

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

DRAIN 5,000 ACRES.

Coquille Land Owners Cooperate to Reclaim Marshes.

Coquille—Five thousand acres of rich Coquille valley land is being reclaimed by drainage systems through the co-operative efforts of farmers owning the land.

The first and oldest is the Beaver Slough drainage project. The first move in this plan for the reclamation of the bottom land of the Coquille valley was begun, by petition, over five years ago.

At the point where the main canals flow into the river tide gates will be installed which will allow the water to drain from the land freely, but will prevent the tides from overflowing over the lowlands, as has formerly been the case.

The second of the projects is the Fat Elk drainage district, which is located on the south side of the river and which extends two or three miles above the city.

The third, the Harlocker project, is practically a private plan of increasing the value and productivity of a progressive farmer's land.

Big Baldwin Ranch Sold. Portland—One of the largest transactions on record in eastern Oregon ranch lands was consummated last week when the immense Crook county holdings of the Baldwin Sheep and Land company was sold to a syndicate of Portland capitalists for a figure said to be in the neighborhood of \$450,000.

The Baldwin company's holdings comprise 26,600 acres located on Hay creek and Trout creek, and occupying the best lands in the district south of Shaniko and east of Madras.

A large portion of the Baldwin ranch comprises some of the finest alfalfa land in Eastern Oregon to the extent of several thousand acres.

Accommodations for Passengers. Salem—The railroad commission has taken up the matter of providing facilities and conveniences at the point near Derry where the West Side division of the Southern Pacific crosses the line of the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad.

Fruit Growers Will Build. Eugene—The Eugene Fruitgrowers' association has taken an option on a lot belonging to B. F. Dorris and adjoining the Southern Pacific yards in Eugene.

WOOL GROWERS OBJECT.

Charges are Made Against K. H. O'Brien of Wallowa Reserve.

Baker City—Trouble between the sheepmen of this section and the forestry officials has reached an acute stage and there is every probability that the grievance of the Baker-Union Counties Woolgrowers' association will be appealed to the officials at Washington.

A meeting was held in this city between K. H. O'Brien, of the Wallowa reserve, and District Forester Chapman, and the woolgrowers of this section.

Serious charges are made against K. H. O'Brien, of the Wallowa reserve, the sheepmen believing and intimating that Mr. O'Brien's business interests, his relationship commercially, socially and financially are of such a nature that he is unduly influenced in matters pertaining to the range.

Strike Pure Water at Well. Vale—Newbill & Coleman, who have been sinking a test well one half mile southwest of the town, struck an unlimited flow of pure water.

Change in Rail Route. Portland—A copy of a resolution adopted by the board of directors of the O. R. & N. on January 13 declaring the new line from a point west of Echo, Umatilla county, to the main line, near Coyote, a branch line of the corporation, has been filed with the county clerk.

Freewater on Railroad Map. Freewater—At last Freewater has been recognized place on the map, the O. R. & N. company having changed the name of the depot from Milton to Milton-Freewater.

New Buildings at Eugene. Eugene—The concrete blocks for the new restaurant with T. H. Ellis will build for the A. L. Smith company near the depot have been delivered.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices—Bluestem, \$1.15; club, \$1.07; red Russian, \$1.04 @1.06; valley, \$1.05; 40-fold, \$1.10.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$28 @28.50 ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$31 @ \$31.50 ton.

Hay—Track prices—Timothy: Willamette valley, \$19 @20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$21 @22; alfalfa, \$17 @18; California alfalfa, \$16 @17; clover, \$16; grain hay, \$17 @18.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1.25 @3 box; pears, \$1.50 @1.75; cranberries, \$8 @9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 70 @80c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2 1/4 @2 3/4c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$2 per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.75 per dozen; celery, \$4 per crate; sprouts, 9c per pound; squash, 2c; tomatoes, \$3.25 @3.50 per crate; turnips, \$1.25 per sack; rutabagas, \$1 @1.25; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack.

