

# INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

SETTLING NEW COUNTRY.

CLOSED SEASON NOT MADE.

## Loon Lake District Offers Fine Opportunities to Dairymen.

Marshfield—Loon Lake, a district just over the line of Coos county and in Douglas county, and located between Coos Bay and Drain, is to have a sawmill in addition to other improvements which are being made. The district was for years isolated, without any outlet but a trail. Recently a wagon road was built from Loon Lake to Alleghany, and the result is that a number of farmers are going there to settle. J. McDonald, a member of the logging firm of McDonald & Vaughan, will build this spring a mill at Loon Lake. It will cut about 12,000 feet a day, and will supply the ranchers and settlers with lumber for building. The only structures in the district now are built of shakes. There is about 4,000 acres of fine bottom land, which is attracting the attention of the dairymen, now that the district has an outlet. Besides, an auto line is to be run from Drain to Coos Bay, through the Loon Lake country, this summer, and there is to be some road building which will require lumber.

In the locality there is some 50,000,000 feet of myrtle, maple and other hard woods, and this will be handled by Mr. McDonald in his mill if he can find a market for that class of lumber sufficient to pay him to haul it out.

## ENGINE TO CLEAR LAND.

### Rich Coquille River Bottom to Be Used for Dairying.

Coquille—S. H. McAdams is constructing a machine which will be used in the clearing of the bottom land on the Coquille river. It can hardly be called a stump puller, although it has many points of a machine of that nature. It consists of a boiler and engine mounted on skids, the engine being equipped with a drum and cable similar to logging engines. The engine is a double cylinder of great power, and the sled or skids are of massive construction. Mr. McAdams says the machine is an experiment, but that he has made a close study of the matter of clearing the bottom land of the Coquille valley, and believes he has the proper kind of a machine for the work.

As yet he has no contracts for clearing, but when the plan is tried out if it proves successful he will have but little trouble in securing plenty of work. The machine will be ready for operation early this month. Considerable interest is being shown in the plan by those who have willow bottom land in this neighborhood.

## UMATILLA TO BE OPENED.

### Secretary of Interior Will Place Tracts for Homestead Entry.

Washington—The secretary of the interior has issued notice to the effect that lands in the fourth unit of the Umatilla irrigation project in Oregon, will be open to homestead entry on and after March 22, 1911, and that water will be furnished to these lands during the coming season. Water right applications may also be made for lands within this unit heretofore entered and for lands in private ownership.

The fourth unit contains 6,053 acres of irrigable land, of which 2,763 acres are public. Building charge of \$60 per acre is payable in not more than ten annual installments, each payment not less than \$6 per acre except in case of lands heretofore entered when first installment shall be \$12 per acre and subsequent installments \$6 per acre.

## New Telephone Line.

Vale—Through the granting of a franchise by the city council last evening Vale is to have a second telephone system within 60 days. The franchise was granted to H. S. Jackson, a new arrival in the city, whose petition was signed by 118 of the business men and residents of the city. The new company is to be incorporated within the next few days and Mr. Johnson states that work will begin at once in this city. The object of the new system is to bring all of the independent lines within the county into the county seat, while at present Ontario is the main central telephone station.

The Malheur Home Telephone company, which has been operating lines in Vale and vicinity for the past several years, is connected with the Bell long distance telephone lines, but does not connect with the independent lines of the county, and it is generally believed that independent telephone connections with every part of the county will benefit Vale to a greater extent on account of the help in securing much of the trade that is now going to Ontario.

## Farm Brings \$90,000.

Pendleton—John Bahr, a wealthy Umatilla county farmer, has disposed of his 920-acre wheat ranch near this city for \$90,000, making one of the most important real estate deals ever consummated in this county. Barney Anderson, a local farmer, is the purchaser. The land is used exclusively for growing wheat, and for this purpose is regarded as one of the best farms in the country. Bahr recently purchased a fine home near Lent.

