

A TRIP TO MOUNT HORB.

Mehama is just below the junction of the North Fork and the Little North Fork of the Santiam river and the mountain spur that ends at the junction, extends back, with increasing height, until it rises at a distance of ten or twelve miles Eastward, to a towering summit that Capt. David Smith, the veteran hunter and explorer who lives near its base has named Horeb, because the word means "destruction," and when he looked over the almost vertical pitch from the summit on the North side he thought some words of equal destruction would answer his purpose.

The report of the majestic view that greets the eye from the summit of this great mountain spur had come down to us who were rustling near Mehama and resulted in an expedition composed of Mr. J. W. Weatherford, wife and son and the writer of this, and his wife, who were assigned to the guidance of Mr. J. J. Blair, merchant and postmaster at Mehama, whose better half attends the business at such times as the spirit of adventure calls Mr. Blair elsewhere, for he has two excellent and dexter mules and will pack them for you on expeditions to Mt. Horeb, or Mt. Jefferson, far into the recesses of the vast mountain range. Mr. Blair is an excellent man among the mountains and carefully and pleasantly does all that he undertakes.

The outfit for six persons and as many animals, for a mountain excursion includes feed for both man and beast and plenty of bedding for man, and a certain amount of kitchen fixtures. We were well outfitted and started for what is called the Elkhorn towards noon on a pleasant August day. The road is all mountainous, with only a pretense of a wagon road for six or seven miles, and after that a trail.

The branches that unite as the North Fork above Smith's ferry, run parallel for the East for many a mile, only about three miles apart. Our route was for awhile up the South side and then crossed the ridges, about a thousand feet elevation, and took us down into what is known as "The Elkhorn," a mountain basin at the upper valley of the Little Fork, which widens out into a beautiful and spacious mountain amphitheater with three grand mountain points looking down upon it from the East and walled in by high ridges on every side.

The trails and roads we traveled required only at two miles to make one of eastward progress. Packs had to be adjusted, saddle girths tightened and the ladies eased over the steep ascents and descents as gradually as possible. We thought, as we traveled towards the Elkhorn that the road was rough and the mountain ways particularly steep, but later experience had the effect to make the return trip seem smooth and easy by comparison. We had constantly occurring incidents that did not ripen into accidents, to lighten the journey and give opportunity for exercise of good humor. A conveyance of grouse started upon we crossed the divide, and gave Blair a chance to earn a supper with his rifle. We found a blue and clearings in various places—two of them being on the elevated summit on rich soil and in available situations. Part of the way the "continuous woods" rose into grand forests—forests primeval" where the giant firs towered heavenward and made a solemn shadow beneath as if to recall to our minds that "the groves were God's first temples." In many places there was dense undergrowth, and at times the heavy forest had been killed by fire and the charred bodies stood as mementos of a flame that must have been fierce beyond description.

Crossing the divide we came down upon a bald hill joint that looked back towards the West until the eye rested on distant wheat fields and Eastward upon the Elkhorn basin with its woods and streams, and upon the frowning crests of three great heights that looked down upon them: chief among these giants being the cloud encircled summit of Mt. Horeb.

The Elkhorn basin is protected by so many towering walls that the climate is mild even in the winter. Quite a number of persons have taken homesteads and commenced improvements there, but only Captain David Smith remains there permanently. In time much of this basin, and a great portion of the land along our route thither, will be occupied and cultivated to advantage, and the time is coming when schools and other social privileges will be well supported there. There is room enough for many people, and the Germans seem to take the lead in settling and opening these mountain lands. There is land to homestead every other section is railroad land and for sale on accommodating terms, and the State owns also some school land there. It seems difficult for people to make much there at present, but the opening and successful working of the gold and silver quartz mines discovered six miles above David Smith's, will create a quick market for all available lands, and create a market for all that can be raised there. It is one of the most healthful spots to be found in the world, and will become a favorite resort for invalids.

