

OREGON NEWS OF INTEREST

SALMON CAUGHT ILLEGALLY.

Clackamas People Call Situation to Attention of Representative.

Oregon City—Complaint of flagrant violations of the salmon fishing law are being made by interested Clackamas county people to Representative-elect C. G. Huntley, of this city, who, as a member of the state legislature, will seek to have corrected existing abuses and their repetition in the future. These complaints have been made to Fish Warden Van Dusen, who has declined to remedy the situation because of a lack of funds.

Fishing is by law prohibited within two miles of any hatchery, but this law is being notoriously transgressed. There is made a provision in the same law for the patrolling of the Clackamas river within the restricted districts about a hatchery, but fishing for salmon with nets is being openly carried on within one-half mile of the government hatchery near this city, with the result that the take of salmon at the hatchery will not exceed one-third that of last year. At this time last year, 10,180,000 eggs had been secured for the government hatchery, while but 3,000,000 eggs have been taken this year. Of this season's taken Superintendent Wallick reports more than 1,000,000 eggs have been taken during the past ten days.

Much indignation exists among the people of Oregon City with present conditions, and local fishermen are known to be fishing in violation of the law for the reason that nothing has been done to regulate the practice at other places. Oregon City people view the situation as one of great importance to the industry itself, and question whether or not the government in its efforts to promote the propagation of this fish will not be discouraged by the lack of interest and the failure of the state authorities to provide the needed protection by enforcing the statutes as they are now framed.

DRILL FOR ARTESIAN WATER.

Bigger Engine and Outfit Is Needed Near Pendleton.

Pendleton—J. W. Chaney was in town recently negotiating for the purchase of a 2,500 foot well drill. Mr. Chaney has a 750 foot outfit and a six horse power gasoline engine, but finds it too small for efficient work.

He is at present working on a well at the Furnish ranch, north of here, but work was suspended on account of losing a drill and a new well was started. In the old well a depth of over 700 feet was drilled with not a sign of water, while in the new one water was found at 150 feet and only a few yards from the location of the old one.

Mr. Chaney will purchase a 20 horse power engine for his new outfit and will be able to bore for artesian water. He prefers a gasoline engine, as often wells are bored many miles from a watering place, and it is much more convenient to haul gasoline than wood and water.

Trees Shipped from Milton.

Milton—Several carloads of young trees have been shipped by the Milton nurseries to points in the Inland Empire for fall planting. The greater part are billed for Council and Cambridge Idaho.

Shingle Plant to Start Up.

Astoria—The Howell Shingle company's new plant at Skamokawa will be ready for operation in about ten days. It will employ about 40 men and will turn out 250,000 shingles per day.

Show Results of Irrigation.

Pendleton—Blanks for the reports of farmers residing on winter and spring irrigated farms and the results of such irrigation are being circulated among the farmers to be filled out and returned to the Pendleton Commercial association, there to be made into a general report and forwarded to the government. This is being done with the hope of interesting the government and to prevent it from abandoning the Umatilla irrigation project.

Busy Days at Flour Mill.

Pendleton—Pendleton flour mills are run to their capacity to fill flour orders for the local demand. Little flour is being shipped to the Orient, although W. S. Ryers has had several contracts for the fall product. Small buys of wheat are being made constantly, but none of any consequence. All that is bought now must be shipped in by rail, as all grain tributary to Pendleton was purchased some time ago.

Coming Events.

Oregon State Conventional of County Clerks and Recorders, Portland, November 25-26.
Oregon Good Roads association, Salem, December 13-15.
Inland Empire Sunday School Institute, Pendleton, January 30.
Oregon Y. M. C. A. convention, Salem, November 25-27.

CONSTRUCTING TRAMWAY.

Maxwell Mine will Run Five Stamps All Winter.

Baker City—The management of the Maxwell mine, on Rock creek, is installing a water power plant at its new mill. The aerial tramway, 3,000 feet long, is also in course of construction. Five stamps will be operated all winter.

Superintendent Al Geiser, of the Gem mine in Sparta district, came in a few days ago, having in his possession some of the richest specimens of ore yet discovered in that property. They were from the strike recently made on the 500 foot level. Mr. Geiser says they were picked at random from a car as it came from the mine. The mill is running night and day on very rich ore.

