BEAUTIFUL VALE OF GRANDE RONDE

"O! heart of the Andes, and heart of the Alps,
And all ye loved vales that in this world abound—
There's a heart in the west that will rival your best
For health, wealth and beauty, the Vale of Grande Ronde."

So sang Judge Brainard years ago, so sing we today.

About three hundred miles from Portland, nestling in the heart of the Blue mountains, lies the beautiful Grande Ronde Valley. To those who know and love it there is no fairer spot on earth, than this "Fair Vale of Grande Ronde." Surrounded by the everlasting hills and snow clad peaks, watered by pure crystal streams, and kissed by the breath of the pines, it offers an ideal place for a home. And there are many of them here. In the towns and on the farms, are many stately residences and tasty little cottages. In fact, all of the old buildings that were so useful years ago, are fast giving way to new and modern dwellings, farm buildings and business houses.

In shape and size, this "Vale of Grande Ronde" is an oval about sixteen by twenty five miles in extent, with whole neighborhoods of farms lying on the surrounding hills. In fact, along every creek, and in every little nook and valley far up into the mountains there are prosperous little homes.

There are in the Grande Ronde Valley, six towns and three villages of varying sizes. Some of the largest are incorporated, and all are growing, and doing a volume of business according to their sizes. All have schools and churches, most of them have flouring mills and other industries, notably, a woolen mill at Union, a beet sugar factory at La Grande and a pine fibre factory at Summerville.

But it is of the wonderfully fertile soil of the Grande Ronde, that the attention of the homeseeker is especially invited, for in Grande Ronde Valley we have "Bread and with it." Car loads of white, whole wheat and graham flour are shipped out of here, every year. While our millers, on request, make corn meal, oat meal and even buck-wheat flour. All which cereals are raised here, and in addition, rye and barley.

To go with our bread we have, first, meat; cattle, hogs, sheep and fowl, (chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys and pigeons,) and fish. And besides the grain to feed our meat, we raise timothy, alfalfa clover wild grasses, and some progressive farmers, and the Experiment station have been testing other varieties; but as they are not extensively cultivated, we will not mention them. On the surrounding hills is found the nutritious bunch grass. To be sure, we must not forget the butter and cheese produced from our cows, both in homes and creameries. And—yes! Ice cream; for no one knows how many hundreds of gallons the creameries make every summer, and even far into the winter, not to mention that made in private houses. Surely the ice cream cow must not be omitted from our list of blessings.

To be seasoned with all these good things, are our vegetables. Where can you find more succulent onions, radishes, lettuce, spinach, celery, cabbage, cauliflower and what not? Or more mealy potatoes, juicy tomatoes, patatable string beans or peas, lucious corn, carrots, squash, beets, parsnips, any thing, in fact that will grow in the temperate zone, will grow luxuriantly in Grande Ronde.

And for dessert, we have so much from which to choose, that we scarcely know where to begin, but with the strawberry, of course. Following this are cherries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries (black red and yellow,) blackberries and dewberries.

We turn again to our trees and begin the last of July to gather apples, pears and peaches. And then in quick succession—everything. Apricots, pears, plums, prunes, apples, peaches, grapes and some others.

And the delicious melons must be eaten to be appreciated.

What more can any man want than "Bread and with it" as interpreted in the beautiful Grande Ronde Valley.

True, he will want his home ornamented. Then let him cultivate all the dear, homey annuals and shrubs that all love so well. Let him go to the woods and bring in ferns, violets, mountain ash, honey-suckle, columbine and many others too numeraus to mention. Let him set out handsome shade trees, and cultivate choice roses, velvety pansies, and oh! so many beauties that his taste will dictate.

Come with me this fine summer evening. I will take you to the top of some high cliff and show you a picture never to be forgotten. A picture so beautiful, so peaceful and so pure.

See those lovely homes nestled under the stately shade trees, surrounded by shrubs and many hued flowers, in a setting of velvety lawn. See the huge barns bulging with hay, with many stacks here, there and everywhere. See the orchards bending beneath their loads of red and green and russet and golden fruit. Look at the sleek cattle lazily chewing their cuds in the green pastures, the fine horses drawing the farm machinery to and fro. The many headers beheading the golden grain, here and there a thresher already at work and literally stacks of filled sacks in mid-field See the smoke curling upward from dozens of mills and factories, the varying tints of the fields lying like a checker board below you, and over all the golden glow of the setting sun.

Then on to the west, to the "Vale of Grande Ronde."

"Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the laborer may gather the fruits of the soil."

MISS OREGON.

GENERAL NEWS AS OUR EXCHANGES SEE IT

It is not so many years since George Augustus Sala said that "In this age of guady frauds the gaudiest of all frauds is the Shah of Persia," yet credit must be given to the Shah of Persia for granting to his people parliamentary government at a time when the Czar of Russia denies it to his.

President Roosevelt can hope and pray that the importation of Chinese coolie labor to build the Panama canal will not lead him into as much trouble as the importation of Chinese to work the Rand mines in South Africa did former Premier Balfour.

John W. Dickinson, convicted in 1903 of helping to rob a bank near Boston, has been in jail only four days in the six years since the bank was wrecked, and his sentence is now appealed while he is out on bail. This is a common example of "the law's delays."