

Mt. Hood as Seen from Lost Lake. Samuel Ely Elliot in Sunday Oregonian. Photograph of Mount Hood taken from Lost Lake are now not only familiar to every Portlander but to every Oregonian. Aside from their local association, their intrinsic beauty is recognized and has made them popular wherever copies have been placed to circulate. Since the first of these famous photographs was taken, four or five years ago, the increasing interest has led many photographers, both amateur and professional, to undertake the somewhat tedious trip for the sole purpose of obtaining their own negatives of the view.

When it is considered that the most superb mountain scenery is here coupled with many of the features that go to make camping-out enjoyable, one might well wonder that the place has been visited by comparatively so small a number of plain campers—those who are merely seeking an outing, and for whom photography may have but a secondary interest. But when the difficulty of access to the lake, and its distance from lines of travel and farms are regarded, its present lack of popularity as a point to be visited by scenery lovers and fishermen is in a measure accounted for.

Speaking for myself, I cannot see how any one can look at a photograph of the mountain from Lost Lake, and not be stirred to take a trip there for the sake of the actual view. Doubtless many have been moved; but the impulse is forgotten, or, if it remains, is not carried out, in some cases because of lack of definite knowledge concerning the situation of the lake and how to reach it.

Lost Lake is situated about 3,000 to 4,000 feet, and lies in the foothills, about eight miles to the northwest of Mount Hood. As seen by the map, it is a triangle-shaped; it averages a mile and a half on a side. A road from the town of Hood River covers the first 18 miles of the trip, to the ford on the west fork of Hood river. There, wagon or wheels must be left, and a fair mountain trail followed through splendid woods for the last 10 miles. The latter half of this trail is steep and long. Indeed, one is well disposed to call the lake "lost" in fact as well as name, long before he gets there. Do not look for signs posting the presence of yellow-jackets near that line the trail. Unfortunately, no one has considered it his duty to stop and stick them up. Every party has to run the gauntlet; they lay for the pack-horses and give them the worst dose.

Arrived at the lake, the majority of campers choose a grove of cedars at the inlet to the lake. I prefer the other camp, where Gifford took his famous view of the mountain. There are advantages and disadvantages to consider in the choice of either. The forest here is hidden from view by a wooded point for those who camp at the inlet. Gifford's camp is on the shore directly opposite the mountain, so that the grandest view is always in sight.

The time of sunrise to visit the lake may be chosen according to the visitors' tastes. Two years ago I was there from July 10 to 16; the laurel and lupine were still gloriously in bloom on the mountain sides, and the woods were full of 20 kinds of wild flowers, by count even for my unpracticed eyes. I remember the anemones in particular; for size, quantity and beauty, these about Portland cannot compare. This year, from August 10 to 22, the forest of huckleberries and huckleberries made me swear that I'd never go there again except in huckleberry season. The fishing is excellent the summer through. Hunting, however, cannot be classed with the attractions of the lake.

Of course there are discomforts and inconveniences to put up with when one camps so far from civilization. If you stay long, canned foods become an abomination; milk and eggs are as unobtainable as the proverbial "bee's knees and canary birds' tongues." The lake can sport no light canoe that answers the debt stroke of a paddle or completes the picture of pristine wooded shores with its graceful prow, or sculls, or scapes the pebbled beach in landing. There is but one boat, which is the most aggravating old "lumberbuss" of a tub that ever leaked water to the desperation of the bather. Well did some party christen her the "Bailer Gatzert." You don't have to hunt mosquitos with a butterfly net at the inlet. I mention this, for you may observe upon your arrival, that they are not enough to annoy. If it rains, even a joke in camp isn't safe—if it's a dry one!

But all these irritations, all the time consumed, all the deprivation and possible inconvenience, sink into insignificance before the grandeur of the view which the mountain affords at this place. I have never visited, nor have I ever heard of a better vantage point than this from which to behold, to adore and commune with the great Oregon patriarch. The photographs can give one only a fitful hint of the impressive, ever-changing beauty that awaits the eye-witness. One day it may be that the clouds completely envelop the peak, while only the mountain's base, with snow straggling down its deeper crevices, is visible. The dark forest trees that bristle on the mountains surrounding the lake comb out the rolling cloud banks into foggy veils of mist, and the water of the lake is black and curled with the wind. When the weather breaks, and glad riffs of blue begin to show in the hurrying cloud masses, then watch the mountain! First it shoulders off these clinging mists, and, crag by crag, glacier by glacier, now hidden and now gleaming through with the virgin fall of snow, finally it emerges, exquisitely clear cut against the washed blue, a dazzling white in the fresh sunlight. This I have seen; it was wonderful!