The Montezuma and Bunker Hill properties in the Cracker creek district have been consolidated. Warren Cable has been appointed manager. A 1,200 foot tunnel will be run during the winter to tap the vein.

Manager Stules of the White Swan mine has returned from San Francisco, but will leave in a few days to attend the Balliet trial at Des Moines, Iowa, as a witness. He says that matters have been adjusted and that work will be resumed on his return from the East.

ORIOLE ORE RUNS \$64.

Streak of Sulphide Found in the Hanging Wall.

Susville—Heaton & Haskell, who have a bond on the Oriole and are driving a tunnel on the ledge, struck a streak of sulphide ore on the hanging wall that assays \$64 in gold. The Oriole is an old location, but little work having been done toward developing it. A tunnel was started, and detached bunches of good ore were encountered in a broken mass of ledge matter. The workmen now appear to have entered solid formation and the indications are that they will soon have a body of good ore.

The Gold Bug people have sunk their shaft 60 below the 100 foot level since installing their steam plant, and their ore stays with them, which shows the shoot is getting longer with depth. They will drift on the ledge when the 200 foot level is reached.

The Badger has three shifts sinking the shaft below the 700 foot level. The mill is running steadily and the usual amount of concentrates is being shipped. The compressor pipe line is being extended across the gulch to the Bull of the Woods, where the air will be used to run machine drills.

New Oregon Incorporations.

Salem—Articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state last week as follows:

West Coast Lumber and Timber company, Portland, \$500,000; Allen Brown, True Uncapher, William W. Brown, Huntington D. Pier, Lester E. Watson.

Bend Water, Light & Power company, Bend, \$10,000; A. L. Goodwillie, George C. Steineman, W. E. Guerin, Jr.

Wright Mercantile company, Union; \$50,000; Joseph Wright, M. F. Wright, John M. Ross.

R. Robinson Cheese company, Tillamook; \$10,000; John R. Harter, R. Robinson, C. W. Talmage.

Contracts Let for State Fuel.

Salem—Awards of contracts for furnishing wood for the state institutions have been made. There were a number of contracts, some of them for small quantities of wood. The prices named in contracts, for first-growth fir, are as follows: Reform school, \$3.50; penitentiary, \$3.20; asylum, \$3.25 to \$3.40; asylum farm, \$3.50. Offers of wood for the capitol building, blind school and mute school were rejected, the prices named being \$3.30 to \$3.95.

Shipping Potatoes.

Weston—Several cars of potatoes are being shipped from here to outside markets this week. Growers are receiving \$1 a sack for their crop, with a ready market. The largest field is 40 acres, situated on Weston mountain.

Requisition for Alleged Horse Thief. Salem—Governor Chamberlain has issued a requisition upon the governor of South Dakota for the extradition of George W. Ditty, who is wanted to answer a charge of stealing a horse at Echo, Umatilla county, last May.

\$4,000 for a Draft Stallion.

Pendleton—D. A. Collins, agent for the McLaughlin Bros., importers of horses, has returned from Walla Walla, where he has been looking over the country for a depot for their horses. Mr. Collins has just completed a sale whereby a Wasco, Oregon, company has purchased a 2,160 pound 3-year old French draft stallion for \$4,000.

Northwest Wheat Markets.

Portland—Walla Walla, 80¢@82¢; bluestem, 85¢; valley, 87½¢.
Tacoma—Bluestem, 90¢; club, 86¢.
Colfax—Club, 73¢; bluestem, 75¢.

TO COMMAND 300,000 MEN.

