

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## WILD FRUIT GOOD.

Old Orchards in Coast Range Without Care Give Fine Results.

Cottage Grove—Lincoln Taylor, who recently returned from an outing in the coast mountains, says he found a great many vacated homes throughout the section visited by him and the orchards, planted years ago by the homesteaders, have gone wild and the fruit is to be found in great abundance. Bears, coons and other fruit eating animals have infested the orchards in many places and the limbs have been badly broken, but that has not affected the bearing quality of the trees.

Mr. Taylor says there is rarely a case of scale or other disease to be found on any of the trees, and the codlin moth is not in evidence. This is splendid evidence in favor of the entire coast range as fruit producing sections.

Henry H. Veatch too, while on a hunting trip on Cedar creek, about eight miles from Cottage Grove, came upon a splendid orchard that had been entirely taken by the fir timber. He brought out fair samples of the apples, which surpass anything to be found on the lower levels in size, color and aromatic excellence. The fruit resembles the Gravenstein quite strongly, but is more highly colored and measures more than 10 inches in circumference.

On the William Landess ranch, just east of town, there is a fine Crawford peach orchard in the fir timber which is heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

## BIG ORCHARDS PLANTED.

Benton County Farmers Going in for Apple Culture.

Corvallis—The Western Oregon Fruit company, of which Judge Borth and J. W. Polk, of Grants Pass, are the principal stockholders, will begin planting 1,000 acres to apples and pears October 1. This company has purchased 1,700 acres near Monroe, Benton county, comes into possession October 1 and expects to plant fully 1,000 acres this fall.

The Oregon Apple company will also begin planting at the earliest date possible. This company owns 800 acres south of Corvallis and has ordered trees to plant 600 acres to apples and pears at once. This company owns some of the sightliest land in Benton county.

The Willamette Orchard company, which recently purchased the famous Samuel Wyatt farm, two miles west of Corvallis, is preparing to plant 125 acres this fall.

Mayor Virgil E. Wattes, who put 40 acres of the Pleasant View fruit farm to apples this spring, will add 20 acres this fall.

There have been many small acreages set to fruit this year and it is expected that fully 2,000 acres of new orchard will be set out in Benton county by January 1.

## Filling Farmers' Warehouses.

La Grande—Over 15,000 bushels of grain are already stored in the farmers' union warehouse at Island City, although the roof on the building is not yet completed. The union is yet in its infancy in Union county, but the farmers are working together splendidly, and it is thought that before the storing season is over 30,000 bushels of wheat will be in this warehouse. The wheat is pooled and held in the warehouse for sale, and when the buyers purchase the grain it will be conveniently near the main line of the railroad for shipment.

## Work on Branch to Begin.

Albany—J. B. Eddy, right of way agent of the Southern Pacific, states that work will begin on the Lebanon-Crabtree branch next week. He was in Albany en route to Portland from Lebanon where he has completed securing rights of way for this branch. It will be eight miles long and connect the north and south ends of the Woodburn-Springfield line, not now operated because of the wrecked bridge across the South Santiam.

## Send Display East.

Hood River—Hood River is preparing a display of fruit at the National Irrigation congress to be held in Chicago in November. The Hood River Apple Growers' union expects to send a car of the finest apples to the great show. Thomas Persons is in Hood River taking scenes of the apple industry with a moving picture camera. These will be used in connection with the display of fruit.

## Hophouse and Crop Burns.

Woodburn—The Kendall hophouse, east of Woodburn, burned last week together with 14,000 pounds of this year's hops, which had been contracted at 9 cents. The building was owned by Frank Kendall and rented by Lee Kendall. The cause of the fire is unknown. The building and contents were insured in the Hoppgrowers' Fire Insurance company.

## Cove Fruit Goes East.

Cove—Stackland Bros., probably the largest fruitraisers in the Grand Ronde valley, are shipping mixed fruits to the Eastern markets. Plums, pears, crabapples and apples are in season and a full crew is at work in the orchard. Two cars were shipped last week and two more have been forwarded this week.