## Master Fish Warden Reports Columbia Tributaries Overlooked.

Salem—Master Fish Warden Clanton has submitted his monthly report, showing receipts of \$112.50 and disbursements, or accounts presented, for payment, amounting to \$1,353.52. He calls attention to the fact that the legislature failed to enact a closed season for Columbia river tributaries, and that the closed season on the Columbia river extends from March 1, noon, to May 1, noon, while on the Willamette river and its tributaries, north of the falls at Oregon City, the season does not close until noon March 15 and opens again at noon April 15. No closed season, whatever, he says, exists on the other tributaries of the Columbia river in this state, west of its confluence with the Deschutes river.

He mentions the fact that the launch Astoria, which was damaged by fire, has been placed in first class condition for the closed season on the Columbia. J. D. Mitchell, of Portland, will act as engineer on the launch and will be under the supervision of Deputy Warden Rathbun. The launch Oregon Patrol, it is reported, has also been overhauled and placed in working order for the closed season. This will be manned by Water Bailiff Gor and Engineer F. N. Sweet, both of Astoria.

## FORESTRY BOARD FORMING.

### Governor West Asks Five Bodies to Select Members.

Salem—Governor West has written to the Oregon State Grange, Oregon Forest Fire association, Oregon Wool-growers' association, Oregon & Washington Lumbermen's association and the United States Forest service, calling attention to the law passed at the last legislature providing for the appointment of a state board of forestry, which will have charge of the expenditure and of an appropriation of \$60,000 to be used in fighting fires.

"You will note that the law provides that the governor shall appoint as a member of the board someone recommended by you," he says. "In order that the board may be chosen and organization perfected at an early date I would ask that you kindly take the steps necessary to obtain from your body a full and free expression as to its choice."

## GRANTS PASS CROP GREAT.

### Fruit Inspector Says Yield Will Be Big This Year.

Grants Pass—The fruit crop of this section of Rogue River valley will be among the big yields, according to J. F. Burke, county fruit inspector who has finished inspecting the valley.

Last season he examined 150,000 fruit trees in this county. These figures do not cover the entire field, and a conservative estimate places the number of acres at 3,000.

Commercial pears took the lead in the variety of fruit set out in 1910. Mr. Burke says the greatest danger to commercial orchards is found in the backyard fruit trees in towns. They are hard to spray, owing to the nooks and corners of the premises, and are often neglected for that reason.

The present stage of all the orchards is somewhat backward, owing to the cool weather.

## \$194,000 Taxes for Malheur.

Vale—The assessment roll of Malheur county was turned over to Sheriff Kerfoot the first of the month and shows that \$194,000 is to be collected in taxes in this county this year. Of that amount—\$35,000 is for the road fund, \$92,210 for the state, county and school tax, and \$23,200 for special city taxes. Of the special city taxes, the city of Vale with its levy of 20 mills, will secure \$9,200; Ontario with its tax levy of 12 mills will secure \$9,120; and Nyssa, with a levy of 14 mills, \$4,800.

## Engineer Moves to Asylum Site.

Pendleton—Captain Charles A. Murphy, engineer for the branch asylum, has moved into a residence on the branch asylum site. With his home on the grounds Captain Murphy will supervise work on the lands purchased by the state and perform other duties under the instructions of the state board. He will have charge of the work of laying the water main from the city limits to the branch asylum grounds.

## Rural Delivery from Athens.

Athens—Postmaster H. O. Worthington has just informed the patrons of his office that he has taken up the matter of rural free delivery with the department at Washington and that they have granted the rural service, which will begin July 1, 1911. The district that will be taken in by this route will extend north of town to the Link Swaggart farm and on the Northwest it will include the homes along Alkali flat and Gerking flat.

## Contract Let for Ashland School.

Ashland—The Ashland school board awarded the contract for the building of a new high school to Snook & Traver, of Salem, Or., that firm being the lowest of six bidders. The bids on the general contract work ran from \$63,000 to \$75,000.



For an Instant They Were Swaying Back and Forth.

# The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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## SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The interior of the safe was revealed in a shape little different from that of the ordinary household strong-box. There were several account books, ledgers and the like, together with some packages of docketed bills, in the pigeon holes. The cash box, itself a safe within a safe, showed a blank face broken by a small combination dial. Behind this, in a secret compartment, the Maitland heirlooms languished, half forgotten of their heedless owner.