Winding down off the mountain into the valley below we soon reached the ranch of Capt. David Smith, who has a comfortable log cabin and some improvements, but does not cultivate the earth, except to save a little hay, as he depends on his rifle for support. He and his wife and a young man named George Brooks were the only dwellers in Elkhorn at the time of our arrival. We made our camp beneath tall firs on the shores of a little branch that comes down from the mountains close by. The evening was spent by a camp fire and we listened with interest to the varied experiences of Capt. Smith, and finally went to sleep upon his hay mow, near by, as the gathering clouds predicted rain. The prediction went unfulfilled, however.

Two of us caught trout for breakfast and towards noon we broke camp and started up the mountain side to reach by many a devious way, the summit of old Horeb.

It was a surprising fact to find in this mountain recess, persons of true cultivation such as were our friends Capt. and Wm. Smith. A sketch of him will show the changes and chances of fortune. He was born in Maine and accompanied his father, who was a sea captain on many voyages when quite a youth. Before he was eighteen he was navigating the shores of South America on his own account. He finally removed to the lower Mississippi and went steamboating for over thirty years on those waters until the civil war, when he was pressed into the confederate service for two years, and after several unsuccessful efforts he finally made his escape to the union side, where he rendered valuable service until the close of the war. How he drifted to Oregon, I did not learn, but here he came with shattered health, which he regained, and remains there from preference. He has a married son living three miles over the mountain on the North Fork, but his own home is The Elkhorn. He has a most ardent devotion to Nature, and bows down to worship the sublime and beautiful among almost inaccessible ranges, where chaos rules and one seems to be amidst "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." There is no portion of the range from Mt. Hood to the Three Sisters of which he has not more or less knowledge, and with the nearer mountains he is as familiar as if they were easily accessible. Instead of most difficult, he has hunted deer, elk and bear all through these remote mountain fastnesses and has a most vivid sense of all the majesty and grandeur of nature around him. He made the trail we traveled in ascending the mountain, for the broad summit of Mt. Horeb and its fine pastures were his favorite haunt for elk and deer and became his most reliable hunting ground. But when others found out the excellence of the hunting they brought hounds into this mountain barrier and chased all the game away; they used his trail to climb to the happy hunting grounds on the empirical high above the clouds, and bounded away the noble elk and noble deer and even caused the curly bear to seek another lair.

But in the winter time when other hunters don't care to venture so far away he has the advantage, for the game come down from the higher mountains to winter in the Elkhorn basin and there he saves his marks. He is so chivalrous—this hunter of the Cascades—that no elk cow or doe falls by his rifle.

Towards noon the next day a small company of eight might have been seen wending through the wood-slopes and climbing the mountain sides with a slow and devious progress. We had added Mr. and Miss Smith to our company and had the advantage of his guidance and pioneer skill. Only one woman had ever ventured to try this mountain trail. We commenced almost immediately to climb, and from the start the ascent was steep and difficult. About thirty years ago a terrible fire rushed through these mountains and left charred stumps to mark a vast area, where was once a majestic forest. It must have been a holocaust of fire, fiercer than the fiery furnace of the Assyrians. Ages will not obliterate its marks or compensate for the ruin it has wrought upon the landscape, though a smaller growth has come to shade the hill sides, huge fallen trunks strew the earth and impede travel. The trail winds about these, and where it cannot avoid them they have to be crossed, which occurred every few rods at times, and casualties were constantly occurring, ladies thrown from their saddles, and straps to say, not but of these incidents gave humor to our progress. The way was low and seemed long. We climbed for six tedious hours to make as many miles. The hills were frightful, abrupt, almost precipitous at times.

