

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## PORTAGE ROAD WILL PAY.

**Low Water in River Has Interfered With Its Traffic.**

Salem—"That the Portage railway will be self sustaining when regular traffic has been established, there is no doubt," said Superintendent L. S. Cook, of the Celilo Portage railway, when in Salem to attend a meeting of the Portage commission. "For various reasons we have not been getting the business we should have had at the start, but present difficulties will be removed and avoided in the future."

"Low water has made it impossible for the boats on the upper river to take on wheat at some places to bring it down to Celilo. For example, at Quentin there was 12,000 sacks of wheat piled up on the shore, but the water was so low the boats could not get near enough to load. Some 150,000 sacks of grain along the Upper Columbia have been shipped out by rail, when under normal conditions of water, it would have come down by boat and the portage road."

"I cannot give exact figures at present concerning the expenditure and income, because we have not made settlements with transportation companies when the charges are collected by one line and the amount apportioned. In round numbers I should say that it costs us \$800 a month to operate the road and our income is about \$600 a month. If we were getting all the traffic that is available and naturally tributary to the portage road, we would have an income of \$1,200 a month and an expense of perhaps \$1,000. We have handled 10,000 to 15,000 sacks of wheat this month, whereas we would have handled much more if the boats could have reached it."

## WANT WATER FOR CANAL.

**Deschutes Irrigation & Power Company Files on Water Rights.**

Salem—The Deschutes Irrigation & Power company has made two water filings to secure new sources of water supply for its extensive irrigation system near Bend. The present source of supply is about two miles above the town of Bend, but it is understood that the land upon which the headgate is located is owned or controlled by A. M. Drake. The Deschutes company has now made a filing for 1,000 cubic feet of water per second about three miles further up the stream. The filing is for the purpose of securing water for the Central Oregon canal. The other filing is for 1,500 cubic inches per second at a point about 10 miles above Bend, at Beham falls. The filing is for the purpose of securing water for the Benham falls canal, which will extend eastward and northward a distance of 30 to 40 miles, bringing the water to Prineville and irrigating large areas of land north of the canal.

The Portland Irrigation company, represented by Edwin Mays, of Portland, has filed on 15,000 inches of water in Chewaucan creek, Lake county, the point of diversion being in section 34, township 33 south, range 18 east.

## Fruit Drier Closes Down.

Freewater—J. P. McMinn, proprietor of the large fruit drier north of Freewater, has closed for the season, after a very short run, owing to the scarcity of prunes and the active demand and high price paid for the green fruit, 75,000 pounds being the output this year as compared with 200,000 pounds last year. Heretofore he has shipped his prunes east, disposing of the same in the large cities at prices from 3 to 3½ cents a pound. He has sold half of this year's output at 6 cents a pound to Pendleton and Walla Walla merchants.

## Sandlake May Talk.

Cloverdale—The Cloverdale Telephone company this week completed ten miles of new telephone line to Sandlake. The company has also lately completed its line to Dolph. This gives Tillamook City telephone connection with every voting precinct in the south part of the county. There is hardly a farm house from Tillamook to Slab creek that has not telephone connection, and it is hoped next year will see the system extended to the valley by way of Willamina. The system now embraces over 60 miles of wire.

## Winter Irrigation a Success.

Milton—W. T. Shaw, the well known Hudson bay rancher, was in the city recently and reports that irrigation on the line of the Hudson Bay ditch is increasing. This ditch uses the surplus water of the Walla Walla river, and as a result it can only irrigate when the ordinary irrigation season ends.

## Car Shortage Felt.

Freewater—Owing to the scarcity of cars on this division the Peacock and Eagle mills are working at a great disadvantage on account of storage capacity being blocked with millstuffs ready to ship. Manager J. H. Hall advises he has 20 cars of flour and feed ready to move and can get but one car a day.

## NEED NOT VACCINATE.

**Children Cannot Be Forced to Take Precautionary Measures.**

Salem—In answer to an inquiry from State Health Officer Robert C. Yenney, of Portland, Attorney General Crawford has rendered a decision holding that the State Board of Health has no authority to require that children shall be vaccinated before gaining admission to the public schools.

The attorney general quotes from the law creating the board of health, showing that the board has general supervision of the health of the state and power to establish quarantines. The vaccination rule would not be in the nature of a quarantine; hence the board cannot find its authority in that provision.

Neither does Mr. Crawford think the clause giving the board general supervision will authorize them to establish a new qualification for admission to the public schools unless there is apparent danger of an epidemic of smallpox.

