

the people, who were listening intently to what he had to say. He proved to be the young man who is traveling around the world for a girl and \$5,000. He is to make the trip in 18 months from the time he started, is to earn his own way as he goes, and is not allowed to ride on railroad trains. He travels by water whenever he can, but at this time was traveling on horseback. He is to reach Springfield, Missouri, by Nov. 15th, and then receive the \$5,000 and the young lady. Who wouldn't go around the world? There are two great tempters in this world: Women and money. This young man is tempted by both—perhaps has a weakness for both—and who could blame him if he would even commit suicide? Perhaps he will after a while. He has seen many strange things on the face of this old earth. He witnessed the naval battle in Manila harbor, and saw people starving to death in India. Let us hope that he will not witness like battles and starvings in his own household when he gets one of his own.

Baker City is situated in Powder River Valley, one of the many pretty valleys in Eastern Oregon. The towering mountains on the south form a sight beautiful to behold. The citizens of the valley say they have become so used to these mountains that they could hardly do without them. I suppose they have become so used to the gold they contain that they could hardly do without it, too. These mountains are very rich in mineral, especially gold.

Bike and I left Baker City after dinner and traveled down the valley to North Powder, a little town twenty miles away. After spending an hour or so in pleasant conversation with Jack Plummer and wife and Robert Ingersoll Plummer, we traveled on to Grand Ronde Valley, seventeen miles farther. Eight miles over low hills with a smooth road and we were on the summit, and began the descent down a long grade, following a creek and canyon to the valley below. A few miles farther we rounded a curve and came in sight of that most beautiful of all Eastern Oregon valleys, the Grand Ronde. I do not wonder that the emigrants in the 40s were fascinated by this valley, stretching forty miles to the north and averaging ten miles in width, being eighteen miles at the widest point. This valley presents a pleasing sight to the travelers of the present time as they pass by rail over a barren stretch of desert to the east and without warning shoot out into plain view of this paradise, at this time one vast grain field, interspersed with green orchards laden with luscious fruit of all kinds. The railroad on entering this valley from the southeast, follows a long grade around the side of a mountain, which

affords one a chance to get a splendid bird's-eye view of the valley.

Union, a town of one thousand inhabitants and the county seat of Union County, is situated at the upper end of the valley, and is almost hidden by the numerous huge shade trees that have been planted along either side of the streets.

There are few places in Oregon where I can not find relatives, and here I found a cousin, Mrs. Crouter, and family, where I spent a very pleasant night. Next morning I called on the editors of the Scout, who are both Freethinkers, and are highly pleased with the progress that is being made in Secularism in Oregon. Next door to the Scout office Mr. Vincent has his place of business. I soon made myself known to him and found him to be an enthusiastic Secularist, and he subscribed for the Torch.

After visiting with other friends about town we started for Cove, and the home of an uncle, Heman J. Geer, who, it may be well to add, is the father of Oregon's governor-elect, of which fact Uncle Heman is justly proud. There are many lovely homes in Grand Ronde Valley, but Uncle Heman has the finest one of all. It is on the mountainside, overlooking the valley, and directly opposite the city of La Grande, twenty miles distant. All kinds of fruit can be raised here, and I never tasted peaches that equal those raised at "The Cove." I only intended to stop a few hours, but a shower of rain and the delicious fruit, besides the prospect of a visit with my relatives, persuaded me to stop over night. Uncle Heman escorted me to the peach orchard, and I never saw such a sight nor ate so many peaches in my life. I ate a dozen or so and then asked my uncle if they would hurt me. He laughingly remarked that if such a thing were possible I had already eaten enough to kill two or three men. So I continued to eat without keeping track of the number. During my stay there I must have eaten at least two boxes of those peaches, besides eating hearty meals at the regular hours. I might be justly accused of intemperance in this regard, but I have enjoyed good health ever since. Next morning I reluctantly took leave of my friends and the orchard of peaches and sped away towards La Grande, halting only a moment to visit friends along the road. I found Mr. Randall at work with his steam thresher. He subscribed for the Torch, and expressed his intention of locating at Silverton at some future time to get the advantages of Liberal University.