We stopped at springs that were delightful and found bits of pasture that tempted the horses and mules. There was one stretch of forest the devastation had spared. Where the huge trunks stood, perfect and their branches left the world below them in a twilight of shadow that was solemn and peaceful enough to belong to another world. One of the ladies said that the whole day was to her like a trance—almost a rapture—from which she was rudely shaken at intervals, however, when the mule jumped some of the larger logs. We toiled upward until we made acquaintance with the clouds. It was dangerous and not a trifle dangerous, but the ladies stood it bravely, and at last, as the sun was reaching down towards the Western ocean we found ourselves near

The Summit of Mount Horeb. We camped under some great spruce trees South of the highest point near which a spring rushed from a thicket of vine maples and a deer—a spring that might have been accepted as nectar by the gods, if its birth place had been their home on the Mt. Olympus, for its waters were as pure as the mountain air and as cold as if they flowed from a glacier. Castalia did not furnish a more delicious draught, and it is not remarkable that all wayfarers who reach the summit of Horeb carry away a remembrance of a cold, refreshing water. We dipped it and quaffed it. Standing on a summit above the clouds that drifted here and there, lazily below us. We were by the Aneroid test, over 5,000 feet above the sea level—a mile lifted up above ordinary terrestrial affairs, breathing nectar in the air, and quaffing it from the mountain spring.

From what source did this fountain flow? It is easier to ask than to answer. While we had daylight we climbed to the summit, the way being heavy with boomer holes and spotted with whortleberries, to be had for the picking. Those boomer holes tortured us all the way up and made the journey perilous, for the industrious little animal burrows on the mountain sides in all directions and thence up the surface with pitfalls that threaten the safety of man and beast.

Reaching the crown of the mountain ridge we had a view that was magnificent. Around us were the serrated spurs that made Westward from the heart of the great mountain range still distant more than a score of miles to the Eastward. They could be counted and the length of their rugged outlines clearly traced, one past the other, both on the North and the South, indicating as they did the course of the various streams that had on the Western slope of the Cascades and rush down to swell the volume of the Willamette. Here and there the mountains assumed fantastic shapes, and rose to more than usual grandeur. Westward we could see the roofs of towns glistening in the sunlight, and the golden hue of wheat fields chequered the distant and faintly visible plain and showed us the harvest of the

Willamette valley. It was only a faint impression that man's labor and genius made at that distance, and the gleam of civilization that came to us was as nothing compared to the wild and terrible desolation of the wide spread mountains, the sword-forsts, the eternal silence that resented the sound of human voices or the tread of human feet. While mountains are about us, "Alp on Alp" we must turn Eastward to the heart of the range to see the exhilarating majesty of the snowy peaks. Hood stands like "Ossa piled on Pelion," clear-cut against the overcast sky, looking at us from a hoarse and height that with increased effect, is snow-dense and white, while Jefferson seemed with deep enigma and black rich ridges that contrast with its snowy strips and crevices. South of us, but not distant neighbors to appearance, are the Three Sisters, parts of one mountain, embraced and linked together by ridges of snow. Far to the Northward, beyond the Willamette, are Rader, St. Helens, Adams and Mount Hood, forming with the others a chain of mountain sentinels that guard the range for three hundred miles. If one had a pencil to paint or write this view as it strikes the senses, that pencil must needs be inspired.

Below us on the right was the Elkhorn Basin, on the left at the head of the North Fork, was King's Prairie, and we thought we heard the faint tones of a cow bell come from the depths in which these valleys are buried. In the Westward we saw the Park county Hills, and further West the Coast Range through the low passes of which the sea fog was pouring like a river to inundate the sleeping valley. It was a beautiful sight to see this sea mist streaming in with the sea breeze. Turning Eastward again and looking beyond the Cascade Range, the Blue Mountains of Eastern Oregon were plainly visible in one direction, which will convey an idea of the extent of what we had attained.

We turned our tired animals out on a prairie, hundreds of acres in extent, whose rich grasses made them content. We gathered whortleberries and snipped bountifully. We made our beds of spruce boughs under a wide spreading tree, and then sat and gossiped by a rousing camp fire. The sea mists swept up around us as we slept, and we slept well to wake among the clouds, but the sun soon drove them away and then we looked down on a sea of silver white, billowy and flowy, piled in fantastic shapes, more delightful than a dream, as glorious as a romance of Arabia and more beautiful than one could see. We were above the clouds. The gorges and chasms and the broader valleys were piled full to the brim with the wonders of cloud land, and all the world except the backbone of each mountain spur was hidden from us. Of the Coast Range the upper crest of Mary's Peak alone was visible. It was fortunate that we took our view of the valleys the day before, and that the ladies picked wild flowers that grew in beautiful profusion on the mountain—Bluebells bloomed everywhere—and towards noon we broke camp, packed and saddled and made the descent as best we could. Only a few miles from the base of Mt. Horeb are the mines in which our citizens are, some of those interested and which are being developed with hope of success. If they are successful the Elkhorn basin will become populous and wealthy. We hope that they will prove so and that our friend David Smith will reap the benefits.