General Gripenberg Selected to Operate with Kuropatkin.
Gen. Gripenberg, who has been selected by the Czar to command the Second Manchurian Army, which is now being organized to co-operate with Gen. Kuropatkin against the Japanese, has the reputation of being a skilled soldier and a daring leader of men. He is 67 years old, little of figure and extremely active. He is a Finn by birth, springing from a noble house in that duchy, and after rising to the rank of a lieutenant general in the Russian service was appointed governor of the department of Viborg in his native land. In this position he was destined to be one of the first to suffer for his country when the present Czar determined to merge the nationality of the Finns into that of Holy Russia, even to the suppression of their language for all official purposes, whether of debate in their legislative assemblies or of pleading in their courts of law. Gen. Gripenberg



GENERAL GRIPENBERG.

having, in his capacity of governor, refused to carry out an arbitrary order given by the governor general of Finland on his own initiative, which was directly contrary to the Finnish constitution as guaranteed by successive emperors of Russia, was summarily dismissed from his post and sent into exile; and consequently had lately been traveling about Italy and Switzerland with his family pending the permission of the Czar to return to his own home and end his days in peace. Now in the critical days of the empire he has been called to an important command, which might well tax the strength of a much younger soldier. He has been welcomed by Kuropatkin in a letter of congratulation. The two soldiers saw service together and therefore understand each other's military methods. Part of the army which Gen. Gripenberg will command is now in the east. When his whole forces are assembled he will have under him 300,000 men. Gen. Kuropatkin will have an equal force and when these great bodies become actively engaged against the Japanese Manchurian soil will be copiously deluged in blood.

Throw Rice at Brides.

The rice storm still rattles gayly about the shoulders of the newly married, in spite of the fact that rigorous efforts have been made to suppress it. Statisticians have counted up the thousands of bushels yearly wasted in the ceremony, and have urged that all this nutritious grain should be put into the mouths of the poor rather than down the backs of the opulent. Physicians speak of the eyes that have been injured or made permanently blind by the flying particles. Half the people present secretly resent the stinging hail, and the departing couple are compelled to amuse the public at large for the next few days by shedding rice with every movement.

One must be young and excited to thoroughly enjoy the rice scrimmage, yet it goes on year after year, a rowdy but a permanent adjunct to Lohengrin. Boston tried to substitute inoffensive white flakes made of gelatin, but the public was not to be moved from its rice orgy. Then rose leaves were tried, but they, too, had only a temporary acceptance.

And now the simple flinging of a handful is being changed for an elaborate mechanical distribution. At a recent Eastern wedding breakfast a bomb was arranged under the flower in the center of the table, and at the pressing of an electric button this blew up, scattering rice in every direction. The next device will probably be a rice shower, arranged on the principle of stage rain, and falling alike on the bridal couple and everybody else.

A Hard Proposition.

"There," said the author, as he wrote "Finis" upon the last page of his manuscript, "I think that's something which will be hailed with gladness by the automobilist, anyway."

"What have you written about, dear?" his wife asked.
"You can judge from the title, which is, 'How to Be Happy Though Going Less Than Thirty Miles an Hour.'"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Serving the Baby's Meals.

When the baby begins to eat food of a more substantial nature than milk, do not let him outgrow the regular habits of eating observed when milk only was given at stated intervals. Regularity is just as essential in early childhood as in infancy.

We are in favor of a law providing that books may be sold only by catalogue and newspaper advertisement.

WHEN MANCHU FIRST CHECKED MUSCOVITE.



ALBAZIN, THE RUSSIAN OUTPOST, SUMMONED BY THE MANCHU GENERAL TO SURRENDER, 1685.

During the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Russia had pushed her outposts as far as the northern tributaries of the Amur River, and had planted the flourishing town of Albazin, which commanded nearly three thousand acres of cultivated land. In 1684 the Czar presented the town with a coat-of-arms—a spread eagle, holding a bow and arrow in its claws—symbolical of mastery over the Chinese. Next year Albazin was assailed by a strong Manchu force, numbering nearly twenty thousand, armed with bows and sabres, fifteen cannon, and many matchlocks. The Chinese general sent in a demand for surrender, written in Manchu, Polish and Russian, and as this was disregarded, a bombardment speedily reduced the town. The governor was forced to come to terms, and surrendered, but received permission to march out with baggage and arms, the Chinese merely following to see that Russia made good her promise of retreat.

THADDEY'S SONG.

Once on a day they slipped away—
(I had so much to carry)—
Visions of shades within the glades
Where dwell the elf and fairy.
My ways ran down into the town
Where all men strive for money;
And I forgot the briery spot
Where wild bee sucks the honey.

Then on a day in leafy May
Came to my house a lady;
And as he grew I found he knew
What had escaped his daddy.

