

FOUR

FERTILE OREGON VALLEYS

Journal Editor Describes the Fine Hop Yards and Splendid Orchards

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Coast Range, July 26.—Those who have driven from Lewisville, Polk county, via Peedee and King's Valley, over the coast range will not be surprised at the statement that it is one of the richest and most beautiful farming regions of Oregon. Nowhere else we see as fine hop yards as at Peedee, and nowhere the orchards as green and thrifty as in King's Valley. They seem to have had more rains in this foothill country than in the Willamette valley. Farm buildings and fences are all kept up and painted. Flowers along the roadside are fat and the cattle are in the meadows. The roads are generally well made. The distance to Yaquina Bay by this route is 35 miles by the advertised guideposts at the cross road. A few miles beyond Lewisville the road enters the foothills and winds by easy grades toward the coast range. There is an occasional sharp pitch, but the roads are very well worked. Clover fields are green and well with a second crop. As we climb the gentle slope of the picturesque valley, we get the first whiff of genuine sea breeze, and, although the Pacific is 50 miles away, our faces feel its cooling spray, and infinitesimal drops of briny moisture beat in our faces. Over the rim of the great mountains the fog-banks of the ocean are looking down at us. The atmospheric change is immediate. Across the Willamette valley we were parting with our garments. Now we are reaching for them, and the horse utters a livelier gallop without perspiration. At the end of King's Valley the three main roads come together, one leading to Corvallis and the other for Yaquina Bay. A mile further and we climb the mountain for half a mile to Blodgett's valley. The climb is not hard for one horse with a small load, but the passengers and driver better walk. Two miles farther we come to the Gelatby ranch, one of the largest and best in this elevated valley. Half a mile below is a creek and spring.

Here we camp over night, buying enough hay for the horse and to make a bed on the ground. The spring runs out of a cleft in the rocks. We made a pall of hot lemonade to go to bed on, and were snug to sleep by the tones of an aeolian harp constructed of telephone wires, and played upon by the ocean breeze, with a tenor accompaniment of the chirping crickets. Whenever we awoke during the night we could hear the wind rushing through the forests on the mountain ridges, but there was not a leaf rustling in the valley. In the midst of solemn murmuring coming from the high hills that sounded like the surge of the surf on some distant ocean beach, there would strike up a tune on the telephone wind-harp. It would play through a succession of chords in the most perfect melody, and then die into silence. It was after midnight before we had got used to the hard places under our hay and thistles. Then the sound sleep came that is enjoyed only in the open air, and we sprung out of bed as fresh as larks, and no rubbing of eyes to get them open. A wash at the spring, hot coffee in a tin pall, bread and butter, ham broiled on a stick before the fire, and a little fruit made a breakfast that

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was eaten with an appetite John D. Rockefeller could not buy for a million.

Gelatby spring is just about half way to Newport, bicycle cyclometers recording 42* miles from Newport to Blodgett's, which we reached at 7 a. m. Here we climb the ridge that leads over the divide into the valley that takes you down to Eddyville, about 16 miles away. The road is fine driving.

On the top of the ridge coming out from Blodgett we passed the ranch of Johman Friedrich, who has lived in the coast range many years. There are 10 German families in this neighborhood, and they are all prosperous. The ranches have big barns for hay and sheds for stock, with pole frames and shake roofs. The houses are frame, painted white, with shingled roofs. All through these hills are springs of running water, and the sheep keep mutton fat the year around on the tender grass that grows under the fern the dryest season. The coast range is a grand natural stock, fruit, grain and dairy region. It is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the Cascade mountains, and is not one-twentieth settled or developed. Better say not one-fortieth. Land for ranches can be had at almost any price. There is a great deal of clearing and slashing being done all through the valleys leading down to the Corvallis & Eastern railroad. Herds of cattle, bands of goats and flocks of sheep are multiplying rapidly in all this region.

There are only three big hills between Salem and Newport by the King's Valley route, one as you leave that valley for Blodgett's valley, one as you leave Blodgett's station, and the third climbing the ridge from the Pioneer quarry.

We met two camping outfits, where a single horse drew a two-seated rig, with baggage, but that is too big a load for one horse, especially with a breast harness that shuts off his wind, and a tight check rein to hold up his head. In the mountain it pays to not overload, overdrive, or not to deprive a horse of his freedom.

