

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

WET 65,000 ACRES.

Big Project in Baker County Only Waits for Settled Weather.

Baker City—With the opening of spring work will begin on the two reservoirs planned by the Powder Valley Irrigation company, the main reservoir being situated in the Thief river valley, located on the old Fisk and Gilbert ranches, seven miles east of North Powder and 20 miles north of Baker City. This reservoir will conserve 60,000 acre feet of water. The other reservoir, is to be situated about 30 miles northwest of Baker City, at the half way house on the Union state line, near Sanger, and will conserve about 24,000 acre feet of water.

When completed, the entire system will irrigate about 65,000 acres of land, extending from the Miles bridge east to what is known as Table rock, or five miles east of Goose creek, on both sides of Powder river, covering a strip of fine land about 30 miles wide. The immensity of this irrigation scheme can hardly be realized, but the difference in the amount of hay, grain of all kinds, fruit and what not, that will be produced on these broad acres in the very near future, will tell the tale in the farmers' bank accounts.

IMPROVEMENTS ON O. R. & N.

Coyote, Umatilla, May Be Division—Umatilla May Be Abandoned.

Pendleton—It now seems that the long pending Coyote-Echo cutoff on the O. R. & N. is to become a reality soon. Rumors are current here among railroad people that the sum of \$707,946.25 has been appropriated for that purpose. This, coming on the heels of the announcement that \$1,020,000 has been set aside for elimination of curves between Yakum and Pendleton, means that the O. R. & N. contemplates the expending of nearly \$2,000,000 on improvements in Umatilla and Morrow counties, as it is now understood that the big cutoff is to be made from Coyote to Echo, via Stanfield, that will eliminate 8.8 miles of present trackage. Coyote is to be made a terminal, as it is understood the order calls for terminal improvements, including a ten stall roundhouse. The general understanding is that, as far as the main line is concerned, Umatilla will cease to be a division point. It is a matter of speculation as to what route the cutoff will take, as engineers have surveyed three possible routes. As to the improvement between this city and Yakum, it is said the work will reduce the distance 1 1/2 miles. The maximum curvature will be about four degrees, while at present it is ten. The stretch of track at Horseshoe curve will be brought up to a standard roadbed.

Defective Lemons Destroyed.

Roseburg—California lemons covered with parasite, known as oyster shell scale, has been discovered in Roseburg by the fruit inspector. The lemons were shipped to a Portland commission firm. Acting on instructions from District Horticultural Commissioner Carson, Grants Pass, Inspector McCall had them destroyed. Carson stated that if California is going to continue to send such fruit into the state, Oregon will have to compel an inspection before sale. This is a condition already imposed by California on fruit shipped from Oregon.

To Get Motor Car Service.

Fendleton—A motor car is to be installed on the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company's line between Pendleton and Walla Walla to replace the steam service now connecting with the Portland trains. The motor is expected to arrive this month. A motor service has been in operation between Dayton and Wallula via Walla Walla for a month, and is reported as giving excellent satisfaction to patrons along the line.

Poultry Show at Woodburn.

Woodburn—The second annual exhibit of the Clackamas and Marion County Poultry association will be held here on February 3, 4, and 5. Many birds are being entered. H. C. Schellhaus of Vancouver, Wash., is superintending the show. The judge is Will B. Dixon of Oregon City. The secretary is Mrs. Ella Plank, of Woodburn.

Coos Bay Men Adopt Slogan.

Marshfield—"Better fruit, more of it and better prices," was the slogan adopted by the Coos Bay Fruit Growers association at the annual meeting. The organization will take steps toward securing a cannery to create a greater market. P. M. Hall Lewis was elected president.

Mill City Mill Operates.

Mill City—The large sawmill belonging to the Curtis Lumber company in this city is again in operation after a forced lay off of several days, owing to the recent cold weather, and the large quantity of ice in the North Santiam river log pond.

Brick Building for Lebanon.

Lebanon—Samuel Labbe & Son have let the contract for a brick building, 44x100 feet, with full basement. The structure will be occupied by the firm as a furniture and hardware store.