He takes me by the solemn, shy,
Sweet silent woodland places;
We hear the beat of elfin feet—
We almost see their faces!

Hol but it's fine so to resign
The dull town's toll and worry;
And through his eyes grow young and wise
Where no one's in a hurry.
—Frank Putnam in the National Magazine.

CHLOE AND THE STILE.

AS we came down the field of waving corn on Lavender Hill Chloe was talking quite heroically of life. Her hair had been blown a little into admired disorder by the bluff wind on the heath, her cheeks were flushed with health and beauty, and she was mistress and queen of herself and her domain. For me, my eyes went from her bright and significant face across the gray-green oats in which we walked breast high, and back again in serene contentment. What did it matter that she was prepared to give battle to the monster—Man? Let him perish.

The hills were ablaze with light, the fields with charlock; we moved in the sun's eye, but Chloe looked as cool as a primrose in her muslin, despite the heat of her opinions.
"I can't really understand a sensible man like you taking up a position like that," said she.

I had taken no position, except the one by her side, but I defended myself weakly.

"Well, you see, we inherit these prepossessions and prejudices from our savage ancestors, I suppose."

"That's just it," said Chloe eagerly. "You admit it, then? Savage! Of course, they were savages. You've given away your case."

I never really had any case, but I didn't say so. "I suppose I have," I said ruefully.

"You know it," said Miss Bohun firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend that women are one whit inferior to men, except, of course," she added quickly, "in regard to physical strength."

"And even then there were the Amazons," I suggested.

She cast a glance at me. "Yes, there were the Amazons," she said, "which shows—"

"And the women do all the hard work among the aboriginals," I went on.

She gave me another glance. "And that again shows—" she began with less confidence.

"Do you know," I said, stopping in midlife to observe her critically, "I believe that if you only practiced a little you would be more than a match for a man."

She looked away across the corn. "Do—do you think so?" she said, hesitatingly; and added, after a pause, "I—I don't think I'm so—I'm not what you'd call muscular."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, examining her appraisingly; "but sinewy, say."

"How absurd!" said Chloe, quite snappishly, as she walked on. I followed. The deep, spreading shadows of the bushes at the end of the field enveloped us.

"Another stile," said I, cheerfully.

"Dear me, that's the fourth!" said Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd make gates between the fields."

"A stile's more picturesque," said I. "Very possibly," said Miss Bohun, indifferently. "It's certainly not as convenient."

"Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one thing, at any rate, in which men are superior. They can negotiate a stile."

"Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I should have thought the feat was not impossible for a woman." I pursued up my lips. "Any woman can get over stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my skepticism.

"Oh, I've no doubt," said I, politely. "It's nonsense your saying that when I can see you don't believe it," said Miss Bohun. "You're simply pleased to be sarcastic all along."

I shrugged my shoulders. She marched coldly and confidently toward the stile. It took off a high ground, which, I suppose, accounted for the absence of a step. But there were two cross-bars to assist the climber. I thought Chloe's face fell as she noted it.

"Let me give you a hand," I said.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't want any assistance. It's quite easy."

She put the hand which was not encumbered by the sunshade on the top bar and placed one neat foot on the lowest. Then she hesitated.

"Perhaps I'd better take the sunshade," I suggested.

She did not answer at once; then, "if you wish it," she replied, nonchalantly, "though it's of no consequence."

I took the sunshade and waited. Chloe's two feet were now on the lowest bar. She peered over. The stile led down beyond in a big drop into a kind of hollow or ditch.

"Oh!" said she. "I didn't—I was still waiting."

"I wish you'd go on and not stare in that atrocious way," said she, with asperity.

I begged pardon, vaulted the stile with one hand and strolled on. Presently I looked back. Miss Bohun was seated astride the top bar, clinging with both hands to it. Her face was deeply flushed.

"Do go on!" she called out, vehemently. I went on leisurely. But, somehow, I could not make up my mind to walk briskly. She did not join me, so I flung myself on the grass and pulled out a cigarette. Then I heard my name called in a distressful voice. I stood up and looked around. Miss Bohun was astride the top bar and she was plinker than ever.