Then for the mountain at sunrise, at sunset, by moonlight! My bed under the trees lay so that I might see the mountain clearly by merely raising my head. The first time that the moon was shining I happened to awaken some time in the night. A glance at the mountain brought me to a sitting posture. Shall I tonight, then, my eyes ever become dim in my memory? I have it for a mental picture that would reconcile me in blindness, if ever it should be mine to bear such a misfortune. There was the full moon, full risen to the top of the mountain peak; almost directly over the summit Jupiter glowed like a star of Bethlehem; only an occasional snowy spur of the mountain caught the keen moon-beams; the rest of the mass seemed lit less than spirit, so weirdly did the soft gray shadows bid the eye strain for a more definite outline. Oh, and here below the whole, so silently and perfectly reflected that even the star source trembled in that moon-mirror. Right about me the shafted moonlight came slanting down through the branches, silencing the tree trunks. The silence, it was like a vast Gothic cathedral, that met my ears. It may be of interest to those who have already visited Lost Lake, or even to those who have an indirect attachment for it through a photograph, to hear a bit of the incident connected with the naming of the mountain. Twenty-five years ago my father, together with a party made up of farmers, surveyors and some Eastern visitors, started from Hood River with the intention of becoming acquainted with the lake whose whereabouts they knew by hearsay, but which none of them had ever visited. Then the lake had no

American name; it may have had an Indian one. There were no trails in the woods on that side of the mountain. Moreover, dense smoke combined with the strangeness of the country to confuse the compass. For some hours the party wandered about lost, finally toward evening they came out on the lake shore as much by chance as by calculation. About the campfire that evening some one, apropos of their recent scrape, told the story of the Indian who was lost in the woods; when met by a white man and asked if he was lost, he said: "No; Injun not lost; wigwam lost." Soon after getting back to Portland my father wrote a letter to The Oregonian, giving an account of the trip, and in the course of this article suggested the name "Lost Lake," which it has retained ever since.

From the high point known as Huckleberry Ridge—the one that appears on the right of most of the photographs of the mountain from the lake—a magnificent view of the lake, the surrounding mountains and of Hood is obtained. The latter appears immeasurably high by reason of the foothills that lie between and give the massive and more imposing foreground and foundation to the mountain. One of the first things that is noticed upon arrival at the lake is the vast area of burnt timber that whitens the large mountain, which rises up from the left hand or northern shore. When climbing Huckleberry Ridge, more and more of the timber land, off toward the middle of the Cascades, comes into view, that is lamentably scarred and scorched by forest fire. In looking at these burns, it is a gloomy comfort to know that what is left of the timber in sight is now within the confines of the government reserve, and is regularly patrolled and watched by forest rangers. These rangers have to pass a searching civil service examination, and must be equipped physically, mentally, in disposition and in woodcraft for their lonely calling. All the summer months, until the fall rains, they camp singly at some strategic base in the midst of the territory for which they are responsible. If a fire breaks out anywhere within their limits, they sling camp stuff and grub upon their horse, and out they "hike," straight over the mountains, the nearest way to fight it. If all is quiet in the territory of one, and he sees a fire anywhere in a part of the reserve apportioned to another, no matter if it be two days' journey off he must go and help control it.

There was one of these fine fellows in camp at the lake this year. Barney Cooper, a son of the Mount Hood pioneer for whom Cooper's Spur on Mount Hood was named. At the recent heavy fire on the Mount Hood road, near Cloud Cap Inn, he had four other rangers, from country all the way from Mount Hood to the Three Sisters, helping him handle it. A pillar of smoke rising out of distant forests on the horizon has always fired me with a sort of a rebellious, revengeful spirit. It does me good, though, now, to think that any place in the Cascade reserve, when such appears, it means also that a trusty woodman is crushing his way to it, to fight it to the end.

Barney Cooper came to supper at our camp last night; we stayed at the lake this August. After a July evening around the campfire, as he was sailing away in his boat to his snug camp at the inlet, he shouted back: "Tell anybody that's thinking of coming out to come right along! Barney Cooper's summer resort is all ready for 'em!"

