

TWO WAGON LOADS OF ASSORTED DOG MARKET WAS OVERSTOCKED

How the Steamboat Boys Got Even on Waldron, and Cured Him of An Unholy Desire to Possess Other People's Purps

Several articles have appeared in the state papers recently concerning the wild dogs of Sherman county, and their origin. That there are hundreds of wild dogs there is well known to residents of Sherman county, but whence they came but few know. Sherman county has an elevation of from 1500 to 2000 feet. Its northern portion rises abruptly from the Columbia, while on the east, the great wheat plateau breaks abruptly down to the John Day, and on the west the Deschutes, in the same precipitous manner. As a result the county is fringed on each side with deep gullies, high points and basaltic bluffs, abounding in small caves, and sheltered dens. These two sections are known "as the breaks" of the John Day and the Deschutes, respectively, and it is in these inaccessible places the wild dogs find a safe retreat, and from which they roam occasionally, to the damage of the sheep owners.

Nearly 30 years ago George Waldron, well-known to old-timers east of the mountains, owned a large ranch near the present town of Wasco, in Sherman county. Waldron farmed on a large scale, and, in fact, had that part of then Wasco county, almost to himself. Those were the days when traffic was carried on by boats, and The Dalles was the great supply town of all Eastern Oregon. Waldron shipped his products from that point, and received his supplies, which he generally bought in Portland, there.

Among Waldron's other fads, and he had many, was a liking for dogs. He was an enthusiastic hunter, prairie chickens were plenty, and a good bird dog so appealed to his affections, that he had formed the habit of appropriating every good one he saw in The Dalles, and smuggling him out to his ranch. While gratifying this weakness he one day swiped a splendid pointer belonging to one of the employees of the O. S. N. Co. When the dog was missed suspicion at once pointed its bony finger at Waldron, and a little inquiry developed the fact that the dog was at Waldron's ranch, sure enough. H. M. Beall and John S. Schenck, now staid and respectable bankers of The Dalles, were at that time in the employ of the O. S. N. Co., and were located at The Dalles. To them their dogless friend told his tale, and they put their heads together, and planned a fiendish revenge.

A notice was posted at the wharf boat that H. M. Beall would pay two bits each for all dogs delivered to him on the wharf-boat, and the attention of a couple of small boys was called to the fact. The Dalles boy then, as he is now, was progressive; he had his eye, both eyes, out for the coin. The glad tidings reached the uttermost ramifications of the city in less time than it takes to tell about it, and quicker even than if told, in confidence, to a woman. When Beall went

to the wharf-boat the next morning the roadway for a hundred yards looked like the meet of the Kilgary hunt. There were dozens and dozens of boys, and each had one, and some two or even more canines, each with visions of coin, and ready for the immediate delivery of the goods upon receipt of the cash. Beall had no idea there were so many dogs west of the Mississippi, and was rather staggered, but he was game. He consulted Schenck, and the two hired a man, whom they appointed receiver of The Dalles dog harvest. Big packing cases, crockery crates, a couple of hogheads, and, in fact, almost every kind of an object that would hold a dog, without leaking, was pressed into service, and the dogs placed in them, with slats securely nailed on.

For two days the dogs kept arriving in a decreasing stream, until at the end of that time all the dogs that were not in captivity had fled to the tall timber beyond the reach of The Dalles kids.