Butter—City creamery extras, 37c @39c; fancy outside creamery, 35c @37c per pound; store, 20c @22 1/2c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/4c per pound, under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 28 @29c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11 @12c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 17 1/2 @18c; springs, 17 1/2 @18c; ducks, 20 @23c; geese, 13 @14c; turkeys, live, 23 @24c; dressed, 27 @30c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Cattle—Best steers, \$5.50; fair to good steers, \$4.50 @5; strictly good cows, \$4.50; fair to good cows, \$3.75 @4; light calves, \$5 @5.50; heavy calves, \$4 @5; bulls, \$3.50 @3.75; stags, \$3 @4.

Hogs—Top, \$9 @9.25; fair to good hogs, \$8.50 @8.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50; fair to good wethers, \$4.50 @5; good ewes, \$4.75 @5; lambs, \$6 @6.50.

Hops, 1909 crop, prime and choice, 20 @21 1/2c; 1908s, 17 1/2c; 1907s, 11 1/2c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16 @23c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c; Casaca bark—4 1/2c per pound.

Hides—Dry hides, 18 @18 1/2c per pound; dry kip, 18 @18 1/2c; dry calf-skin, 19 @21c; salted hides, 10 @10 1/2c; salted calf-skin, 15c per pound; green, 1c less.

HERMANN JURY DISAGREES

One Man Blocks Conviction—Eleven Believe ex-Commissioner Guilty, But Cannot Convict the Twelfth

Portland, Feb. 14.—One juror, and one alone, has saved Binger Hermann from conviction on the charge of conspiracy to defraud his country out of its public lands.

That one juror withstood the pleas of his fellow talsmen from Friday forenoon at 11 o'clock until this morning at 9. His position proved beyond the power of argument to shake, and the twelve men came before Judge Wolverton this morning with the report that they could not reach a verdict. Judge Wolverton discharged the jury from further duty, and the first trial of Binger Hermann was closed, after five weeks of testimony and argument.

When further instruction was asked of the judge Saturday, fear began to be felt of a hung jury. The hours that passed without a verdict Sunday brought conviction that the jury would be unable to agree.

This morning the conclusion was confirmed by the appearance of the jury in the courtroom, when its foreman announced that an agreement was impossible, and asked that the 12 men be discharged from further attendance upon the court.

Judge Wolverton was loth to have the case terminated without a verdict. But the positive assurance of the men that agreement could not be reached, left no alternative. In view of the long time spent in deliberation, and the positive assertion of the jurors that they could not agree, the judge found it useless to confine the men longer, and discharged them from the case.

Disagreement had been feared, but few who had been speculating on the issue had thought the margin would be so narrow as one. Mr. Heney and his assistants were absolutely confident of a conviction. Mr. Hermann, on the other side, expressed his faith in acquittal, and did not seem to worry over the delay in reaching an agreement.

When the report of disagreement was made, the aged defendant showed more signs of concern than at earlier stages of the case, and when it was rumored through the corridors that only one man stood out, friends of Mr. Hermann realized the danger to which he had been subjected, and gave voice to their concern.

George Selkirk is the one man who hung the jury.

WEST WARNS WALL STREET.

Taft's Lincoln Day Speech Meets With Approval.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—That the country has been reassured by President Taft in his Lincoln-day speech in New York that the administration has no intention of turning the business world topsy-turvy, and that the law-abiding corporations have nothing to fear, are keynotes sounded today in the editorial comment of the country on the speech.

Western editors admonish Wall street that it is time to put its bogeys away and get down to business on a basis of belief that legitimate business is safe under the Taft administration.

The Democratic press expresses the view that Mr. Taft is solicitous of the integrity of his party and that there is no less cause for worry now than there was before. He is credited with a sincere desire to avert anything that would upset the business equilibrium, while at the same time adhering steadfastly to his declared policy of making the corporations subservient to the public welfare, and not paramount.

With the exception of a few bankers, who do not relish the idea of the establishment of a postal savings bank system, and some manufacturers who are opposed to the new law relating to the regulation of corporations, the men of affairs in Chicago generally indorse the president's speech and policies.

Wealthy Aviator Drops.

