

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN LAKES

One in Marion County as Grand as Con-tanze

Snow-Capped Peaks Reflected in Its Magic Depths and Fishing and Hunting for All

Detroit, Ore., July 23.—A week spent in the mountains, and among the rivers and lakes of this part of Oregon has a wonderful rejuvenating effect on the hard-working business or professional man, and even, farmers, mechanics and common laborers can bring their families in here, pick blackberries, catch fish and hunt to their heart's content. There are no better trout streams than the Breiten-trush and the Santiam and its various forks.

The great natural fish reservoirs of the mountain country are the lakes, and the fish stories one hears are tantalizing in the extreme. Supt. Thos. P. Clarke, of the deaf mute school, who is known to be one of the best sportsmen in the country, was in the party, and, after wading the icy waters for three days, declares that the Santiam for the whole length of it from where it empties into the Willamette, is an unsurpassed trout stream, and he has fished them nearly all from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is not a dead easy stream to fish. There must be a good supply of flies, a good rod, and a good fisherman back of it to make the big catches, but almost anyone can get a basket of fish if he will get in and wade for them. One daring young nimrod of the party followed the stream for two days, and frequently occupied the place where his feet had stood in six inches of rushing water on a slippery rock, with the middle part of his body, but he got the trout, and he was none the worse at night for his practically all-day bath. Take some old clothes and a pair of old shoes with a few spikes in the bottom, to keep from slipping, if you want to fish the rocky-bottom Santiam.

Marion Lake.

Marion lake lies over 4000 feet above the sea level, about 90 miles from Salem, in Marion county. There is a good trail for a man or horse, all but the last two miles, which is nearly straight up and down. Here walking and packing is extremely difficult, as the rim of the lake indicates it is an old extinct volcano. This lake is three miles long, and about two miles at the widest place. At the southwest end of the lake is Deer Island, of about one acre. E. C. Peary, the Scio druggist, got cold while fishing and went ashore to build a fire, when a wind spread the flames and the whole island burned over in about an hour. The island is a refuge for deer from larger varmints, and from one of the camps deer can be seen swimming across.

Marion lake is very deep at places, and at one place no bottom has been reached. The outlet of the lake is called Marion river, but is in reality the main source of the Santiam river, having one double falls, a mile from the lake, 300 feet, and a second fall, four miles down, that drops 150 feet clear.

There are all kinds of fish in the lake, but it is conceded that the original native Marion lake trout is an incomparably fine trout—from one to

three feet long and very heavy, fat and red-meat. Once in a while you catch a white-meat fish, the theory being that they were planted there by Salem sports. We were told the fishing at Marion lake was better in August, but to the initiated trout fisher it was good enough, with flies or bait. The flies used are all large, and number one ought hooks, all large dressings, like "English Admiral," "Jock Scott" and others of the brighter colored varieties. There are no boats on the lake, navigation being by the use of rafts that are poled out and anchored. Fishing off the raft by letting down baited lines. The water is transparent for 20 feet down. Fish eyes and pieces of fish are used for bait. The larger trout live in deep water.

H. H. Lenker was at Marion lake and surprised all the scientific sportsmen by pulling a piece of string out of his pocket, tying it to a cedar limb about six feet long, baiting it with a fish-eye, and pulling out trout as fast as could reach down and haul them up. With 21 fish-eyes he caught 19 trout that dressed 50 pounds. Fish literally go begging here, and yet there are days when only the expert gets trout on Marion lake. It takes two days to pack in to the lake, but you can walk out in a day.

Going in tenderfeet generally ride half way at least, or the whole of it, and it takes two days, but coming out a 4 o'clock start from the lake brings you to Detroit in the middle of the afternoon. It is a jaunt you will be apt to remember as long as you live.

Packhorses and hotel accommodations are supplied at Detroit, but all supplies and conveniences at the lake must be carried in. There is not much hunting as early in the season as this, but few deer having been seen, and they are all does with young fawns, that no man of sporting blood would draw a rifle on. The middle of August and along into September they told us was the height of the season for fishing and hunting. One kind of game is always near at hand, mosquitoes and black gnats. They render life a burden to anyone but a Warm Spring Indian, and they seem to be death to all kind of vermin that touches them.