## Record Yield of Oats.

La Grande—The largest yield of oats reported in the valley is reported by W. D. Sawyer, of the Pierce-Sawyer ranch, close to Hot Lake. Out of 120 acres of oats the yield was 10,370 bushels. This is close to 83 bushels to the acre.

## BIG FRUIT TRACT BOUGHT.

Eastern Capitalists Purchase 1,260 Acres in Rogue Valley.

Grants Pass—One of the largest deals to take place in Rogue river fruit lands occurred a few days ago, when a representative of Eastern capitalists purchased the S. H. Riggs property, consisting of 1260 acres. This is one of the finest bodies of land in the county, and is supplied with 2000 inches or more of water from the Applegate river. Its former owners found much profit in raising three crops of alfalfa each year, and selling it at from \$15 to \$20 a ton, but it has now become so profitable to raise fruit that three hay crops do not produce sufficient revenue to satisfy the fruit-raiser. The buyer and his associates will take possession of the premises on the first day of January, and they will at that time put on a large force of men to lay out the tract in an ideal manner, with convenient avenues running in every direction, in order to make it the largest tract of land devoted to fruit alone in Rogue river valley. The entire premises will be planted as rapidly as possible in peaches, pears and commercial apples. This place formerly belonged to Consul H. B. Miller, but last year it was sold to S. H. Riggs, who kept it nine months, raised several hundred tons of alfalfa hay, and sold out at a price up into six figures.

## Irrigation Near Vale.

Vale—D. M. Brogan, the Seattle capitalist, who is constructing a large irrigation project on Willow creek about 24 miles from Vale, is meeting with great success and encouragement in the reclamation of 30,000 acres of land just north of the project recently rejected by the government because of lack of funds. Several ranches have been purchased from settlers and three reservoirs will be constructed, the water to be taken from Willow creek and its tributaries. A railroad is being built from Vale to Brogan, the townsite of the project.

## Forest Ranger Examination.

Bend—The examination for the position of forest ranger in the Deschutes national forest will be held at Prineville October 16 and 17. At these examinations applicants are put through a severe test of their abilities in the various branches of forest work, from cruising to road and bridge making. One of the most important features of the work of foresters in this region is the supervision of cattle and sheep ranging in the reserve, where the herds and bands are pastured in the summer months.

## Coos Has Another Line.

Marshfield—The Coos Bay Electric Railway company has just been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000. The incorporators are James H. Flanagan, W. S. Chandler and F. C. McCollom. Those connected with the movement say their plans are not sufficiently developed to make any statement of the purpose of the company. Mr. Flanagan is a local banker and Mr. Chandler is a San Franciscan interested extensively in Coos bay.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 96c; club, 87c; red Russian, 85½c; valley, 90c; fife, 87c; Turkey red, 87c; 40-fold, 89½c. Barley—Feed, \$25.50@26; brewing, \$26.50@27 per ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$27@27.25 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$17.50@18.50; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13@14.50; grain hay, \$15@16.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 33@36c; store, 21@22c per pound. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 32½c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 16@17c per pound; springs, 16@17c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, young, 14@15c; geese, young, 10@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, \$1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9½@10c per pound. Veal—Extra, 10@10½c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.25 per box; pears, 50c@1.25; peaches, 75c@1.25 per crate; cantaloupes, \$50@1.25; plums, 25@50c per box; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 40c@1.25 per crate; Concord, 25c per basket; casabas, \$1.50@2 per crate; quinces, \$1.50 per box.

Potatoes—75c@1 per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Onions—\$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4@5c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c; cauliflower, 75c@1.25 per dozen; celery, 50@75c; corn, 15@20c; cucumbers, 10@25c; onions, 12½@15c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 4@5c; pumpkins, ¾@1c; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 50c per box.

