

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

OREGON RICH IN GOOD OIL.

Reported Big Strike Has Been Made in Malheur County.

Vale—Every day's boring in the Vale oil fields increases the certainty that Oregon is destined to become one of the greatest oil producing states in the country, say prospector and oil experts who have witnessed the results of the well-sinking now in progress by half a dozen different companies in Northern Malheur county.

The Malheur Oil & Gas company, after sinking a well 1,700 feet and getting well into a chocolate formation, which is regarded as a sure forerunner of oil, capped the well and refuse absolutely to allow visitors to approach it. This action is believed by others operating in the district to have been prompted by the fact that oil was actually struck in the Malheur well and that the company prosecuting the development work has some reason for not allowing it to become known that oil has actually been found in commercial quantities. The Baker-Malheur company is down 900 feet and has let a contract for sinking its well 1,100 feet deeper, having taken this action after oil experts from Pennsylvania and California had expressed the belief that oil would be struck at a depth of 1800 to 2000 feet.

The Columbia Oil & Gas company, which is largely owned in Spokane, is down 1200 feet with a 12 inch drill and is passing through the same formation that was found in the celebrated Kern river district in Southern California. It was from this well that the sample of oil was procured by the special government representative of the geological survey whose report on the discovery resulted in a recommendation being made by Secretary of the Interior Ballinger that the whole district be withdrawn from entry and reserved as a source of fuel supply for the future use of the United States navy.

The well being sunk by the Eastern Oregon Oil company is down 800 feet and has passed through two strata of oil sand. The drill in this well recently encountered hot salt water, which is regarded as a sure indication of oil in commercial quantities.

The Mammoth Oil & Gas company is another of the companies sinking a well in the district. This company is owned by men who have operated in other oil fields, and they express the greatest confidence in the district. One of the best drilling rigs in the district has just been set up by the Vale Oil & Gas company, which is prepared to expend \$25,000 in developing its claim. D. M. Hunt, who has had 25 years' experience in the oil fields of West Virginia, Ohio and California, and who is now superintending the development work of one of the largest concerns operating in the Vale oil fields, says:

"The Vale district is the most promising that I have ever seen, and I shall be greatly surprised if it does not turn out to be one of the greatest oil producing sections of the United States."

Buys Apple Land.

Pleasant Ridge—Dr. J. A. Pettit, S. C. Pier and Stanhope Pier have recently purchased a 400 acre tract of apple land at Pleasant Ridge, Wasco county, 12 miles south of The Dalles. The land is to be planted in the best varieties of apples and sold in 10 acre tracts. An abundance of water may be had for irrigation purposes, which it is proposed to bring to the tract. The country around Pleasant Ridge is very similar to the Hood River district, the soil and climate being much the same, and it is believed by scientific apple growers that the famous Hood River apple will grow to perfection there.

Best Peach Land in Oregon.

Portland—W. H. Lang Co., have sold the Cliff farm, located on the Willamette river 18 miles above Portland and two miles from Canby. It has one half mile of river front, boat landing on the place and is one of the best located farms on the Willamette River, is nearly all improved, has fairly good buildings and is well stocked. The consideration was \$18,750. It contains 150 acres, part of which is the best peach land in Oregon. The peaches offer 450 trees adjoining this land this season sold for \$1,500.

Water Fight Promised.

Salem—Judge William Galloway, in the equity division of the circuit court for Marion county, has granted an order allowing State Senator Hart, of Baker county, to file a writ of review demanding that the state board of water control be required to remand its order relating to the proposed irrigation project of Thief valley. Senator Hart represents the Cokingham and Finklenburg interests, who are attempting to gain rights in the valley.

Local Men Invest in Apple Land.

Winston—Dr. Byron E. Miller and Henry Fox, a retired capitalist from Duluth, Minn., have closed a deal with T. R. Sheridan, president of the First National bank of Roseburg, for the purchase of a portion of the Sheridan and Agee holdings of apple lands, located near Winston. This is one of the choicest tracts of fruit lands in Southern Oregon. The purchasers intend planting about 250 acres of the tract to commercial apples during the coming year.