Marysville, Cal., Feb. 15.—Frank J. Johnson, the San Rafael millionaire, this afternoon, after announcing that he would attempt to establish a world's record by traveling over a course of 20 miles and encircling the Sutter Buttes, mounted his Curtiss biplane and made a start.

After traveling to the north end of the track he turned around and on his return the machine dropped to the ground and crashed into the fence. He escaped with nothing more than a few slight bruises.

Alleged "Still" on Farm.

Anotin, Wash., Feb. 15.—William E. Norris, a well known farmer of Anantone, was arrested yesterday for alleged operation of an illicit distillery on his farm near Anantone. He appeared before United States Commissioner Shaughnessy, and gave a cash bond for \$2,000. Norris had the alleged still under the windmill of his farm. The machinery is expensive and complete. Norris will appear at the April term of the U. S. court.

Worst Feared for Tug.

Boston, Feb. 15.—No news of the missing naval tug Nina, which left Norfolk for the Charlestown navy yard February 6, came today to relieve the anxiety as to her fate. The belief is growing that she went to the bottom with her crew.



CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I am dying to read my letters," cried Mrs. Saville. "Here is a thick one from Mr. Rawson." She opened it, and then, growing rather white, exclaimed, "Why, it encloses one from Hugh!" This she read eagerly, and then reperused it.

"Ah, if I could believe he cares for me!" she said, at length. "The letter is like himself, tender yet obstinate. He will be here nearly as soon as this," she went on, her small, thin fingers closing tightly on the paper.

"He implores me to let him see his mother's face once more—the mother he has been so near losing. Rawson has evidently told him of my illness. He confesses I had a right to be angry, but reiterates his conviction that he has done well and wisely in securing the sweetest wife man could have."

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Saville," cried Hope, with white, parched lips. "You are so good as to think I was of use to you; if you would amply repay me, see your son—let him plead for his wife. They are married, you cannot separate them, and if she is a true woman it will break her heart to know she has parted mother and son. It is in your power to confer such happiness."

"I will receive my son. As to his wife, I cannot say what I shall do. I gave Rawson directions to have her watched; it was a shabby thing to do, but I did it. He has had her closely shadowed, but she has been absolutely well conducted. Still, if it is in my power to confer much happiness, it was in hers to create much misery, and she did it! Why, Hope, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Hope fell back in her chair so deadly white and motionless that Mrs. Saville was terror-struck. She rang violently, and, rushing to the fainting girl, began to rub her cold hands.

"Bring water, wine! send Jessop! call the doctor!" she cried, in great agitation, to the astonished butler, who had never before seen his imperious mistress so moved.

"The doctor has just driven off, 'm; but I will send Jessop." Soon the lady's maid, the butler, and the housekeeper were trying to bring Miss Desmond back to life. When she did open her eyes they sought Mrs. Saville's; she smiled and feebly put out her hand.

"Now she must go to bed," said Mrs. Saville, holding the offered hand in both her own. "She had better be carried up-stairs."

"I can walk quite well; at least in a few minutes," murmured Hope, "if Jessop will help me."

Thus Hope was relegated to her own room, where Mrs. Saville insisted she must remain all the next day. Wonderful to relate, that lady spent most of it at her bedside, reading or knitting. Neither spoke much, yet they had a certain comfort in the companionship. Miss Rawson called, and was admitted during Mrs. Saville's absence, when she went for a short airing, which she considered essential for her own health.

To her Hope explained that she must for the present refuse her hospitable invitation. Then they talked long and confidentially, and Miss Rawson took charge of a couple of letters when she bade her young friend good-by.

It was now established that Miss Desmond was not to appear till lunch-time, Mrs. Saville being content to read the papers herself. The doctor was not quite satisfied; his young patient did not recover strength or tone; she was depressed and nervous, averse from food, sleepless. Some complete change to a bracing place might be necessary. Mrs. Saville, who was deeply concerned, went eagerly into the question of localities, but Hope implored, almost piteously, not to be sent away.