Hops—1909 Fuggles, 20@21c per pound; clusters, nominal; 1908 crop, 17c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; valley, 23@25c; mohair, choice, 23@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50@3.75; cows, top, \$3.50; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$2@2.25; stags, \$2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8; fair to good, \$7.75@7.85; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, ¾c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.50.

## HILL GIVES PRIZES.

Railroad Builder Helps Dry Farming Congress With Cups.

Billings, Mont., Sept. 27.—Five silver cups, aggregating \$220 in value, will be features of the list of prizes offered by James J. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern railway, for best exhibits at the International Dry Farming exposition which will be held at Billings, Montana, October 25-29, in connection with the Fourth Dry Farming congress, October 26-28. George J. Ryan, general industrial agent of the Great Northern, has sent to the headquarters of the congress at Billings a list of the prizes and the conditions under which they will be awarded. The aggregate value of all the prizes is \$1,000. This award by Mr. Hill is similar to that made by him in the case of the Omaha Corn exposition, with the exception that the cup feature is made a special one in favor of the Dry Farming congress. In regard to the cash prizes, Oregon, Washington and Montana are given the same list, thereby eliminating the competition of one state against another where conditions for certain crops might be better in one state than the other.

## BURNING LAKE STUDIED.

Adventurous Spirits Go Into Crater of Active Volcano.

Honolulu, Sept. 27.—L. M. Hale, J. Reynolds, and Ernest Moses, a photographer, descended today into the pit of the crater of Mount Kilauea, remaining half an hour on the edge of a burning lake of lava and fire. This is the first time that this feat has been accomplished.

The members of the party ventured almost to the rim of the seething lake and attempted to take photographs. The heat was intense and at times the adventurers walked over partially molten areas. After completing their observations, they returned safely to the rim of the crater, where half a dozen friends had witnessed the descent.

Kilauea is one of the largest active volcanoes in the world, on the east slope of Maunaloa, Hawaii island. Its altitude is 4,400 feet and the circumference of its crater is about nine miles, with a depth varying from 700 to 1,100 feet, depending upon the level of the molten lava. Violent eruptions occurred in 1797, 1844 and 1866, and since the latter date there have been several outbreaks of less severity.

## ENGINEERS TO YIELD.

Settlement of Miners' Differences in Butte in Sight.

Butte, Mont., Sept. 27.—Although no definite statements have yet been made by either side, it developed late tonight that there is plausible prospect that the differences existing between the Brotherhood of Stationary Engineers No. 1 and the Butte Miners' union may be settled, and the miners will return to their work at the various properties before tomorrow morning.

It is known that certain overtures have been made to the engineers by the officers of the miners' union, and it is quite probable the engineers will make certain concessions which will be acceptable to the miners. Whether the concessions will be permanent, and whether they will involve a return of the seceding engineers to the Western Federation of Miners, it was impossible to ascertain.

The adjustment will be reached, it is believed, without bringing the mining companies into the controversy, either as arbitrators or because of their influence, and it is highly probable that there will be nothing for Charles Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, to settle when he arrives.

## Omaha Strike Nears End.

Omaha, Sept. 27.—Chances of ending the streetcar employes strike seemed favorable tonight. President Wattles, of the car company, after a meeting with the municipal officials tomorrow, will make a plain statement of what conditions would be acceptable to the company. The striking employes, he says, will be given an opportunity to accept his conditions. In a disturbance just before the cars stopped running for the day, James Murphy, a conductor, was knocked down and seriously injured.

## Launch Sinks, 80 Drown.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 27.—Mail advices from the Orient tell of a ship disaster on the West river of South China, involving a loss of 80 lives. The launch Wo On, from Weichu for Ho Yuen, on August 11 capsized three miles from her destination. The accident was caused by the strong current. Twenty of her 100 passengers were saved by swimming and by clinging to wreckage. The Chinese authorities at Weichu chartered a steam launch, which proceeded to the scene to recover the bodies of the victims.