SURVEYORS FINISH WORK

Now Ready to Establish a Permanent Survey to Klamath Falls

Klamath Falls—Southern Pacific surveyors who have been establishing the permanent survey between Klamath Falls and Natron have completed the work and have departed for Redding, Cal., where they are to take up the permanent survey of the road from Redding to Alturas and thence to this city. Large forces are employed on the road to the north of Klamath Falls. Winter quarters have been established. About three miles north of Klamath Falls a small temporary city has been established. In this vicinity it is necessary to make several deep cuts and large fills. It will require several months to complete these difficult undertakings. Construction camps are strung out for a distance of more than 20 miles.

New Partner in Weston Mill.

Weston—E. S. Isaac, of Walla Walla, one of the northwest's most successful flouring mill men, has purchased an interest in the Weston flouring mill. The mill has been running with power from a large gas engine, but under the new management it is probable that the long contemplated plan of using the waters of Pine creek during a portion of the year for power will be put into execution.

Several thousand bushels of wheat still remain in the hands of farmers in this section, who are holding out for the expected "\$1 a bushel." Nevertheless, close to 8,000 bushels were bought by Frank Price the past week, the agent here for the Kerr-Gifford company, paying 95 cents per bushel.

Petition for Train.

Salem—A petition signed by several hundred people residing along the line of the Corvallis & Eastern railroad, between Albany and Hoover, was forwarded to the railroad commission by E. L. Payne, asking for a train for the passenger traffic alone. The petition sets forth that patrons of the road are compelled to use a logging train, and that it takes five hours to go from Hoover to Albany, a distance of 58 miles.

A-Y-P Prize Certificates Received

Salem—Certificates for grand prizes awarded to the state of Oregon for its general educational display, for its hops, wool and complete display of woods at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition have been received by Governor Benson. A certificate of honorable mention for the flax display from this state was also received.

Hood River Will Pave Streets.

Hood River—It has been decided that Hood River will have paved streets before another winter. It is estimated that it will cost between \$50,000 and \$60,000 to do the projected street work.

Oil Near Dufur.

Dufur—J. E. Porter, who has been drilling a well at Three Mile, struck a small flow of oil at a depth of 167 feet. Operation has been stopped and a company is being formed to raise money to sink a deep well.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.21@1.22; club, \$1.10; red Russian, \$1.08; Valley, \$1.05.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$30@31 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 per Millstuffs—Bran, \$26 per ton; middlings, \$33; shorts, \$28.50@29.50; rolled barley, \$31.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$32.50@33.50.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18@21.50; alfalfa, \$16@16.50; clover, \$15@16; cheat, \$15@16; grain hay, \$15@16.

Butter—City creamery extras, 39c; fancy outside creamery, 3c@35c per lb.; store, 22½@24c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per lb. under regular butter prices.

Poultry—Hens, 14@14½; Springs, 14@14½; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 18@19c; geese 14c; turkeys, live, 22½c; dressed, 26@28c.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 42½ per dozen; Eastern, 30@35c per dozen.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$13 box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 60@80c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1½@2c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dozen; cabbage, 1½c per pound; celery, \$2.75@3.25 per crate; garlic, 10c per pound; horseradish, \$1.50 per box; pumpkins, 1¼@1½c; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, 1@1½c; tomatoes, 75c @81c.

Sack Vegetables—Turnips, \$1 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.50; parsnips \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack.

Cattle—Best steers, \$4.50@4.75; fair, to good, \$4@4.25; medium and feeders, \$3.50@3.75; common to medium, \$2.50@3.75; bulls \$2@2.50; stage \$2.50@3.50; calves, light, \$5.25 @5.50; heavy, \$4@4.75.

Hogs—Best, \$8.50@8.75; medium, \$7.50@8; stockers, \$6.50@6.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.00@5.75; fair to good, \$4.25@4.75; best ewes, \$4.50@5.00.