Buy Wallowa Farm.

Joseph—S. M. Lozier has purchased the G. C. Gowing farm of 120 acres, on Prairie creek, for \$7,175.

Burns will have a steam laundry; maybe a creamery.

MANY POTATOES ARE LOST.

Prolonged Cold Spell Prevents Digging the Crop.

Salem—From \$5,000 to \$7,000 worth of potatoes have been frozen in the ground in the vicinity of Salem since the recent prolonged cold spell began. Because of peculiar weather conditions it has been impossible to dig the potatoes this fall and probably more than half of the crop still remains in the ground and now the report comes from different localities that the potatoes in the ground have frozen. The earth in some districts is frozen to a depth of five inches.

The early fall began with heavy rains and the farmers were unable to take care of the potato crop. Following the continued rains came the cold spell, increasing in severity until the damage has followed. Some growers say that part of their crop that was dug was ruined while others are keeping fires in their potato houses all in the effort to save the crop that was gathered.

Potatoes are selling in Salem at 50 cents a bushel, but in view of the damage done growers confidently expect to get \$1.25 before the new crop comes in.

Irrigate 150,000 Acres.

Klamath Falls—The Warner Lake Irrigation company was recently incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000, for the purpose of irrigating a large tract of land in Lake county under the Carey act. The officers of the company are: W. H. Bradford, president; E. C. Belknap, vice-president; and chief engineer; C. H. Gleim, secretary; H. B. Millard, assistant treasurer and manager.

It is the intention of the company to reclaim approximately 150,000 acres. The Warner valley is a beautiful district of approximately 100 miles in length lying in the eastern part of Lake county. This valley is so sheltered by the mountains that it has a climate all its own; so different is the climate from the surrounding territory that the stock men have for years made a practice of wintering their sheep and cattle in this district.

Hood River Men Buy Oil Land.

Hood River—Twenty local capitalists of Hood River met and organized a syndicate to invest in Malheur county oil lands. The company will secure 3,200 acres of land in the southern part of the county. J. H. Hibbard left for Vale, Ore., where he will look after the location and interests of the company. C. L. Morse was elected president of the local company and A. T. Allen and J. H. Ferguson, secretary and treasurer, respectively.

Heating Plant at Asylum.

Salem—Bids advertised by the state for the construction of a central heating and ventilating plant for the asylum. The plans were accepted last week. The cost of the system as authorized by the legislature is \$55,000. Bids were advertised once before, but were rejected because none were within the estimate of the first plans adopted.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.21; club, \$1.11@1.12; Red Russian, \$1.10; Valley, \$1.08.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$30@30.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$32.50@33 ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy; Wilamette Valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$19@22; alfalfa, \$17@18; clover, \$16@17; cheat \$16@17; grain hay, \$16@17.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Car load buying prices: Oregon, 65@85¢ per sack; sweet potatoes, 2¢ per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$2 per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.75 per doz.; celery, \$3.50 per crate; garlic 10¢ pound; horseradish 2 1/2¢ per pound; pumpkins, 1 1/2¢@1 1/4¢; sprouts, 6¢@7¢; squash, 1¢@1 1/2¢; tomatoes, \$1.50@2.25 per box; turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack.

Butter—City creamery extra, 39¢; fancy outside creamery, 34@39¢; store, 22¢@24¢. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2¢ per pound under regular butter prices.

Poultry—Hens, 16¢@17¢; springs, 18¢; ducks, 20¢; geese, 13¢; turkeys, live, 19¢@20¢; dressed, 22¢@23¢.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 39¢@40¢ per dozen; Eastern, 25¢@27¢ per doz.

Cheese—Full cream twins, 18¢@18 1/2¢ per pound; young Americas, 19¢@19 1/2¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢@10 1/2¢ per pound.

Veal—Extras, 11¢@12¢ per pound.

Cattle—Best steers, \$4.75@4; fair to good, \$4.25@4.50; medium and feeders, \$3.50@4; cows, top, \$3.50@4.00; fair to good, \$3.00@3.50 common to medium, \$2.50@3.75; bulls, \$3.25@5.50; heavy, \$4.00@4.75.