The last ridge you cross in the coast range is 12 miles from Newport, and must be 2000 feet high. The top of the ridge is very narrow, barely wide enough for a wagon tread. The view is one of surprising grandeur at the top. Eight or ten miles away lies the endless expanse of the great blue Pacific. The drive overland makes one fairly hungry for the sight of the sea. You can smell its cooling salt breath long before it greets the eyes. But the smell of the Pacific is not near so pungent, nor does it permeate so far inland as the Atlantic.

East, north and south, as far as the eye can reach are the cobble evergreen ridges of the forest-clad and fern-clothed Coast mountains. Up all their slopes sweep the groves of second-growth forest, for which the ground was cleared by the fires of former generations. Nature has planted with lavish hand thousands of thousands of square miles of young forest, evergreen and deciduous, that makes ridiculous man's feeble efforts at schools of forestry. No man can gaze without admiration on these miles and miles, ridge folding a ridge, of this rich growth of sprouting evergreens. Then there are acres of pale green, billowy alders, silvery cedars, clusters of willows with foliage like the olive groves of California, elder trees loaded with crimson and blue clusters of berries, flowering ocean spray, and purple spirea, or buckbrush, and flaming here and there blazing scarlet masses of vine maple. Off to the north lies the Sitka country. To the south is the Alsea, as we get nearer the coast line. To the southeast are Table mountain and Mary's Peak. The ranges are lower and lower until their sloping verdure drops down to Yaquina Bay or kisses the lines of white breakers beating forever on the long white sandy beaches. As we crown the last mountain before dropping down into Newport, the bay lies at our feet like a silver horseshoe. The glittering sands and surf of South beach flash like a polished spear, with the picture reflected in the bay. Rising to meet the declining sun is the great wall of the blue Pacific, and our ride of nearly 100 miles is ended. E. HOFER.

JOINED HOLY ROLLERS

Murderer Williams Embraces Faith of Prophet Creffield

Daniel Norman Williams has become a Holy Roller. Through the efforts of Mrs. J. H. Cross, a prominent woman of that faith, the condemned man, awaiting execution for the murder of Mrs. J. L. Nesbitt and her daughter, Alma, has become a disciple of the doctrine made famous in Oregon by Apostle Joshua Creffield. And to Mrs. Cross, his religious tutor, in his private cell, Williams has virtually confessed his crimes.

The confession is not complete. Though often moved to tears when urged by Mrs. Cross to confess his deeds, "before all men," as she says is required by the scriptures, Williams would hesitate and finally say he wanted more time. If he gets no new trial on his appeal to the supreme court he may speak.

"He tells me that he has confessed to God," answered Mrs. Cross in response to a question. "I begged him to confess before all men. He was moved to tears several times by my entreaties and was evidently in an awful state of mental torture. But he always hesitated. I think he will confess sooner or later, because he admitted to me that he is not saved."

In this city the disciples of Holy Rollers are known simply as members of the "Mission." The name "Holy Roller" is repugnant to them. Mrs. Cross is the wife of a prosperous grocer. Her daughter is also a convert to the doctrines advocated by the peculiar sect. It was shortly after his trial and conviction that Mrs. Cross began to visit Williams. She was shown a little more consideration than others who called to see him by Williams on the occasion of her first visit.

This woman took books and pamphlets dealing with religious subjects to the condemned man, however, and in these he soon became much interested. The result was that when she returned he was in a more hospitable humor, and the two had a lengthy conversation. Since then Mrs. Cross has called on Williams on an average of twice a week. In fact she is the only visitor he has ever consented to receive. She soon began to urge him to accept salvation and, between her arguments and pondering over the religious works given him for perusal, Williams soon became most piteous in his manner.

One day last week when he had been exhorted to embrace "full and free salvation," he broke down and wept like a child, wringing his hands in anguish. Mrs. Cross says, and moaned "Oh, I am an awful guilty man. I have done some terrible things. But I have confessed it all to God. I believe he will be merciful."

"Mr. Williams, a confession to God is necessary," said Mrs. Cross, "but you should remember that no matter what you have done, God knows all about it, anyhow. What he expects of you, in order to be convinced of your penitence, is that you confess before all men."

