

OREGON CITY COURIER
OREGON CITY HERALD
CONSOLIDATED.
A. W. CHENEY, Publisher
Clackamas County Independent, Canby
ABSORBED MAY, 1879
Legal and Official Newspaper
Of Clackamas County.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Subscription Rates:
1 year \$1.50
6 months .75
3 months .40
Single copies 10 cents

Advertising Rates:
Standard business advertisements: Per month
1 inch \$1.00, 2 inches \$1.50, 3 inches \$2.00, 4 inches \$2.50, 5 inches \$3.00, 6 inches \$3.50, 7 inches \$4.00, 8 inches \$4.50, 9 inches \$5.00, 10 inches \$5.50, 11 inches \$6.00, 12 inches \$6.50, 13 inches \$7.00, 14 inches \$7.50, 15 inches \$8.00, 16 inches \$8.50, 17 inches \$9.00, 18 inches \$9.50, 19 inches \$10.00, 20 inches \$10.50, 21 inches \$11.00, 22 inches \$11.50, 23 inches \$12.00, 24 inches \$12.50, 25 inches \$13.00, 26 inches \$13.50, 27 inches \$14.00, 28 inches \$14.50, 29 inches \$15.00, 30 inches \$15.50, 31 inches \$16.00, 32 inches \$16.50, 33 inches \$17.00, 34 inches \$17.50, 35 inches \$18.00, 36 inches \$18.50, 37 inches \$19.00, 38 inches \$19.50, 39 inches \$20.00, 40 inches \$20.50, 41 inches \$21.00, 42 inches \$21.50, 43 inches \$22.00, 44 inches \$22.50, 45 inches \$23.00, 46 inches \$23.50, 47 inches \$24.00, 48 inches \$24.50, 49 inches \$25.00, 50 inches \$25.50, 51 inches \$26.00, 52 inches \$26.50, 53 inches \$27.00, 54 inches \$27.50, 55 inches \$28.00, 56 inches \$28.50, 57 inches \$29.00, 58 inches \$29.50, 59 inches \$30.00, 60 inches \$30.50, 61 inches \$31.00, 62 inches \$31.50, 63 inches \$32.00, 64 inches \$32.50, 65 inches \$33.00, 66 inches \$33.50, 67 inches \$34.00, 68 inches \$34.50, 69 inches \$35.00, 70 inches \$35.50, 71 inches \$36.00, 72 inches \$36.50, 73 inches \$37.00, 74 inches \$37.50, 75 inches \$38.00, 76 inches \$38.50, 77 inches \$39.00, 78 inches \$39.50, 79 inches \$40.00, 80 inches \$40.50, 81 inches \$41.00, 82 inches \$41.50, 83 inches \$42.00, 84 inches \$42.50, 85 inches \$43.00, 86 inches \$43.50, 87 inches \$44.00, 88 inches \$44.50, 89 inches \$45.00, 90 inches \$45.50, 91 inches \$46.00, 92 inches \$46.50, 93 inches \$47.00, 94 inches \$47.50, 95 inches \$48.00, 96 inches \$48.50, 97 inches \$49.00, 98 inches \$49.50, 99 inches \$50.00, 100 inches \$50.50

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.
OREGON CITY, JULY 7, 1890.

An American Internal Policy.

First—Public ownership of public franchises.
The values created by the community should belong to the community.
Second—Distribution of criminal trusts.
No monopolization of the national resources by lawless private combinations more powerful than the people's government.
Third—A graduated income tax.
Every citizen to contribute to the support of the government according to his means, and not according to his necessities.
Fourth—Election of senators by the people.
The senate, now becoming the private property of corporations and bosses, to be made truly representative, and the state legislatures to be redeemed from roving scandals.
Fifth—National, state and municipal improvement of the public school system.
As the duties of citizenship are both general and local, every government, both general and local, should do its share toward fitting every individual to perform them.
Sixth—Currency reform.
All the nation's money to be issued by the nation's government, and its supply to be regulated by the people and not by the banks.