Dr. A. G. Prill, of Scio, formerly of Salem, was in one party, and took a number of beautiful views of the lake, the falls and several of the snow-peaks all around. Some of these would surprise our citizens, and go far to convince them that Marion county has a wealth of scenery quite as remarkable as anything in Switzerland.

Down at Gates.

For its unequalled cool, clear mountain water, for its mountain air, for its fine scenery, and the good will and hospitality of its people, commend us to the upper Santiam. The lungs expand, the appetite doubles up, the soul awakens to the charms and beauties of nature, until a few weeks returns you a new man, in many respects, to the warmer and more languid temperatures of the valley. The third day's fishing was from Minto to Gates, and while the fish were not so plentiful, they were larger, and the champion of the party wound up with hooking an 18-inch rainbow trout in the deep pool at Gates, with a 75-foot cast, and felt repaid for the whole three days' exertion in landing the prize.

Gates is only a 40-mile drive by a good road from Salem—we drove it recently in four and one-half hours with one horse, but don't try to do that unless you have a pretty good roadster—better take six or eight. There is good entertainment for man and beast at Gates. Mrs. Geo. Anderson keeps hotel, and all who know that lady know what that means, three square meals a day, and the happy faculty of making everyone feel at home, and have a good time thrown in. Mrs. Anderson has a splendid helper at present, although sometimes he forgets the woodbox a little, but he more than makes up for it with hunting and fishing stories for the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have lived in the mountains for some years, and have regained their health an enjoy life very much up there, and are natural hotel people.

There are two old settlers still living in the upper Santiam valley who remember when the first trails were opened by the hunters and trappers, in the '50s, and when the first homesteads were located and clearings made in the '60s, and bands of sheep driven into the lake country beyond Independence prairie by way of the Lebanon trail. In 1874 Tim Davenport and John Minto were appointed claim-owners by Marion county, and ran a chain through the valley, and that was named the Minto trail in the newspapers, although there is no record of that survey said to have been made, or at least to be now in existence at the court house.

The Forest Reserve.

The forest reserve begins seven miles this side of Detroit, and has stopped the settlement of this beautiful valley. What is worse, by permission of the secretary of the interior,

vast bands of sheep are run through the forest, and are trampling down the flora, that makes the mountain sides natural rain sponges, and if that is kept up the forests themselves will be in danger of being washed down by the rains and snow melting. From 12,000 to 17,000 sheep are reported to be ranging in the vicinity of the Breiten-bush hot springs, and a large band of sheep is said to be on the way from the Warm Springs right down to Detroit. What a farce to establish a forest reserve to keep the settler out, and let the marauding sheep-monopolist run his thousands on the same public land. Our government is becoming more and more of a farce in its dealings with the public land question.

E. HOFER.

LIFE HAS WORTH NOW

HAPPY ENDING OF EIGHT YEARS OF WEAKNESS AND DEPENDENCY.

Mrs. Miller Tells How She Succeeded in Recovering Lost Interest in Life—Others May Profit.

"For eight years," says Mrs. Mollie E. Miller, of Wilmington, O. io, "I suffered from dizziness and palpitation of the heart, and after the birth of my little girl five years ago I remained very weak. I was nervous, downhearted and could not sleep. Every month I lost a full week in prostration that left me scarcely strength enough to drag myself around the house. Whenever that time approached it always filled me with dread. It often seemed to me that I would rather die than live.

"One day last spring a friend of mine strongly recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I was induced to give them a trial for my troubles. Before I got through the first box I experienced great relief. For the first time in all these years I felt that I was gaining a little strength. I continued to use them with hopefulness, and by the time I had taken four boxes I did not feel like the same woman. The weakness, the melancholy, the restlessness from which I suffered so long have disappeared and life is entirely different. I am glad that I took them myself and I heartily recommend them to others for what they have done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are what hundreds of women need to change a wretched into a happy existence, to enable them to get rid of small worries altogether, to bear heavy burdens easily and to find daily enjoyment in life. Anemia, irregularities, nervous debility and prostration yield promptly to the invigorating influence of these marvelous pills. They not only cure all forms of female weakness, but they supply a fresh store of vitality to the blood and the nerves and create conditions that insure lasting health. They are sold by all druggists.