## AIDS THE CATALOGUE HOUSES.

**Baker City Merchants Protest Against Numbering of Rural Boxes.**

Baker City—The merchants of Baker City are circulating a petition asking the postmaster general to withdraw his order to the effect that all rural mail boxes must be numbered in consecutive order. In this work they have asked the aid of all the merchants from Boise to Spokane, and petitions have been sent to these towns for circulation.

The merchants allege that the numbering of the mail boxes on the rural free delivery routes would give the catalogue houses in the large cities like New York, Chicago and St. Louis a great advantage, as these big concerns would be enabled to send out their catalogues and other literature to every patron along every rural free delivery route without knowing the names of the parties, as the literature could be addressed to Box 24, or any number, and reach its destination.

## Start Free Library.

Baker City—Baker City now has a free public library, the council having ratified the appointment of the library commission as named by Mayor C. A. Johns. A special library tax will be voted on at the next June election, and in the meantime Andrew Carnegie will be asked to renew the offer of \$1,000 made about a year ago for the establishment of a library in this city. The present library was instituted by a private library association and conducted for the benefit of the public at a small membership fee.

## Nucleus of Permanent Exhibit.

Ontario—The Malheur county exhibit returned from the fair at Portland is being installed in the office of Don Carlos Boyd. It is to be made the nucleus of a permanent exhibit of the products of the county.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 73c per bushel; blue-stem, 75c; valley, 74@75c; red, 69c.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, \$26; gray, \$26 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$21.50@22 per ton; brewing, \$22@22.50; rolled, \$22.50@23.50.

Rye—\$1.50@1.60 per cental.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15@16 per ton; valley timothy, \$11@12; clover, \$8@9; grain, \$8@9.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@1.50 per box; huckleberries, 7c per pound; pears, \$1.25@1.50 per box; grapes, \$1.50@1.75 per box; Concord, 15c per basket; quinces, \$1 per box.

Vegetables—Beans, wax, 10@12c per pound; cabbage, 1@1¼c per pound; cauliflower, \$1.75@2.25 per dozen; celery, 75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50@60c per dozen; pumpkins, ¾@1c per pound; tomatoes, \$1 per crate; sprouts, 7½c per pound; squash, ¾@1c per pound; turnips, 90c@1 per sack; carrots, 65@75c per sack; beets, 85c@1 per sack.

Onions—Oregon yellow Danvers, \$1.25 per sack.

Potatoes—Fancy graded Burbanks, 75@80c per sack; ordinary, 55@60c; Merced sweets, sacks, \$1.90; crates, \$2.15.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 32½@35c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 11@12c per pound; young roosters, 9@10c; springs, 11@12c; dressed chickens, 12@14c; turkeys, live, 17½@18c; geese, live, 8@10c; ducks, 14@15c.

Hops—Oregon, 1905, choice, 9@11c; olds, 7½@10c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 19@21c; lower grades down to 15c, according to shrinkage; valley, 25@27c per pound; mohair, choice, 30c.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 1@2c per pound; cows, 3@4c; country steers, 4@4½c.

Veal—Dressed, 3@7½c per pound.

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 7@7½c per pound; ordinary, 4@5c; lambs, 7½@8c.

Pork—Dressed, 6@7½c per pound.

# Thanksgiving



Along about Thanksgiving time, when all the leaves are down, And all the fruit's been picked and all the hills are turulu brown, There's somethin' in the air that seems to stir your blood a bit. That makes you glad you're in the world and that you're part of it; The song the wind goes singin' in the evergreen's sublime; There's glimmer in a man along about Thanksgiving time.

There's somethin' wonderful about the ice so thin and white Across the narrow little rut that dried up in the night; It's criss-crossed in a hundred ways with streaks and veins and lines, And sparkles out like diamonds when the sun spunks up and shines, And when you break it with your heel you couldn't hardly tell Its rattle from the jingle of a little silver bell.

Along about Thanksgiving time it seems somehow, as though The sky was nearer to us than it was a while ago; And when it's clear how clear it is—the crisp, fresh air, I mean— You'd almost think it blew through sleeves somewhere to make it clean. Oh, when it's whistlin' strong and free, it's nothin' but a crime To not get out and stir, along about Thanksgiving time.

It's almost like a miracle to see the first snow fly, To watch the million little chunks come dartin' from the sky; To hear them bounce against the panes, to watch the wild things, tamed, Go tumblin' down to melt as though they kind of felt ashamed, And when darkness comes and lets the wind go murmuring, It's like the sweet old lullabies our mothers used to sing.

