

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

POWER FROM WATER WORKS.

Morgan Lake Will Serve Double Purpose at La Grande.

La Grande—The Morgan lake water power scheme, which is situated three miles south of La Grande, on the summit of the Blue mountains, and which is being constructed by the La Grande water storage company, has been practically completed, by which the storage company will furnish the city of La Grande 75,000,000 gallons of water per month for distribution through the city water mains. The elevation of the lake above the city of La Grande is 1,450 feet, in a distance of three miles. A lake 120 acres in extent and now 12 feet deep has been formed, with a possibility of increasing the depth to 30 feet by building a few hundred feet of levee. Surveys have been made for 11,175 feet of pipe line, leading to the La Grande city reservoir. Steel pipe two feet in diameter will be used to conduct the water down the mountain canyon to the power plant, about one mile from the lake, where 1,000 horsepower will be developed at first, with the possibility of increasing the power to 10,000 horsepower when needed.

Railroad Asks for Terminus.

The Dalles—At the instance of several business men and property owners of this city a meeting was held last week to consider the feasibility of bringing the line of the Great Southern railway into this city, together with the cost of right of way and terminal grounds for the same. The request of the Great Southern officials was for three city blocks situated in the extreme east end of the town for depot grounds, and a right of way from the mouth of Five Mile creek, where the line has been surveyed, to the city. It is understood that the right of way and this terminal site asked for can be had for \$6,500. A committee was appointed to canvass the city to acquire the necessary funds to acquire this property.

Removal of Land Office.

Oregon City—A remonstrance against the proposed removal of the land office from Oregon City to Portland, and addressed to the president and secretary of the interior, has been circulated among the business men and citizens here. The remonstrance cites the fact that this is known as the Oregon City land district, that Oregon City is centrally located with reference to the district, being accessible by rail and boat; that there is no demand on the part of settlers or the people at large for the removal of the office.

Grasshoppers in Grain.

Pendleton—The army of grasshoppers struck the alkali wheat raising district, about 20 miles southwest of this city, a few days ago, and has wrought much damage to grain. Monrad Fix is the heaviest loser, grasshoppers having eaten down 500 acres to such an extent that the grain is scarcely fit for hay. Other crops in that vicinity have been more or less damaged. A visit of grasshoppers in this county is unusual. This is the first year the insects have done any damage to grain.

Looking for Big Run.

Astoria—The salmon pack up to the present time is far from satisfactory, but while the prospects for the balance of the season are purely speculative, there is every confidence that an immense run will come later. The pack of the canned product is full 25 per cent short of what it was at the corresponding time last year, and then the season was considered a failure, but the big run that came the latter part of July brought the pack up to nearly the average figures.

Valley Hops in Need of Rain.

Salem—Farmers and hop growers in this section of the Valley are very much alarmed over the continuance of the long dry spell, and say that great and irreparable damage has already been done. Farmers from the Waldo hills and from Mission bottom said that grain and hay will not yield more than half crops. Hop growers say that the yield of hops has already been lessened, and that, unless a good rain is had next week, the loss will be considerable.

Grant County's Heavy Frost.

Pendleton—Severe damage was done by frost in Grant county last week, orchards in many of the foothill portions having nearly the entire crop cut down. The frost lasted several successive nights, and will materially reduce the yield in peaches, pears, prunes and other less hardy varieties. In the John Day valley the leading fruit district of the county, the damage was not great. Vegetables and garden stuff suffered severely also.

Spruce Lumber Rates Postponed.

Astoria—According to advices received from Chicago the reduced rates on Eastern shipments of spruce lumber, which were to go into effect on July 1, will not become effective before July 15 and possibly not until the first of August. The postponement is understood to have been caused by a delay in issuing the tariff sheets.

Harvest Begins.

Pendleton—Wheat harvest has commenced in the Cold Springs country north of Pendleton. Wheat matures earlier in this section than elsewhere. Results so far are very satisfactory, some grain going as high as 40 bushels to the acre.

STAMPEDE TO GOLD FIND.

Ledge on Thompson Creek Is Over 4,500 Feet Long.