THIRD LEGISLATION—Lawmaking by the voters.
THE INITIATIVE—The proposal of a law by a percentage of the voters, which must then go to the referendum.
THE REFERENDUM—The vote at the polls of a law proposed through the initiative, or on any law passed by a lawmaking body, whose reference is petitioned for by a percentage of the voters.

THE IMPERATIVE MANDATE—Whenever a public official shall be deemed dishonest, incompetent or inefficient, the voters shall have the right to retire him and elect one of their choice. The people alone are sovereign.

If Secretary Alger is elected senator, it is safe to say Michigan will get the worst meat that the packers have to sell.—Pittsburg Press.

The office boy for the trusts has let out the fact that the octopus simply winked the other eye when it heard that Alger was to fight it.—Chicago Record.

All factional lines are fast disappearing in the democratic camp and the party is being solidly cemented together for Bryan in 1900, and this is what makes the trust advocates of the g. o. p. squirm.

Alger makes the discouraging statement that as the senatorial election will not take place for a year, he has no idea of resigning from the cabinet. This only makes Pingree's alliance with him the more unaccountable.—New York Journal.

What gall the Ohio republican convention placed on exhibition in its platform in denouncing the trusts, then in the same paragraph praising Mark Hanna's president for "maintaining the gold standard." We wonder what those fellows take the people to be?

Mr. Alger having announced that as a candidate for the United States senate he is opposed to trusts, there arise sounds from Maine to the Pacific which betoken a popular conviction that the secretary of war is endeavoring to palm off political canned beef upon the public.—Philadelphia North American.

We paid two dollars a head for the Filipinos; that is, we bought them on the range for that price, but it is costing us about fifty dollars a head to get our own, not to mention the loss of life of our boys who are doing the rounding up act, and when we get them, they are dead; it begins to look as though we have run up against the biggest bunco game of the century.

We pity our Fourth of July orators this year. The old boast was: "This government derives its just power from the consent of the governed." This served the patriotic orators for over a hundred years, but it won't do any longer. It is not true now. It was a mistaken idea of our forefathers. We are wiser in this generation. We are going to govern now whether the people consent or not.—Salem Journal, (rep.)

DOUBLE-L. P.

The Enterprise, of which the senator from Marion county is the political editor, devotes considerable of its valuable space to the COURIER-HERALD. It stated last week that we charge \$3 for sheriff's space when we agreed to do it for \$2.25. We did not agree to do so and don't propose to, either. Our charge for the work is the same as the worthy senator. He talks about manhood, but can't see the beam in his own eye. Just think, a man that will sell himself, body and soul, for gold, talking about manhood. This same unscrupulous fellow has been trying to find some grounds for the repudiation of our contract with the county. He can't bear to see the county get work done cheaply, when he might have had the work himself and have made a good thing out of it. He also claims we made an exorbitant charge for a blank book, but it is useless to talk to a man, who doesn't know the difference between advertising and job printing. We don't like to burden the reading public with these petty matters, as our space will not permit it, although if we had to fill this paper with boiler plate, as he does his organ, we might explain the matter in full for his especial benefit, as he doesn't seem to know what he is talking about. He seems to think the public don't want his political record shown up, and offers us "a chair in his office." We suppose this is similar to the offer he made Mr. Fitch. This carpet-bagger from Wisconsin, who has held a public office almost since the first day he set foot in the county, thinks he is very popular but if he knew how his own party distrusted him he wouldn't be so conceited and lightened. He will hardly notice a man on the street unless he belongs to his class and he speaks of the working men as so many cattle.

The COURIER-HERALD has changed from calling our soldier boys murderers to calling them heroes. It is easier to call them murderers when they are in Luzon than it is when they are in Oregon and they will be home in a few days.—Enterprise.

