

WORD PICTURE OF WALLOWA LAKE AND CANYON

"Ben Blow" writes the following beautiful description of Wallowa canyon, lake and valley for the September number of Sunset Magazine:

In northeast Oregon there is a valley peaceful. The mountains lift around it on all sides and through it, whispering, tinkling, clear and cool, there winds a ribbon of a river born of snows that whirls and bubbles into pools where lurk the salmon and the trout. There is no clang of steel-shod wheel on steel-laid ties, no scream of locomotive yet to echo and re-echo through the purple canyon depths, but day by day a swarm of human ants, industrious, implacable, unthinking, toiling only for the weary wages of the day, builds up, tears down and smooths a pathway there that commerce may be served with steam and steel.

The valley is Wallowa and its peaceful fields lie broad spread underneath a summer sky that rivals Naples in its blue. Along its length dot tiny settlements with houses neat and new and through it runs a mere thread of a road where once each day, each way, there swings a six-horse stage from Joseph into Elgin and the world. Far at the valley's eastern end and cuddled by the Powder river mountains lies a lake. Its waters are of crystal, cold as ice; its surface mirrors all the peaks that lift around; its depths hold spotted trout that wait the lure. Sixty miles east in Idaho the Seven Devils mountains lift, grotesque, satanic, serrated, suggestive of the pictures that Dore drew for the place where souls are damned.

And at the lake is Joseph, named for the famous old Nez Perce chieftain, Joseph, who made his last stand there before the whites. The valley, walled in by its lift of peaks, was his until slow-moving prairie schooners that had crawled across the plains to barrier mountains found the pass, and the Anglo-Saxon, lord of all the world, laid claim to it, baptized it with his blood and took it, might his right, for his children and the children of his children to build upon and make the west that is to be.

At Elgin is the end of steam. A branch road of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company threads through the Grande Ronde valley from La Grande and there yields to the stage that yields unwillingly, for day by day the silver-ribbon stretch of ties goes on and on, until before the early snows begin to crown the highest peaks the way of the Wallowa stage will go to history and all the little furred and feathered people of purple-shadowed canon and emerald hill will shiver at the shriek of some new demon born of man that shrills their wild. From Elgin the stage way climbs a hill for seeming endless miles. Behind, below, the Grande Ronde valley, hamlet-flecked, spreads out diminishing until it seems the playground of some fairy people that have clustered there and built their tiny homes.

With mall in boot and women with the driver, place aux dames, the stage has right of way and takes it grandly, swinging past slow freighters with their jangling mountain bells. Four horse, six horse and eight horse teams, two wagons coupled, loaded with the goods and wares of all the world, climb weary grades, slide down the slopes, creep slowly on until the darkness makes them camp, but past them all the stage swings on until the curtain drops upon the beautiful Grande Ronde, and then from where the rim rock breaks a sheer 1000 feet, the way into the west fork of Wallowa canon, purple, deep and whispering with all the thousand voices of the wind-swept pines must be essayed.

The road leads winding down, cut boldly in the sheer that frowns above. The brake shoes scream upon the wheels, the tires grow hot, the horses gallop down the last long slope and then the portals of the canon proper rise in buttressed strength.

A long low bridge spans brawling waters there, the road leads in among the pines, and then beneath a sheer uplift of somber height a tiny station in a tiny clearing dares the wilderness. One lone pine lifts up like some gargantuan plume above the house.

The horses, knowing well that they have reached the end of their day's work, neigh shrilly and with bang and clatter the stage sweeps grandly up and stops. The driver, autocrat of fleeting time and story oft retold, descends and mingles with the common throng, and then all you have heard, all you have dreamed, of dinner at the Canon House comes true.

The valley where the fierce old chief exacted tribute that was paid by

white man's blood is peaceful now. The Powder river mountains wall it to the south. Piled peaks lift pointed up and rise in serrate battlements that grow until one towers over all the mountains of Oregon, out tops Mount Hood.

The roadway to the lake is ever up. The lake itself is hid until one tops the hills that girdle it and when the view breaks forth it mirrors all the glories of the hills beyond, the peaks that rise above, striped black by canons, patched by lurking snows. The water, cold as ice, is clear as crystal lens. The bluish waters of Avalon are not so clean. No boats with framed plates of glass are needed to look down into Wallowa's depths. There is no water vegetation there. The rocky bottom 50 feet below looks five.

The faintest splash of oars comes magnified by echoes from the far hillsides and at the southern end there is a roaring as a waterfall comes down from where the snows lie deep but yield before the ardor of the sun.