Hops—1909 crop, 18@22½c; 1908 crop, normal; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Hides—Dry hides, 18@19c per pound; dry kip, 17@18c per pound; dry calfskin, 19@21c per pound; salted hides, 10½@11c; salted calfskin, 15@16c per pound; green, 1c less.

CONFLICT SEEMS IMMINENT.

Railroads Say They Can't Pay Higher Wages.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Some members of the interstate commerce commission and many railroad officials believe they can see rapidly approaching one of the severest contests between labor and capital in recent history. This does not necessarily mean that railroad men generally are expecting big strikes in the labor world. Such strikes, however, are always among the possibilities when labor and capital clash. It is firmly believed by the railroad men that this struggle will be begun by the railroad labor organizations, will rapidly spread to other lines of work and may eventually result in a complete readjustment of industrial conditions.

The situation with respect to railroad labor is unique in the history of this or any other country. Never before has labor enjoyed such high wages. During the recent periods of great prosperity wages in the railroad field have mounted very high. As a result, labor men have become accustomed to living on an entirely different plane from formerly. They are living in better neighborhoods, are dressing better, are educating their families, and altogether are taking a different view of life.

Notwithstanding the fact, however, that exceedingly high wages, comparatively speaking, have enabled the laboring classes in the railroad field to better their conditions, they now find themselves unable to live on their present rates of pay. One of two things must result, namely, either the railroad laborer must return to his old style of living or he must have increased wages. Railroad managements everywhere recognize this economical fact.

They say, however, that they would be willing to increase wages if they could do so without menace to the property entrusted to their care. They say, with some show of reason, that it is impossible for railroads to continue to absorb the increased cost of living on behalf of their employees and at the same time stand the increased cost of all material and everything which enters into the operation and maintenance of a railroad. The point has been reached, they insist, where railroads must receive more for the transportation services if they are to continue increasing wages. Upon this platform the railroads say they must stand firmly.

BLIZZARD IN THREE STATES.

Trains Stalled and Chicago Faces Coal Famine.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The entire west and northwest, from Winnipeg, Man., to the lower tier of Illinois counties, along the Ohio river, are hard and fast in the grip of the Storm King. An average of seven inches of snow blankets all this vast territory, crippling all transportation lines, bringing intense suffering to the poor, making acute the coal famine which menaces Chicago and other big cities and reducing supplies of all kinds because the railroads cannot transport farm products to the cities.

Meager reports from Michigan indicate that state has suffered most severely. A few telegrams drifting through tell of blockades in all directions. Grand Trunk and Pere Marquette trains are absolutely snowbound. At Detroit streetcar traffic is badly impaired, and the car ferries have been fast in the ice of the Detroit river for 24 hours.

Trains into Chicago from all directions are from three to ten hours late, and unless the storm soon abates conditions will be much worse. While the elevated trains are running fairly well the surface roads are badly handicapped. Not only is Chicago's transportation badly hampered, but the city is facing a coal famine.

It became apparent three days ago that the supply would run short, and every railroad tapping Illinois and Indiana coal fields had made arrangements to take advantage of the double holiday to rush a big supply to this and other cities. With the roads bending every effort to get passenger trains through the snow, however, the moving of freight was absolutely out of the question, and the large supply of coal waiting to be moved still remains on the sidetracks.

Charitable associations are burdened to the limit by calls for assistance.

Jump to Save Is Fatal.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 27.—White Christmas brought death and sorrow to two families at Malaga, N. J., this afternoon. Mrs. Mary Price was killed by a train. William Hageman, who made an attempt to save her, received injuries from which he died. Mrs. Price was standing on the platform at Malaga when she slipped and fell on the tracks, just as the train was pulling in. Without hesitation Hageman jumped to rescue her, but before he could drag her from danger both were struck by the locomotive.

"Tramp" Pays Old Score.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 27.—Seven years ago James L. Harvey, now a Rio Grande switchman here, was brakeman on a freight in Oklahoma, and befriended a tramp. Today Harvey received a letter from the tramp, Charles McNamara, now a rich miner of Murray, Idaho, enclosing a check for \$500 as a Christmas gift. Harvey permitted McNamara to ride over his division, gave him clothes, a meal, a bed and a \$2 bill.