Medford—A. L. Morris has just returned from the strike of gold on the headwaters of Thompson creek, near Grayback mountain. He brought with him over \$75 in gold taken from the ledge, which shows on the surface over 4,500 feet long. The Briggs boys have taken out \$18,000 and have as much more in sight.

Most of the people going in leave Medford and go by way of Jacksonville, crossing the divide at the head of Williams creek. This route is only 50 miles from Medford. Hundreds of people are leaving, and the town is in great excitement. Claims are being staked and placer locations filed.

H. E. King washed \$160 from four pans of placer dirt on his location 800 feet from the Briggs find. The ledge is 450 feet on the Oregon side of the California line.

A townsite has been located and tents are being pitched. Not since the days of Gold Hill or Steamboat Springs has so much interest been manifested in a gold discovery. It is claimed that the ledge is the same as the Steamboat strike, but the values are much higher and the ledge larger.

Prize Products of Polk.

Dallas—Polk county will be among the first counties in Oregon to apply for space in the big horticultural building now in course of construction at the Lewis and Clark exposition grounds at Portland. Mrs. F. A. Wolfe, of Falls City, has begun the preparation of an exhibit that is expected to take first rank among the county displays at the 1905 fair. Mrs. Wolfe has had charge of all the prize-winning displays from Polk county at the Oregon state fair for many years past, and takes a great interest in the work.

Road to Santiam Flines.

Salem—With a view to opening a road leading to the Quartzville mines, the members of the Marion county court will go over the route. The Quartzville mines are about 16 miles north of Gates on the Corvallis & Eastern railroad. A wagon road extends about half the distance. Considerable work is being done at the mines, but all supplies and machinery must be taken in on horses. Machinery for a sawmill and a quartz stamp was transported to the mines in that way.

Should Make Full Exhibit.

Salem—In answer to a question from President Jefferson Myers, Attorney General Crawford has rendered an opinion in which he holds that the Lewis and Clark commission should make a full and complete exhibit of the resources and products of the state. The occasion for this inquiry is not stated, but seems to arise out of a difference of opinion as to the proportion of the money that should be expended on buildings and exhibits.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 69c; bluestem, 77c; Valley, 78c.
Barley—Feed, \$23 per ton; rolled, \$24.50@25.
Flour—Valley, \$3.90@4.05 per barrel; hard wheat straights, \$4@4.25; clear, \$3.85@4.10; hard wheat patents, \$4.40@4.70; graham, \$3.50@4; whole wheat, \$4@4.25; rye flour, \$4.50.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.20; gray, \$1.15 per cental.
Middlings—Bran, \$19@20 per ton; middlings, \$25.50@27; shorts, \$20@21; chop, \$18; linseed, dairy food, \$19.
Hay—Timothy, \$15@16 per ton; clover, \$8@9; grain, \$11@12; cheat, \$11@12.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 17 1/2@20c; store, 12@13c.
Eggs—Oregon ranch, 19@19 1/2c per dozen.
Cheese—Full cream, twins, new stock, 12@12 1/2c; old stock, 7@8c; Young America, 13@14c.
Poultry—Fancy hens, 12@12 1/2c per pound; old hens, 11@12c; mixed chickens, 10@11c; old roosters, 8@8 1/2c; young roosters, 12@13c; springs, 1 to 2-pound, 17@18c; broilers, 1 to 1 1/2-pound, 18@20c; dressed chickens, 13@13 1/2c; turkeys, live, 14@16c; do dressed, 15@16c; do choice, 18@22c; geese, live, 7@8c; do dressed, 9 1/2@10c; ducks, old, \$6@7 per dozen; do young, as to size, \$2.50@7.
Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; carrots, \$1.50; beets, \$1.25; cabbage, 1 1/2@1 3/4c; lettuce, head, 25@40c per doz; parsley, 25c per doz; tomatoes, \$1.25@1.50; cauliflower, \$1.75@2 per doz; celery, 75@90c per doz; cucumbers, \$1@1.25 per doz; asparagus, 50c; peas, 4@6c per pound; beans, green, 5@6c; squash, \$1.25 per box; green corn, 60c per doz.
Honey—\$3@3.50 per case.
Potatoes—Fancy, 75c@81c per cental; new potatoes, \$1.75@2.25.
Fruits—Strawberries, 5@6c per lb; cherries, 4@5c; gooseberries, 6c; raspberries, \$1.25 per crate; apples, new, \$1@1.75 per box; apricots, 90c@91c; plums, \$1; peaches, 90c@91c; canteloupes, \$4.50 per crate.
Hops—1903 crop, 23c per lb.
Wool—Valley, 19@20c per lb; Eastern Oregon, 10@17c; mohair, 30c per lb for choice.
Beef—Dressed, 5@6 1/2c per lb.
Mutton—Dressed, 4@6c per lb; lambs, 6c.
Veal—Dressed, 100 to 125, 6@7c per lb; 125 to 200, 5@5 1/2c; 200 and up, 3 1/2@4c.
Pork—Dressed, 100 to 150, 7@7 1/2c; 150 and up, 6@7c.

