

OLD EMIGRANT MOUNTAIN TRAIL TELLS VIVID, INTERESTING STORY

Kamela, July 29, 1908.
To the East Oregonian:—

Standing in the ruts of the old emigrant road, now worn waist deep by rain and flood, on the summit of the Blue mountains, I wondered at the heroic courage of the argonauts who first crossed the wilderness to Oregon.

Now it is but four days' travel in a tourist car across the entire continent, while for the first trail makers crossing the blue mountains by wagon four days meant often but that many miles through almost impenetrable pine thickets, fallen timber, rocky ledges and bridgeless streams.

The pioneers fought for every advance step they made in conquering Oregon. Here, where the deep worn wagon road climbs up the mountain side among granite cliffs, it must have required weeks of labor to make the old trail even passable, much less safe. But those who first crossed the mountains were equal to any task, and the soft-handed tenderfoot of today knows not how his luxurious surroundings have been prepared for him.

Here, over Pelican hill thousands of tons of freight from Umatilla landing to the early settlements of Eastern Oregon and Idaho have been hauled by the daring freighters of early days. The slow wagon trains wearily wended their way where now the whizzing train thunders down the mountain, 30 miles an hour.

Yonder on California hill, where in days gone by several times the stage was robbed, the traveler now sees but the gastly, deep-worn ruts to remind him that human activity ever marked the spot.

But to the pioneer those ghost-like ruts are grim reminders of the olden days, recall many a genuine thrill of adventure.

Here from an open glade on the tip top summit of the Blue mountains the weary pilgrims, westward bound, caught first sight of the green slopes of Umatilla county!

And such a sight! After the desolation of the arid deserts of Idaho, how refreshing seemed these verdant lowlands, rolling away toward the Columbia, dotted with ponies, green and beautiful and inviting a wilderness of grass and forests and mountain streams.

Here beside the road, arrayed in his chieftain's "fuss and feathers," once stood the haughty Five Crow, offering the weary emigrant 1,000 horses for a white wife. And when his offer was scorned, there was planted in his savage heart the seed which afterward ripened into massacre and war and butchery, which sprinkled the inland Empire with the blood of its bravest heroes!

Geological Musings.

Yesterday evening, at an elevation of about 4,400 feet, in a deep worn canyon on the mountain side, I picked up a genuine sea shell.

This shell had not been carried there by some passing stranger. It was imbedded in the solid clay 20 feet beneath the surface of the mountain, and is an index finger pointing to that older time, described by Thomas Condon in his "Two Islands," when the rim of the Blue mountains was the shore line and Umatilla and Morrow counties were the lowest bed of a vast inland sea.

How many centuries has this relic slept in its sealed casket of clay? How many transformations and what frightful convulsions have taken place on the surface of Umatilla county since this shell was buried in its mountain hiding place?

Age upon age has added its change and transfiguration to the new-old world; seas have been dried up and mountain chains lifted from the bosom of the earth; valleys have been formed and gorges cut in the mountain sides; lava has been poured upon the lowlands to be cooled by succeeding centuries of rain and wind and snow; cinders and ashes, miles deep in places, have covered the mountains and valleys, and Time, the leveler, has pressed down this layer of ashes and cinders and mingled with it in indescribable alchemy the soil forces and life growing spirit which now give Umatilla county her world-famed wheat crops!

Little do we dream, as we drive the combined harvesters through the 45-bushel wheat of the Umatilla reservation, by what wondrous stages of change, by what wondrous stages of appalling earth-rack and matchless spectacles of fire and volcano and earthquake, have we come to enjoy this rich and bounteous county!

will race for the same value of the Alabama as in former years.

The Travers, for 3-year-olds, still is worth \$7500. The real blow falls on the older horses. They will have to race for cheaper purses than when the sport was at its zenith.

The Saratoga Handicap, which was formerly worth \$10,000, has been reduced to \$1500, and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Catskill Handicap and Beverwyck Chase, instead of being eliminated from the program, have been materially reduced. The change of purses means that the horsemen will pay particular attention to their younger horses, and the good members of the handicap division will have to be sent out after cheap purses.

As in former years, the string belonging to John Sanford, the only breeder in this state, will make their debut. Coming out fresh from the farm the bearers of the purple and gold colors never fail to land many purses at this meeting.

FLOORS JAILER; ESCAPES.

Police of Cullasac After Jack Knies. Cullasac, Idaho, July 29.—After being in town less than four hours Saturday afternoon, Jack Knies was found locked in a room with 17-year-old Nora McWilliams and after the young girl had acknowledged her intimacy with the stranger he was arrested, but he gained his liberty last night by overpowering Acting Marshal Jack Reese, who had just given the prisoner his supper. Knies was a total stranger and had been in town only a few minutes when he is alleged to have started a flirtation with the girl, which led to his visit to the home of Fred Warren, where she is employed as a housemaid. Marshal J. W. Hingley called at Warren's home late in the evening, but he found the doors locked and the light out, as Warren's family was away. After almost an hour's effort he effected an entrance and found Knies in the room of the young girl.

