

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL
 E. HOFER, Editor and Proprietor R. M. HOFER, Manager

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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT



DOWN THE SILETZ IN A FLATBOAT

A party of six of us left for Agate Beach by wagon, equipped for a fishing and hunting expedition. Bound for the Siletz country, at the Agency, we built a flat boat and floated down the Siletz river, finding about twenty-two miles of this famous fishing stream continuous eddies and rapids, and twenty miles of tide water. That above the tide water is a river about the size of the Clackamas; below, it is similar to the Willamette at Portland, only much deeper and very winding, with innumerable curves. One place, after traveling about fifteen miles, we found the stream doubled back to within a mile of itself—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Our teamster and team were all right; slow and sure, without hurry or bluster, and we had a splendid road; good enough to make any autoist feel generous towards the farmers along the way. Passing along through this beautiful timber land, with its many homesteads, we all felt at peace with ourselves and our surroundings. But apparently all was not peace even here, for suddenly we came upon an Indian gathering attending a fair, who evidently thought it a proper time to assert their rights and settle a few out-standing accounts. A general scrap was in progress, several young bucks fighting among themselves, with the women and older men acting as peacemakers. Knives and guns were shown, and threats made, but at the appearance of an officer, it was very amusing to see the braves scatter and run.

At a hotel by the wayside, where we stopped for lunch, the waiter, who was kindly disposed, told us that he took pleasure in waiting on workmen; that he could tell working men at sight.

Arriving at the Siletz agency about six o'clock in the evening, we purchased additional fishing tackle and supplies, hired an Indian to commence work on our boat in the morning, and shortly retired and slept the "sleep of the weary."

With our united help, our boat was completed at noon, and we were ready for the start. Interested bystanders assured us that the Indian had not built us a boat that would save us from a wetting—possibly a funeral—but the young boatman soon proved that he knew his business. After piloting us safely over the first couple of rapids, which were rapid enough to cause us numerous thrills, the flatboat (6 by 16 feet) slapping the water end-wise like a paddle.

During this journey we of course had our lines out for fish, and were rewarded with some beauties. Down the stream we floated and rowed by intervals over the silvery waters of the Siletz, winding along through valleys and gorges of indescribable beauty, on a clear, sunny day.

At the end of the second day, arriving in one of the numerous gorges along the way, we pulled up to the river bank at a place which looked good to us, and found it a regular camping place, with an anchor for holding boats. This anchor was made by cutting a ring out of a stone—no doubt made by some Indian long since gone to his "happy hunting ground." Here we slept on the gravel, awaiting the following morning with water within a few feet of our feet.

After a regular camp breakfast, we started down stream once more, the water, in the main, being quite rapid and the valley, with all its windings, quite scenic. At one place (known, I believe, as Eucher creek) a suspension foot bridge had been built more than a hundred feet above the water.

Climbing on to this bridge, we found it pretty shaky, but, as evidenced by the well-worn path leading up to it, it was strong and durable, nevertheless. At noon this day we lunched on fish caught en route, the largest of these being about sixteen inches long. Just after lunch, the writer, after a pretty fight with a salmon trout, succeeded in landing him.

During the afternoon we passed several streams, all giving evidence of being alive with fish. Ducks were flying up and down stream overhead, and the sportmen of the party gave evidence of his presence by fusilades, which awakened the countryside to danger, but not a feather did he get. Later, however, he was in at the killing of a bear, which greatly enlivened his fallen spirits. We traveled on until late in the day, hoping to reach a barn full of fresh hay which we had been told about, but at dusk gave up this hope, for soon it became so dark that we could not see to guide our craft, and were in danger of being swamped. At one place our craft was swung by the river current under a projecting log, which swept away a lot of our fishing tackle. The writer saved himself from harm by lying down in the bottom of the boat, receiving nothing worse than a scratch on the nose. The rest of the party, by hook and by crook, and a great deal of suddenly developed activity, escaped unharmed. Our hunter above mentioned fared the worst, being thrown out of the craft, but we pulled him in again as the barge scurried along. We had gone some hundred yards or more before the young hunter knew "where he was at!"