THE AFTER-THE-FOURTH FANTASY ON THE MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.



"Father, I can not tell a lie; I did it with my little cannon."

—Cincinnati Post.

OUR FLAG FOREVER.

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped; She dazzles the nations with ripples of red, And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead— The flag of our country forever!
She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars gleam! And the stripes red signals of liberty gleam! And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream 'Neath the flag of our country forever!
She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant dealt scars, No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars! The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars. She's the flag of our country forever! —Frank L. Stanton.

A Fourth of July Picnic.

By Katherine McIvor.

IN a little Californian town, situated at the foot of a long, low range of mountains, lived a young girl whose name was Helen Mills. Hers was a lovely home. The great house, with its wide verandas, stood in the midst of many acres of beautiful grounds, with mountains forming the background. It was the second day of July, and Helen had invited a number of young people to come down from San Francisco and remain over the Fourth. That evening the young hostess entertained her guests by taking them for a hay ride; the next day she had planned other delightful entertainments, so the boys and girls looked forward with great anticipation to see what the next day would bring forth. They were sure it would be something delightful, for who could help having a good time on the Fourth of July?

When her guests were about to disperse to their rooms that night Helen told them that they would be called very early the next morning, as they were going on a picnic and would have to drive some twenty miles to reach the spot.

Early the next morning they were off, some in traps and others on horseback. They were a merry party, and the clear, fresh mountain air, laden with the perfume of wild flowers which grew deep down in the canyons, raised their spirits to the highest degree. Once or twice they drove up fearful inclines and the girls closed their eyes in terror, but there was no cause for fear, as the drivers were well used to such places.

At length the place was reached. It was not a public picnic ground; in fact, Helen said she knew there had never been a picnic there before; that she and her father were fishing one day and their canoe had taken them by that place. Helen said then if they had a picnic the Fourth, they would go there, and her plan had been acted upon. For some time before they reached the spot the road lay between great open fields, the canyons just visible across them. They turned off the road and drove through a great field; when they reached the trees they all stepped from their traps and the girls waited while the boys fed and watered the horses, then they walked down a steep incline and into the canyon. At first they were awed by the grandeur and silence of the place—silent but for the rush of the river and the occasional song of a bird; but they were young and full of life and fun, and it was not for long that the serious mood lasted.

The boys fell to gathering fagots for a fire on which to roast the chickens they had brought with them; they did this by taking a two-pronged stick, whittling it smooth, then thrusting it into the chicken and holding it over the fire; the stick was turned and twined until the fowl was nicely roasted. While the boys were doing this the girls spread a large cloth on a

smooth piece of ground, and had put on it all sorts of tempting eatables, then placing rugs and carriage robes on the ground, all sat down, with ravenous appetites. After lunch they lay around on the robes, too lazy to move, and told stories and sang for nearly two hours. Then, as it was very warm, they were ready for a swim in the inviting pool surrounded by moss-grown boulders, not far away. There was a scramble for bathing suits and everyone helped to make dressing rooms of branches and long grass, then the fun began. One would have thought they were ducks—for all the California boys and girls are accomplished in one thing, and that is swimming.