Miss McWilliams confessed that Knies had wronged her and agreed to appear against Knies. He was locked in the city prison awaiting preliminary examination, which was set for this morning. Last night Knies assaulted Reese and left him unconscious on the jail floor, while he fled, protected by the gathering darkness. Knies is about 25 years old, well dressed and has the appearance of a man of education.

CLEARWATER MILLS ARE BUSY.

Will This Year Ship 12,000,000 Feet of Lumber East. Lewiston, Idaho, July 29.—The demand for shop lumber for eastern markets is good and a large number of small mills in the Lewiston country will ship there. It has been estimated that the Lewiston country will mill 25,000,000 feet of lumber this year and half of this will go east. True & True, eastern buyers, recently purchased 6,000,000 feet of choice, high-grade white pine, which they will ship to their Chicago yard. This makes 300 carloads, which sells for an average of \$20 a thousand feet at the mill.

Removal Notice.

Cook & Perry have moved their stock of books, stationery and notions to the Smith-Crawford building opposite postoffice. Call and see them.

The Romance of Buried Pictures.

A romantic story of a picture purchased at a London auction which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth \$8,000 is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovera and Hunterspergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovera, who on close examination found that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Replacing the sculies and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds, he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the Earl of Bristol for £1,500.—Dundee Advertiser.

Dogs of Luxury.

The appearance of little dogs as objects of luxury goes back to the most ancient times. Documents are not wanting that go to show that Greek and Roman women had little dogs which were idolized by their mistresses. Even men, particularly among foreigners, were not ashamed to walk the streets of Rome with pet dogs under their arms. Speaking of this subject, Plutarch relates that Julius Caesar, seeing one day in Rome some strangers thus loaded with their dogs, asked them ironically whether the women of their country did not bear children. Tertius, the daughter of Lucius Aurelius Paulus, was so fond of her dog that in the moment of bidding farewell to her father, who was about to leave his country and his family to wage war against Perseus, king of Macedonia, she frankly admitted that the sadness imprinted on her face was due to the death of her pet dog Persa. In Europe the greyhounds were the first favorites of women during the middle ages.—Boston Post.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

George Marshall, a philanthropist who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnnie, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet your life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry.

"Peter, pass your plate for some hash"—to another freckled nosed lad.

"Not if I know it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," said the lad, "but none of yer review of reviews for me for dinner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Sided With Father.

"There is a little chap in our town," said the suburbanite, "whose father and mother have words quite frequently, and have them loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. The burden of their recriminations when audible is, on the wife's part, that she ever lowered the Hicks family sufficiently to marry a Stubbs, and on his part that he ever honored the Hicks family by allying it with the house of Stubbs.

"One day last summer the young son of the house went fishing. He had barely got his line into the brook when he heard his mother calling him.

"There it is," said he disgustedly; "the minute the Stubbses begin to fish the Hickses begin to holler."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Lesson in Thrift.

A lesson in thrift is found in the advice given by Congressman John E. Andrus to a young man for whom he had secured a minor appointment in the capitol at Washington. Meeting the young fellow in the capitol, he placed a hand on his shoulder and remarked:

"William, you are just beginning your life. Let me give you a bit of sound advice: When you leave your boarding house in the morning never take more than 30 cents in your pockets, enough perhaps for your luncheon and for car fare. You will then not be tempted to spend more than you can afford."—Yonkers Statesman.

Unchanging Man.

Mortal man offers but little difference in spite of the diversity of race and climate, and in analyzing the Egyptian we almost find ourselves reproduced. Intellectual man also manifests a singular identity of aspiration and belief from the Nile to the Ganges and from the Eurotas to the Arno.—Mercure de France.

Some Grains of Luck.

"Is your husband having any luck at the race track?"

"Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

A True Patriot.

"Johnny, what's a patriot?"

"A boy who'd radder miss see'n' de game dan go in on a ball knocked over de fence by de visitin' team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Entirely One.

"And so they were made one."

"Oh, I don't know. I believe she still has a mind of her own."

All the news all the time in the East Oregonian.



The Secret of the Wink Is out

It was too good to keep. Winks flew thick and fast about the grocers'. As a result all those sample packages of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes went in a hurry.

Now the call for full size packages is enormous. We can't begin to fill the demand. Everybody who was fortunate enough to receive a sample wants more.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is simply irresistible. There is something about the taste which is lacking in every other breakfast food. There are many imitations, but they imitate in name only. The taste—the only taste—belongs exclusively to Kellogg's. Your grocer has it in large packages 10 cents. Be sure and ask for

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES
And look on the package for the signature of *W. K. Kellogg*



HORSE RACING IS NOT KILLED

ANTI-GAMBLING LAW KEEPS FEW PEOPLE AWAY.