Dying Woman Refuses Aid.

Los Angeles, Dec. 27.—Mrs. Polly Bolotin, who suffered frightful burns last night, when she used kerosene to encourage the fire under the family's Christmas turkey, died early today. Despite her fatal burns, Mrs. Bolotin refused to accept medical aid until assured by sight that her five children were safe.

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaten's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER X.

The young heiress was much upset, and, besides this, she had felt for some time what she would have termed an "aching void" for want of a confidante. A confidante had always been a necessity to her, as it generally is to persons much taken up with themselves. Her last devoted friend, the depositary of her secret troubles, projects, and love affairs, had lately married a brutal husband who had taught his bride to laugh at Mary Dacre's storms in a teacup and two-penny-half-penny tragedies; so her heart was empty, swept and garnished, and ready for the occupation of another "faithful friend and confidante," when fate threw Hope Desmond in her way. In Miss Dacre's estimation, she was eminently fitted to fill the vacant post: there was just the difference of station between them which would make the confidences of the future Baroness Castleton flatter to their recipient, to whom also her friendship might be useful. There was a short pause. Miss Desmond's eyes looked dreamy, as if she were gazing in spirit at some distant scene, and not as if she were quivering with impatience for the revelations about to be made to her.

The silence was broken suddenly by a somewhat unconnected exclamation from Miss Dacre: "He is certainly very nice-looking."

"Who? Lord Everton?" asked Hope. "Lord Everton? Nonsense! He might have been forty years ago. I mean Captain Lumley. There is something knightly in his look and bearing; one could imagine him going down into the lion's pit for one's glove, and that sort of thing."

"I do not think I could," smiling. "I do not fancy Captain Lumley or any other logical modern young man doing anything of the kind. He might, if extra-chivalrous, bring you a dozen new pairs to replace the one you had dropped."

"Ah, my dear Miss Desmond, I fear you are not imaginative. Or perhaps you have only known prosaic men."

"I have only known very few of any kind."

"And I have had such a wide experience!" said Miss Dacre, with a sigh. "You can see I am no beauty; yet I have the fatal gift of fascination in an extraordinary degree. Yes, really it is quite curious." Another sigh. "I feel in something of a difficult position just now, and I have no friend near with whom to take counsel. Now, dear Miss Desmond, I feel attracted to you. I am certain you could be a faithful friend, and silent as the grave."

"I should be very happy to be of any use to you," said Hope, seeing she paused for a reply.

"I knew you would. I am so tired of feeding on my own heart! I want a friend. Now, I dare say you are surprised to see how earnestly I advocate Hugh Saville's cause. Ah, there is a little tragic story which will color my whole life."

"Indeed!" with awakening interest. "I trust your life will be free from all tragic ingredients."

"Ah, no; that it cannot be. You must know that I saw a great deal of Richard and Hugh Saville when I was a little girl; my father worried a great deal about politics, and I used to live at the Court all the summer, that he might see me sometimes (my mother died when I was a baby, you know). Well, as soon as I left off playing with dolls and began to feel, I was in love with Hugh; and he was very fond of me. Then he went to sea, and we did not meet for years, until after I had been presented and had refused half a dozen men. I shall never forget our first meeting when he returned from—oh, I don't know where. He was so pleased to see me; but soon, very soon I saw that he who was the light of my eyes was the one man of all I had met who realized the attraction I generally exercise." Here she paused in her voluble utterance and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

Hope was so amazed at these unexpected revelations that the bright color rose in her cheek—it seemed to her delicate nature almost indecent to thus lay bare one's secret experiences to a stranger—and a look of embarrassment made her drop her eyes; but these symptoms were lost on her companion, who thoroughly enjoyed holding forth on the delightful topic of self and exhibiting her own fine points.

"That must have been very trying," said Hope, feeling that she ought to say something.

"Awful, my dear Miss Desmond. By the bye, may I call you Hope? It is a good omen, your name."

"Certainly, Miss Dacre."

