

Call of the Mountain Stream

By Rev. George H. Bennett.

Who has not heard the call? Who does not yearn for the wilds when the languid days of summer come?

The low descending sun found three lovers of the mountain solitudes, and devout disciples of Izaak Walton wending their toilsome way over the trail, that winds along the steep banks of the South fork of the picturesque Siletz. The Siletz is one of the mountain torrents in the Coast range which offers the sportsman the finest trout waters in old Oregon. High mountains lift their mighty ramparts on either hand from the rock-strewn canyon where ripple the silvery waters; while deep gorges cut the trail in many places and lead down to ice-cold rivulets which lose themselves in the vine-maple thickets.

Our path led us through a "big burn." This is a tract of thousands of acres of fine land which was ravaged by fire years ago. At that time some of the homesteaders lost their homes, and only saved their lives by retreating from the flames into the waters of the creek. Hundreds of gigantic trees, representing fortunes of money, were laid waste, and today stand in silent, and ghostly desolation. The government has very wisely taken precautions against the occurrence of such destructive forest fires, by the appointment of forest rangers and fire wardens, who post warnings, take the names of all campers, and are prepared upon a moment's notice to fare forth to do battle with the fiery element. And they fight fire with a shovel. They do this by shoveling earth upon the fire, and by digging a shallow trench around the burning tract, thus preventing its spread.

A two hours tramp brought us to the sulphur spring—and it surely did savor of brimstone. Theodore Farrington, our doughty guide, threw off his pack and proceeded to discourse so eloquently on the reviving qualities of that malodorous water that we scribe and Dr. McNeil, our fellow tenderfoot, were easily beguiled. But we tasted sulphur the balance of the day.

The trail led us skyward. It was uphill work. Our neat packs with their blankets and canned beans, bread and fishbones, coffee and artificial flies, tinware and bacon, frying pans and soap were getting rather galling. So we sat down to rest in the shadow of a great tree. As we gazed at that tree its greatness grew upon us. It became impressive. And well it might, for that giant hemlock was eight feet in thickness and lifted its feathery head fully three hundred feet into the azure dome, and was a hundred feet up to the first limb. What reminiscences could that old landmark relate of romance and tragedy, if it could but tell its story!

Splendid forests of fir and hemlock clothe the mountain slopes. Everywhere beneath the trees spreads a carpet of living green, for a soft mantle of moss covers the ground. From this covert of green rises a dense and almost impenetrable jungle of living vegetation; the white-plumed arrowwood, the flowery rhododendron, the red and purple huckleberry, the sturdy salal with its purple clusters of sweet berries, the sprawling blackberry and airy thimble and salmon berry—all these and a score of others flourish in many a fearful tangle of fallen timber and broken tree-tops; while the spicy mountain cinnamon, and Indian balm, and waxen-leaved manzanita fill the quiet dells with grateful fragrance. The beauty of the mighty solitude is made complete by the wealth of ferns of many kinds which droop over every mossy rock and slumbering log, and from the declivities which rise above the trail.

Many springs break forth from the shady mountain sides, and quagmires are often found in the small defiles where thrive the mammoth-leaved skunk cabbage, and where the dreaded Devil's club lifts its broad leaved crown. This formidable shrub is armed with sharp needles, its maple-like leaves are more than a foot in extent, and from its crown, like a jewel, rises a long cluster of bright, crimson berries. The troublesome fly and ubiquitous mosquito seem to be minus quantities on the Siletz. The absence of venomous snakes and poison oak also were pleasant features of the quiet woods. We saw one small snake. It was robed in beauty. Its sides were deep blue with a row of bright red spots, and its back was marked with a single stripe of gold.

The trail wound round the mountain sides far above the gleaming river, whose glassy pools and foaming rapids we could see through the openings between the trees. We could in places look down into the tree-tops. At last we descended from the wooded heights to the bank of the elusive river. The setting sun warned us of impending night—and night, by the way, knows no deeper darkness than among the gloomy firs. We laid aside our packs, and by the cheerful blaze of a little fire built in the trail we ate our simple fare and drank our steaming coffee. The stars were blinking sleepily down through the branches when the conversation died, and we fell away into the land of dreams.