WOULD INSURE LUMBER

A good story is told on Attorney W. M. Kaiser, of this city, by one of the local insurance men. The attorney had several thousand feet of lumber at the Lake Labish sawmill, which was destroyed by fire this week, and a telephone message apprised him of the fact that the mill was on fire.

Meeting the insurance man, the attorney inquired if the company which the latter represented wrote policies on lumber. Being informed that it did, the man of law said that he desired one right away. It was not convenient for the man of protection to comply with the request at that time, but Mr. Kaiser insisted. "What's your rush," was asked the attorney. "Why, my lumber is on fire," replied the latter as his sides shook with good-natured laughter, and he meandered down the street, while the insurance man made some kind of a remark about "locking the barn, etc."

Excellent Band Boys.

The boys' band of the reform school returned last evening from Gladstone Park, where they furnished the music for the entertainment, and also played for the ball game. The band is composed of 40 very bright boys, and wherever they play they receive great praise. Salem will have the opportunity of hearing some of their excellent music tomorrow afternoon, as it has been arranged for them to play in Wilson avenue.

Much Cheaper.

Cheaper than wood. Try it and see. One of our new gas ranges. Citizens' Light & Traction Co. 7-22-14

MORE PIPE DREAMS

Baker City Man Tells of His Walking Auto-Mo-bile

County Coroner Taylor N. Snow and a Herald man were standing on Front street yesterday when Randall Turner's big automobile went whizzing by. "Great machine," commented Dr. Snow, "in this new country which is appealing but not particularly attractive to railroad builders, autos are going to fill the interval of time between sage coach days and the days of Pullman cars. In other words, I believe that the auto is the solution of the railroad problem in this county. Until such time as traffic grows to such a magnitude that steam railways are necessary to handle it, the automobile will be used to carry freight and passengers to outlying points. This will of course, mean that good county roads must be built, for even an auto can't run well on mountain trails and mud holes. For that matter good county roads must be built in Baker county anyway.

"I've been thinking over this automobile matter and have evolved something new in that line. It's a walking auto. Come up to my office and I will explain the mechanism."

The Herald man scenting a good news item, accompanied the doctor to his snug offices in the Crabill building.

"This walking auto of mine," explained Dr. Snow, "consists of two hollow sidebars placed on the outer and inner sides of the legs, which are jointed at the ankle and knee and strapped or fastened to the shoes under the middle of the foot. The side bars are covered with fine soft leather and are buckled to the legs with three girths, one just above the knee, one below the knee, and one just above the ankle. The dynamo for the motive power is placed on the upper and posterior part of the hips, well padded to prevent friction, and with a nicely finished belt around the waist. Jointed tumbling rods run from the crank shaft of the dynamo to the feet through the hollow side bars, and at each joint (knee and ankle) are attached to small half-circle cog wheels which, when the machine is set in motion, give the leg and foot the proper motion and movement. The starting of the mobile will be by the physical action of the man or woman using it. There will be but a slight deformity caused by the projection of the dynamo on the hips. Women can wear them in place of those cushions which are used to beautify the feminine form divine, and if hoop skirts should come into style again the dynamo would not be conspicuous.

The dynamo cannot be worn on the anterior portion of the body, for it would impede the central motion and prevent a stooping or sitting posture. The steel side bars will give strength to the lower extremities going at a high rate of speed. The speed rate might be anywhere between 1 and 50 miles an hour, depending upon the horsepower of the dynamo. Equipped with one of my walking autos, a person could go to the world's fair at slight expense.

"I expect to get big money from the Russian government for rights to use my machine. They need them very badly to enable them to retreat rapidly from the Japs.

"The walking auto will be a boon to prospectors, sportsmen and explorers. With them no trouble will be experienced in climbing the steepest mountain, and with a small brake attached a prospector could go into the deepest canyon or the explorer into a yawning crater.

"With the use of my walking automobile peace officers could easily capture horse thieves, train robbers, runaway wives and wailing daughters.

"The motive power? That is my secret. No; it will not be a storage battery. I decline to explain further, as the secret is mine, and is the thing upon which I base the principal value of the machine.

"I am going to apply for a patent and reserve all rights. I expect to make a fortune out of the invention."