Along about Thanksgiving time there's somethin' in the air That seems to make you brisk and strong, that kind of crimps your hair; You feel all ready for the storms you know you'll have to meet, You're not afraid of anything that's walkin' round on feet, And lookin' at it any way, the old earth's quite sublime, Although it's bare and brown along about Thanksgiving time. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving." Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered: "Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiving?" continued the child, "a little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susie? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so when—"

"Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus. Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us." But little Edie could not help thinking of the great grim house upon the hill, and the great grim man who utterly ignored his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that at last a daring resolution entered her curly head.

"I'll go and see him and tell him all about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of him if he is big and grim and cross."

And without pausing to consider the doubtful undertaking, away she went in the direction of the stately mansion dark and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus sadly. Rumor said for two reasons—because his betrothed, beautiful Nellie Clyde, had deserted him for her German music teacher, and because his petted, idolized young sister had fallen in love with a poor clerk and married him.

"I will never forgive you, never," he had said to her, sternly, "not because your husband is poor, but because he is shiftless."

And she had gone, proudly, with brave trust in her young husband—alas, but to find her brother's words prophetic. The knowledge broke her heart, and she died, and was soon followed by her drunken husband, leaving their two daughters in bitter poverty.

Edie rang the bell of the great house with such violence that it brought the footman in great haste to the door.

"I have come to see my Uncle Ralph," she said, breathlessly. "I suppose he's in his study? Oh, you needn't show me the way; I know it," and she coolly ran by him up the polished stairway—for

had not her mother told her of every nook and cranny in the old home?"

At the far end of a gloomy room a fire glowed sleepily, and a gray-haired man sat in an armchair motionless before it. Edie crept in softly.

As she neared him she perceived that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and, almost before she knew it, she had flung both her chubby arms about his neck and kissed his cheek.

To say that Ralph Morley was surprised but weakly expressed it; he was thunderstruck, and gazed down in the dimpled little face in mute amazement.

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it little Edie, a child again, and come back to me?"

"Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie, and I will be yours if you will let me."

Then he comprehended. It was not his own little sister, but it was her child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, as he folded the child to his breast and bowed his head upon the soft, fair curls and wept.

Susie wearily wending her way homeward, pondering how best to expend the small change which she dared spare for a Thanksgiving dinner, was overtaken by Karl Schilling, her own true love.

"Oh, Susie!" he cried, breathlessly, "what do you think has happened? Look! here is an invitation to Bleak Hall, from my employer, requesting the presence of my mother and myself at his Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. What is the world coming to?"

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Susie.

"No, no; get in, right away—do get in," commanded the excited child, and as one in a dream Susie Green allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage.

"I went to see Uncle Ralph, and I kissed him, and he kissed me, and called me 'his little Edie,' and—and I told him all about our hard times, and about that pain in your side, and about Karl and his invalid mother, how you loved each other, and—all. Uncle Ralph said we were to live in his home after this, and he would take care of us."

"It is a fairy dream, Edie."

"No it isn't either; it's true; and there is Uncle Ralph on the steps awaiting us."

It was no dream. Susie realized it

forcibly when the grave, stern man came quickly forward and took her gently in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and in a husky voice bade her "welcome home."

Such a dinner as was ordered! Such light, and warmth, and beauty, as filled the mansion throughout! Edie was in ecstasies and danced hither and thither like a stray sunbeam. Her lovely new dress and dainty slippers burdened her none; she enjoyed them among the other good things that had befallen them. But Susie protested feebly.

"Indeed, Uncle Ralph, you are more than kind, more than generous; how can I ever repay you?"