Hogs—Best, \$8.75@9.05; medium, \$7.75@8.50; stockers, \$6.50@7.25.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50@6; fair to good, \$4.50@5.00; ewes, 1/2¢ less; yearlings, best, \$5.00@5.25; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; lambs, \$6@6.25.

Hops—10 crop, 20¢@22¢; olds, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16¢@23¢ pound; mohair, choice, 25¢ pound.

Hides—Dry hides, 18¢@18 1/2¢ per pound; dry kip, 18¢@18 1/2¢ pound; dry calfskin, 19¢@21 1/2¢ pound; salted hides, 10¢@10 1/2¢; salted calfskin, 15¢ pound; green, 1¢ less.

COUNTERFEITERS' MINT FOUND.

Secret Service Officials Capture Three Men and Outfit.

San Francisco, Jan. 17.—The most complete coin counterfeiting outfit that has ever fallen into the hands of the federal authorities was captured here by secret service men this afternoon, and with it three men were arrested. The secret service men admit the seizure and arrests are of great importance and the result of concerted effort in following trails leading in many directions.

The plant was located in a lonely shack on the rocky summit of Bernal heights, the highest hill in the city, and was captured after a spectacular assault. Secret Service Operatives Harry Moffit and J. M. Nye were on the case, and after definitely locating their quarry, they called City Detectives Reagan and O'Connell to their aid.

Last night the detectives on watch in the shrub-covered rocks saw four of the men they had marked enter the shack, but the attack was deferred in the hope that other members of the gang might come to cover.

They were disappointed in this, and late this afternoon Chief Operative Moffit decided to act. Creeping on hands and knees the four officers approached the shack, and on signal made a rush, but the house was well barricaded, and they were compelled to batter an entrance with an ax. While they were breaking in the doors, one member of the gang escaped, making his way down a cliff on the brink of which the cabin stands.

The three men arrested gave their names as Michael Angelo, Samuel Di Cola and Samuel Arman. These are probably assumed names, and there is reason to believe that at least two of the prisoners are important captures. After securing their prisoners, the officers examined the plant, which filled the little hut, and were astounded at its completeness and the mechanical excellence of the machinery. It was a miniature mint. They found almost perfect dies for every coin from 10 cents to \$10, and lathe, saws, stamps and other accessories of the finest workmanship.

The stamps are said to be of almost the same pattern as those used in the United States mints. The largest stamp was so massive it could not be carried into the Federal building. It is too powerful for hand operation, and probably fearing the noise of a motor or other power engine, the gang had devised and installed a complicated and ingenious system of lever and graduated weights, applied by a long steel beam. No coins or metal were found, for the raid was timed just before the plant was to have been placed in operation.

It is understood the crew followed by the secret service operatives began with the purchase of the big stamp, and has been followed for months. They refuse, however, to say where the stamp was bought.

"Coins from dies identical with those we have here," said one of the officers, "are now in circulation in the east, and may have been made with this machine. This gang is probably part of a country-wide organization."

COOK DESERTED AGAIN.

Explorer Gives New Address, but Ignores All Telegrams Sent Him.

Copenhagen, Jan. 17.—Walter Lonsdale, Dr. Cook's secretary, and the last of the explorers' friends, has now lost confidence in the doctor. Lonsdale says the last letter from Cook was dated in a city in southern Spain, December 24. It gave another address to which Lonsdale could telegraph, and promised a long letter of detailed information. Lonsdale since has telegraphed several times to the address given, but received no reply, nor the promised letter. The solitary notebook sent the commission was received from Mrs. Cook December 21, from the same city in Spain. Lonsdale has no idea where Cook is now.

Lonsdale was private secretary to United States Minister Egan up to the time of the arrival here of Dr. Cook, with whom he then associated himself in a similar confidential capacity. He accompanied the explorer to the United States, made the typewritten duplicate of the polar records, and brought the data here for examination by the university committee. He has remained loyal to his employer until now, when, he says, he is beginning to doubt him. Lonsdale estimates that Cook cleared \$50,000 from the exploitation of his Arctic reputation.