It was the end of September, and London was at its emptiest; Mrs. Saville was therefore spared the visits and kind inquiries of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. She was ill at ease from anxiety concerning Hope. All that was kindly and grateful in her strong nature had been drawn forth by the desolate orphan girl who had the spirit to withstand her hitherto unrestricted tyranny, and the perception to appeal to the better self which lay beneath it.

distinguished, he looked! his strong face deeply embrowned, his fine looking eyes eager yet soft.

"Hugh!" cried Mrs. Saville, rising, and trembling from head to foot.

"My dear mother!" he returned, tenderly, with the slight hoarseness of warm emotion, and he clasped her in his arms, kissing her affectionately.

"Are you indeed safe and well?"

"My son! you have nearly broken my heart!" Her tones told him he was already half forgiven.

"Rawson told me this morning, just now, that I might venture to call. You must forgive me, mother. I know I deserved your anger, and this I regret. I only want you to let me come and see you sometimes, and I will trouble you no more. I can fight for my own hand; but you must accept my innocent wife, too."

"It will be a hard task, Hugh. I am a prejudiced woman, and my prejudices are strong against her."

"I think they will melt when you see her, mother."

"I doubt it," Mrs. Saville was beginning, when the door opened, and Hope Desmond walked slowly into the room. She seemed very pale and fragile in her simple black dress. No sooner had she caught sight of Hugh than her cheeks flushed, her great brown eyes lit up with a look half joy, half terror, and her lips parted with a slight cry.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hugh Saville sprang forward, exclaiming, "My own love; my own darling wife!" and folded her in a rapturous embrace, kissing her hair, her eyes, her lips, forgetful of everything else.

Mrs. Saville again rose from her chair, and stood petrified. At last Hope disentangled herself from her husband's arms, and, crossing to where her mother-in-law stood, said, brokenly, "Can you forgive me the deceit I have practiced? Can you have patience to hear my explanation?"

"I am bewildered," cried Mrs. Saville, looking from one to the other. "Is Hope Desmond your wife, Hugh?"

"She is! Can you forgive me now?" said Hugh, advancing to support Hope's trembling form by passing his arm around her.

"It is incredible! How did you come to impose upon me in this way?"

"I will tell you all," Hope began, when she was interrupted by a message which the butler brought from Mr. Rawson requesting to be admitted.

"Show him up; he is a party to the fraud," said Mrs. Saville, sternly.

Hugh drew his wife closer to him as Mr. Rawson entered looking radiant.

"I trust you do not consider me an intruder," he said.

"You come just when you are wanted. I feel my brain turning," returned Mrs. Saville.

"If you will listen," urged Hope, with clasped hands.

"Yes, pray hear Mrs. Hugh Saville," said Mr. Rawson.

Mrs. Saville turned a startled look upon him, and Hope went on: "When I came to this good friend, who offered me the shelter of his house so soon as he found I was the niece of his old rector, I was in despair. I began to realize the mistake, the disobedience that Hugh had been guilty of. I had yielded too readily to the temptation of spending my life with him. I felt that I was the cause of his troubles, and I was overwhelmed. I wished that I could die; anything to be no longer a burden and an obstacle. Then I heard Mr. Rawson speak of finding a companion for Mrs. Saville, and the thought came to me of being that companion, and perhaps winning her affection for myself and restoration for Hugh." A sudden sob interrupted her, then, with an effort, she went on: "Mr. Rawson was startled at the idea, but his daughter at once took it up, and, after some discussion, it was agreed that I should make the desperate attempt. I was therefore introduced to you by two of my names—Hope Desmond. I was called Katherine Hope Desmond after my mother, who was Hope Desmond's only sister. How I had the courage to brave such an experiment I cannot now understand, for my heart—" she pressed her hands against her bosom, and, disengaging herself, made a step nearer her mother-in-law—"seems to flutter and fall me. But the desire to retrieve the wrong I had wrought sustained me. I did not tell Hugh what I had undertaken until I had been some weeks with you. He was much alarmed, and begged me not to risk too much—to leave as soon as I could, if the strain was too great; but he did not forbid me to stay. So I stayed. How dreadful the beginning was! Yet, though you were cold and stern, I could bear it, for you are too strong to be suspicious, or petty, or narrow, and I dared not let myself fear you; and then—I grew to know you had a heart. That is what makes this moment so terri-

ble; I fear your disapproval more than your displeasure. Now, can you, will you, forgive me?"