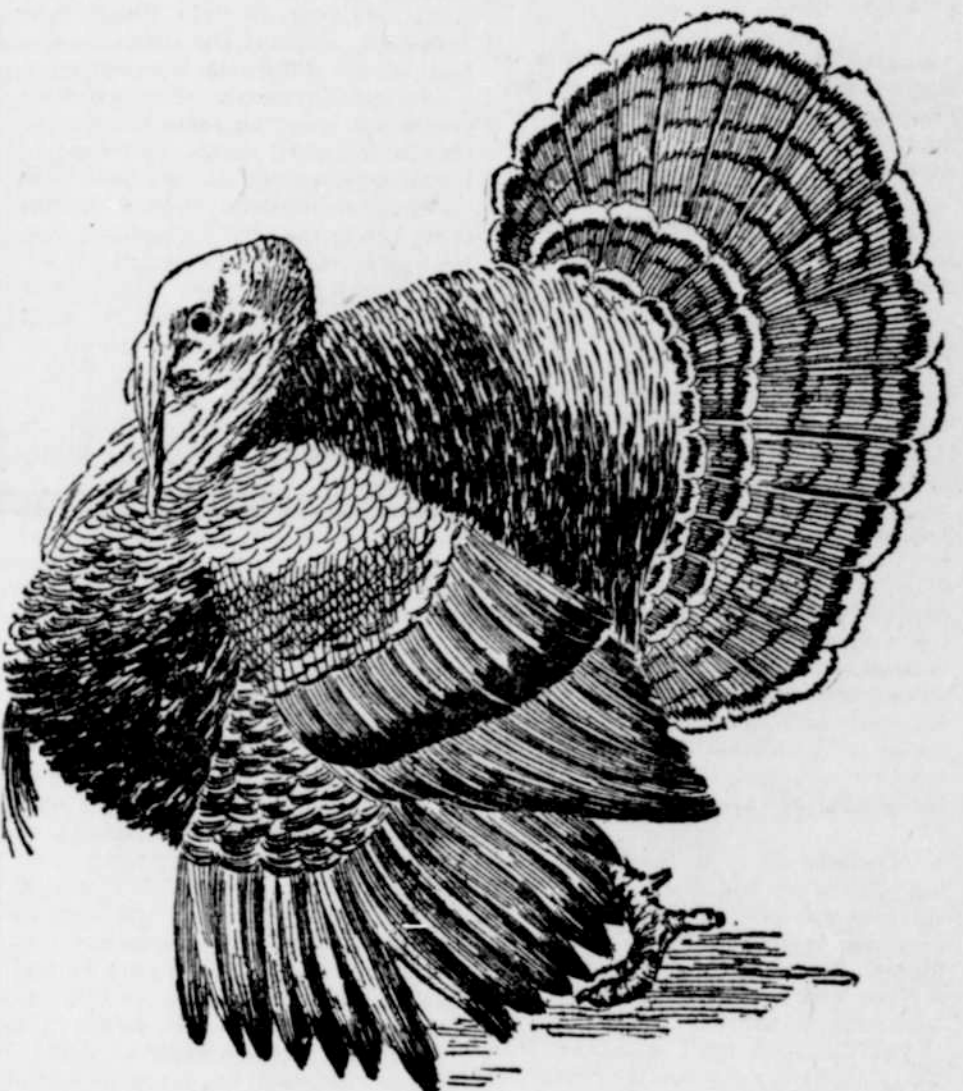
"By forgiving my former cruelty and loving me a little, and wearing the pretty things your maid has selected. It will please me to have you wear them."

And when Susie entered the parlor in her lovely trailing blue satin, Edie sprang from her uncle's arms with a little cry of rapture.

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susie!"

The sound of carriage wheels here di-

## A HANDFUL OF TURKEY THOUGHTS.



The gobble grows rotund, And so we shout "Hooray!" And hurl our hat On high thereat And romp and frisk and play. And sigh, by sudden rapture stunned: "Alack, a well a day! While thus we flip Flap o'er the sand And gaily skip Joy's saraband."

We watch him spread his tail As on he proudly struts, And see him puffed And crisp and stuffed With bread and sage and nuts, Till we woid on the fork impale His choicest juicy cuts— While Fancy's breeze Fills us a-sigh With argosies Of golden pie. Oh, bird of rare renown

That makes the eagle look To all intents Like seven cents, You're greater when the cook, Who knows just how to do you brown, Makes you in glee A roasted dream— A sympho-nee Of bliss supreme! Full soon o'er you, blithe fowl, The knife and fork will clash; And first we'll hold You hot, then cold, And later in that hash Which whisks the whiskers off the scowl Of sorrow like a flash; While hand in hand We sigh and swoon In fairy-land Beneath the moon. —R. K. Munkittrick, in Sunday Magazine.

"Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to appreciate you, Karl."

"But he was that cross this morning, he resembled an icicle more than anything else. There must be some mistake."

"No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very kind invitation, and you must accept it."

"Oh, certainly; but how very surprising. What will mother say? Our paths divide here, Susie, so, for the present I will say good-night."

His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she sobbed softly.

Susie, hastening homeward, beheld a pair of superb horses and an elegant carriage at their humble door, and Edie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her.

"Oh, Susie! I've been to see Uncle Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and—and you're to come with me in the carriage, you know, to his house; he said so, and—he sent me after you."

"Are you mad, Edie?" exclaimed the incredulous elder sister.

verted her attention. "It is Karl!" she cried, running to the window.

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise he felt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer.

"My mother, Mr. Morley," he began, then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, a-fated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before.

"Nellie! Nellie Clyde!"

"Yes," she answered, softly, "Nellie Clyde Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you sent an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner."

"Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you would not have come to mock me in my solitude and loneliness, unless—unless the past was to be forgotten! Shall it not be as it was, twenty years ago?"

"I—I did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in confusion. "I only thought we might be friends once more."

"And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought me, little Edie!"—The Hearstons.