Meets with Hearty Approval.
The up-to-date library proposition which is before Hood River people is meeting with hearty approval. It was to be expected, for there are many people in Hood River who can appreciate good literature. It is only one more proof of the intellectuality of the people of Hood River and of the valley. But few so far have refused to become members. Though only a small part of the people have been seen as yet by the committee in charge, the library is practically assured. The following list of books, partially prepared by the committee and completed by the librarian of the Portland Library, who spent some time in her selection of books, shows why the people gladly subscribe one dollar for the privilege of reading them. Mr. Slovic has offered very kindly to purchase the books for the library at the lowest possible figures. It is desired to have the library open in a few weeks. Following is the list of books selected:

Abraham Lincoln—Hagood.
A Sailor's Log—Evans.
Alice of Old Vincennes—Thompson.
Across the Plains—Stevenson.
Black Book—Connor.
Books of a Hundred Games—White.
Bob, Son of Battle—Ollivant.
Chimes from a Jester's Bell—Burdette.
Cruise of the Cachelot—Bullen.
Captain of the Grey Horse Troop—Garland.
Cardinal's Staff—Holland.
David Harum—Wesscott.
Eben Holden—Bacheller.
Great Books as Life Teachers—Hillis.
Honorable Peter Sterling—Ford.
Hugh Wynne—Mittel.
Influence of Christ on Modern Life—Hillis.
Little Rivers—Van Dyke.
Little Minister—Barrie.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
Making of an American—Hills.
Om Paul's People—Hillegas.
People I Have Smiled With—Whitler.
Richard Carvel—Churchhill.
Ransom's Folly—Davis.
Redemption of David Cateson—Goss.
Struggles of the Pike—Lloyd.
Story of the Cowboy—Hough.
Story of the Mine—Shinn.
Sky Pilot—Connor.
The Right of Way—Parker.
The Crisis—Churchhill.
The Octopus—Norris.
The Virginian—Walter.
The Aristocrats—Anon.
The Gentleman from Indiana—Tarkington.
The Man from Glengarry—Connor.
The Prisoners of Zenda—Hope.
The Mission Story of the Northwest—Hines.
Truth Dexter—McCall.
Up from Slavery—Johnson.
When Knighthood was in Flower—Cassiodor.
White Umbrella in Mexico—Smith.
Wild Animals I Have Known—Thompson.
Wolfville—Lewis.

RULES.
The following rules will be strictly adhered to in the use of the books:

1. Not more than one book may be drawn from the library at one time.
2. If any book is lost, or essentially injured, the person to whom it stands charged shall replace it, and thereafter own the lost or mutilated copy.
3. No book may be kept longer than two weeks. The fine for breaking this rule is 5 cents per week.
4. The membership fee shall be one dollar per year, payable in advance.

STATEMENTS.
1. New books will be added during the year.
2. Up-to-date books of good character, or older books, which are considered

standard classics, should not be refused if offered to the committee.

3. Current magazines would be very much appreciated.

MRS. J. E. RAND,
MRS. G. P. CROWELL,
GLADYS HARTLEY,
TRUMAN BUTLER,
Committee.

The Toledo Blade.
Before the close of 1902 the Toledo Blade will be installed in its new building, with a modern plant and equipment with facilities equal to any publication between New York city and Chicago. It is the only weekly newspaper edited expressly for every state and territory. The news of the world so arranged that busy people can more easily comprehend than by reading cumbersome columns of dailies. All current topics made plain in each issue by the use of a newspaper in brief from inception down to date. The only paper published especially for people who do or do not read daily newspapers and yet thirst for plain facts. That the Blade of a newspaper is popular is proven by the fact that the Weekly Blade now has over 178,000 yearly subscribers and is circulated in all parts of the United States. In addition to the news, the Blade publishes short and serial stories and many departments of matter suited to every member of the family. Only one dollar a year. Write for free specimen copy. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