That night we sat up late in an attempt to induce slumber sufficient powerful to overcome the effects of the beds of gravel we had preempted. We succeeded only indifferently, however, and next morning early embarked again. We soon found we did well in giving up hopes of reaching the barn, as we did not reach this haven until noon. Slide-streams appeared to have enlarged the river; it was swifter and required much care to save ourselves from being spilled into the water. Most of us had more or less of a wetting, being obliged to get out and aid in the steering of the craft from the outside, at various places of apparent danger, and were rather glad to do so.

At noon we arrived at Mowrys (the head of tide water), a "gem set in the hills," where we were greeted by a number of fishermen and hunters from Portland, Dallas, Corvallis, and other places, who were encamped here, all apparently oblivious of the press of business or other cares. Here salmon and trout jumped up in the river in seeming scorn of the fishermen, but we had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of them repaid for their impudence. Two men brought in loads that resembled a cannery.

From here we sent work to Siletz bay for a launch to come up and get us, as our craft by this time was leaking and looking like its days were numbered. Besides, from this place on its piloting and rowing would require a great deal of muscle and skill, besides several days' time to reach the end of our destination, and our time was limited. We waited next day until about noon, and no boat arriving for us, we packed up our dunnage and returned it by wagon to Agate Beach, left our own craft behind with much regret, and all piled into a small gasoline boat used for carrying the mail. The united weight of our party sunk the guards of the little boat to the edge of the water, but we did not realize our

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danger of drowning in the heavy tide water below until later.

When about two miles down the stream, we met the boat we had sent for carrying a jolly crowd of excursionists gathered up by a friend, who when he heard we were up stream, started out to meet us.

We all went back to Mowrys, some to fish, some to canoe-ride, others to scrap over some pies a kind lady gave us.

At two o'clock, with flag flying, we embarked for a grand ride on a gay little steamer on one of the prettiest rivers in the state of Oregon, and arrived at Taft at about 5 p. m. Here we stopped at a hotel, met a number of friendly campers, and at night we all gathered round a huge bonfire on the beach, joining our voices in song, and closed with fourteen verses of "Eveline."

Next day we walked down the beach of the grand old Pacific, about 20 miles, arriving at Agate Beach after an eight days' outing, weak and weary, but happy.

S. P. MAKEY.

THE OPEN FORUM

The Capital Journal invites public discussion in this department—let both sides of all matters be fully brought out—it is not the purpose of this newspaper to do the thinking for its readers.

THE ROUND-UP

Newport is to have an ice and cold storage plant.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the eminent suffragist, will reach Portland tonight, and will make a series of addresses in the state.

A Portland chorus girl and E. C. Dickey are in the Portland jail, bound over to appear before the grand jury on a charge of attempting to poison Dickey's wife.

The Oregon Knights Templar, in their conclave at Eugene, Friday, selected Albany as the place for the meeting in 1913.

The Polk county fair will be held October 3, 4 and 5. Arrangements for it are completed, and it promises to be a big one.

At Eugene Thursday 320 bales of hops were delivered at the contract price of 25 cents a pound.

A carload of Medford pears was sold in New York Thursday at an average of \$4.52 a box, the record price.

Mrs. B. F. Denny, a pioneer of 1849, died at her home at Forest Grove September 20, aged 89 years.

Nels Wheeler, president of the Albany Commercial Lumber Co., died at Albany Thursday.

George Yokum, of Douglas county, Tuesday fell from his wagon, which ran over him. He died from his injuries Friday.

Gerald Traylor, of Elkton, aged 17, shot himself through the head with a rifle, almost decapitating himself, because his sweetheart was about to move with her parents to another town.

