk in the worst places"

At Nehalem the party learned that God's Valley was 12 miles distant; so they pro-cured a boat and rowed six miles up the river and induced a rancher to guide them to the valley. There they found a Ger-man who knew the location of the tree and who plloted them to it. There is only one man living in that valley, and he has been in there 15 years raising cattle. The cattle, say the tourists, are in perfect condition, the grass is finer than that of the Williamette Valley, and the soil as fertile as that of any county in Oregon.

Glant Tide-Land Spruce.

"So far as the purposes of our trip were concerned," said Mr. Gorman, "we were disappointed in the tree. It had been burned about four years ago, so that it would be worthless for exhibition purposes. But we satisfied our curiosity as regards its size. Two feet above the ground it measures 31 feet in diameter;

walk all that way just to photograph a tree. We showed him the tripod, but he retorted: "What 'yer givin' me? Don't believe you're such darn fools.' We tried to point out to the residents there the advantages they would get from a rail-When a railroad comes in I go out," said one. It's strange the way some men live alone on frontiers. They don't want company or the comforts of

"At Nehalem we met two men who had worked at quarrying beeswax on Nehalem Spit. Several tons of it had been taken out, mined they called it, remelted, molded, and sold in Astoria and elsewhere, Oh, no; there's no doubt about its being beeswax. There are still many tons of it there, and it is found close to the surface, or covered by six or eight feet of sand. We were told also that there are rocks about Necarney Mountain upon which there are inscriptions in Spanish, supposed to have been made by the survivors from the beesewax ship. No, I didn't see these rocks, but I'm going back there some time and find them. They will prove that the ship was wrecked there, and that some of the sali-ors escaped drowning, only to be mur-dered by the Indians."

At Cannon Beach, the voyageurs suc-ceeded in finding the iron cannon from which the beach takes its name. This is an old iron gun, weighting probably 700 pounds, and measuring perhaps 5½ inches in bore. The story goes that it was driven in many years ago by the huge breakers, from a vessel that had been wronked off the court and rolled here. wreeked off the coast, and rolled high upon the beach. At any rate, there it lies, and this seems the most plausibleway of accounting for its presence. It is said that a brass cannon was tossed up by the waves at the same time, but se of the party was able to find this.

Located Another Big Tree.

early days, had a wholesome dread of these treacherous places.

The sand and the scrub pines that are so abundant about Seaside, disappear a few miles to the south and do not reappear in the believe that four able-bodied men would make the property of the perpose for which we were disappointed in our thought us crass. One boy refused to it. It certainly must have been the blig tree, because it had been burned, we shade of green, where they cut the snow of it. It certainly must have been the blig tree, because it had been burned, we shade of green, where they cut the snow of it. It certainly must have been the blig tree, because it had been burned, we shade of green, where they cut the snow of it. It certainly must have been the blig tree, because it had been burned, we shade of green, where they cut the snow of it was destrected. The purple vell is soon succeeded by a line of the higher mountains. On some of th "Although we were disappointed in our

way back we passed a tree which has already been felled, and which measures nine feet in diameter six feet above the ground. This photograph shows you that it is no pigmy. That's the Colonel trying to reach the top of it. Hence, although we'll probably not be able to get a tree il feet in diameter, like the one in God's Valley, we'll get one that will surprise the good people of Missouri. They like to be shown things, and we

THE MOUTH OF THE NEHALEM, WHERE BEESWAX IS POUND

SUNSET IN THE CASCADES

By Eben D. Pierce

T WAS near evening, and a solemn | Away below, hundreds of feet down the stillness hung in the gathering shadows steep, rocky bank, flowed the mighty Coof the deep woods. Not even a twig moved, nor did the faintest quiver come over the green leaves.

The whole world seemed hushed into breathless slumber, and the sun itself, which was just sinking behind the peak of a distant mountain, shone with a soft, hazy luster, as if it, too, had become imbued with the influence of the dreamless duletude and was dozing into its last repose, with scarcely a trace of its morn-

The mountains rose in every direction— in rolling mounts, in craggy cliffs, in sharp-cut peaks, and in innumerable fan-

Distant ranges were a bluish-gray color which in the nearer ranges gradually faded into green where clothed with the moss-grown fir, or, where nature had been less prodigal, to a light brown. The foothills, thickly clad with ever-green, seemed to give a more distinct shade of green, where they cut the snow line of the higher mountains. On some of

lumbia. Its waters, save for the onward glide, were as quiet as the scene, and not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface or the mirrored effect. The rocky banks, with here and there a clinging evergreen, could be seen perfectly reflected along with mountain peaks and even the moss

hanging from the forest trees, The sun was soon out of sight, but still its lingering light played on the western slopes of the high mountains, breaking through valleys to lighten some isolated member of another range. Gradually the spots of sunshine grew paler until only the snowy peaks held the last rays of the setting sun, bidding defiance for a little while, to the approaching twilight. How beautifully the golden sunlight on the mountains of eternal snow changed

imperceptibly into a delicate pink, vell-ing the white crest from foot to summit! But even while enjoying the play of pink colors, a tinge of purple creeps on from the dark blue foothills and steals like a chadow over the fading pink, the summit

on the other side of the river. A few white sentinels to guard for leaves rustle near by, and the evening boundless forests, the lawind wanders on. wind wanders on. A little louder sighs the breeze, and from over the river comes the sound of

a leaping cascade, accompanied by the rippling waters of the Columbia kissing the moss-lined rocks. Under the bank the trickling waters drip their spring-like The breeze wafts the mingled melodies, now loud and musical, now soft and low.

In that wild region, unhaunted by the

cares and tolls of man-there in the illimitable mountain-bound wilderness, while the darkness is creeping on, and where the panther purrs her young to sleep, Nature's symphony plays the sweet pre-lude to night. Twilight and starlight mingle, and in the indistinct uncertain light the snowless mountains look like huge banks of black-

ness. Deep canyons and crevasses are quickly filled with darkness; weird shapes change and fall into oblivion; massive fir trees rise up dark and mysterious, reaching their branches toward the shining stars—their tall tops almost lost in the

From "The Song of higheif. Walt Whitman,

Afar down I see the huge f at know I was even there; ited unseen and always, at the lethargic mist, And took my time, and took

Immense have been the prepar-Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing like cheerful boatmen, For room to me stars kept asid.

They sent influences to look a to hold me.

tions guided me,
My embryo has never been to
could overlay it.