All who wish to view the world from an accessible standpoint can depend upon it that a trip to Mt. Horeb will repay the adventure. If they can secure our friend Blair to take charge of them at Mehama and Capt. Smith to be their companion up the mountain they will be fortunate. It is possible that a much better trail will eventually be made, but the present one can be traveled if one possesses good grit, good humor, and a good mule.

Camping at the Fair. All who contemplate camping at the State Fair should read the following, which is quoted from rule 4, page 9, of the Program List for 1877: "Each family is allowed on the West camping ground, a space of 20 feet front on the street, and 30 feet back from the street for camping and building purposes, but this provision is only temporary, and subject to change at the meeting of the Board. Parties desiring ground, will apply to Chief Marshal."

Fair Ground Water Works. E. M. Waite, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, informs us that he has passed over, with a plumber, the line of the pipe from the Penitentiary to the Fair Ground, and finds everything in complete order. Preparations are being made to water the track in a day or two.

A Fair Ground Theater. The Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society decided, Monday, to erect a large building on the Fair Grounds for use as a theater. It will be 30x80 feet, with stage room, etc. This style of building has long been in demand, and two or three troupes are desirous of engaging it.

Arrested. George Zeigler, was arrested by officer John W. Minto, this morning and brought before Recorder H. W. Chas. with stealing a watch from a Charles Pihlora, of Polk county, at the Commercial hotel last night. After examination he was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury.

To the Afflicted—Ladies in particular. Why need you suffer with Paralysis when you can be cured? Why will you suffer with Rheumatism when you can be cured? And why have so many aches and pains when it is within your reach to be cured?

I am now established in Salem, prepared to treat all Chronic Diseases, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Consumption, Kidney diseases, and in fact all diseases that human flesh is heir to. Special attention paid to Female Weakness and nervous prostration which is so common to Ladies. Children's diseases not excepted. In connection with my practice, I have one of the celebrated Medicated Vapor Lightening Cream Baths, which aids vastly in removing all chronic diseases. It opens the pores of the skin, and throws off the slimy, morbid matter, which is one of the great causes of so much suffering. When we once think that two thirds of all we take into our system passes off through the pores of the skin, we need not stop long to wonder why we are sick, when we pay so little attention to the most important excretory of our bodies. During the past six months I have had this bath in operation, and many can testify to its efficacy. I treat patients by the week, or by single treatment. Ladies will do well to give me a call. Residence, southeast corner of Center and Sumner Streets, Salem. Mrs. D. W. CRAIG, M. D.

T. CUNNINGHAM & CO., Salem, Portland, Albany, Junction City, and Walla Walla SOLE AGENTS FOR, The following FIRST-CLASS Machines, which we are now receiving for the Season of 1877.

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of the GOODRICH BROTHERS, or only \$45, and upwards of \$60. Offer in arm-tongue's shop, State street Salem.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion. H. R. Myers, plaintiff, vs. A. F. Chase, Ellen Chase, Henry Stoen, P. H. Jones, Judge of said court, made in open court June 30th 1877. And if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will ask the court for the relief in the complaint prayed, which is to correct certain errors in deed and quiet title to half of the D. S. Station and wife's donation land claim in Sec. 3, in T. 9 S., R. 1 W., in Marion county, Oregon—the tract to which you claim title—and had possession.