Awhile after their swim Helen, with three or four others, started out to take a walk along the bank of the river. They rambled on and on. The river, which was not very large, had dwindled into a merry brook; they followed it along up a steep path, thickly wooded, when suddenly they came upon a clearing and in the midst of it stood a cabin. Being curious to see who could live in such a lonely place, they approached. On the doorstep sat a little girl about 9 years; she was dressed neatly in a blue gingham apron, and her bare feet were like little snowflakes. Helen began a conversation with her in which she learned that the child knew nothing about the Fourth of July; but she appeared



"THEN WENT DOWN THE MOUNTAINS."

very much interested in Helen's description of firecrackers. One of the girls said, rather thoughtlessly, what a pity it was that the little girl could not see the display of fireworks they were to have that night. The child's wee-begone little face touched Helen's heart and she acted upon a generous impulse. Knocking at the door, she was admitted by the mother of the child, who seemed greatly surprised at seeing the group of boys and girls; and when Helen told her of her wish to take the little one with them to enjoy the fireworks that evening, promising that some one would bring her safely home the next day, the mother was delighted, and calling the child, told her of the treat. When the little girl, whose name was Ann Marlin, was ready they went down the mountain and into the canyon.

Half an hour later they were on the road. Long before they reached home the moon was up in all its glory, flooding the mountains and valleys with its light. They reached home about 8 o'clock and, after dinner, went out of doors to see the wonderful display of fireworks.

It had been a day long to be remembered, and that night when all the house was still the moon, which had peeped in at the window and had seen a smile on every sleeping face, looked in the window, into a tiny room, where on a white bed lay little Ann Marlin, and on her face rested the happiest smile of all.—Detroit Free Press.

Powder and Toy Pistol Wounds.

It will perhaps not be inappropriate just at this time to say a word of warning in regard to the wounds so very frequently caused by toy pistols on the "Glorious Fourth." It is by no means uncommon for a boy to lose his

eyesight in consequence of these accidents. Even when only one eye is injured the other eye also frequently becomes affected through sympathy, and blindness seems a heavy price to pay for the brief pleasure obtained. These pistols rarely have shot or bullets in them, but they do have wadding. When this is shot into a boy's hand it is frequently found well buried beneath the muscles. The outside wound looks slight, and few people do much besides washing and tying it up. Quite often the hand or other part swells and becomes a badly poisoned wound. If the sufferer seeks good surgical care, as he should do immediately, a cut is made right down to the offending piece of wadding. After extraction the wound is freely washed with running water, and if healing results the boy is fortunate.

It is by no means uncommon, however, for these wounds to cause lockjaw, and herein lies their great danger. Two or three summers ago the newspapers in the city of Philadelphia collected from the hospitals a list of the cases which ended fatally in this way, and the result was such as to cause any reasonable person to wonder why, if parents were not sensible enough to forbid the use of these dangerous toys, a law was immediately passed forbidding the sale of pistols in order to protect such foolish people from themselves.

Grown-up people as well as children are also often disfigured for life by the discharge of these toy pistols close to their faces. The black gunpowder has to be picked out of their faces, and frequently their eyes, bit by bit. The process is not pleasant, nor improving as regards appearances. Any powder remaining is always visible as minute black specks in the skin.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Temple of Freedom.

May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind. And may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders.—Lafayette's Farewell Speech to American Congress.

Where the "Declaration" Is Kept.

The original copy of the Declaration of Independence is no longer to be seen by the public, because exposure to the air and light has made the text and signatures almost illegible. The document is now kept in a large safe in the library of the State Department, Washington, and it is believed that the faded lines are recovering some of their color.

Where the Pinch Comes.

Banks—Going to have fireworks at your house on the Fourth? Bings—None. Banks—Can't afford them, eh? Bings—Can afford the fireworks, but I can't stand the surgeon's bills.—Philadelphia North American.

The Glorious Fifth.



With the gleam removed from his eye, His face like a strawberry pie, Our darling took wing With his arm in a sling. Just after the Fourth of July.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

When a New Straw Hat Was a Novel and Treasured Possession.