Killed in Runaway.

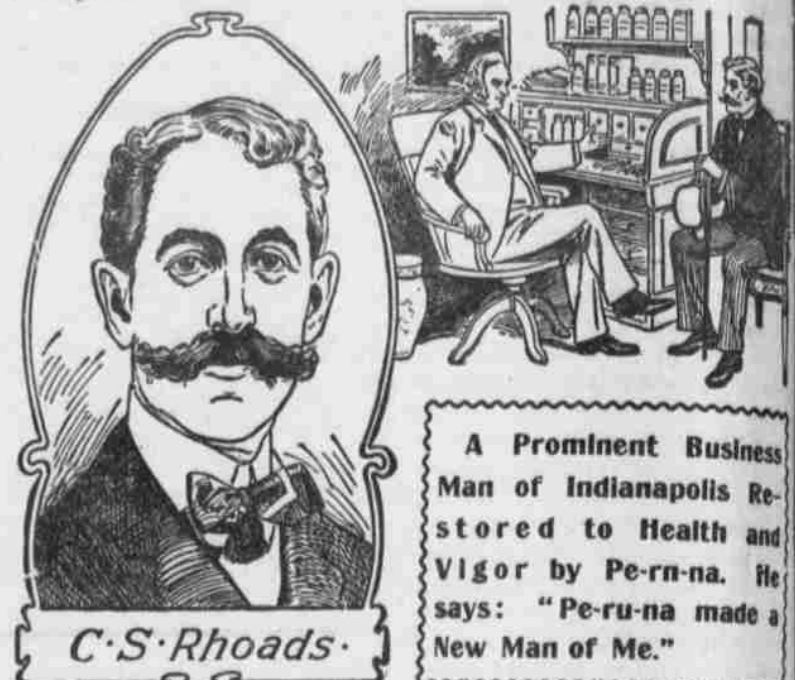
Eugene, Or., July 23.—Thomas Hemmer, a farmer living west of Eugene, was killed yesterday afternoon by being thrown from a wagon in a runaway in this city. He had been hauling wood, and had an empty wood rack. The horses became frightened and ran, throwing Hemmer violently to the ground, striking on his head. He was picked up and cared for, but died in a few minutes.

FOR SYSTEMIC CATARRH

Peculiar to Summer Pe-ru-na Give Prompt and Permanent Relief.

C. S. Rhoads, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "For the past two years I have hardly known what it was to have a restful night's sleep. Cares and overwork seemed to weigh me down more than it should or would had I been able to get my proper rest. My doctor was unable to help me and ordered me South for a complete rest and change. As things simply out of the question, and as I had heard several of the men under medical care of how much Peruna had helped them, I decided to try it and am glad indeed I did. Six bottles made a new man of me. I eat well, sleep well and get up feeling refreshed and rested.

"My official duties are not half so hard and I certainly have good reasons heartily endorse Peruna."—C. S. Rhoads.



A Prominent Business Man of Indianapolis Restored to Health and Vigor by Pe-ru-na. He says: "Pe-ru-na made a New Man of Me."

Judge Wm. T. Zenor, of Washington, D. C., writes from 213 N. Capital street, Washington, D. C.:

"I take pleasure in saying that I can cheerfully recommend the use of Peruna as a remedy for catarrhal trouble and a most excellent tonic for general conditions."—Wm. T. Zenor

Mrs. Amanda Morrill, 180 Reid street, Elizabeth, N. J., writes:

"I have been sick over two years with nervous prostration and general debility, and heart trouble. Have had four doctors; all said that I could not get well. I had not walked a step in nine months, suffering with partial paralysis and palpitation of the heart every other day, and had become so reduced in flesh as to be a mere skeleton, weighing only 88 pounds.

"Up to this date I have taken Peruna for seven months. It has saved my life

as I can safely testify. I have not had so well in five years, having walked over one mile without ill result, and have also gained thirty pounds since commencing to take Peruna. In fact I cannot praise it too highly."—Mrs. Amanda Morrill.

Peruna never fails to prevent systemic catarrh or nervous prostration if taken in time. Peruna is the most prompt and permanent cure for all cases of nervous prostration caused by systemic catarrh known to the medical profession.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Books By William J. Long

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