We never called the boys murderers but referred to the murderous policy of the administration. We have never said anything derogatory to the boys or their actions and defy anyone to prove the contrary, and besides we claim to be more patriotic than many who do a lot of blowing to hear themselves talk. We will endeavor to prove our assertions in this matter and by the boys themselves when they get home. We welcome the boys home as heroes. They are not to blame for the administration's blunders.

According to the Oregonian, Alger does not fully fill the bill as a g. o. p. statesman, but when such men as Potapatch Pingree jump on to him, he is entitled to the sympathy of all loyal republicans. 'Tis pleasant to note that even the great daily with its boasted independence and absolute fairness in discussing public questions and its unswerving devotion to civil service reform can, when it has to, swallow a dose like Alger, together with the entire rotten beef combination. It is evident that the stomach of this plutocratic sheet can contain anything which the boss prescribes. Surely, this man, Alger, must have a wonderful pull on the g. o. p.

Secretary Alger announces that, although a full-fledged candidate for senator from Michigan, he will not resign the war portfolio. He will stick to the end of his term. This announcement is made in an authoritative way; and it is intimated in this connection that Governor Pingree is an administration man. This will be a strange association. Pingree is the sort of "reformer" who insists on other people coming to him. General Alger must have a greater pull on the administration than is commonly suspected. He seems to be able to hold the war portfolio against protracted protest, and to carry the administration over to the peculiarities of Pingree. It will not be a surprise to learn that the parks and reservations in Washington have been converted into potato patches.

Those government financiers who are boasting about the condition of the treasury ought to be ashamed of themselves. They say that the deficit is going to be only—think of it, only—one hundred millions; and that if it had not been for the war there would have been a surplus of twenty millions. What a transparent fraud this is! If the money derived from special taxation had not been spent for war, there would have been a surplus. When the present administration came into power, McKinley assumed that it was dreadful for the government to have greater outlay than receipts. He held up his hands in horror at the idea of there being business prosperity while the government was running behind. He hurried congress together to get the sheet to balance; but more than two years have gone by, and the government is still running behind, whether considered from a peace or from a war standpoint. The deficit next year is likely to be greater than that of the year 1898-9; but we hear no talk in administration or congressional circles about the revenue question. The whole effort seems to be to throw sand in the eyes of the people, on the question of finance, and to create artificial sentiment on expansion.

Shubel.

Well, here I was again already. You see I went to town the other day and I meet mine front Prownell and I gifot to him two pieces of my mind already. I tells him vot for in der devvil you remove mine front Yudge Rine from the high place vat he vas occupy. Don't you vas know dot ve both come from Germany already and dot von blood vos yooost so blue as de odder, and vas some times I can pull his legs ven I vant some appointments. But now you see it is yooost like ven you see a nice ret apples on a top of a tree you dink I will make me some cider yooost soon, but some man mit a long poles who vas in the senate goes und nox me mine apples down, und I looks at him und he vas a rotten apples eny vay und now I gets me no cider und no appointments. I tells you vat, Meester Editor, it makes me so mad dot I say tings vot I never learn in Sunday school, but de mans mit a long poles say vell, may be I do wrong already, but I thought it vas best for me—vat I mean, for Clackamas county—so blees forgive me, und next time I fix him plenty all right; you see dere is yooost von mans in Clackamas county who don't vas make mistakes. Maybe he means you, Meester Editor, I don't dinks he means me, for some mans say he vill fix me blenty ov I don't vas stop writing like dot. But I vant to get before der peoples; und see I vant to get one delegation to de county convention next year. You see I vas me a delegation to der demokrat convention, vone times to republican und vone times to poplist convention. Next times I like to go mit der prohibition und show der peoples how I can make fools of dem mit me. I dink I vas pooty smart.

On the Trail.