## Reyes Goes to Europe.

Monterey, Mexico, Sept. 27.—Following the resignation of General Bernardo Reyes from the presidency of the local casino, it is rumored here that General Reyes is preparing to leave Mexico and to take up his residence in Europe. Much color is lent to the reports due to the fact that the home of General Reyes, valued at \$90,000, is for sale. It is not believed that Reyes has intentions of leaving Mexico until after the elections.

## Johnson's Will is Found.

St. Paul, Sept. 27.—It was learned today that Governor Johnson had left a will bequeathing all his estate, which probably will aggregate \$25,000 to his widow.

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The larder was well-stocked, thanks to Charles' foresight, and we made a most excellent supper of potted ham, boned chicken, pilot biscuit, and coffee, hotted as only Charles knows how. While supper was being prepared Duponceau and I made the round of the house, putting up the great storm-shutters with which I usually protected the windows from the winter gales, and piling packing-boxes and extra-heavy furniture against the doors, so that they might be ready to withstand any sudden attack. I was surprised to find how snug we could make the cottage. It had been built to weather the roughest of off-shore gales, but I never thought of it as useful for a log-house in case of attack by land. I was very proud of it when we barred the last shutter.

Meanwhile Charles was spreading the table, and Rodney, reclining upon a couch as became a wounded warrior, was puffing contentedly at the first cigarette he had had in three days.

"Little did I think, Selden," said he, "when I lunched with you that day, that I'd be coming back as a member of a midnight garrison, defending a mysterious gentleman in a black cloak, who popped up out of the sea. Not but what I enjoy it," he added, as Duponceau looked his way; "I haven't had such a good time since I went bear-hunting in Labrador; but I should like to know what's happened to the market."

"Perhaps I can smuggle Charles through the enemy's lines to the club in a day or two," I answered.

Rodney grunted. "You talk of a day or two as though time were nothing. The whole bottom might drop out in less than an hour. However, I don't care so long as supper's come."

We disposed of a prodigious meal, and when we had finished Duponceau examined with great interest an armory of old swords and other war-like instruments that hung over the mantel-piece. Finally he unhooked two long and rusty blades, compared them carefully, and, carrying them with him, went to the stairs.

"You're not going to kill him?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not; but possibly we can end this campaign to-night. Come with me."

Rodney and I followed him up to my study, where our prisoner was stretched out in the Morris chair. Duponceau flung the two swords on the center-table, and I could see a quick look of alarm flare up in the captive's eyes.

"I am about to propose," said Duponceau, "a happy settlement of all our difficulties. Instead of your band of six or eight outlaws fighting my three comrades and myself, what say you if you and I fight it out, you to withdraw your party if I win, I to go with you if I lose? Come, that sounds fair enough." He loosed the bandage from the prisoner's mouth. The wry smile reappeared.

"What do you take me for? I'm no fence, and the parties back of me wouldn't stand for such a game anyway. They want you taken quietly, delivered up, and don't care what happens to any number of me."

Duponceau looked taken aback; he thought over the man's words for a moment, then turned to us. "You'll bear witness that I've done everything in my power to settle this affair with the loss of nobody's blood but my own, and that my offer was refused."

Rodney and I agreed. "What shall we do with him?" I asked.

"Turn him loose," said Rodney. "It's better to have all our enemies on the same side of the house."

Duponceau was of like mind, so we took the man down-stairs, and, opening the front door, sent him out into the night. "I'll tell the chief about what you offered," he said as he left, "and if he says it's a go, we'll bring our best fence with a flag of truce. But you needn't expect him, for from what I've heard the boss won't risk no chances of losing you."