We were awakened with the morning light by the sweet song of a thrush as he merrily trilled from the leafy boughs of a mountain laurel. Birds were not plentiful, though we counted some eighteen species. Most interesting among them all was the little

water ouzel. This pert little fellow loves the margins of the streams. He rejoices in the boiling torrent, and in the placid pool, and may be seen perched on a rock peering into the water. Then he will run along the brink, and into the crystal stream, and out of sight in the limpid waters—to emerge in a moment a dozen feet away. The ouzel can hardly be called a true Oregonian—for he hasn't web feet!

The sunbeams were tipping the tops of the lofty trees with golden light when we shouldered our packs, and took to the stream. The bed of the river in many places consists of smooth, solid rock, with ledges and shelves, and deep holes in whose blue depths lurk the wily trout. Snowy riffles occur at intervals, and piles of immense logs are found in some places. Stretches of gravel and long bars of cobble stone mark the bends of the ever winding stream. Miles of the channel, however, are filled with rounded rocks, and boulders of all sizes line the water's edge. We forded the clear, cold waters nineteen times, waded several miles over the slippery rocks, and often found ourselves in water almost waist deep. But it was a jolly jaunt, deep in the lonely wilds of the mysterious Coast range, close to Nature's heart. We often thought with feelings of pity of the host of good fellows shut up in the stuffy offices of the stifling cities—if they could hearken to the call of the far Siletz!

Big game is abundant in the Coast range. We saw the tracks of deer in many places. The wild-cat and raccoon were also in evidence, and we found a number of otter slides. A few elk range through the high broken mountains and dense forests west of the river. The black bear is a naturalized citizen here, but the cougar is the real scourge of the big game country. The big cat destroys great numbers of deer—and should be exterminated. Fearsome tales are often told of the cougar, but they are timid, skulking brutes, very seldom seen even by the best hunters.

The approach to the Falls of the Siletz is marked by the occurrence of large and still larger boulders along the stream. At last the river enters a narrow gorge of coarse conglomerate walls from which have fallen large masses of grey rock. These rocks vary from one to ten yards in diameter, and are rounded by the erosion of ages. A charming scene is presented by the moss covered boulders in the gorge, overhung on either side by towering firs and hemlocks, while among them steals the noisy river. The stream dashes over a low ledge, then whirls and eddies to the upper fall where it leaps in a double stream a score of feet in width into a seething basin a hundred feet across. The leap of the upper fall is but a dozen feet. From this basin the river pauses in a milk white flood through a ten foot cleft in the wall of rock, foams through a narrow basin, and thence is lost among the rocks to emerge in a glassy pool below. The lower fall is almost inaccessible. Some monster logs have been carried over the falls in high water, and are stranded among the great rocks until the gloomy night of a mighty flood. We spread our blankets on a sandy spot under the spreading alders, close to a pile of logs that stretched across the boulders.

The spell of the wild was upon us, and the lure of the foam-flecked rapids called us away. What expectation animates the mind when the "Professor" and "Queen of the Water" flies, on the stout leader at the end of the silken line, drop lightly on the scurrying water just below the foam crested ledge. Instantly a swirl and a flash—and the battle is on. The lusty fellow surges with the current while the reel whirrs and the light rod does obeisance. He then races across the still water. He flings himself into the air and shakes himself with vicious fury. Then dives into the bubbling depths—and was to the delicate tackle if he once enters the portals of the sunken rocks. The first "brain food" fell a prey to the doctor, a sparkling ten-inch trout.

The fish were whimsical. They would not deign to notice any tempting bait we offered, save from four o'clock till sunset. The largest fish was taken by our worthy guide, and measured sixteen inches. We amply replenished our depleted grey matter with speckled beauties, and with rainbow and salmon trout, which "ye chef" fried to a rich brown trout and passed in the seething frying pan around our table of stone. But the days were all too brief. The eloquence and witchery of the wilds lingers a sweet memory; and we will ever dream of the Siletz.

"Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand or art, where nature sowed
And reaped her crops; whose garments
were the clouds
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose
lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many
waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews;
whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose
lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of
God;

Whose palaces, the everlasting hills—
Most fit was such a place for rousing
men."

MONMOUTH.

The whistle of the threshing engine, and the hum of the cylinder, can be heard on every side of Monmouth, and the golden grain is being harvested and hauled into the warehouses.

Mr. P. H. Bert of Portland, was a guest of their daughter, Mrs. George Carmichael, last week, and Saturday night they all left for Yoncalla, their former home, in Carmichael's auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Staats and children left for Newport Monday for an outing by the sea.

Mrs. Hunter left for Newport Tuesday.

W. D. Sellers of Hermiston, is the guest of his grand-children, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Halleck, and his aunt, and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Poole and will be here for a season.

M. K. Boatman, of Corvallis, was in town Monday with his usual smile.

Miss Rossa Smith is a teacher in the Vernon school of Portland, instead of Portland High school, as was stated in a previous number of The Observer.

The Misses Marvel will attend as delegates to the Sunday school convention at Jennings lodge, near Portland. They are sent from the Evangelical church, and F. M. Fisher, the pastor is attending also.

Mrs. W. N. O. Kelley of La Creole was visiting her mother, Mrs. H. Robinson Sunday, who is not expected to live.

M. M. Jones of Rickreall has bought the Peterson property here, known as the Bedwell place, and will move to the same this fall. They formerly lived near Monmouth.

Robert Steele and grandson, Harold Withrow of Suver were here on Monday.

Mr. Green of Suver was a business visitor on Monday.
C. C. Lee made a business trip to Dallas on Wednesday.

PERRYDALE.

Mrs. Charles Bratcher and little daughter returned home from Tillamook Monday evening.

Those who went to Newport Sunday on the excursion were Mr. and Mrs. Little, James Houk, Messrs. Lester White and Carl Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Comer and Mrs. J. P. Caldwell and children were McMinville callers Saturday.

Miss Francis Kurtz returned home Sunday from the Dallas hospital, where she was operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell are the proud parents of a baby boy, born August 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayers and daughter, Alma, are visiting friends in Salem.

Mrs. Adams and children returned Sunday from Willamina, where they had been visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Macken of Dallas are visiting at Mrs. D. L. Key's.

Fred Hedding, Winfield Flannery and son, Max, were McMinville callers Saturday.

The army bug has been doing quite a bit of damage to the gardens in this vicinity.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Jennings Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. D. C. Kellums will preach at the Christian church Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hixon visited friends here the first of the week.

Americans Cannot Leave.

No Americans will leave Germany for the present. Through the German embassy at Newport, the state department has been informed that during the progress of mobilization no foreigners will be permitted to depart. The German order applies alike to men, women and children, although its purpose is to prevent the flight from Germany of men eligible for military service under pretext of citizenship. The inclusion of women and children in the decree is explained by the apprehension that valuable military information regarding the process of mobilization and especially the point of concentration of the German army forces might be conveyed to the enemy by women.

Advertised Letters.

The following letters remained un-called for in the Dallas postoffice at the close of business on Tuesday, August 4, 1914: Mr. James J. Bell, Mr. Nip Panerson, Mrs. Foster Haggett, Miss Enid Bell, Mr. Roy Chapman, Johnson Echmelo, Mr. J. S. Friesen, D. F. Harris, Mr. William Marions, D. F. Davis, Mr. D. R. Prather, Mrs. Florence Saunders, Miss Tyek, Mr. Clarence M. Wilson.

Germans Ordered Home.

Every German in the United States between the ages of 21 and 39 years has been ordered to return to the Fatherland as quickly as possible. This is the gist of a call to arms which has been received from his government by Fritz Kirehloff, German Consul at Portland.

Condemnation Proceedings.

The city of Falls City on Wednesday instituted condemnation proceedings to secure land for a bridge across the river at that place in lieu of the present footbridge.