It was probably the most cosmopolitan gathering of dogs ever assembled on the earth. There were good-natured Newfoundlands, shivering pointers, delicate setters, silky spaniels, pugs, with their tails curled so tight they couldn't get their hind feet to the ground; gray hounds, long of limb and gaunt of flank, dachshunds, with extra coupling-poles, cur "yaller dog," and mongrel of every kind, condition and degree, to the number of several hundred. For two days they ran a dog restaurant and lodging house, their ungrateful boarders all the time voicing their complaints, and then the hour of their revenge came. Waldron sent in two six-horse teams loaded with wool, and with instructions to bring back any freight that was for him. The teamsters showed up at the wharf-boat with their rigs, and the boxes and barrels of indiscriminate dog was loaded onto them. They made some demur, but the agent solemnly assured them the dogs were ordered by George, and they, knowing his fad, finally departed with their cargo. When the teams got home Waldron was there, with a couple of friends, ready to sample the demijohn that always accompanied each load. Instead, they superintended the unloading of two cargoes of assorted dogs—contained in some 40 odd packing cases, hogheads, etc. The slats were knocked off and the pilloried canines, already half crazy with their confinement, fled yelping to the hills, assisted in their flight by an occasional pistol shot. They never returned to The Dalles, and, outside of a few of the better ones, that found homes at the scattered ranches, the rest took to "the breaks." The weaker ones, those not capable of rustling, soon starved, and the tough old hustlers, were the progenitors of the present type that since Waldron knocked the slats off their ancestors' prisons, have avoided the haunts of man.

EXAMINE PRUNE WAREHOUSE

City Authorities Exercised Over a Large Building

The Posts and Foundation Examined and Appear to Be All Right and Perfectly Safe

The city authorities were this morning notified that the brick building, known as the old agricultural works, and occupied by the Willamette Valley Prune Association as a local warehouse, was in an unsafe condition. At times over 100 persons work there.

Chairman Pohle, of the committee on streets and public property, together with Chief of Police Gibson, Alderman Burrows, Fire Chief Johnson and Street Commissioner Griswold, at once repaired to the building, and made an examination of it.

The building has brick outside walls, the interior, from the ground up, being built on timbers. The floors of the building have sunk slightly in the center, and Chairman Pohle holds that, from the appearance of the structure, some of the timbers underneath must be decaying, causing the settling. The building is filled with this year's fruit crop, of nearly 3,000,000 pounds of prunes, making a heavy load for the floors.

Some of the city officers say the structure is unsafe. Mr. Pohle, in speaking about the matter, said he feared if prompt steps were not taken to repair and strengthen the building, it would collapse, causing great property damage, and, if filled at the time with workmen, a frightful loss of life would result. He advised the lessees of the building to at once strengthen the floors by putting new timbers under the structure, where, he stated, some of the timbers would be found in extremely bad condition.

This building was burned out some 20 years ago, when the brick walls were saved. The structure was rebuilt, the inside being constructed of lumber, and Mr. Pohle's theory is that the lower portion of this wooden structure has slowly decayed until it is impossible for it to longer bear the weight on the second floors.

The Building Safe.
Manager Gile of the Willamette Valley Prunegrowers' association was seen and showed a Journal reporter all through the building. He declares there is no cause for alarm, that there is less load in the building than there has been at other times and that prunes are going faster than they are coming in. Mr. Pohle admits the outside walls are in good condition and the slightest settling of the pillars on wood in the center is nothing, Mr. Gile says, but what takes place each year, and has taken place this year in the new warehouses that the company has built at Roseburg and Vancouver. Last year the same settling was noticed and some became alarmed and quit work, but soon returned. Investigation showed that the cement piers under the upright posts had settled in some places and the foundation was reinforced. Superintendent Brown of the Water Co., who owns the building, gave the foundation a thorough overhauling and pronounced it safe. The principal load is now in the basement within a few inches of the ground. The settlement of the building has been so slight this year that it has not affected the shafting that carries power to all parts of the building.

The reporter found that in many places the trestle of the building has been reinforced with heavy timbers, and apparently every precaution has been taken to make the structure safe. As the heaviest load has been carried for this season, and the prunes are going out faster than they are coming in, there seems to be no danger at present of a collapse. With the crop growing each year, the building will have to be given a thorough reconstruction next season before the crop of 1904 is packed. The building has been filled with wheat in the past and that is a heavier product than prunes and stood the strain without injury.

Shone Like a Mackerel.
New York, Oct. 31.—An aurora borealis, the most brilliant in ten years, last night affected all the wires, until communication was entirely cut off.