I closed the door, and double-locked it. Charles had laid a fire and lighted it, for we were all stiff with our life on board the ship, and as I stretched out comfortably before I remembered the old English saying that a man's house is his castle, and was determined that no men in the pay of private schemers should enter mine without my full consent.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I was dreaming of the sharp crackle of musketry when I awoke to find small stones rattling against the shutters of my study window. Duponceau had slept in my bed—as became the guest of honor—and I had found lodging for the night upon the divan that graced the den. I went to the window, and, cautiously peeping through a crack's opening in the shutters, looked for the stone-thrower. I could see only the white top of the nearer dunes, and a sky of cloudless blue, the white and blue as perfect as ever painter dreamed. Although I could not see my visitor, it was evident that the opening shutter was visible, for a larger stone struck the shutter and fell on to the balcony. Curiously enough, it was wrapped in a handkerchief, and one which I instantly saw was not a man's property. With this lure, I opened the shutters wide and stepped on to the balcony. Now below me I saw Barbara, dressed for riding, the color in her cheeks high from so much canoodling.

"Good morning," she called to me. "I rode down to the ship, but found that you had all flown, so I left my horse in the woods and came here. I thought you must have gone for the season, by the looks of the house. May I come in?"

"You may," I cried, my heart bounding with new delight at the sweetness of

her voice. "I remember a day when you wouldn't enter."

"You forget, Mr. Selden, that that was when there was peace in the land. Many things happen in a siege."

"Many delightful things. One minute and I'll be down at the door."

I hurried down-stairs, but before I could open the front door I heard Barbara's voice crying, "Wait, wait!"

Rodney jumped from his couch and joined me. He was as well as I had slept in his clothes. "What is it, Felix?" he asked.

"Miss Graham is outside and wants to come in, but she's just called to me to wait. I'll open the little side window first."

I slid the window-bolt and looked out. Two men, the disagreeable chap of our first meeting and another surly-faced individual, stood some twenty feet back of Barbara. I placed my revolver on the window ledge.

"Now, then, what do you men want?" I demanded.

"We don't want the lady to go in," the disagreeable-looking one replied.

"Does the lady want to?" I asked.

"She does," said Barbara, in a most determined tone of voice.

"Then she shall. Slide back the bolts, Rodney," I whispered. "Now if any one chooses to interfere with her entering my house, he can reflect that he's looking in to a straight steel barrel."

The door opened, and Barbara, her head high, walked in. I shut the small window and put the revolver in my pocket. "There's a pretty mad-looking pair out there," I said. "Welcome to the log-house!"

But Barbara was not regarding me.

"Why, Rodney," she exclaimed, "what has happened to your arm? They didn't shoot you, did they?" She had caught sight of Rodney's arm in a sling.

"It's nothing, Barbara," he said, beaming; "only a scratch. I might have been potted by that badly shooting snipe."

She looked at him, her face all admiration. "It's like you to speak lightly, but you've been in danger, and partly on my account, for you'd never have laid eyes on Monsieur Duponceau if it hadn't been for me."

I would have drifted out of the room if I could, but I was caught between them and the door.

Rodney smiled; I could imagine how pleased he must be feeling.

"We've had several scraps on the ship," he explained, "and when our food gave out we came up here."

"You poor dears!" she exclaimed, and this time I was included in her words.

"I've been thinking of you every minute of the last two days, and wanting to come over to join you. Well, I've stolen away at last, for a morning ride, and now I'm going to stay here with you."

"Stay here with us!" we both exclaimed in amazement.

"Until after breakfast. I'm going to set your table, and pour your coffee, and fix your rooms, and show you in general what a woman can do in a house."

We both had had visions of that already, I fancy. I caught Rodney's eye; he smiled, and the color rose to his face.

"Where's Charles?" Barbara demanded. I led her into the kitchen, where Charles was busied, and Rodney and I sat on the dresser and watched while Barbara rolled up her sleeves, pinned a napkin over her dress as an apron, and proceeded to direct Charles as to the cooking things. Either one of us would have been supremely happy if the other had not been there.

When the table was set, and the breakfast on its way from the kitchen to the dining-room, Duponceau appeared, for the first time free of the cloak he had worn on the ship, but still all in black, save for his gold chains, and still enveloped in that peculiar air of mystery which instinctively set him apart from all ordinary beings. Barbara curtsied to him, and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it with the grace of the old-time school.