E. D. Calkins Writes of the Inland Empire.
Hood River, September 8, 1902.—Editor: The country around Dayton is a rolling prairie and produces big crops. All the roads run along the streams or canyons which are numerous, reaching back to the foothills of the Blue mountains. Along the creeks is some timber and most of the ranchers have their buildings in the canyons on account of water and to be protected from the wind. Fifteen miles east is a high plateau of rich farming land. To the southeast is timber and a fine view of the foothills of the mountains. To the northeast is the wild scenery of the Tule mountains, which are the Deschutes in roughness. As to how the man originated is in dispute. Some claim the Hudson Bay company lost two cannon when they were bringing them through exploring. The government road crosses near this point. To the north you can see the wheat fields of Garfield county. I saw the up-to-date threshers—self feeders, straw burners and straw blowers. There is but little heavy work as compared with the old threshers. Around Prescott they turn the steepest knolls and hogbacks by using axles twelve feet long for the hind wheels. The driver and loader use loggers' shoes to keep their footing and a hand-foot pedal to keep the axle in the first day. On my way back I spent one day in Waitburg with C. Wells and family. He is having good trade and is the only shoemaker there at present. I met Link Evans a former resident of Hood River. Waitburg is a fine town of twelve hundred with fine schools and academies. Quite lively business is being done by the real estate men. The well-to-do farmers of Columbia and Walla Walla counties have their winter residences in town to have a better school than the district schools afford. Many are coming down from the Palouse country for a milder climate and educational advantages. No wonder the real man opposed the white man's taking this country for it was a paradise for him. At Wallula I met Charles Ross and wife. They are running an eating room and have a good trade. They are glad to see any one from Hood River.

Old timers tell me this was the greatest stock country they ever saw, from The Dalles to Lewiston, Idaho. The meaning of Walla Walla is "beautiful waters" and there are fine mountain streams running down the Blue mountains every few miles which are being used for irrigating. All kinds of small fruits are being grown near Milton and also on the Walla Walla river. The Charles Seelie is doing well in that section. E. D. CALKINS.

Republican Nominations in Klickitat.
The republican county convention met at Goldendale September 6. The following ticket was nominated:

For Representative—William Coate of Trout Lake.
Treasurer—T. B. Montgomery of Dot.
Auditor—Frank Dotson.
Sheriff—William McEwan of Goldendale.
Assessor—Charles F. Kayser of Goldendale.
Clerk—A. E. Coley.
School Superintendent—Miss Emma Clanton of Centerville.
County Surveyor—Arthur Richardson.
Coroner—Frank Sanders.
Commissioners—First district, B. D. Dymond of Camas Prairie; second district, William Hornbrook of Goldendale. The third district is a hold-over. Delegates to State Convention—Senator George H. Baker of Goldendale, Dr. A. F. Brockman of Bickleton, George M. Bowen of Glenwood, William Coate of Trout Lake, Thomas N. Crofton of Centerville, W. C. Burgen, A. J. Abola, M. M. Warner, C. C. Argard, C. Timblin and W. T. Darcie, all of Goldendale.

Portland and Return, \$1.50.
Grand baseball excursion by the O. R. & N. line, from Hood River to Portland, September 14th, \$1.50 round trip, including one admission to the ball game. Tickets on sale at O. R. & N. depot. This is by far the cheapest rate ever made between Hood River and Portland. Train leaves The Dalles at 7 a. m. Take a day off and have a good time in Portland.

Prohibition Alliance Meeting.
The monthly meeting of the Alliance was held at the U. B. church last week. President J. L. Hanna presided. After the usual business was transacted, a very interesting programme was rendered. Miss Florence Hanna, Miss Agnes Ingbreten and Miss Shute acquitted themselves very creditably. The principal idea of the evening was that a Christian man could not vote any other ticket except the prohibition and be consistent with his profession. Leslie Butler, Joseph Hayes, Rev. H. C. Shaffer and Mr. Hawthorne from California, also made remarks. The next meeting will be the first Monday evening in October.

Oregon State Fair.
The state fair will be held at Salem, September 15 to 20, 1902. For this occasion the O. R. & N. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Salem and return at greatly reduced rates.

Fare from Hood River, \$4.75 for round trip. Selling dates as follows: September 16, expiring September 16; September 14, expiring September 19; September 17, expiring September 22.

A. N. HOAR, Agent.

Only Four Per Cent Used.
Kansas City Packer.
The Hood River section has 5,000 acres of land adapted to fruit yet only 1,500 acres are set in trees and 500 acres in strawberries. Many new apple orchards will come into bearing this season. Yellow Newtowns, Spits, Baldwins and Ben Davis are the principal varieties now in bearing. About 100 cars of 600 boxes each will probably be shipped, against 75 cars last year.

Real Estate Bargains.

Just the "Snap" you are Looking for.

We nearly always have it. For the man who has a little idle money, now is just the time for him to invest in land back away from town, while there is yet a margin on prices. You will be GLAD IF YOU DO, and VERY SORRY in two years' time IF YOU DON'T. It is our opinion. TAKE HOLD OF IT NOW, don't wait until the other full lot sees the opportunity and wisely acts on it.

Our full list of improved and unimproved properties is always at your command, at prices and locations to suit your fancy and purse.