"Well, my dear Hope, I nearly went mad; but it is curious that I never looked better. I flirted wildly with every one; still of course Hugh knew well that I was desperately in love with him."

"Did he? How very trying! Perhaps he did not."

"Oh, yes, he did; and of course I did all sorts of wild things to show I did not care."

"Yes, I understand."

"Then I had that disturbance with my father about poor Lord Balmuir. I behaved rather badly. I did intend to marry him, but I couldn't! And so we went abroad; and I felt better. But it was an awful blow when I found that Hugh was absolutely married! Just think of it!—and to a mere adventuress, a nobody!—such an ambitious man! He will get sick of her, you may be quite sure."

"Why?" asked Hope, looking earnestly at her. "Is he very changeable?"

"No, not at all; he is as steady as a rock, and very proud. But most men tire of their wives, especially when they have brought them no advantages. I never thought Hugh Saville could fall in love and forget himself. Now, when I saw George Lumley, his likeness to his cousin made my heart beat. I soon saw that he was a good deal struck with me, and I believe I could love him passionately if—if memory was not so importunate. He is very charming; and why should I not grow young again? for one does feel awfully old when one has no love affair on. Don't you think George Lumley is—very much taken with me?"

"I suppose that sort of attraction is more perceptible to its object than to any one else," returned Hope Desmond, hesitatingly. She had grown pale and grave, while Miss Dacre rattled on: "Then, you see, when I heard about Hugh saying that man's life, I thought I might make use of the story to wake up Mrs. Saville's good feelings. It would be rather an heroic proceeding if I were to reconcile the mother, son, and wife. George Lumley said I was splendidly generous."

"What! did he, too, know all about Hugh—I mean Mr. Saville?" cried Hope, more and more disturbed.

"Oh, yes; we have quite interesting talks about him. I tell him confidentially how fond I was of Hugh, and then, of course, he wishes he was in Hugh's place; so we get on very well. He is always coming over to the Court, except when he goes away for a few days' shooting. I am not quite sure my father likes it. You have never met Lord Castleton? He is very nice—rather old-fashioned. Lord Everton was a great friend of his in early days. Now, my dear Hope, you know my heart history; and you will notice Captain Lumley's manner. You know the Lumley estates are rather encumbered, and I dare say he feels shy of approaching me—poor fellow! but, if I like him that is of no consequence."

"I am always interested in what you like to tell me, Miss Dacre," said Hope, with some hesitation, as if choosing her words, "but I am not very observant, and some older and wiser person would be more deserving of your confidence than I am."

"Nonsense! I could not tell all these things to a stiff old frump! Now, mind you ask Mrs. Saville if you may come and practice every morning for the concert. I intended to ask her, but my anxiety about Hugh quite put it out of my head. That is always my way: I never think of myself." Hope was too bewildered with her energetic rapidity to reply, so Miss Dacre went on: "She has really no feeling at all. She is fearfully hard. I am afraid she will never forgive Hugh. But I will do all I can."

"If you will take my advice, Miss Dacre," said Hope, earnestly, "you will leave the matter alone. The less Mrs. Saville hears of her son for the present, the better. Attempts to force him on her notice only harden her."

"Well, perhaps so; but you must back me up whenever you can."

"Trust me, I will."

"Now I had better go home. I dare say Captain Lumley is waiting for me on the way. I am so glad you made me open my heart to you. It is such a comfort to have some one to speak to."

"Thank you," returned Hope.

"So good-by. You are looking quite pale and ill. Be sure you ask Mrs. Saville about the concert." And Miss Dacre departed through the open window.

Hope threw herself on the sofa as soon as she was gone, and sat there lost in thought, her elbow on the cushion, her head on her hand, unconscious of the large tears which, after hanging on her long lashes, rolled slowly down her cheeks. What unhappiness and confusion Hugh Saville's headstrong disobedience had created!—and for what? Perhaps only for a temporary whim; perhaps only to regret it, as Miss Dacre said. The thought of these things depressed her.