The Malheur county fair is a success, 5000 being on the grounds daily.

Springfield schools opened with an attendance of 450.

Two men arrested at The Dalles

Candidates' Cards

For Marshal.
 The undersigned hereby announces his candidacy for city marshal and chief of police, subject to the city primaries.
 D. W. GIBSON.

For City Recorder.
 I hereby announce my candidacy for city recorder at the primaries November 4th. Platform—Courtesy, correct records of proceedings, law and evidence.
 EARL RACE.

Charles F. Elgin,
 Candidate for Nomination
 Office of
 CITY RECORDER

To the people of Salem: I desire to serve a second term, and submit my official record as my recommendation.

Samuel O. Burkhardt,
 Candidate for nomination for office of City Marshal.

R. A. Crossan,
 Candidate for re-election to the office of City Treasurer at the primaries to be held in the city of Salem, Or., November 4, 1912.

Chas. W. Brant,
 Candidate for City Marshal. My promise: "I will protect you under the laws and cinch you if you break them."

For County Recorder.
 H. L. Clark, Independent Democratic candidate for the office of county recorder, the candidate endorsed unanimously by the Marion County Democratic committee and the Independent Taxpayers League. Platform: Courtesy, strict economy and reduction of taxes.
 9-25-12

lege of operating the office and that Mr. Duniway refused the offer. And we have it from the same source that the state printer's compensation was at least until recently, greater than the salaries of the governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, labor commissioner, superintendent of public instruction, all the judges of the supreme court and members of the railroad commission combined. And this in return for the management of a medium-sized printing office and for providing the material for doing the work.

According to the figures of State Printing Expert Harps, the initiative pamphlet recently printed netted Mr. Duniway between \$5000 and \$6000 for presswork alone over commercial rates, and the work was done outside of the state printing office. Mr. Harps' figures are conservative in the extreme; is it surprising therefore that the state printer spent hundreds of dollars in the same pamphlet for an argument against the flat-salary bill? The taxpayers paid for that argument to continue a system which would take thousands more from their pockets in the next two years under the present law.

It is very safe to assume that Mr. Duniway is fighting so strenuously to protect no one but himself. The voter has his choice in November; he may vote for the flat salary bill and effect a large saving to the state, or he may vote to continue the present system, and lend his aid to the unnecessary spending of the large amount it permits.

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Boys' Suits, \$1.98; Men's Suits, \$6.90; Men's Winter Underwear, 45c; Blankets, 49c, 65c, 98c and up; Ladies' Winter Underwear, 25c, 35c, 49c and up

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Ladies' Rough Neck Sweaters now only

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\$3.50



HOW TO PRESERVE YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

One great secret of youth and beauty for the young woman or the mother is the proper understanding of her womanly system and well-being. Every woman, young or old, should know herself and her physical make up. A good way to arrive at this knowledge is to get a good doctor book, such for instance, as "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., which can readily be procured by sending thirty-one cents for cloth-bound copy, addressing Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y.

The womanly system is a delicate machine which can only be compared to the intricate mechanism of a beautiful watch which will keep in good running order only with good care and the proper oiling at the right time, so that the delicate mechanism may not be worn out. Very many times young women get old or run down before their time through ignorance and the improper handling of this human mechanism. Mental depression, a confused head, backache, headache, or hot flashes and many symptoms of derangement of the womanly system can be avoided by a proper understanding of what to do, in those trying times that come to all women.



Mrs. G. H. Williams of Lynchburg, Va., wrote: "It is six years since my health gave way. I had female trouble and all the doctors (I employed three) said I would die. I was not able to do my work, had to hire someone all the time. Finally, I read in the papers about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and decided to try it. I had not taken but one bottle until I found it had done me good. I took in all five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and now I am able to do all my housework, and have gained fourteen pounds. I advise all women who suffer from female trouble to try your 'Favorite Prescription.' It's the only medicine on earth."

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