Summons. In the name of the state of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action, on or before the third Monday in October 1877, that being the first day of the next term of this court. By order of J. P. Jones, Judge of said court, made in open court June 30th 1877. And if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will ask the court for the relief in the complaint prayed, which is to correct certain errors in deed and quiet title to half of the D. S. Station and wife's donation land claim in Sec. 3, in T. 9 S., R. 1 W., in Marion county, Oregon—the tract to which you claim title—and had possession.

Estray Notice. At Wm. Taylor's, 7 miles east of Salem, in the Walla Walla Co. is a cow and calf. The cow is a speckled or roan Durham five or six years old. The calf is the same color as the cow, and is a heifer. The cow is not marked or branded, except a "dew lap" (i.e., one red stripe) two years ago, and half crop and a bit in the right ear and a bit in the left ear. The cow came to my place about ten days ago, and is supposed to be from Salem. The cow came to my place about a year ago. The owner or owners will please come and take them away, and pay for this notice. WM TAYLOR

The Light-draught Steamer CITY OF SALEM WILL LEAVE PACIFIC WHARF, Portland, for Salem, and Intermediate Points, On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, AT 6 O'CLOCK A. M. The Light-draught Steamer OHIO Will make Trips to the Upper River. U. B. SCOTT & CO., E. J. HEATON, General Manager.

P. C. SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW OPERA HOUSE, SALEM. S. E. corner, at head of stairs.

The P. P. T. Company's Steamer McMINNVILLE WILL LEAVE Portland for Salem Every FRIDAY, returning on SATURDAY, FOR DAYTON on MONDAY and WEDNESDAY; returning on THURSDAYS and THURSDAYS. People, Patronize Your Own Boat! Protection against High Rates Guaranteed.

Summons. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion. T. H. Cox plaintiff, vs. Greenwood Greene, Defendant.

Administratrix's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that Mary Hoyt has this day been appointed by the Probate Court of Marion county, State of Oregon, as Administratrix of the estate of Joseph Hoyt, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them to me at my residence in Salem, Oregon, within six months from date, or they will be forever barred. MARY HOYT, Adm'x of Estate of Joseph Hoyt, deceased. Salem, Aug. 6, 1877.

Citation. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion. In the matter of the Estate of James Rickey, deceased. James M. Rickey, Adm'x-trator. To Henry Rickey, Thomas B. Rickey, James M. Rickey, and all unknown heirs of said decedent, and all persons later cited in said Estate.

YOU and each of you, are hereby cited and required to appear before the above named Court, at the Court House in Salem in said Marion county, at 1 o'clock P. M. on the 30th day of September, A. D. 1877 to them and there show cause, if any exist, why an order should not be made by said Court authorizing said Administrator to sell the Real Estate of said decedent for the payment of the administration expenses and claims against said Estate, as petitioned for by said Administrator. Said Real Estate is described as follows: A part of the Donation Land claim of said James Rickey and wife, in T. 7 S., R. 3 W. and in T. 8 N. R. 2 W. beginning at the S. W. corner of Claim 95, and the N. E. corner of Claim 68, in T. 8 S., R. 2 W. and running hence N. 0 deg. 15 min. A. 40 chains; thence S. 40 deg. 33 min. E. 20 30 chains; thence S. 4 deg. 15 min. W. 1 1/2 chains; thence N. 90 deg. 52 min. E. 2 1/2 chains; thence N. 11 deg. 40 min. E. 5 1/2 chains; thence N. 8 deg. 20 min. W. 4 1/2 chains; thence N. 43 deg. 20 min. E. 3 1/2 chains; thence easterly to intersect the south line of said claim at a point S. 40 deg. 52 min. E. 8 1/2 chains from an angle in said north line of said claim; thence S. 48 deg. 52 min. W. 23 1/2 chains to the line of legal right, consisting about 20 acres.

JOHN C. PHELPS, S. County Judge. Salem, Aug. 7th, 1877.

Lost. From my possession a small WASHBURN, about six weeks old, white, with white spots on his face. The dog is very tame, and is about six months old. Any person finding information of the dog, or having any news regarding him, please send it to me at my residence, at the corner of Center and Sumner Streets, Salem, Oregon. P. W. GROVER, Aug. 2, 1877.