Mrs. Saville was silent; her brows were knit, her eyes downcast; yet Hope dared to take the fine small hand which lay on the arm of the chair. Mrs. Saville did not draw it away. The lookers-on held their breath. Then she drew Hope's to her, and gently stroked it. "I think," she said, slowly, "that you are the only creature that ever understood me. I forgive your husband, and accept you—not because his disobedience is pardonable, but because, when I came back from the jaws of death, the first sight that met my eyes were your tears of joy at my recovery. Yet, had I died intestate, you and your husband would have been far better off than you will be; and you knew it. You are the first that has ever given me what gold cannot buy."

"Mother," cried Hugh Saville, in a tone of wounded feeling. "I always loved you as much as you would let me."

"Perhaps you did. I believe you did," said his mother.

Hope had sunk on her knees, and kissed the hands which held hers, then her head fell forward, and Hugh sprang forward to lift her.

"She is quite overcome," he exclaimed, almost indignantly. "She is but a ghost of her former self. And he placed her in an easy-chair, where she lay with closed eyes.

"Happiness will be a rapid restorative," said Mrs. Saville, kindly. "Now, what punishment is to be dealt out to you, traitor that you are?" she continued, turning to Mr. Rawson. "To enter into a conspiracy against your trusting client! Shall I degrade you from the high office of my chief adviser? I must hold a council, and the council-board shall be my dinner-table. Bring your daughter to dinner this evening, and we shall settle many matters. And, Hope, if you feel equal to the task, write to Richard, inviting him to dinner to meet his new sister-in-law."

"Very few fellows have so good a right to be proud of a wife as I have," cried Hugh, exultingly. "Our old naval stories of desperate cutting-out exploits are poor compared to the enduring courage that upheld Kate, as I always call her, through the long strain of her bold undertaking."

"She has enlightened me, at all events," said Mrs. Saville. "Now go away to the drawing-room and have your talk out. The doctor insists that a complete change is necessary for Hope's recovery; so take your wife away to-morrow for your long-delayed honeymoon. But, remember, whenever you are pursuing your profession on the high seas, I claim the companionship of Mr. Rawson's pleasant protégé."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, I will be your loving daughter so long as you care to have me near you," cried Hope; and, no longer hesitating, she folded her formidable mother-in-law in her arms. (The end.)

Crowded.

A friend was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, port captain of the State pilots, about the crowded condition of the steambot on which he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room?" replied Barber.

"That's nothing."

"You should have traveled in the days of the gold rush in California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than 1,000 passengers, and if you put 50 on that ship to-day there'd be a holler that would reach Washington and make trouble for somebody. To show you how crowded it was and what 'crowded' really means, three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said:

"Captain, you really must find me a place to sleep."

"Where in thunder have you been sleeping until now?" asked the old man.

"Well," says the fellow, 'you see it's this way. I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it much longer.'"

"—San Francisco Call.

What Troubled Him.

Willie—Say, mother, will it hurt to have this tooth out?"

Mrs. Silmsion—Naturally; but it will be so sudden that you won't have time to think—just a quick turn, and it will be all over.

Willie—Um—that's all that could happen to me if I had my head pulled off.—Life.

Her Grievance.

"Never mind," said Socrates, "you may disapprove of me, but posterity will lend an attentive ear to my teachings."

"That's what exasperates me!" replied Xantippe. "To think a man would go to such lengths in order to have the last word."—Washington Star.

Getting Wise.

"I want to be well informed," said the ambitious girl. "I want to know what's going on."

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I would suggest that you get one of those telephones that will put you on a line with five or six other subscribers."—Exchange.

A Strong Attachment.

Jinks—I called on your friend, Miss Sweetlips, last night and could hardly bear myself away.

Miss Charming—Was she so delightful as that?

Jinks—Oh, it wasn't she I had to tear myself away from; it was the big dog.—Illustrated Bits.