

FIVE HUNDRED WHALES DIE

They Go Ashore in an Inlet in the Straits of Magellan and Perish.

I saw 500 whales ashore at one time in the Straits of Magellan," said Capt. James Huxley, of the British navy, at the Inlet depot, reports the Milwaukee Free Press. "Some years ago my ship lay off Pearl Inlet, a small creek a mile and a half long, opening into Port Salvador which in turn opens into the South Atlantic by a very narrow opening. One morning a whirlwind appeared to be approaching over the water in the Bay of San Salvador, and soon this was made out to be an enormous school of whales, so thick that they seemed to be jostling each other. Nothing was seen but fins and tails and the water in foam all around."

"This was in a flowing tide, and they came into the inlet itself describing sort of cycloidal curves until the inshore part of the squaroon took on a steep reef. Then a sudden pause seemed to seize them all, and the unfortunate animals went up the inlet full speed, with the sea boiling in upon them, and a great wave coming over them, and they piled up in hundreds on the beach. Then, as there was a rising tide, they got off again, but only to charge the opposite beach, and this was continued till the following tide and loss of strength left them high and dry all round the dreary bay."

"Very few, old or young, lived more than a quarter of an hour after their final stranding. Some died quietly, others beat the sand and water with their tails, dyeing the water with their blood. By evening, after that tide had ebbed, there were only five whales about out of the more than 500 that had come into the inlet so majestically that morning."

"Next day only three were to be seen. They swam around for awhile and then, as if disdaining to live when all their companions were dead, they made straight for the beach, and in a few minutes had passed out of existence. The whales were from four to thirty feet long, the four-foot whales being just born."

SAVING THE SEA BIRDS.

Relentless Slaughter Has Extirpated Many Species in the Pacific Islands.

No one knows better than the sailor or the shore hunter how the sea birds may be exterminated, and no one better than the Indian or the trapper of the woods, how sometimes the wildest and most abundant species may disappear. The wonderful great auk, or garafowl, has, within the memory of men now living, been hunted from the face of the earth, so that its skin and its eggs are now worth their weight in gold, says the New York Mail. Practically the beautiful wild pigeon, which once darkened the skies with its vast, cloud-like flight, has met the same fate, though small colonies of it in remote spots undoubtedly still exist. The eastern pinted grouse it almost practically extinct. In the Chatham Islands, alone, in the Pacific, 17 species of birds have become extinct.

On all the islands of the sea, and at all the shore spots to which sea birds resort, the work of slaughter is being carried on quite relentlessly. Largely for humane reasons, and incidentally in the interest of science, the National Association of Audubon Societies is engaged in the work of trying to save the sea birds from extermination. Several species are being systematically destroyed for their feathers. Fashion, of course, does not care whether these beautiful creatures are exterminated or not. The scarcer they become, up to the point of their actual disappearance, the greater are the prices realized for their feathers, and the deeper the joy taken by the wearer of the ornament. And when at last they are all gone—why, there will be another of God's creatures to put through the same process.

This association has 40 wardens guarding some of the key colonies of these sea birds. This may guarantee them from total destruction at present, but does not insure the maintenance of the birds of the species in question in such numbers as to render their preservation sure. Instead of 40 wardens the society ought to have 300.

WANTED

A representative in this county by a large real estate corporation. Special inducements to those who wish to become financially interested. The Real Estate Security Co. Fort Dearborn Bldg. CHICAGO, Ill.

WISE BRAIN PUTS MEAT IN STORAGE.

Chittenden, Vt.—The cracker barrel aggregation gathered at the general store last night after a day in the woods sporting deer, runway along which city "sports" will be placed later to slaughter buses, if their aim be true enough, and several indulged in reminiscences. Several pretty fair sporting yarns had been spun when the subject got around to bears. Then Sam White, who lives in Northham when he isn't hunting or fishing or digging ginseng roots, stretched his neck and launched forth into a bear monologue.

"It beats all tarnation how knowin' some of them critters be," he declared, while the rest shucked around in their hard-bottomed chairs and settled down to hear a good one. "Yes, sir, it does beat all tarnation. Between bears, trout and ginseng and the hand of Providence, I've been able to make quite a livin' out of these 'ere hills for a considerable spell."

"Elder Durban's yarn touchin' on the varmint 'I Spruce Holler puts me in mind of the time Providence and an or he-bear helped me out 'I a middlin' tight fix the middle of last winter. It was the first 'I January, as I recollect, and I was choppin' for Deacon Hemmin'way up to the top of Killington peak. It's tarnation mean work, choppin', but ye do hafta do it 'cept in a while, and I was causin' my luck and wishin' the fishin' season would open and things green up when a snortin' snowstorm hit the peak and made me as blue as a parbled owl. I had my dinner pail—I uster go home nights—and I was middlin' comfortable on't long in the middle of the afternoon, when I seen it wasn't g'in' to let up and figured I'd hafta stay out all night."

"So I built me a lean-to out of some spruce boughs, started a fire and cooked what victuals I had left from last night, and I had to move the lean-to over against a pile of rocks to keep the thing from collapsin'. I was fussin' round 'mongst the stones when I discovered the mouth of a cave, and, thinkin' it would be better inside than out, I-lighted a spruce knot torch and scraped my way in."