Prineville is at the mouth of the Ochoco river, a tributary of Crooked River. By traveling west, one goes down the Crooked-river valley for 12 miles past numerous hay ranches to Frank Forest's big horse ranch and way station. Here the valley narrows down to a deep, rugged canyon, and the traveler pulls up a rocky hill to the desert that stretches away to the Deshutes river, a dreary waste of sand sprinkled with lava stones, as if some giant in the prehistoric age had used a crater cone of melted lava as a pepper shaker over this vast region. The only vegetation is sage brush and juniper trees. The latter will average 12 inches in diameter and 12 feet in height.

The green banks and rippling rapids of the Deshutes river are a welcome contrast to the weary traveler. Here A. J. Tetherow keeps the stage station and a bridge spans the stream. There waters here and for 30 miles up are said to be the best fishing in Oregon. To my personal knowledge Mr. Tetherow took 42 beautiful mountain trout with hook and line in less than a quarter of an hour. How is that for sport?

Leaving the bridge, we have another 16 miles' ride through just such a desert as described, only a little more so. Most of your readers doubtless remember reading last summer of an enterprising fellow starting out with a traction engine and a dozen freight wagons from The Dalles en route for Silver Lake, 225 miles south. He contemplated the emancipation of the thousands of over worked freight horses in this bunch grass domain. Week by week, month after month, he bravely kept at it and when snow flew he left his iron horse and three of the wagons (the others had been sent on by horse power) at Mud Springs, some 80 miles from The Dalles. This spring he again "hit the road." Today I saw him 12 miles below Prineville, 114 miles from his destination. The bronco and jerk line will very likely hold the boards until a railroad is constructed.

Thirty-five miles west of Prineville is a prosperous settlement of hardy pioneers on Squaw creek, a timbered country, well watered. Half a hundred ranches have been carved out and beautified by years of patient toil. Stock raising is the principal industry. Each rancher puts up a good supply of rye and wild hay, consequently the loss of stock was very light last winter. H. E. Smith is the merchant here and postmaster of Sisters postoffice, named after the Three Sisters mountains that loom up distinct and grand above the settlement and only a dozen miles to the southwest. This is the sportsman's paradise. J. N. Cobb says it is a common occurrence when out with the rod and land trout weighing several pounds.

July 1. E. A. You goldbugs called me an anarchist in 1896. I want to tell you that you haven't a name so hard as to prevent my doing what I can to prevent a handful of English financiers from running the United States. I don't pretend to love my children more than other people love their children; but I would be ashamed to call myself a father, and transfer to foreign financiers the right to dictate the conditions that shall surround my children when I am here no longer. If you advocates of the gold standard believe the gold standard is good, come out into the open and defend the gold standard. If you think the gold standard is good stand by it and fight for it, and go down with it, but for God's sake don't admit it is bad, and then say to the American people they must submit to it, because foreign financiers want it. The republican party put in its platform the most absurd proposition that any party was ever guilty of. I assert that no business man would do business on the principle adopted by the republican party. Why, the republican platform declared the gold standard to be so bad that we should try to get rid of it by international agreement. So bad that we should petition other nations to help us to get rid of it. And then announced to the other nations that if they would not come with us we would stay with them.—Wm. J. BAYAN.

Our Money System.

(S.)
[Written for the Courier-Herald by Argus.]
We expected the silver wing of the republican party itself to have aided largely in defeating the gold standard forces at the last election, but the following from the great champion of the gold standard in the West will account for their failure to do so.
From editorial of Oregonian Dec. 30, 1888:
"It has been a just ground of grievance against the McKinley administration from the first that it was tied up in league with politicians and bosses in all parts of the country, who have endeavored to control party action and who have received the offices as their reward. Nowhere has the abuse been more flagrant than in Oregon. It was a post-convention agreement that put everything in Oregon in the hands of a faction that had previously committed the party in the state to the silver delusion."
There was more of the same sort, but this is enough to show the scandalous manner in which the gold oligarchy overrode the free choice of the citizens. We should sympathize with the Oregonians for thus exposing the wrong doings of their own party, if we did not know that its chagrin was for the loss of the bootle and a fair share of the appropriations for itself and friends was the main reason of its petulency, as the following from an editorial of Nov. 15, 1898, will show:

"It would be a promising field of endeavor if a few such devoted men in the United States should undertake to convince the opinion of the Rocky mountain states that their silver mines will earn more profit under the gold standard than under the free coinage of silver, but the task will hardly be undertaken unless we can secure the services of some of the gold standard defenders in England—the men who study finance at its authoritative discussions on currency. In this country we are too busy; we have no time to learn the truth and grant and rural waterways will soon be tapped by appropriation bills, and Hon. Expert Handshaker and Never Forget A. Name must be abjured to get our rightful share of them."

If the above was not intended as a facetious confession for the Oregonian itself, but only for the other fellows, it yet ought to have been. We have searched its columns for 12 months, and I here give its best argument on the over-production theory, together with the same for gold:

SILVER IN HISTORY.
(Oregonian, March 16, 1898.)
From 1723 down to about the year 1865 the ratio varied little from 15 or 15 1/2 to 1.

From 1865 silver again began to fall slowly. In 1870 the commercial ratio of 15.57 to 1; in 1872, 15.63 to 1—a fall of .13, or about 1/2 of 1 per cent. The world's yearly product of silver had stood for a long period at 30,000,000 to 32,000,000 ounces. Suddenly, about the year 1861, it began to increase, and about 1873 it was 67,267,000 ounces, almost double.

This vast increase of production, as the commercial ratios show, was attended by a new decline in silver. These statements, which are carefully drawn from the best sources, from the mint reports and secretaries' tables, show:

First—That silver before 1873 had begun to decline from the ratio it had held for so long a period anterior to 1863; and,
Second—That its production since 1860 had increased six fold, or 600 per cent, while its fall in value had been less than 60 per cent.

Do men see in these facts no relation to cause and effect? Is it not clear that we have a commercial problem only? GOLD IN HISTORY.
From 1723 down to about the year 1865 the ratio varied little from 15 or 15 1/2 to 1.

From 1850 gold again began to fall slowly. In 1850 the commercial ratio was 15.7 to 1; in 1857, 15.19 to 1—a fall of .51, or about 1-3 of 1 per cent. The world's yearly product of gold had stood for a long period at about 500,000 ounces. Suddenly, about the year 1851, it began to increase, and before 1855 it was over 6,000,000 ounces—over 10 fold. This vast increase of production, as the commercial ratios show, was attended by a new decline of gold. These statements, which are carefully drawn from the best monetary history, the mint reports, show:

First—That gold before 1873 had begun to decline from the ratio it had held for so long a period prior to 1850; and,
Second—That its production since 1850 had increased 15 fold, or 1500 per cent, while its appreciation in value has been enormous. Do men see in these facts any relation of cause and effect? Is it not clear that we have a legislative problem pure and simple?

Gives Oregon City a Black Eye.

The Portland Evening Telegram, while pretending to give a lot of news from Oregon City, does not print them in the Portland edition, which is generally circulated. In fact, the Telegram does not advertise Oregon City scarcely at all. Not long ago some people at Parkplace, practically a part of Oregon City, were getting the Telegram by mail, and complained that they received no Oregon City news whatever. Last Monday that paper added insult to injury by giving Portland credit for all of Oregon City's industries, and that in a special edition too. It says: "Three-fourths of the manufacturing done in Oregon is done at Portland." There is no city better supplied with power for manufacturing purposes. The electricity used by the city is made at Oregon City 15 miles away, where there is abundant water power. There are also many ideal locations along the water front in Portland for manufacturing sites.

Great Clearance Sale...
Don't fail to get the Great Bargains we offer during the month of July. All our summer stock marked down to actual cost. When you see it in our ad. It's So!

The Star Clothing House
Strictly One Price House
A. HECHTMAN, Manager

Socrates On Argus.