Prune Growers, Attention.

See the latest in prune stores. No better made. See them at the Dallas Iron Works. July 21—Sept. 1.

Sleep probably is the greatest luxury of anything that's good for you.

BULLETIN

TO EXCHANGE—Small ranch two miles from Cottage Grove, Oregon. Fine bungalow, barn and outbuildings; water to house, lawn and barn from spring; family orchard; about three acres prunes; hog fenced and cross fenced. This is a slightly place, new buildings, and within easy reach of good market. Just the place for small fruit or chickens. Will exchange for Dallas city property. Lew A. Cates, at The Observer. 44tf.

WANTED—To rent a modern house of at least five rooms, close in. Inquire at this office. 44tf

WANTED—By a young couple, a modern house, either furnished or unfurnished. Will rent for a period of six months or a year. Leave word at this office or write 645 N. Winter street, Salem. 45-4t.

FOR SALE—One brood sow with ten pigs; also vetch and oats for seed. Phone Dixie 515. A. G. Rempel, Rickreall, R. I. Box 19.

BIDS WANTED—Bids for boring a well, and guaranteeing water, will be received by the school board of District No. 49. Address A. J. Shipley, school clerk, Monmouth, Oregon. 39-8t.

TOBACCO AND CIGAR SALES—men are wanted to advertise. Experience unnecessary. \$100 monthly and Traveling Expenses. Advertise Smoking, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Cigars. Send 2c. stamp for full particulars. HEMET TOBACCO CO., New York, N. Y. 39-20t.

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey pigs—registered weanlings from healthy, prolific stock at C. N. McArthur farm, near Rickreall. Address Arthur M. Jones, foreman. 45-2t.

WANTED—Hop pickers. Apply at The Observer office at once and leave name for Sept. 1. 37-8t.

FOR SALE—Few tons of loose cut hay for sale. H. G. Campbell. 25-tf

FOR SALE—Property on south-east corner of Uglov and Miller Avenues. Might trade. Barton Z. Riggs. 17-tf.

FOR SALE—Fifty-foot lot on E. side of Methodist church adjoining the alley. Fine business location at a fair price, \$3,000. Enquire of Dan Stouffer. 26-tf.

ESTRAY. There came into my enclosure on Friday, July 31, two horses, about two and three years old, respectively, the larger one branded with an H on left thigh. The owner is notified to call at my farm, eight miles north of Dallas, on the Salt Creek road, pay damages and keeping charges and take the animals away. William Muller, phone Pink 554. 45-3t.

FOR SALE—Two good gentle milk cows. See O. N. Harrington, or phone Pioneer 5. 29-tf.

TO EXCHANGE.—One large work horse to exchange for wood or cow. W. M. Foster, Independence, Oregon.

FOR RENT—New store building on Main St., between Mill and Oak. P. O. box 216. 42-3tx

FOR SALE—560-100 acres of choice valley land all in cultivation, comfortable 4-room house, wood house, root house, good well of water, part in city limits, half mile to depot. Nothing better for vegetables, berries and fruit. \$1500 takes everything. \$800 cash balance, \$100 per year with 7 per cent interest. See W. S. Meskimen, box 209, Falls City Oregon. 42-44-x

FOR SALE—Fifteen horsepower steam traction engine, cheap. Fred Wagner. 43tf.

FOR SALE—Team of horses, with wagon and harness. Price \$290. May be seen at Barber's woodyard. 41-3tx

FREE CANADIAN HOMESTEADS.

Why pay \$50.00 to be located. We give you full information where the best lands are in Western Canada and British Columbia that are close to railroad and town; name of guide on the ground; full directions to get maps and plats free; how to get homesteaders' tickets, everything you need to know and locate yourself, all for \$3.00. Remit amount by P. O. money order and we will send you the complete information at once. The Canadian Homestead Company, 73-6th street, Portland Oregon. For reference, The Farm Magazine, 411 Panama Building, Portland, Oregon. July 21—Aug. 21.