Quit Playing Soldiers.
Ft. Riley, Kan., Oct. 31.—The big army encampment is breaking up today.

TYPHOID FEVER EPIDEMIC

At Portland Is Now Attributed to House Flies

State Board of Health Should Get Out Another "Foolish Talk" Interview

(Portland Oregonian, Oct. 29.)

"To the medium of flies as carriers of infection, is attributed the prevalence of typhoid fever in a district of East Portland that heretofore has been considered one of the healthiest in the city. That flies carry typhoid fever germs on their legs and transmit them to the systems of persons, through the food that is eaten, has been proved beyond a doubt. Typhoid fever has become almost an epidemic in the vicinity of East Nineteenth and Halsey streets, and the disease, it is claimed, was taken there by flies from a graders' camp not far away.

"R. G. Hamilton, who lives in that vicinity, has been afflicted with typhoid for weeks, and nearly a dozen other persons have had it. As the sanitary conditions of that district are good, the residents are at a loss to account for the outbreak of the malady. The physicians, in investigating the cause, ascertained that among the graders camped near by there were two or three cases of the fever. Flies came in contact with infected refuse matter, then transmitted the germs to food that was eaten by those who later developed the disease.

"That flies are one of the greatest known sources of distribution of typhoid, is a comparatively new theory in the medical world, but tests have been made to prove the correctness of it. It is well-known that typhoid bacilli live in filth, and the outbreak of the malady in a district of perfect sanitation and cleanliness has often caused medical men to be puzzled to explain the cause. Then came the fly theory.

"In a city where typhoid was developing at the rate of half a dozen cases a day, a test was recently made. Five flies were caught in a room where a typhoid patient lay. The legs of the insects were tested, and it was found that three of the five flies had their legs covered with germs.

Beyond indulging in some foolish talk to the detriment of this city, what has the state board of health accomplished?

They have proved by their own test that the Salem water supply is pure, but not one of them has had the manhood to publicly admit that fact.

At Salem typhoid fever was attributed to the contamination of the water supply, and then the contamination was shown not to exist.

Driven into a corner they now advance a new theory, that the common house fly is the cause of the epidemic at Portland.

At Salem it was water. At Portland it is flies. At the next place it will probably be halfoil.

Everybody can just bet their bottom

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

[To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.]

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It"



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes:
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Gentlemen—Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I am almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peruna is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble.—David F. Wilber.

Peruna a Preventive and Cure for Colds.
Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, N. B., Vice President of "The Past-time Boating Club," writes:

"Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter.

"Last winter I was advised to try Peruna, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peruna for catarrhal affections. It is well nigh infallible as a cure, and I gladly endorse it."—C. F. Given.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice.
Mr. Julian Weisalta, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerlust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerlust, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

LIGHTS FOR THE SUBURBS.
Suggestion That the Company Furnish Free Lights.

YOUNG LAWYERS WILL DEBATE.
A Very Fine Question of Professional Ethics.