Great Event Will Be Same Success as Formerly—Nearly \$100,000 in Purses—Strings of Fastest Horses in the World Ready for the Opening.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 29.—Although the anti-gambling law will serve to keep away many of the regular race track habitués, it is already evident that the annual racing meet to open tomorrow on the beautiful Saratoga course, will be a success from a sporting standpoint. The hotels are rapidly filling up with visitors and their interests in the races appears to be little less than in past years, when betting was allowed. The fear that the Agnew-Hart bill would kill racing at Saratoga may not be fulfilled after all.

In line with the other racing associations, Saratoga has curtailed many of its stakes; in fact, \$71,000 less will be distributed to the horsemen this year than in former seasons.

Even with the pruning, \$90,000 alone will be given to the stake winners, and at least \$3000 daily to the other events. This will give the owners an opportunity to make up for the loss they suffered at the Brighton meeting.

Sojourning at the Spa are the clever strings belonging to James R. Keene, Harry P. Whitney, John E. Madden and many others. When the bugle calls the first field out tomorrow the star thoroughbreds will be thoroughly acclimated to the strong waters and cool breezes of the pleasure resort, and ready to perform at their best.

The richest event to be decided will be the Hopeful Stakes for 2-year-olds at six furlongs, which is worth over \$15,000 to the winner. John E. Madden is aiming to capture this event with either of his clever pair, Sir Martin or Fayette. Fighting this formidable proposition will be Helmet, the best 2-year-old James R. Keene has displayed; Bobbin, Whitney's clever colt, and many of the youngsters that have trailed in the dust behind the Madden stars.

The Grand Union, for 2-year-olds, which last year went to Collin, and the United States, which was captured by Restigouche, still retain their original value of \$10,000, and the Flash, for the youngsters, will also be worth \$6000 to the victor.

The 2-year-old fillies will not lose anything in the Spinaway, and the 3-year-old members of the fair sex

COFFEE
The best name for coffee is one that tells where the money's to come from, if you don't like it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like the Schilling's Best; we say him.

SHEEP EAT CHOKE CHERRIES AND DIE.

A number of sheep were recently poisoned by eating choke cherry leaves while passing over a driveway across part of the Manti national forest in Utah, and, though sheep driveways are not strictly part of the national forest range, the government has taken steps to prevent further losses to the sheepmen from this cause. Members of the force on the forests will co-operate with the stockmen in cutting out the thickets of choke cherry bushes where they grow most densely, thus allowing the sheep to be hurried through them, and in some cases the driveway will be changed so as to avoid the thickets altogether.

When the sheep enter this driveway they are hungry after a long trip over public highways, which form almost one continuous lane between cultivated fields. They eat the choke cherry leaves ravenously, though under ordinary conditions they would hardly touch them. The leaves contain prussic acid, and when an examination was made of the stomachs of several of the dead sheep, and they were found filled with the leaves, the cause of death was clearly established.

Stockmen throughout the West are coming more fully to recognize the benefits of government co-operation and range control. The whole grazing policy is to make the range better and not to insure its equitable use. Restriction is practiced not for its own sake, but for the good of the range and of the stockmen who depend upon it.

The range has deteriorated under unrestricted use, and so the government is making investigations under the direction of Mr. F. V. Corville, botanist, bureau of plant industry, department of agriculture, with a view to reseeding with better grass. Again, poisonous plants are often destructive to livestock, and in this case Dr. C. D. Marsh of the bureau of plant industry is conducting a study to detect means of eradicating them. There are also heavy losses from predatory animals, but government hunters and trappers are busy reducing the number of mountain lions and timber wolves, which do the most damage. Finally, there is the insignificant prairie dog, which selects the choicest grassy bottoms for its operations, strips them to the soil and plows up the ground for its burrows. They have gone after the prairie dog now, however, and by the use of effective poison will soon put an end to this pest.

A sure cure, one you can depend upon. Hickory Bark Cough Remedy. A sure cure, and it's pure! Use it for all lung trouble, coughs, colds, hoarseness and sore throat. For sale by any druggist and first class dealers everywhere. Pendleton Drug Co.

Read the East Oregonian.

You Pay For Your Competitors' Advertising When It Is Better Than Your Own!

OF COURSE the bills are not sent to you—he pays them, BUT he pays them out of profits which would have been yours if your advertising had been better than his.

You will continue to pay the other fellow's advertising bills—and, in the same way, for his automobiles, his new store fixtures, his expansion in every way—until you decide that you'll stop it, improve and expand your advertising.

SET THE PACE YOURSELF, AND

Make Him Pay For Your Advertising!

Byers' Best Flour

Is made from the choicest wheat that grows. Good bread is assured when BYERS' BEST FLOUR is used. Bran, Shorts, Steam Rolled Barley always on hand.

PENDLETON ROLLER MILLS

W. S. BYERS, Proprietor.

Daily East Oregonian, by carrier, 15 cents per week.