We will begin on intrinsic value by giving a full definition of the word, intrinsic; its internal and this word, internal, means within; 2nd definition is genuine and means real; 3rd definition is, inherent, and means, existing in something, innate; 4th definition is, essential, and means, indispensably necessary, important in the highest degree. Surely, then anything in order to possess intrinsic value must have value within itself; it must possess real value; its value must be innate or within itself; it must be indispensably necessary, important in the highest degree. We think we have made it clear in our other articles that neither gold, silver, paper nor even dollars possesses any of the above mentioned qualities. What is it then that does possess intrinsic value? We will begin with land. The soil from which everything else is produced has the most intrinsic value, it is indispensable necessary, and important in the highest degree, and is also the basis on which rests all our circulating medium. This is true whether man understands it or not, and we think we will be able to prove it before we have done with this money question. The next most important thing is the food we eat; it is indispensable, hence has innate value. The next most important thing is the clothes we wear. Now, we have man fed and clothed. He is the most independent creature on Earth, and can accomplish almost anything to be accomplished, but make money. He must not monkey with money making for, I tell you, he hasn't sense enough to accomplish the undertaking. No sir, he has tried it for six thousand years, and has demonstrated to an astonished and enlightened generation his utter inability to accomplish the task. Yes sir, every effort he has made along this line has been the cause of his downfall, and yet he will not let this simple problem alone, but is hammering away at this very day harder than ever, and if he doesn't solve it within a few more years, he will have the worst downfall he has ever yet had over this notorious stumbling block. (To be continued.)

An Interesting Manila Letter.

As the time approaches for the return of the volunteers from Manila, anything concerning their experiences there is of intense interest. The following letter was written by Sergeant Frank E. Weed at Marilo in April to his mother, Mrs. Clara Weed. A former letter was printed some time ago. He wrote:

Bocave is a small station some five miles beyond Marilo. There we were joined by the balance of the regiment, there being three companies A, L and M at Marilo. The 15th Minn also joined with Oregon there. On the banks of the Bocave river the two regiments bivouacked for the night. It seemed just like the stories you read about. For there the boys were loitering about—telling stories—while here and there all about the camp the flames from the burning bamboo fires pointed heavenward. It was a real picture of old war days. But gradually the fires died out, as did the story telling, come to an end. At early dawn while the stars were still visible, we were astir. General Wheaton had been in camp with us all night and right on the ground to direct our movements. Soon after daylight we started. The Minnesota boys took the right with two battalions on the firing line and one in the reserve. The Oregon boys took the left in the same formation. Off through the open fields over rice "paddies," through jungles and over hills we went. Our course was an Eastern one toward Luzon's mountains, and in the direction of the direction of the native town of Santa Maria. With us was one 3-inch cannon and rapid-fire field piece. The advance was a hard one owing to the irregularity of the ground. Climbing over rice paddies is by no means easy work, but the boys endured the hardship manfully and all were pluck was staying with it. Colonel Sammers was on foot and showed his enduring qualities. We reached the town of Santa Maria about four miles distant before any sign of the enemy was seen. We had advanced all this distance in skirmish line. Here the enemy fired upon us. Company A was in the reserve at first, but later went up the line. When we were in the rear we clung close to the ground behind the rice paddies for the bullets were falling around us rather lively, but soon we advanced to the line. After a half hour's hard fight and lively exchange of volleys the rebels took to their heels. We entered the town, but soon came back away and cut off to the north in pursuit of the cowards. We advanced three or four miles farther on, but failing to find the enemy returned again to Bocave.

This democratic national committee will have a meeting on July 20th. Mr. Bryan agrees to step down and out if the committee thinks best. The people will object and resent it if he is forced to give up the battle at this stage.

The situation in the Philippines is as it was a year ago and Uncle Sam holds no more ground than he did then and the work of a year has been for naught besides the loss of the brave boys who laid down their lives for a country.