The cash box combination offered less difficulty than had the outer dial. Maitland had it open in a twinkling. Then, brazenly lifting out the inner framework bodily, he thrust a fumbling hand into the aperture thus disclosed and pressed the spring, releasing the panel at the back. It disappeared as though by witchcraft, and the splash of light from the bull's-eye discovered a canvas bag squatting humbly in the secret compartment; a fat little canvas bag, considerably soiled from much handling, such as is used by banks for coin, a sturdy, matter-of-fact, every-day sort of canvas bag, with nothing about it of hauteur, no air of self-importance or ostentation, to betray the fact that it was the receptacle of a small fortune.

At Maitland's ear, incredulous: "How did you guess?" she breathed.

He took thought and breath, both briefly, and prevaricated shamelessly: "Bribed the head clerk of the safe manufacturer who built this."

Rising, he passed over to the center table, the girl following. "Steady with the light," he whispered; and loosed the string around the mouth of the bag, pouring its contents, a glistening, priceless, flaming, iridescent treasure horde, upon the table.

"Oh!" said a small voice at his side. And again and again: "Oh, Oh! Oh!"

Maitland himself was moved by the wonder of it. The jewels seemed to fill the room with a flashing, amazing, coruscant glamour, rainbow-like. His breath came hot and fast as he gazed upon the trove; a queen's ransom, a fortune incalculable even to its owner. As for the girl, he thought that the wonder of it must have struck her dumb. Not a sound came from the spot where she stood.

Then, abruptly, the sun went out; at least, such was the effect; the light of the hand lamp vanished utterly, leaving a partly-colored blur swimming against the impenetrable blackness, before his eyes.

His lips opened; but a small hand fell firmly upon his own, and a tiny, tremulous whisper shrilled in his ear.

"Hush—ah, hush!"

"What—?"

"Steady . . . some one coming . . . the jewels."

He heard the dull musical clash of them as her hands swept them back into the bag, and a cold, sickening fear rendered him almost faint with the sense of trust misplaced, illusion resolved into brutal realities. His fingers closed convulsively about her wrists; but she held passive.

"Ah, but I might have expected that!" came her reproachful whisper.

"Take them, then, my—my partner that was." Her tone cut like a knife, and the touch of the canvas bag, as she forced it into his hands, was hateful to him.

"Forgive me—" he began.

"But listen!"

For a space he obeyed, the silence at first seeming tremendous; then, faint but distinct, he heard the tinkle and slide of the brazen rings supporting the smoking room portiere.

His hand sought the girl's; she had not moved, and the cool, firm pressure of her fingers steadied him. He thought quickly.

"Quick!" he told her in the least of whispers. "Leave by the window you opened and wait for me by the motor car."

"No!"

There was no time to remonstrate with her. Already he had slipped away, shaping a course for the entrance to the passage. But the dominant thought in his mind was that at all costs the girl must be spared the exposure. She was to be saved, whatever the hazard. Afterwards—

The tapestry rustled, but he was yet too far distant to spring. He crept on with the crouching, vicious attitude, mental and physical, of a panther stalking its prey.

Like a thunderclap from a clear sky the glare of the light broke out from the ceiling. Maitland paused, transfixed, on tiptoe, eyes incredulous, brain striving to grapple with the astounding discovery that had come to him.

The third factor stood in the doorway, slender and tall, in evening dress—as was Maitland—a light, full overcoat hanging open from his shoulders; one hand holding back the curtain, the other arrested on the light switch. His lips dropped open and his eyes, too, were protruding with amazement. Feature for feature he was the counterpart of the man before him; in a word, here was the real Anisty.

The wonder of it all saved the day for Maitland; Anisty's astonishment was sincere and the more complete in that, unlike Maitland, he had been

unprepared to find any one in the library.

For a mere second his gaze left Maitland and traveled on to the girl, then to the rifled safe—taking in the whole significance of the scene. When he spoke, it was as if dazed.

"By God!" he cried—or, rather, the syllables seemed to jump from his lips like bullets from a gun.