DRIGGS, CULBERTSON & CO.

Stages to Cloud Cap Inn.

Ticket office for the Regulator Line of Steamers—Telephone and have a hack carry you to and from the boat landing—If you want a first-class turnout call on the

HOOD RIVER TRANSFER AND LIVERY CO.

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5th Biennial Fruit Fair

October 8, 9, 10 and 11.

Grand Exhibit of the Far-Famed

BIG RED APPLES

This is the banner fruit year for Hood River, and the display of fruit at the fair will comprise the biggest and best collection of apples ever shown in the Northwest.

All who are interested in Hood River should take this opportunity to see what is actually produced here.

The O. R. & N. and the river steamers will grant reduced rates between Portland and The Dalles and intervening points.

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HON. J. W. MORTON, Vice Pres't.
G. R. CASTNER, Superintendent.
G. J. GESSLING, Secretary.
W. A. SLINGERLAND, Treasurer.

Committees in Charge:

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AUDITING—E. L. Smith, president; G. J. Gessling, secretary; W. A. Slingerland, treasurer; Truman Butler, chairman of the Finance committee.

FINANCE—Truman Butler, H. F. Davidson, E. L. Smith.

TRANSPORTATION—A. P. Bateham, L. E. Morse, G. R. Castner.

LOCATION AND BUILDING—H. J. Frederick, N. C. Evans, W. A. Slingerland, A. I. Mason.

PRINTING—S. F. Blythe, E. B. Bradley, Henry T. Williams.

RECEPTION—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rath, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Cram, Mr. and Mrs. T. Steinhilber, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Castner, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Atterbury, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Markham, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McCurdy, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hibbard.

PROGRAMME—Dr. J. F. Watt, A. P. Bateham, F. B. Barnes, J. L. Carter.

INVITATION—G. J. Gessling, Henry T. Williams, P. F. Friday.

TO SOLICIT PREMIUMS—P. F. Friday, S. E. Bartness, George T. Prather.

EXHIBIT—Henry T. Williams, G. R. Castner, A. H. Jewett, Frank Chandler.

DECORATION—Mrs. George P. Crowell, Mrs. E. Locke, Mrs. A. O. Hershey, Ernest V. Jensen, Mrs. E. E. Savage, E. L. Road.

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Builders' Hardware.—Direct factory shipments of latest designs place this stock at your command below usual cost, with an endless variety to select from. Nails, Brads, Tacks and all specialties are sold right.

Mechanics' Tools.—This new department is being enlarged daily. Our aim will be to furnish the latest and best.

Paints, Oils and Glass.—This department is complete. The purest and best in Lead, Colors, Ready Mixed Paint, Varnish, Hard Oil, Filler, Enamel, Roof Paint, Fire Proof Asbestos Paint, Carbonaceous, Bath-tub Enamel, Linoleum Varnish. Brushes from 5c to 45 each.

Lubricating Oils.—A good thing for rough machinery at 30c per gallon. Our line is complete in Castor Machine, Neatfoot, Engine, Cylinder and Black Oils, Sewing Machine and Bicycle Oils.

Furniture and Furnishing.—Something new every day—a live, moving stock of all kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Linoleum, Oil Cloth, Matting, Shades, Couches, Pillows.

Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a home as the smart decorations. After the 15th we will put on sale at surprisingly low cost a complete line of Portiers, Rugs, Couch Covers, Pillow Covers, Rods and Fittings, Jardiner Stands, Indian Stools, Tabourettes, Mirror and Hat Racks, etc. It will be our aim to make our Furniture and Decorative departments so complete and so constantly replenished with newest productions that you will call often. If only to inspect, you are always welcome.

Specialty Department covers everything else you might need to make the home a thing of beauty and comfort. Screen Doors, Adjustable Window Screens, Poultry Netting, Screen Wire Cloth, Carpet Sweepers, Carpet Stretchers, Feather Dusters, Tacks & Hammers. Mattresses, every style, from \$2 to \$20. Our Elastic Felt at \$13 is a prize.

Sewing Machines.—The days of high prices are over; \$18 buys a good machine; \$27 to \$30 gets a full ball-bearing machine and a guarantee for 5 years. In LAWN MOWERS we do not carry toys but the best ball-bearing, warranted.

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Business is like playing poker—there is no use calling your opponent unless you can give him one better. And here it is:

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10 lb Pail of Lard \$1.25
Loose Lard, any quantity, per pound 12 1/2
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