"Wal, I swan to man, if I didn't get the biggest surprise of my life when I got to the end of the passageway 40 feet from the mouth! For, lyin' on a ledge was six pigs with Deacon Hemmin'way's brand on 'em, two rabbits and a ewe lamb. They was frozen stiff and as hard as brickbats. The thruts of every one on 'em had been slit by somethin' sharp, and the innards had been taken out as such as a butcher would do it. They was piled regular, too—lyin' head and tails—and was as fresh as 'ough they had been killed the day before."

"I was wonderin' how in Sam Hill they got in the cave dead, when I heard a heavy breathin' a little beyond and raised the torch. I seen the passageway belted out into a sorter half-round cave, and that over at one side an of he bear was curled up on a let of leaves takin' his winter's snooze. He was lyin' peaceful and unsuspectin', and it came to me in a minute how them carcasses got on the ledge. You see, he was one of them knowin' critters and he'd laid in a supply of Deacon Hemmin'way's pigs and a ewe lamb belongin' to Squire Hemson to make a meal on when he woke up in the spring. He knew he'd rouse long before it thawed out, cause the cave faced south and got the fast sun, so he jest figured he'd be provident for open. By contrivin' as he did he could get several square meals and take on some fat before he set out huntin' his livin'."

"Them pigs was a mighty big good-ness to me, now I can tell ye. I jest tipped out with two and in ten minutes I was broilin' pork tenderin'. When I'd filled up I got two more, and when the storm stopped next day I panted for home with enough meat over my shoulders to pay for the time I had to lay off."

"The next day the deacon and me got out after the bear. The deacon allowed he'd order die, seein' as he'd been raidin' his barnyard for three years and had make off with three traps and a pound o' lead fired from the carbine. So we got him to shares, and the deacon was so tickled that he didn't say a word about claimin' the pigs I hadn't eat."—N. Y. World.

Parental Instruction.

Tommy—Paw, what is a campaign slogan?
Paw—It is the political watchword, or rallying cry, of our political party, my son.

Tommy—Don't the other fellows have a slogan, too?
Paw—No, my son. There is a yawp.
—Chicago Tribune.

At the Horse Show.

Horse fancier (with enthusiasm)—Isn't Vanderluka's Lodema a beauty?
His Fair Daughter—Where? Where?
What has she got on? Whose box is she in?—Chicago Tribune.

DENNIS CUNIFF, JR.,
Dep. U. S. Mineral Surveyor
Surveyor for the District of Oregon.
Gold Beach, Oregon



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Trespass Notice.
Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, not to enter upon, or trespass in any manner upon the Star Ranch, situated at Langlois, Curry County, Oregon, for the purpose of hunting with guns or dogs, or otherwise trespass in any manner. Any person or persons so entering upon said premises without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
FRANK THOMAS.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.
United States Land Office.
Roseburg, Oregon, April 9th, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by Act of August 4, 1892,

THOMAS GREEN of Port Orford, County of Curry, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8881, for the purchase of the SE1 NW1 & Lots 1 & 2 of Section No. 11, in Township No. 33 South, Range No. 75 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before J. H. Upton, U. S. Commissioner at Langlois, Oregon, on Thursday, the 3rd day of September, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
C. A. Langlois, of Port Orford, Oregon.
T. W. Burnham, of " "
E. L. White, of " "
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3rd day of September, 1908.
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

JAMES CAUGHELL,
GOLD BEACH, OREGON,
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of California.

PATENTS
D. SWIFT & CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Notice for Publication.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,
April 21st, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Cornelius Fielding of Port Orford, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 1422 made February 19, 1907, for Lots 3, 4, & E1/2 S1/2 Section 15, Township 32 South, Range 15 West, W. M., and that said proof will be made before J. H. Upton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Langlois, Oregon, on Monday July 20th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his claim: as residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz:
E. R. Hall, of Port Orford, Oregon.
Cyrus Madden, of "
Edward Pickett, of "
James Ellis, of "
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice of School Indemnity Selection.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Roseburg, Oregon, June 26, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on June 26, 1908, applied for the SE1/2 of Sec. 11, NE1/2 SE1/2 of Sec. 2, and NE1/2 NE1/2 and SE1/2 SE1/2 of Sec. 13, T. 22 S., R. 14 W. of W. M., and filed in this office lists of school indemnity selections in which is selected said land; and that said lists are open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selections for any lawful reason, should file their claims in this office.

I hereby designate the Port Orford Tribune, published at Port Orford, Oregon, as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.
J. M. LAWRENCE,
Receiver.

Trespass Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, not to enter upon or trespass upon the premises of Ell Bagley, for the purpose of hunting, or fishing with hook and line. Said premises are situated on Elk River, Curry County, Oregon, and described as follows: The West half of Section twenty seven, Township thirty two South, Range fifteen West.
Any person or persons so trespassing for the purpose of hunting, fishing, or traveling through in any shape form or manner, or tearing down fences, or leaving out side gates open, or molesting personal property, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
Wm. R. Johnson,
Lessee of the above described premises

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, not to enter upon or trespass, in any manner, upon the land of the undersigned, situated near Denmark, Curry county, Oregon, for the purpose of hunting with guns or dogs, or fishing. Also not to leave any gate open on going through, or otherwise trespass in any manner. Any person or persons so entering upon said premises without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
HARRY WILSON

To Whom It May Concern.

The undersigned hereby give notice that they are the owners of the South half of Section 16, Township thirty three, South range fourteen West of Willamette meridian, Oregon. All parties are warned not to trespass upon or make any locations, either placer or quartz claims at their peril.
D. KELLNER Owners.
J. J. McAFEE, Portland, Ore.

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