Beyond the waterfall that foams through tangled thickets to the lake, the mountains rise. Peaks in perspective stretch dwindling on. To eastward lift the Seven Devils in contorted piles. To south the chain of mountains breaks and forms a frame for two vast peaks that pinnacle the sky and pierce the clouds. The place is one of beauty, little known because of difficulty of access, and its people lovingly with something of the soft accent of Dixieland, call it "Wall-ow."

The sunrise on the lake is gray and grand and pink. The evening is a glory of the west. The shadows creep out from the shores and stripe the peaks reflected on the bosom of the lake. The night comes on and all the thousand whisperings of the woods, the comings and the goings of the little people of the wild begin. It is a paradise untouched as yet, unmarred by man, but when the railroad comes its glories still will be, and one who finds himself at La Grande, where Grande Ronde valley lies below the hills, can do no better than to visit Switzerland in Oregon, to journey into Wallowa—"Wallow," the vale of peace.

WEEK OF HOT WEATHER.

Oregon Averaged Six Degrees Above Normal Last Week.

The temperature averaged nearly six degrees above the normal. The fore part of the week was very warm and maximum temperatures of 100 degrees were common in many localities, both to the east and to the west of the Cascade mountains.

The last two days were cooler, especially in the Willamette valley, where the temperatures were slightly below normal. Showers prevailed during the middle of the week in the extreme northeastern counties, and light rain fell at the end of the week in the Willamette valley.

Considerable cloudiness occurred during the last three days, which, together with the little rain that fell, very largely cleared the atmosphere of smoke which had been prevalent for several weeks. The sunshine was below normal, and the prevailing winds were westerly.

Columbia River Valley.
Cascade Locks, Hood River county. Val. W. Tomkins.—The first three days of the week were very warm, the maximum temperature on the 17th being 98 degrees. On the 21st the weather became cooler, continuing thus till the close of the week. Westerly winds prevailed.

Hood River, Hood River county H. L. Hasbrouck.—Very warm weather prevailed during the week, turning cooler on the 21st. Very little wind occurred. There was no precipitation.

Wasco, Sherman county, J. R. Howell.—High temperature prevailed all the week, the daily maximums ranging from 93 degrees to 98 degrees. During four days the wind was east. The weather was generally clear. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings light rains fell.

Mikkalo, Gilliam county I. T. Chandler.—The week was hot and sultry, with light winds, mostly northeast. Thunderstorms occurred Wednesday, which were accompanied by light rains.

Condon, Gilliam county, S. C. Dodson.—Thunderstorms occurred on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Some damage was done near Condon by heavy rain.

Umatilla, Umatilla county, Helen T. Duncan.—The weather for the week was warm and dry and generally calm. No precipitation occurred and it was quite smoky and dusty.

Hermiston, Umatilla county, C. W.

Kellogg.—Unusually warm weather prevailed during the week, the maximum temperatures on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th averaging over 100 degrees. A very light rain fell on the evening of the 20th.

Pendleton, Umatilla county, H. F. Johnson.—The temperatures remained high, but were somewhat lowered by the two mild thunderstorms that occurred during the latter part of the week.

GOOD OBJECT LESSON FOR MIXED FARMING

The Coulee City News tells a good story of success in mixed farming in that section of Douglas county. The editor has been going up and down the country visiting his patrons and subscribers and taking notes of progress.

Among other places of more or less importance he visited the orchard home of a prominent farmer who combines all the elements of mixed agriculture and reaps profitable harvests from every field. How he manages the large farm is one of the interesting and instructive problems for the consideration of all who till the soil for profit.

Seven miles from Coulee City is situated the Sprague farm. It comprises a tract of 3000 acres. The crops for the present consist of 200 acres of wheat, 40 acres of rye and eight acres planted to orchard and alfalfa. The place is adorned with a seven-room house, surrounded by plants, flowers and shrubs.

Water for home use, and for irrigating the orchard and alfalfa field, comes from springs. The largest area of land is kept in its native condition and used as pasture for horses, cows and hogs. But the income from that little irrigated tract is the interesting point of the story.

The orchard contains 400 trees, from which the owner states that he expects to net \$2500 this season. The alfalfa, which is under irrigation, will return three good crops, estimated to be worth \$90 an acre.

Under such circumstances it is not necessary to have a commission appointed by the president to investigate into the desirability of farming in that part of Douglas county. It is a profitable occupation.

The farmer who can take as much money-producing fruit and hay from an eight-acre tract as is shown by the Sprague place, surely ought to be contented, says the News. There is an object lesson for others who have been thinking that such districts as Douglas county were not worthy of consideration.

BOATS FOR UPPER RIVER.

Open River Transportation Company Ready for Fall Traffic.