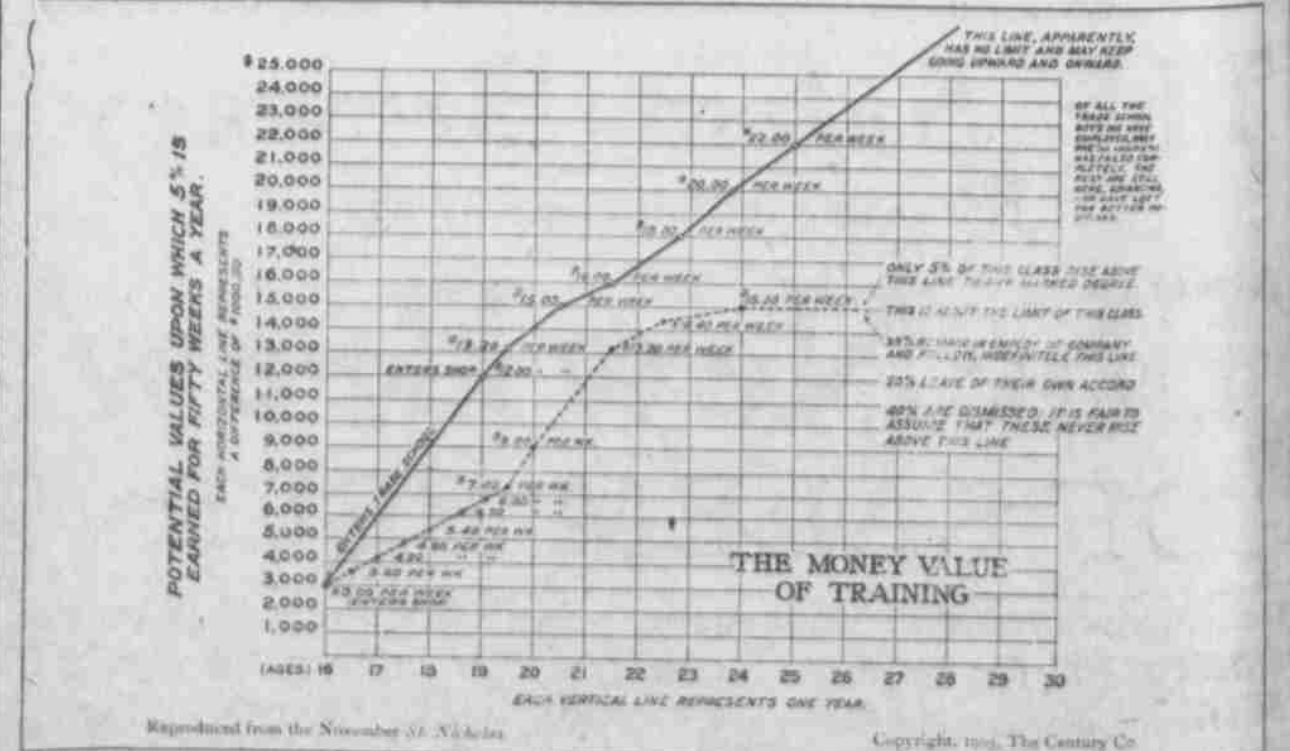
The young lawyers of the Oregon Law School have organized a debating society, and their first subject is one that involves a profound problem of professional ethics. It is resolved that a lawyer should not defend a man whom he believes to be guilty. They debate informally, and without the cumbersome machinery of a constitution and by-laws, and rules of order of the old-fashioned debating society. In this Dean Richardson, of the Oregon Law School, shows good sense, as most young students need freedom of expression and a good flow of language more than they do the restrictions and red-tape of parliamentary usage. They meet in the music room of the Northwest Normal college every Saturday evening, and all interested in debates of legal propositions are welcome to attend.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving 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, O.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE



THE above diagram, reproduced from an article in the November St. Nicholas, on "The Money Value of Training" by James M. Dodge, president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, illustrates Mr. Dodge's arguments that an untrained boy of sixteen, in good health, represents a potential value of \$3,000 on entering a trade school or shop—that is, he is worth to his employer five per cent. of \$3,000, or \$150 a year; that the shop-taught lad in nine years has increased his potential value at the rate of \$1,300 per annum, while the trade-school man's investment in himself has been at the rate of \$2,100 per annum. The untrained lad will earn \$15 a week at twenty-four years of age (and only five per cent. of this class ever earn any more), while the graduate of the trade school reaches this earning capacity between twenty and twenty-one, and is getting \$30 a week before he is twenty-four, with unlimited possibilities for the future. Mr. Dodge urges, backing his arguments by facts and figures, of which the diagram is an effective summary, that the best investment any boy can make is to "invest himself" by increasing his own potential value. This result, Mr. Dodge points out, is gained most thoroughly and effectively by training.