Insane After Trip to North.

Cleveland, Jan. 17.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook's story of the discovery of the earth's apex was the result of polar insanity, according to Rev. B. E. Rowe, Episcopal bishop of Alaska. Bishop Rowe said that both Cook's remarkable story and Commander Peary's story of mind upon hearing that story, readily can be attributed to the loneliness, the grayness and the silence of the north. "All men come from the polar circle with their nerves shattered," said the bishop, "and in Alaska we send home 50 men annually after the long winter, their minds completely wrecked."

New York Snowed Under.

New York, Jan. 17.—Nine lives were lost and six persons were injured in one of the worst storms that ever visited New York City. The total snowfall at 10 o'clock today, when the skies cleared, was 14 1/2 inches, second only to the storm of 1899, when 15 1/2 inches fell, and of 1888, in which year Roscoe Conkling lost his life, when 20 1/2 inches fell. Eighteen thousand men have been put to work clearing the streets, in order that traffic may be resumed.

Gallagher Seen in Rome.

San Francisco, Jan. 17.—According to a private letter received in this city, ex-Supervisor James L. Gallagher, the star witness in the Calhoun case, for whom a warrant has been issued, was recently seen in Rome.



CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Saville had invited some friends who were passing through Paris to dine with her that day, so Hope felt no compunction about leaving her alone, though she was by no means anxious to accompany Miss Dacre, whose constant confidences about Lumley made her feel uncomfortable; for during his visit to Dresden she had perceived what was the real attraction which brought him there, and she had a sense of guilt towards Miss Dacre which oppressed her.

"However, she will be going away soon," was her reflection as she dressed, always in black, but not now in such mourning—black lace over black satin, her snowy neck and arms showing through their transparent covering, and a jet comb shining among the abundant coils of her rich, dark-chestnut hair.

"I am so glad you could come!" cried Miss Dacre, when she got into the carriage. "I cannot go quite by myself, and there is no one else in Paris I care to have. Do you know, my father says he thinks he saw George Lumley on the Boulevards this morning."

"Indeed! Well, we have seen nothing of him." The house was crowded with a brilliant audience. The music was light and sparkling. Many glasses were turned to the box occupied by the two distinguished-looking Englishwomen. Hope Desmond had had a budget from her faithful friend Miss Rawson that evening, and something in the contents had sent her forth with a bright color and a smiling face. Even Miss Dacre, self-absorbed as she usually was, thought, "How handsome Hope is looking!"

That young lady, who had been sweeping the house with her opera-glass, suddenly started, and exclaimed, "Why, there is George Lumley in the balcony opposite! He is with Lord Everton. Is it not extraordinary?—as soon as I come to Paris he appears. Stay! he sees us; they are coming over. I don't know how it is, but I felt I should meet him here."

In a few minutes the door of the box opened to admit Lord Everton and his young nephew.

"Well, Miss Dacre, this is an unexpected pleasure," said the gallant old peer. "I met Castleton a couple of hours ago, and he told me you were coming here to-night. Then this young scapegrace called at my au quatrieme, and we agreed to look you up."

"I saw Richard Saville in town the day before yesterday," said Captain Lumley as he shook hands with Miss Desmond. "He told me you were in Paris; and—here I am."

"It is the best time for Paris, everything looks so bright and gay," she returned, with some slight embarrassment. "Rather different from Dresden."

"I hope there may be a change from the Dresden tone," he replied, with some significance. Then he turned to greet Miss Dacre with great cordiality, and while they talked with much animation Lord Everton addressed Miss Desmond.

"Delighted to see you! So glad you have not deserted my distinguished sister-in-law. You remind me of Una and the Lion, or I might say the Tiger. The softening power you have exercised is amazing. I only wish the process extended in widening circles to embrace a few more than your favored self."