"Please come—don't be so unkind!" she cried with tears in her voice. I hurried back like the wind.

"Oh, just give me your hand!" panted Chloe, nervously lifting one from the bar. "I can't—it's such a long drop. I can't get my—"

"Wait a bit," said I, considering. "You're half way over now. You've only got to lift that foot off the bar and—"

"I shall go over. I know I shall go over," she said, pathetically.

"No, you won't," said I. "It only requires confidence. Imagine you're on a horse and—"

"But I don't ride a horse this way," said Chloe, miserably.

"No," said I, "but men do; and women are just as good as—"

"It's cruel of you—it's beastly, when I'm in such peril!" sobbed Bohun. She clutched wildly for me with the trembling hand she had disengaged. I seized it and her.

"Now just lift that foot," I enjoined. Chloe's weight lay limp on my shoulder.

"I can't get it free. It's stuck," she said pitifully. I moved closer, still with my burden on my shoulder, and loosed the dainty foot. "Now," I said. She lifted it gingerly. "Don't mind your ankles," I said.

"Oh, but I am—" Her foot went back. "Shut your eyes, please," she entreated. I shut my eyes. The next instant the weight on me was doubled and two arms went stragglingly about

my neck. As I have explained, the foothold descended into a hollow. I went down precipitately, on my head. I saw several cornfields and two or three stiles; also more than one Chloe. But I seemed content to be there. Miss Bohun extricated herself quickly.

"Oh, are you hurt? Oh, how dreadful of me!" she said. "Oh, please do speak!"

"I liked it," I said, "and I'm only hurt in one place."

"I—you frightened me," she said, with a serious little laugh. "I'm sorry; is it your head?"

I shook it and sat up. "No, luckily I was born thick-headed."

"Your—your knee?" she inquired again, hesitatingly.

"Certainly not my knee," I replied. "Then—" Chloe turned away.

She might have asked further questions, but she didn't. She was busy smoothing her skirt. "I can't think why they make such horrible things," she said.

"Oh, but any woman can get over a stile," I told her. She made no reply, but turned right away. "Please," I called, "won't you help me up?"

Miss Bohun turned back reluctantly. I made a face of pain.

"It's your ankle?" she said, with sudden anxiety. I winced and took her hand, and then I was on my feet, with that hand in mine.

"No, it's here," I said in a lower voice, laying that hand on my heart. "It was here long ago." I drew her to me.

"Do you always do that to people you help over stiles?" asked Chloe, between a smile and a sob.—Sketch.

Teaching a Horse Bravery.

Expert horsemen believe that a horse can be taught to do anything that it is possible for an animal so formed, and to be utterly fearless. Thus, of horses rushing into battle with a fearlessness that is magnificent, although in the beginning of their lives they may have been foolishly timid, shying at everything unusual that happened to be seen in their travels.

In order to teach a horse fearlessness he must be accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds. He must come to know that because something that he sees or hears is unusual it does not follow that it is harmful. For it is the unusual things that frighten him. The horse is an animal of one idea at a time, and is not able to discriminate, so say the men who have made a study of the horse.

While he will travel along quietly close by the roar of a train he may tremble at the flutter of a piece of loose paper flying in the wind. It is not the frightfulness of the object that seems to alarm him, but the unfamiliarity of it. Horse trainers say that the mistakes made in "breaking" and training a colt is that it is too often done in the seclusion of some country road, instead of amid the sights and sounds that the animal must necessarily become familiar with later.

As soon as the horse becomes familiar with anything and has learned to believe that it will not hurt him, he will stand quietly or trot along peacefully, even though all sorts of noises and queer sights are about him. Thus the artillery horse will stand amid the roar of cannon, being used to the noise and not knowing that the sound predicts anguish and death. It is well to accustom a horse to unusual sounds as soon as possible after he is trained for riding or driving. It renders him safe and docile, even though he be a spirited animal.

A certain trainer of horses said that an ideal school for horses would contain thrashing machines, pile drivers, steam drills, electric, steam and elevated cars, a band of martial music and a gang of quarymen blasting rocks. A horse that was drilled among such a bedlam as this would, indeed, prove immune to strange noises.

Any man who can successfully run an automobile, could do well with a flying machine.