"We are not quite forgotten by the outside world," he said, with almost a tinge of royalty in his voice, "very far indeed from forgotten, when so charming an emissary joins us."

Barbara looked pleased; I could see that Duponceau was still her paragon of romance.

"Will you take the head of the table, monsieur?" she asked. He carefully seated her behind the coffee-urn, took his own place, and Rodney and I sat at the sides. It was the first state breakfast my cottage had ever known.

Barbara contrived that we should all forget that we were cooped up in a log-house. She smiled at Rodney and at me impartially, and listened attentively to everything Duponceau said. Even Charles felt her influence. I could see him linger in the doorway on the alert to serve her.

Breakfast came to an end, and Barbara insisted on bandaging Rodney's arm. I think he was sorry that she should know how slight the wound really was, for he demurred, though with a look of great satisfaction; but he finally consented to roll up his sleeve. I drew Duponceau away to my den, and the two were left alone for a long half-hour. Monsieur Pierre and I discussed matters of defense.

When we returned to the living-room Charles's face was flushed, and Rodney's with a new bandage and a little gold pin fastened it.

"Will you take me over to the house?" asked Barbara, jumping up; and now it was my turn to gloat, for she insisted on poking into every nook and cranny, on learning how two men left to their own devices lived, and on improving what she found. I, who had once been averse to feminine influence about a house, surrendered. She straightened the pictures, re-

arranged the ornaments and knick-knacks, and finally started in upon my den. "Oh, please don't touch that!" I exclaimed.

She stopped and looked at me. "Rodney let me fix his arm when he didn't want to, and you—"

"Please do," I said, motioning towards the papers, and she placed them in little piles, quite regardless of what they were about.

"Now I've been horrid enough," she said when she'd finished. "I dare say men are better off living alone. Think how angry you'd be if a woman should do that every day."

"That depends on the woman. I could imagine—"

"I always told you you were imaginative," she broke in. "The woman you could imagine would probably be a nymph."

"Yes," I agreed; "she is."

"And nymphs are proverbially slippery creatures."

"Yes, so I've heard."

"So she might slip away from you without a moment's notice."

She sat down in my big desk-chair. "Poor Rodney," she sighed. "It seems as if he were sacrificing a great deal. Think of his stocks and bonds."

"Yes," I agreed. A moment later I added, "I haven't written a line for ever so many days."

"And it's so important that a broker should keep in touch with his office," she added.

"And that a writer should write."

"Then why did you give it up?" Duponceau, I answered. Our eyes met, and we both laughed.

There was a brief silence, and then she rose. "I have a feeling that the crisis is coming. Remember that I trust you to shield my pirate. I must go back to the club."

We went down-stairs, and Barbara made her adieu.

"I'll go with you to your horse," said Rodney.

"I shall be delighted to go," I put in at the same moment.

"I am not so valuable a man as you," Rodney explained, "in case they should cut us off."

Barbara looked from one to the other of us. "Rodney—?" she began.

I bowed. "I yield." He was the older friend, and much as I feared him, I could not admit that he was entitled to the privilege.

I still smiled with pleasure. "Thank you," he said.

"Rodney must not go," she finished.

It was my turn to start for the door. "Nor must you," she continued to me. "I am much safer alone than with either of you."

The matter was settled; we could only hold the door open, and let her pass out. We watched her as she went down the beach. Once she turned and waved her riding-crop in farewell. It was cruel that we should be penned up within four walls when the world was crying aloud for joy of the day, and she was going out to it.

We turned back ill at ease towards each other, and just then a bullet ploughed into the house to the right of us. We jumped in, slammed the door, and bolted it.

There was a cry from Charles. "They're coming up the balcony!"

(To be continued.)

**Why Free Salvation is Expensive.**  
The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on Salvation Am Free, and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look a-year, pahson," he interrupted, "yo' ain't no sooner done allin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go ash-in' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I find out. Now—"