6% FARM AND CITY LOANS. May be obtained to repay mortgages, remove encumbrances, purchase or improve real estate, from one to ten years' time. Special privileges; correspondence invited. A. C. General Agency, 767 Gas & Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo., or 440 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.



REMINGTON-UMC
Steel Lined SHOT SHELLS
Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Speed Shells
Scientific tests show that Remington-UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Shot Shells are the fastest shells in the world. The steel lining grips the powder—puts every ounce of the explosive force into a straightaway drive. No loss from shell expansion.
You take a shorter lead on the fast birds, get more of them. Like many other shooting refinements, this steel lining is an exclusive Remington-UMC feature, found only in Remington-UMC "Arrow" and "Nitro Club"—the steel lined shot shells.
For all around field shooting, get Remington-UMC "New Club"—the "Old Reliable Black Powder Shells."
Go to the dealer who shows the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC—the sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters. He sells them.
To keep your gun cleaned and lubricated right, use Rem Oil, the new powder solvent, rust preventative, and gun lubricant.
REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. New York
299 Broadway

Soehren Warehouse

W. LLOYD SOEHREN, Manager

BUILDING MATERIALS

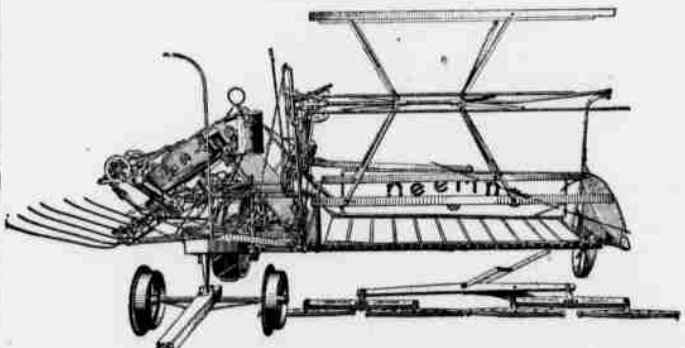
OF EVERY KIND, (EXCEPT LUMBER)

Cement, Sand, Gravel, Brick, Shingles
Plaster, Fence Posts, Drain Tile
Building Paper and Composition
Roofing, Metal Lath, Corner
Beads, Fire Brick

Hop Supplies of Every Description

OFFICE ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF DEPOT.

THE NEW NEW JOHN DEERE BINDER



Supported Reel Chain Drive, Improved Canvas Tightener, Plenty of Binder Clearance, Has Three Packers instead of Two, Well Balanced and Light Draft.

PRICE: 6-ft., \$155; 7-ft., \$160.

CRAVEN HARDWARE CO.
DALLAS, ORE.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received until August 3rd, 1914, at 5 o'clock p. m. at the office of the Clerk of School District No. 2, of Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, for the construction of a Concrete Sidewalk six feet in width on the North and West sides of the Dallas High School Grounds. Said walk to be built as provided for in Ordinances Nos. 169 and 180, Ordinances of the City of Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

All bids must be securely sealed, directed to Clerk, School District No. 2, Dallas Oregon, be plainly marked on outside "Bid on Concrete Walk," and be accompanied by a certified check for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

The Directors of said School district reserve the right to reject any and all bids.
Dated at Dallas, Oregon, this 24th day of July, 1914.

TRACY STAATS,
Clerk, School District No. 2, Polk County, Oregon. July 24-28-31.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is an incontrovertible fact that no business enterprise can be run successfully without money. This is as true of the newspaper business as of other lines, and from this viewpoint we earnestly urge all who know themselves to be in arrears in their subscriptions to The Observer and who can possibly do so, to pay up at once.

Since the present owner assumed control many delinquents have liquidated their subscription indebtedness, but there are others, and a considerable number of them, who have not "come across." With the newspaper we are now producing semi-weekly, if every subscriber paid up promptly, the money received from this source would be inadequate to meet the expenses of its publication. Therefore every dollar in arrears in this department means that a dollar must be taken from some other place to make up the deficit. If you appreciate our efforts at newspaper making, please let us have a substantial expression of that appreciation.