Williams started to dry his tears, and after a few sobs managed to control himself. He heaved several long sighs, opened his mouth once or twice as if to speak, and then hung his head without saying anything. On being again urged to make a public confession he replied:

"I know that I am not saved. I know that I must do other things. But wait. Many things may happen yet."

Since his conversion Williams has appeared to be in fairly good spirits, and eats and sleeps well. He is not allowed the daily papers, by order of Sheriff C. Sexton, but is permitted to have a magazine occasionally, and all the religious books he wants. He will accept the latter class of literature from nobody but Mrs. Cross.

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CHITTIM BARK MARKET

Prices Are Not Expected to Reach Last Year's Mark

In the Corvallis market, the settled price of Cascara bark, for the present, is 5 1/2 cents per pound, says the Corvallis Times. How long the bark will remain at that figure, and whether, when it changes, it will go lower or higher, are questions nobody seems able to answer. Many peelers and owners of bark would like to have the problem of future prices foretold. Some of them have tons of the product, and a change of a single cent for the better or worse means dollars and dollars to them. The skyrocket prices of last year are still green in memory with them. Some of them last year lost large sums of money, by selling too soon. Others made little fortunes for the first time in their lives, by holding long enough to catch the big figures. The hope that a second boom in bark prices may come again this year, and the desire to get the most possible out of it, puts the peelers on the ragged edge of uncertainty, where they will stay until another boom comes, or until the season ends.

Only small lots of the bark are being sold at the lower figures of the present. A peeler in need of supplies or cash, occasionally sells a load or a ton, or a fraction of either, to meet necessities. Occasionally a small holder sells his entire stock, partly for the same reason, and partly in the belief that no better figure is to be expected. The total of the sales makes but a small portion of what sales have aggregated at the same time in former seasons.

No local dealer believes that there will be this year a repetition of the firework prices of last season. There is not a bit of doubt on that point. It is not believed that any of them are buying and holding for a rise. According to their accounts no less than 98 cars of chittim were shipped East from the Northwest chittim forests last year. According to the same authority, about 50 cars of the bark are consumed in the United States in a year. At that rate, the shipment last season was sufficient to meet the requirements of the patent medicine men and chemists for two years. Added to this, it is reported that the forests of Western Washington will yield this year an enormous quantity of bark. One authority estimates that this yield will pass into hundreds of carloads. The supply there is said to be so great that peelers and middlemen are selling freely at 5 1/2 cents, delivered free on board the cars at railroad points. It is also asserted that in many instances, the patent medicine houses are buying the bark direct at these figures, and not of big commission men and brokers, as was formerly the case. The statement is that one big and well-known patent medicine and drug concern that paid 18 cents per pound for bark last year, when the bark scare was on, is now buying bark direct at prevailing prices. Whether in view of the above, another boom in bark may be expected this season is a question that is shrouded over with doubt. It is possible that there are signs and conditions that point in an opposite direction, but if there are, dealers seem to be uninformed of them.

In view of the present markets, and its signs and prognostications, it is understood that a great many peelers will not sell for the present. Many of them hold that if high prices do not come this year that they may be expected in another season. They say the bark not only increases in medicinal value but in financial value with age, and for these reasons many of them propose, if the price does not go to 10 cents or better, to hold their stocks. Some, it is said, will not this year peel all the bark they could peel if they wanted to, but because of present prices and prospects will let it remain on the trees, where it will give a greater yield when peeled in future.

McDonald—Upmeyer Wedding. Albany, July 28.—Last evening at the residence of Mrs. Fankbender, Miss Catherine McDonald, dean of the women's college of the Willamette University, at Salem, and Mr. E. E. Upmeyer, of Harrisburg, were united in marriage. Rev. Dr. M. C. Wire performing the ceremony in the parlors of the Little home, which was very tastefully and beautifully decorated for the occasion. Only the Little family—with whom Miss McDonald has for years made her home—and a few invited friends were present. Mr. Upmeyer is one of the leading citizens of Linn county, for many

VISITS CAPITAL CITY

President Roosevelt and Family Leave Oyster Bay for a Few Weeks

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