Prineville. High water in the Columbia river is a great drawback to navigation. The steamer Dallas City, from Portland, lands both passengers and freight at a wild, rocky spot on the Washington side, then wagons transfer them some four miles to the Regular dock above the rapids. The crops between The Dalles and Kingsley appear to be damaged by the hot winds along about the 10 to 15th of June. After passing Kingsley going south the crops improve with every mile traveled. I stayed over night with O. L. Paquet, near Wapinitia, better known as Oak Grove, about 50 miles south of The Dalles. This is a gently rolling country between the White and Dechutes rivers, first settled by Peter de Lora in 1860. The first postoffice was called Mount Hood, afterward changed to Wapinitia, an Indian word signifying "rolling prairie." Mr. Paquet was a Clackamas county lad. His father, F. X. Paquet, came from Missouri in 1852 and located in Oregon City. During the civil war he helped build Uncle Sam's first iron-clad, the historical Merrimack. Grain prospects are most encouraging in all this country. A heavy rainfall on the night of the 25th inst. insures a bountiful harvest. And here we enter the Warm Spring Indian reservation. We are informed that 1000 Indians are reported to Uncle Sam, but an old settler says that at least 500 of them are "good injuns"—in other words, they have gone over the cloud trail to the happy hunting ground. The north agency line is three miles from Wapinitia, and we traveled over 30 miles of wild, rugged country before we lifted the swish domain at the upper Dechutes ferry. Twelve miles south of Oak Grove we mooned at the Simnash Indian Mission, under the auspices of the Woman's Mission Board of the United Presbyterian church, Rev. J. A. Morrow in charge, where he and his worthy wife live alone 12 miles from a white neighbor and are much beloved by the "poor Indians," who are Christians in profession, if not in practice. Mr. Morrow thinks their civilization is as high as can be reached under a reservation policy. At the agency there are 140 pupils who are put through a complete course of studies and in due time will be turned out full-fledged graduates, and then in six months time they will drift back to the blankets and wickiups of their savage ancestry. The Warm Spring river is well worth a day's journey if one is prepared to camp. There are about 40 boiling hot springs within a mile of the wagon bridge. Wonderful stories of restored health to numerous individuals are told. Some day a big sanitarium will be filled with guests where today the coyotes yelp undisturbed except at rare intervals by the pale faces. J. E. Campbell keeps a comfortable and cozy hotel and feed barn at the Warm Spring ferry on the Deshutes river. If one contemplates a trip to Prineville from The Dalles we strongly advise the Warm Spring route. We had a ride of 20 miles from the ferry to Haystack postoffice across a level uninhabited prairie. Here we saw thousands of acres of waving bunch grass knee high, but as it is many miles from water, the cattle graze but very little here. There are a number of good farms in Haystack valley, which was first settled in 1878. There is a very fair prospect for fruit here, where the settlers have thrifty young orchards. An eight mile ride takes one through the Haystack settlement, and then going south there is another long stretch of 15 miles through sage brush and over hills without seeing a house except at long range. The air here is so clear that one from old Webfoot is at first greatly deceived in the distance of objects they view. Today we saw a horseman at a distance of half a mile smoking a pipe, a could distinctly see the blue smoke curl lazily away with each puff of the smoker. As we reach the crest of a sage brush hill we have the Ochoco valley spread like a panorama before us, dotted here and there with ranch buildings, and 11 miles away the prosperous and picturesque county seat of Crook county, Prineville, like an oasis in the desert of brown hills. An hour's drive over an ideal road, smooth and hard as a floor, brings us to the town of 700 inhabitants. There are four general merchandise stores, four blacksmith shops, two drug stores, five saloons, one brewery and a local telephone system. A telephone line is being built from The Dalles and will be completed to Prineville by the first of August. This town is a business place from the word go, has two live newspapers. The Crook County Journal represents the republicans and the Prineville Review (L. N. Lugeert, editor and proprietor) is a bright, newsy, all home print independent paper. Prineville, June 27. E. A.