Some incident in her own life perhaps made her more keenly alive to the trouble in Mrs. Saville's; for Hope Desmond was an exceedingly attractive girl, graceful, gentle, with flashes of humor and fire, suggesting delightful possibilities. The day had been trying, for her good friend Mr. Rawson had not brought too flourishing an account of her affairs, and she did not enjoy the idea of being a companion all her life. At this stage of her reflections a shadow fell across her, and, looking up, she saw George Lumley contemplating her with much interest. She was always pleased to see his bright, good-looking face, and, smiling on him kindly, said, "You have missed Miss Dacre. She has just gone."

"Are you all right, Miss Desmond?" he asked, with much interest, and drawing a step nearer.

"Yes, of course," she returned; then, becoming suddenly aware that her face was wet with tears, she blushed vividly and put up her handkerchief to remove them.

"The terrible effect of a private interview with one's legal adviser," she said, with a brave attempt to laugh.

"He must have brought you bad news, I fear." And Lumley sat down beside her. "Old Rawson—" He paused.

"Is one of the best and kindest of friends," put in Hope. "Now I must go away. I should have been in my room before this, only Miss Dacre chose to stay and talk about family affairs. If you follow you will soon overtake her; she has taken the vicarage path."

"Why, you don't suppose I want to overtake her?"

"She expects you."

"Well, she may do so. She has nearly talked me to death once today. I am not going to run the same risk again."

(To be continued.)

MEN OF ACTION.

"How did you like Professor Newman?" one of the summer residents of Willowby asked Hiram Gale. "I saw his name on the list of lecturers in your last winter's course."

Mr. Gale stroked his chin reflectively.

"Well, some thought he was kind of stiff in his speech at first, but I tell you what happened:

"He got kind of worked up telling us what 'men of action' meant; what the government of these United States was doing in Alaska, the Philippines, and so on; and he stepped a mile too high the ledge of the platform and lost his balance; but as he began to fall, Sam Hobart and Pick Willis, that were in the front seat, stood up and caught him, one by each arm, and brought him up standing. He bulged out at the knees for a minute, but nothing to speak of."

"And says Pick to him, 'The last word you spoke was 'omnivorous,' and maybe before you mount again you'll give us some kind of a hint what it means.'"

"The Professor looked from Pick to Sam and back to Pick again, kind of dazed, and then he began to laugh. 'You let me mount,' he says, 'and I'll see to it that the rest of my talk is such you won't need a dictionary'—and he kept his promise."

"Yes, sir, he gave us a fine talk after that, and he's coming again. We had him to breakfast next morning, and my wife said she wouldn't want to hear anybody talk more sensibly nor act more common nor friendly than he did. But there was a piece in the Sentinel next week referring to Pick and Sam as 'Willowby's Men of Action'—and I reckon the name'll stick to 'em long as they live."

History of a Continent.

Strange have been the historical vicissitudes of the antarctic continent, the Century says. A fragment of geographic fancy evolved by Ortelius in 1570, the great Capt. Cook thought that he had demolished it in 1773.

Resuscitated by an American sealer, N. B. Palmer, in 1820, it took form and definite location explorations of 1840, supplemented by those of D'Urville, Enderby and Kemp.

Ross eliminated Wilkes' discoveries from his charts, but the continent was theoretically and scientifically reconstructed by the great physicists, Carpenter and Murray.

Slowly evolving its tangible shape through the discoveries of the German Drygalski, the Scotsman Bruce, the Belgian Gerlache, the Frenchman Charcot, the Norwegian Larsen and the Englishman Scott, through the late labors of Shackleton, the antarctic continent now appears to extend from Victoria Land to Enderby Land and from Wilkes Land across the south pole to Palmer Land.

Taken all in all, Shackleton's discoveries are the most important and extensive ever made within the antarctic circle. He has determined the location of the magnetic pole, largely increased the known area of the southern continent, virtually reached the south pole and added materially to our general knowledge of those regions.

Favorably Impressed.

"Why do you insist on having a native of Italy to work on your farm?" "Because I've read so much about them fine Italian hands."—Washington Herald.

According to the latest figures, the water-power development of this country is reported at 5,357,000 horsepower, and the number of wheels which it turns at 52,327.