"I wish I possessed the power you credit me with," returned Hope, smiling, as she made room for him beside her. She was always amused with the boyish old peer, who showed her a degree of kindly attention which touched her.

"And how are you getting on?" he continued, in a confidential tone. "I know that good fellow Rawson counted on you as an ally in the cause of Madame's prodigal son."

"I do not get on at all. I have had but one chance of pleading for him, and I am afraid I made little or no impression. Mrs. Saville has been profoundly offended. Naturally, she will find it hard to forgive."

"She is somewhat adamant. If you succeed with her I shall say you are a deucedly clever young woman. Still, I am inclined to back you. I must tell Hugh what a first-rate advocate he has. I had a letter from him a few days ago. His ship will be out of commission—let me see, is less than five months. The present First Lord is an old schoolfellow of mine, and he wants a lift with him. He must keep up, you know, now he is a married man—poor beggar! Then, in a way, I am responsible for his sins."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope, looking at him with eager, earnest eyes.

"Yes, I knew old Hilton for years. Off and on. He wasn't a bad fellow at all—very much in my own line; and I am not at all a bad fellow, I assure you."

"I am sure you are not," returned Hope, with a caressing smile.

"What a sweet soul you are to say so!" showing all his still white teeth in a genial laugh. "Then he, Hugh, met the daughter—an uncommon girl. I believe, sang divinely, and all that."

"Did you know her too?" asked Hope.

"Well, I have seen her, years ago, when she was in short frocks with a pigtail. Then she was away in England for some time, but Hilton did not consider it prudent to cross the Channel. Anyhow, Hugh is most anxious about his precious wife, and fears she may get into trouble during his absence. I am thinking of running down to Nice to look her up. She is there still, isn't she?"

"I think—that is, Mr. Rawson thinks she has left. You had better ask him."

"I will," with some significance. "May I call upon her imperious Highness, do you think?"

"I can hardly tell. You might leave a card. I am inclined to think that she would be pleased by your kind effort to further her son's interest."

"That is a little encouraging. Hugh has always been a favorite of mine. He is a fine fellow, and I do not think he will revenge himself on the poor girl who is the innocent cause of his misfortunes. Gad! a sweet charming woman is worth paying dear for!"—a sentiment which seemed to touch his hearer, for she gave him a soft, lingering, tearful glance, which, "had I been some twenty years younger," thought the old boy, "I should have felt inclined to repay with a kiss."

CHAPTER XV.

Miss Dacre's bright beady eyes danced in her head with delight as she chattered volubly to Lumley, whose face grew rather sulky as he listened, scarcely deigning to reply. Here a welcome interruption came in the shape of one of the English attaches, for whom Lumley immediately vacated his seat; and, as Lord Everton wished to say a word to one of the singers, he departed behind the scenes, and Lumley slipped into his place.

"My uncle was fortunate in securing your devoted attention, Miss Desmond."

"Yes; he always interests me."

"Lucky old fellow! What have you been doing with yourself?" continued Lumley, looking earnestly at her. "You are looking pale and thin, and your eyes—"

Hope interrupted him by holding up a finger. "What a rude speech!" she exclaimed.

"You ought to know by this time that I am too deeply interested in you to pay you compliments."

"And you ought to know by this time, Captain Lumley, that I am an ungrateful creature and not deserving of your interest."

"Whether you deserve it or not, I can't help feeling it."

"Has Mr. Saville any thoughts of coming to Paris?"

"I don't know. He will probably pay his respected mamma a visit. He is at present deeply engaged assisting a desperate female antiquarian who is collecting materials for the history of Queen Bertha, or Boadicea, or some such remote potentate. Whether she will end by leading him to the hyemeneal altar is uncertain; but it is quite possible."

"I earnestly hope poor Mrs. Saville may be spared this last straw," exclaimed Hope, smiling.

"I am sure I don't care. I only care for my own troubles. I have been the most miserable beggar in existence for the last four or five months, hoping and fearing, and dragged every way. I am resolved to put an end to this infernal uncertainty and know my fate. Don't you think I am right?"