The words shattered the tableau. On their echo Maitland sprang and fastened his fingers around the other's throat. Carried off his feet by the sheer ferocity of the assault, Anisty gave ground a little. For an instant they were swaying back and forth, with advantage to neither. Then the burglar's collar slipped and somehow tore from its stud, giving Maitland's hands freer play. His grasp tightened about the man's gullet; he shook him mercilessly. Anisty staggered, gasped, reeled, struck Maitland once or twice upon the chest—feeble, weightless elbow jabs that went for nothing, then concentrated his energies in a vain attempt to wrench the hands from his throat. Reeling, tearing at Maitland's wrists, face empurpling, eyes staring in agony, he stumbled. Mercilessly Maitland forced him to his knees and bullied him across the floor toward the nearest lounge—with premeditated design; finally succeeding in throwing him flat; and knelt upon his chest, retaining his grip but refraining from throttling him.

As it was, all strength and thought of resistance had been choked out of Anisty. He lay at length, gasping painfully.

Maitland glanced over his shoulders and saw the girl moving forward, apparently making for the switch.

"No!" he cried, peremptorily. "Don't turn off the light—please!"

"But—" she doubted.

"Let me have those curtain cords, if you please," he requested, shortly.

She followed his gaze to the windows, interpreted his wishes, and was very quick to carry them out. In a trice she was offering him half a dozen of the heavy, twisted silk cords that had been used to loop back the curtains.

Soft yet strong, they were excellently well adapted to Maitland's needs. Unceremoniously he swung his captive over on his side, bringing his neck and ankles in juxtaposition to the logs of that substantial piece of furniture, the lounge.

His hands, the first to be secured, and tightly, behind his back, Anisty lay helpless, glaring vindictively the while gradually he recovered consciousness and strength. Maitland cared little for his evil glances; he was busy. The burglar's ankles were next bound together and to the lounge leg; and, an instant later, a brace of halfhitches about the man's neck and the nearest support entirely eliminated him as a possible factor in subsequent events.

"Those loops around your throat," Maitland warned him curtly, "are loose enough now, but if you struggle they'll tighten and strangle you. Understand?"

Anisty nodded, making an incoherent sound with his swollen tongue. At which Maitland frowned, smitten thoughtful with a new consideration.

"You mustn't talk, you know," he mused half aloud; and, whipping forth a handkerchief, gagged Mr. Anisty.

After which, breathing hard and in a maze of perplexity, he got to his feet. Already his hearing, quickened by the emergency, had apprised him of the situation's imminent hazards. It needed not the girl's hurried whisper, "The servants!" to warn him of their danger. From the rear wing of the mansion the sounds of hurrying feet were distinctly audible, as, presently, were the heavy, excited voices of men and the more shrill and frightened cries of women.

Headless of her displeasure, Maitland seized the girl by the arm and urged her over to the open window. "Don't hang back!" he told her nervously. "You must get out of this before they see you. Do as I tell you, please, and we'll save ourselves yet! If we both make a run for it, we're lost. Don't you understand?"

"No. Why?" she demanded, reluctant, spritely, obstinate—and lovely in his eyes.

"If he were anybody else," Maitland indicated, with a jerk of his head toward the burglar. "But didn't you see? He must be Maitland—and he's my double. I'll stay, brazen it out, then, as soon as possible, make my escape and join you by the gate. Your motor's there—wait! Be ready for me!"

But she had grasped his intention and was suddenly become pliant to his will. "You're wonderful!" she told him with a little low laugh; and was gone, silently as a spirit.

The curtains fell behind her in long, straight folds; Maitland stilled their swaying with a touch, and stepped back into the room. For a moment he caught the eye of the fellow on the floor; it was upturned to his, sardonically intelligent. But the lord of the manor had little time to debate consequences.

Abruptly the door was flung wide and a short stout man, clutching up his trousers with a frantic hand, burst into the library, brandishing overhead a rampant revolver.

"And hup!" he cried, leveling at Maitland. And then, with a fallen countenance: "G-r-r-reat 'eavins, sir! You, Mister Maitland, sir!"

"Ah, Higgins," his employer greeted the butler blandly.

Higgins pulled up, thunderstruck, panting and perspiring with agitation. His fat cheeks quivered like the wattles of a gobbler, and his eyes bulged as, by degrees, he became alive to the situation.

Maitland began to explain, forestalling the embarrassments of cross-examination.