La Grande is quite a city, located on the Grande Ronde river as it flows through its mountain pass into the level valley. A large factory is in course of construction for

manufacturing sugar from beets. This will be quite an industry and will give employment to a large number of men, and sugar beet raising will be a profitable industry for the farmers of the valley. Grande Ronde Valley is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, covered with vast forests of pine. The railroad leaves the valley at La Grande and winds its way up the Grand Ronde River to the summit of the Blue Mountains on the west.

After visiting and dining with friends, the bike and I started up the road leading along the river, winding among the hills and occasionally going over the top of some of them, till we reached the summit at Meacham, where the O. R. & N. Co. have a neat log cabin eating-house, well known to all travelers over this railroad. Night was coming on and I decided to travel that night by rail. The train soon came along and away we went to Rufus, almost 200 miles away on the Columbia River. We reached Rufus at 3 o'clock in the morning and alighted in the sand, with no depot and no signs of life. Over the sage-brush covered mountains the silvery moon shown and revealed to sight a little village huddled against the side of the mountain. We started up the street through the sand and finally reached the hotel, which we entered, and we found almost as much sand on the hotel floor as there was in the street. No landlord could be found, so I deposited the bike in the room below and went up stairs. I found a vacant room and bed, which I occupied until daylight, when I went down stairs to breakfast.

After breakfast we started for the home of Mr. Stone, five miles up the canyon towards Wasco. We had gone but half the distance when we met a man with peaked goggles on his eyes. I ordered a halt and informed the man with the goggles that he looked as though he had a hard name, and I believed it must be Stone. He informed me that I was correct, and we had a very nice visit. He had read of the plan to buy shingles and added his mite to the amount. That is what it takes. If each subscriber gives a little, the Liberal University will soon have a "Torch of Reason" roof.

I had a hard ride that day. The sand and dust were hard to ride through and the wind was against us. Wasco, Moro and Grass Valley are the towns we passed through, and the prospects of railroad connection with the Columbia River country makes times lively. The farmers are busy at this season of the year, and I saw for the first time a machine that reaps and threshes the grain as it is drawn through the field by so many horses and mules that I could not count them. The machine passed over

the ground and left the wheat in sacks, three in a pile, and the straw in little "wads," all over the field.

We hurried on, and at 6 o'clock in the evening were at Sherar's Bridge, where we had crossed more than two months before. It was getting dark, but we traveled on to Tygh Valley, and as the moon was shining I determined to go on to Wamic and the home of S. B. Driver. We reached there at 9 o'clock and found the people in bed, but I succeeded in arousing them, and Mrs. D. was kind enough to set me a lunch, which I devoured with a relish and then retired for the night. I had traveled 70 miles that day and the bed was an appropriate place for me. The bike reposed on the front porch.

Next day I rested, and during the day went with the Driver family to Wamic, where we visited friends and transacted business for a few hours. I intended to lecture there, but my letter did not reach Mr. Driver until after my arrival, and the lecture had to be postponed. Mr. Driver added a dollar to the shingle fund.

Sunday morning bright and early I mounted the bike and started for Silverton across the Cascade mountains over the Barlow route, where my father traveled by ox team 51 years ago. My mother followed five years afterwards, and now it was my turn. Mrs. Driver gave me a lunch and I was quite independent. The road is up grade several miles, and then we descended a steep mountain to White River, which flows from the very base of Mt. Hood. This river is rightly named. The volcanic ashes make the water milky white, and looking down into the deep canyon one can see this white stream winding its way for many miles. I found a foot log on which to cross the river, and then pushed the bicycle several miles through the sand. Near the summit of the Cascades, by the side of a sparkling stream, I camped for dinner and took a refreshing bath. A few miles farther and we were on the summit, with Mt. Hood right by us, reaching to the sky. The traveling from here was better, and we were soon down the mountain to Summit Prairie, where Government Camp is located and the patrolmen are stationed, watching the travelers and sheep herders to keep them from setting fire to the forests. Mt. Hood is but three miles from here, and in fact the base extends to Summit Prairie. Here the people camp and climb the great snow peak. The mountain is only about half covered with snow at this season of the year.

We proceeded to the toll gate, where we stopped for the night and got an early start next morning for Silverton, 76 miles away. Down the mountain we went until we reached the foothills, and then started south across the Clackamas