"How can I tell?" Hope was beginning, when Miss Dacre broke in: "You will come back to sup with me, will you not, Miss Desmond? Captain Lumley and Lord Everton are coming, and Lady Delamere, and Monsieur de la Tallie. I will send my maid home with you after."

"Many thanks, Miss Dacre, I really must not." An animated argument followed; but Hope Desmond stuck to her resolution, and, declining Captain Lumley's proffered escort, drove back to Maurice's alone.

Mrs. Saville was rather amused in Paris; she met many acquaintances who did not bore her, and she tolerated Captain Lumley's visits more good-humoredly than formerly, chiefly because he was quiet.

About a week after Hope had gone to the opera with Miss Dacre, Mrs. Saville had gone to drive in the Bois with an invalid dowager duchess who was on her way to some famous health-resort in Switzerland, and Hope, having finished her weekly letter, went out to post it, proceeding afterwards to do some shopping. On her way back, near the Theatre Francaise, she met Lumley, who immediately

ly turned with her. They walked rather silently to the hotel. Hope feeling very anxious to get rid of him, yet somehow deterred from acting with decision, but a certain air of resolution, by no means usual, which pervaded his face and voice seemed to hold her back.

"Has Mrs. Saville returned?" asked Hope of the waiter who attended their suite of rooms.

"Not yet, mademoiselle," he replied. "Then—" she began, holding out her hand to Lumley; but he did not take it.

"If you will allow me, I will come in and wait for her," he said, with so much decision that she felt it would be easier to let him come in than to resist. He therefore followed her upstairs to the pleasant salon, looking out on the Tuilleries gardens, where Hope took off her hat, intending to supply him with a newspaper and leave him to his own reflections. This plan was tipped in the bud.

Having walked to the window and looked out for a minute, Lumley returned and closed the door. Standing between it and Hope, he said, very quietly, "This is the first chance I have had of speaking to you, and I implore you to hear me. I insist on your hearing me. You have treated me with the most insulting indifference, and obstinately refused to understand the feelings I have tried to show you. Now I am determined to speak out. I am madly in love with you. I would sacrifice everything and every one for you. I am desperately in earnest. Promise that you will love me, that you will even try to love me, and I'll—I'll marry you to-morrow. No! hear me further," as Hope attempted to speak. "Just think of the different life you would lead with me. You would have society, position, freedom. We might be obliged to pinch at first, but nothing can keep the family estates from me when my father is gone; and I could always get money. Then compare life with a husband who adores you, with that of a sort of upper servant to a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman like my aunt Saville. You must not refuse me, Hope. I'll blow out my brains if you do." He tried to catch her hand, which she quickly snatched away, stepping back a pace or two, while she grew alternately pale and red under the passionate gaze of the eager young man.

"Now, you must listen to me, Captain Lumley. You have distressed me infinitely. You ought to have understood by my manner that I wished to avoid such an explanation—to save you, as well as myself, the pain it must cause. It is impossible that I could love you as you wish. And it is well I do not; for there is no reason why you should grieve your parents as your cousin has done his mother."

"That need not weigh with you," cried Lumley. "I wrote to my father yesterday, and told him I should ask you, and if you accepted me, as I hoped you would, nothing should prevent our marriage."

"How insane of you!" said Hope, greatly agitated. "Why could you not see that I should never under any circumstances have loved you, we are so unlike in every way?"

"That's no reason why we should not be perfectly happy; and see all I can give you."

"All you could give has not a feather's weight with me. I am profoundly grieved that I could not keep you from this mortification. You will find many good and charming women, who, if you seek them, would love you well; and I will even tell you that I have no heart to give. I am engaged to a man I love with all my soul, and no one can put him out of my mind."

(To be continued.)

How She Got the Job.

She was applying for a situation as confidential clerk and typist, and he turned upon her a rapid fire of questions:

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell cat and dog correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Use the telephone every other minute?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell everybody in the office how much the firm owes and all the rest of the private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else, to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cigars when you're dictating?"

"Why—er—no."

"Slam things about when business is bad?"

"No."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good typist when you get one?"