September 1 the Open River Transportation company will place its steamer Relief in commission on the upper Columbia to make daily trips between Cello and Arlington and Alderdale, says a Portland item. At Cello she will connect with the steamer J. N. Teal from Portland by way of the portage road.

This arrangement will give through service from the upper Columbia country to Portland in fine shape and open an outlet for grain and other products from the upper reaches of the Columbia river basin. The Relief will ply as far as Arlington and Alderdale, making one round trip daily.

The Relief is owned by the Open River Transportation company but has been lying idle at Cello since the J. N. Teal was partly destroyed by fire some months ago. The Teal was rebuilt and enlarged and the company is again ready to handle traffic on the upper river.

The intention is to eventually have several large craft in commission on the upper river and two between Portland and Big Eddy, the lower transfer of the portage road, and with that end in view two are now being built at Cello for the company.

These craft will be ready, it is estimated, in time to move thousands of tons of wheat that will be shipped here this fall and winter for export.

Virginia Fire Fighters.

Harrisburg, Va., Aug. 26.—A round of festivities and entertainments, to continue three days, will mark the twenty-second annual convention of the Virginia State Firemen's association, opened in this city today. The grand parade of the fire fighters of the Old Dominion will be held tomorrow and the horse races and other contests for prizes are scheduled for Friday. Firemen from nearly every city and town of the state arrived this morning.

Nominate Congressman.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 26.—A representative of the Third California district in congress will be nominated by the republicans at a convention here today.

"Did You Get One?"

Men's Suit Prices Take Tumble

Alfred Benjamin & Co. Clothing, representing the best clothes made---values from \$20 to \$30---will go for few days only, at

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PER SUIT

A rare opportunity to obtain Men's correctly made clothes for just about Cost---Don't let it pass.

BOND BROS.

Pendleton's Leading Clothiers.

THE OGLES MUST GO.

Portland Postoffice Corridors to be Cleared of Professional Mashers. The postoffice masher and ogler must go. Postmaster Minto has declared himself, says the Oregon Daily Journal.

Certain good-looking fellows, or rather fellows who think themselves good looking, have been making the postoffice their favorite place to make "pickups," as they call them, for months. Some of them are regulars and have been hanging out in the corridors for most all night several years.

When a good-looking, attractive girl comes along consternation prevails. Each one tries to pretend that he is there for some other purpose. So he runs to the stamp window, buys nothing, and then darts back to the general delivery window, or in which ever direction the fair one happens to go.

Then he ogles to beat the band. And in justice to the men, it must be said that now and then their efforts are not in vain. That's what makes the place so popular. Each one has hopes of some day making a catch. Or of meeting his "affinity," in other words.

In rainy weather mashers are the most numerous. But this winter they are not to be tolerated at all by the postoffice authorities.

Policeman Joe Burke, was formerly stationed at the postoffice and knew most of the mashers by sight. And they also knew him, by sight. They weren't so thick then.

But since Joe was transferred several months ago the mashers soon got hold of the news and have been making the best of the situation ever since.

And now Uncle Sam, a la J. W. Minto, comes along and says the ogler must seek other parts of the city for carrying out his cute, little, innocent operations.

Discuss Fishing Industry.

Morehead City, N. C., Aug. 26.—Men interested in the fishing and oyster industries of North Carolina met here today, in response to a call of the governor, to consider needed legislation. Laws giving greater protection to the natural oyster beds and measures for encouraging the cultivation of the oyster in North Carolina waters are urged by the delegates.

What Women Need

Something to put the blood in good order when they are pale and weak; something to clear the complexion when it is sallow or muddy; something to strengthen the digestion when food disagrees; something to tone the nervous system when it is depleted. That something is

Beecham's Pills

A natural and sufficient remedy for the weaknesses and derangements so common among women. A course of these pills will relieve congested conditions, dispel depression, act mildly on the bowels, stimulate the liver, increase the red corpuscles in the blood, and strengthen the functions of the several organs.

For backache, lassitude, low spirits, dizzy spells, weak nerves and all debilitated conditions, Beecham's Pills are

The Right Remedy

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

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Are you doing what you can to populate your State?

OREGON NEEDS PEOPLE—Settlers, honest farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, people with brains, strong hands and a willing heart—capital or no capital.

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co.

is sending tons of Oregon literature to the east for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this place? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON and its opportunities. COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER from the east to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are

From Denver	- \$30.00	From Louisville	- \$41.70
" Omaha	- 30.00	" Cincinnati	- 42.20
" Kansas City	30.00	" Cleveland	- 44.75
" St. Louis	35.50	" New York	- 55.00
" Chicago	38.00		

TICKETS CAN BE PREPAID.

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph.

F. J. QUINLAN, Local Agent, Pendleton, Ore.

or write Wm. McMURRAY

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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