"By the merest accident, Higgins, I

was passing in my car with a party of friends. Just for a joke I thought I'd steal up to the house and see how you were behaving yourselves. By chance—again—I happened to see this fellow through the library window. Maitland, putting an incense burner upon the bull's-eye on the desk, looked down it instantly, with an exclamation of annoyance and four scattered glances.

"He's been at the safe," he said quickly, diverting attention from himself. "I was just in time."

"My word!" said Higgins, with emotion. Then quickly: "Did you see anything, do you think, sir?"

Maitland shook his head, and over the butler's burly shoulders he rapidly augmented concourse of maids, cooks, and what-not, a tableau in the library. "Get all of you!" he ordered, sternly, "and catching the group with a dominant, inflexible forefinger. "Those who wanted will be sent for. Now Mr. Higgins, you may stay."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. But what 'orrid' appeal, sir, if you'll permit me—"

"I won't. Be quiet and listen. The man is Anisty—Handsome Dan Anisty, the notorious jewel thief, wanted by the police of a dozen cities. Do you understand?"

"I'm going to the village and get constables; I may, he invented, separately, "be delayed—may have a detective from Brooklyn. If I find a scoundrel strag, don't touch him. Let him alone—he can't escape if you're above all things, don't you dare to move that gag!"

"Most certainly, sir. I shall bear mind to you says—"

"You'd best," grimly. "Now then, No; I don't want any attendance—know my way. And—don't—touch that man—till I return."

"Very good, sir."

Maitland stepped over to the table, glanced within, cursorily, replaced a bundle of papers which he did not call disturbing, closed the door and twisted the combination.

"Nothing gone," he announced, inarticulate gurgle from the program man drew a black scowl from Maitland. Recovering, "Good morning," said politely to the butler, and straight out of the house by the front door was careful to slam that behind him ere darting into the shadows.

The moon was down, the sky a opaque gray, overcast with a light drift of cloud. The park seemed dark, very dreary; a searching beam was sweeping inland from the moon, soughing sadly in the tree tops, chill humidity permeated the air, precursor of rain. The young man shivered, both with chill and reaction from the tension of the emergency just past.

He was aware of an instantaneous loss of heart, a subsidence of the elation which had upheld him through out the adventure; and to escape this to forget or overcome it, took immediately to his heels, scampering along for the road, oppressed with fear lest he should find the girl gone—with the jewels.

That she should prove untrue, faithless, lacking even that honor which proverbially obtains in the society of criminals—a consideration of such possibility was intolerable, as much so as the suspense of ignorance. He could not, would not, believe himself capable of ingratitude so rank; and fought fiercely, unreasoningly, against the conviction that she would have allowed her thievish instincts to be made off with the booty.

His judgment met and right upon his for his madness!

Heart in mouth, he reached the gates, passing through without de covering her, and was struck dumb and witless with relief when she stepped quietly from the shadows of a low branching tree, offering him a guiding hand.

"Come," she said, quietly. "The way."

"Without being exactly conscious of what he was about he caught the hand in both his own. "Then," he uttered almost passionately—"then you didn't—"

His voice choked in his throat. The face, momentarily upturned to his gleamed pale and weary in the direct light; the face of a tired child, troubled, saddened; yet with eyes as expressively sweet. She turned away tugging at her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PROOF OF SIGHT IN PLANTS.

### Nature Student Comes Forward with Convincing Argument.

"Darwin believed that plants could see, and I believe so, too," said a nature student.

"I was reading on my veranda the other day; one foot was near a large convolvulus. The tendrils were creeping outwards, but in a few minutes they were turned rustle faintly—they were turning towards my shoe. They began to advance towards it, moving as if very sluggish serpent might have done, and by the time I had finished the job, they were within a few inches of me. I went indoors then for dinner. On my return the convolvulus was disgusted, had resumed their outward march towards the rail.

"I got a pole and set it up a foot from the nearest tendrils. In ten minutes they were creeping upward towards the pole. To-day they were twisted about it.

"How could the convolvulus tendrils approach my foot and the pole, both placed in the opposite direction from the light, unless they saw? You, they must have sight, these plants, or else couldn't trot about in the alien, dark way they do."