In the early part of the last century there were fewer factories in this country than now, and many things were made by hand which to-day are the work of machinery. This was especially true of the braid for straw hats. Rye straw was commonly used, although wheat was also in demand. But the rye straw had longer stems and was more easily handled.

In driving along country roads, in Massachusetts particularly, late in the summer one would see great bundles of the straw hanging on the fences to dry. When the sun and wind had done their share of the work, it was placed in casks where sulphur was burning until it was bleached to a pale yellow. Then it was split into narrow widths suitable for braiding.

The daughters of farmers did not have many pennies of their own in those days, and all were eager to earn money by braiding straw. Every little while men would pass through the villages, calling from house to house and buying the straw braid. They paid two cents a yard for it.

"District school" was in session only six months of the year—the rest of the time the children helped their mothers with the housework. When that was done they took up their braids for amusement and occupation. So much a day every girl expected to do as her daily "stint." She would carry it down by the brook or up in the apple tree when the summer days were long; or during the stormy hours of winter she would go with it to the old attic, where the swing hung from the cobwebbed rafters. But all the time her fingers must work busily, lest the men should call for the braids and find them unfinished.

The factories where the straw was sewed were in the large towns. The simplest hats were of the braids alone. More elaborate ones had a fancy cord, also of plaited straw, sewed on the edge of the braid. This cord was made by the old ladies. Grandmothers and great-aunts whose eyes were too dim to sew would take their balls of straw with them on neighborhood calls. While they chatted together, their hands would be weaving the yellow strands in and out, fashioning the dainty cord.

The price paid for the cord was only half a cent a yard, but this was better than nothing to those dames of a bygone generation.

A poor country girl would begin to think of her hat from the time of seed-sowing. All summer she would watch the blizzard grain. When it was gathered and only the empty stalks were left, she would tie them into bundles and hang them in some sheltered nook to dry. Bleaching, splitting and braiding—these she did herself.

When the braids were finished and sent to the factory, how impatiently she waited! Perhaps grandma contributed some of the cord she had made last winter, that the new hat might be more beautiful. At last the hat came home, and then what tryings on there were before the old gilt-framed mirror in the parlor! How lovingly its owner handled it as she placed it this way or that on her curly head. Oh, a new straw hat was indeed a thing well worth having in those days of the long ago.—St. Nicholas.

MAKING RUBBER IN COLORADO.

Newly Discovered Rubber Plant in Supposedly Useless Weed.

The announcement that rubber has been found in a supposedly useless weed, growing on the arid plateaus and high mesa lands of the Colorado mountains, sets at rest all fears of a rubber shortage, says a writer in the World To-day. The rubber tree is a product peculiar to the tropics. The newly discovered rubber plant of Colorado, however, grows at an altitude of from 5,000 to 12,000 feet, where the climate holds all the rigors of winter and all the withering force of a rainless summer. The discovery of the plant relieves the world's rubber market from its dependence on the tropics and makes it possible for rubber to become a stable crop, even in countries where extreme cold prevails.

To F. E. Marsh, of Denver, is due the credit of the discovery. He went to Colorado two years ago, an invalid, and to regain his health went out on to the range with the cowboys. He struck the range near Buena Vista, Col., where he found the cowboys chewing the root of a weed they called "rabbit bush." After being thoroughly masticated the root left a gummy substance. When Mr. Marsh first noticed it he considered it of more than usual interest, and at his first opportunity sent samples of the weed to Prof. T. D. A. Cockrell, botanist at Colorado College, for examination.

The professor's tests showed the gummy substance to be gum elastic, or India rubber. When compared with other rubbers it was found to be equal to the best medium grade of the tropical products.

Another Story.

Miss Arabella Leapyear—I don't mind your poverty, George. Until your fortunes mend, I could be happy in your youth of affection, and in some vine-clad cottage—

Mr. Wardoff—Pardon me, dear; you know I am only a poor city clerk, and cottages are out of the question. Do you think you could be happy in a flat, with a sewing machine buzzing overhead and some fender below cooking cabbage?

Miss Arabella—Maybe, George dear, we'd better tarry awhile after all.

New novels are scarce. Evidently the best fiction writers are devoting their time to booming mining stock.