

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

SIX SPRAYINGS NEEDED.

Corvallis Man Gives Program for Up-to-Date Orchardists.

Portland—Professor John C. Bridwell, head of the department of entomology at the Oregon Agricultural college, speaking before the Apple Culture club on the subject of "The Insect Pests of Young Orchards," dwelt on the different pests which infect the orchards of the Willamette valley and outlined means for their extermination.

The peculiarities and habits of the following pests were described: San Jose scale, woolly aphid, apple and wheat aphid, brown apple aphid, apple-tree borers, grasshoppers and climbing cut worms. In telling of the proper sprays to be used in the battle against fruit tree pests, he said:

"The summer strength lime spray should be diluted 24 times and the winter strength 12 times. Lead arsenate should be used in the proportion of two pounds to every 50 gallons of material.

"A regular routine of six sprays is almost necessary to prevent the ravages of pests in the Willamette valley. The first spray for the scab should be applied when the petals begin to show color; the second spray for codlin moth and scab after the petals have fallen; the third spray of lime sulphur for scab alone two weeks after the second spray; the fourth spray of lead arsenate about July 1 for the codlin moth; the fifth spray should be used in winter strength, after the fruit is picked.

"The apple tree borers found in healthy trees are round-headed. Flat-headed borers are found only in unhealthy trees. The best way to prevent the work of the borer is to wrap newspapers around the trunks of the trees.

"In order to keep the San Jose scale from spreading, all young stock sold should bear a certificate of inspection, and all stock not inspected should be rejected and not planted."

Will Develop Coal Deposits in Coos

North Bend—G. Gilbertson has sold his ranch of 83 acres on Kentuck inlet to W. B. Wright, a coal mine operator, formerly of Canada, for \$30,000. There are 20 acres of the ranch, according to Mr. Gilbertson's estimate, which cover veins of coal. It is the intention of Mr. Wright to develop the mine, the former owner only having prospected the place. Mr. Gilbertson states that he has found an 11 foot vein with nine feet of good coal. It is of fair quality, not as good as the Beaver Hill coal, but better than the Libby coal, according to investigations made. It is estimated that there are about 240,000 tons of coal which can be mined on the place.

Adjoining the Gilbertson ranch is the big Glasgow tract, owned by Senator Bourne, the land interests of Portland and others. This is a very large coal area and Mr. Gilbertson says that the coal on his land is the edge of the big field on the Glasgow tract, which has not been opened. Kentuck inlet is opposite North Bend. It will be necessary to transport the coal in scows from the mine to the city where it can be placed in bunkers. Should a market warrant, the mine could produce, when developed, as high as 150 tons of coal a day.

Higher Education Gains Ground.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—The annual report of President Campbell shows that the total registration in all departments of the university is now 1,170 students, of whom 620 are enrolled in the colleges of liberal arts and engineering. Every county in Oregon, with three exceptions, is represented in the Multnomah leading with 171 students. The freshmen class in arts and engineering numbers 225, representing practically every four-year high school and academy in the state. Among the freshmen are also graduates of 39 high schools and academies located outside of the state of Oregon, an indication of the large immigration into Oregon during the past year.

Eagle Valley to Be Reclaimed.

Development of Eagle valley, containing 30,000 acres of land in Baker county, is projected by the Eastern Oregon Irrigation company. The reclamation will be accomplished in accordance with the terms of the Carey act. The tract will produce the finest fruit in the northwest. Cantaloupes and water melons grow with great productiveness. Strawberries, peaches and other small fruits are equally profitable.

Another Million Acres for Oregon.

Washington—Senator Bourne has introduced a bill to give Oregon another million acres of land to be disposed of under the Carey irrigation act. Idaho has got such a bill through. It is believed this bill will pass at this session. The passage of a bill for a government business commission to devise means of economy in expenditures is a victory for Bourne in the senate. It was his original project. He hopes to get it through the house.

Wallows Ships 59 Cars of Hay.

Wallows—January was a record breaker in hay shipments from Wallows, there being no less than 59 carloads shipped out, aggregating more than 650 tons. Besides this one car of cattle and two of lumber were sent out, making a total of 612 cars of products shipped during the poorest month in the year. This makes a good increase over the corresponding month for last year.

SPEAK ON APPLE CULTURE.

Dr. S. A. Robinson, of Old Virginia, Praises Oregon Apples.

Portland—Members of the Portland Apple Growers club were afforded an opportunity to listen to two addresses at the regular meeting at the Y. M. C. A. recently. M. O. Lowndale, of Lafayette, owner of one of the largest apple orchards in the Willamette valley and having 30 years' experience in raising apples, was the first speaker. He was followed by an address by Dr. S. A. Robinson, vice-president of the State Horticultural society of Virginia, and a member of the Royal society of England.

Dr. Robinson telling why Oregon apples bring the highest prices in the markets of the world said in part:

"You in Oregon are being taught to underestimate your competitors. There are a number of sections which you must take into account. Canada, along the St. Lawrence river and around the Great Lakes, Nova Scotia and a few other sections are as productive as the Pacific Northwest and while the apples of these sections do not compare with the first and second pack of Oregon they are a good commercial apple. But your apples are the best and it is because they are the best that they draw the great prices.

"The production of strictly fancy apples will never be overdone. They will always meet a demand commanding a high price, both because of the small area fitted for such apples and on account of the increasing population which is demanding the highest priced apples. In New York City a few years ago I saw apples piled on the docks, simply glutting the market and with a greater quantity sent in than ever before. They were being sold—good commercial apples—for 75 cents a barrel. Two trainloads of apples were left standing unopened. But with this glutted market Oregon apples were being held at \$3.50 to \$4.00 a bushel box and the dealers were glad to get them at that price. That shows the way Oregon apples are thought of in the East and what will be paid for the very best.

"Now, I am from Virginia, where we can grow a very high grade of apple. But there is no fear of Virginia being a competitor of yours for a generation at least. The reason I would give as hereditary inertia although there are some who may dub it 'hook worm.' At any rate, they will not develop their land and the proprietors of the soil, the sons and grandsons of slaveowners, have such a great amount of personal individuality that they cannot be made to co-operate, and co-operation such as you have at Hood River is an absolute essential to the success of the apple industry."

Interest in Gold Mine Sold.

Pendleton—Tom Ayers of this city recently announced one of the biggest mining deals in the history of eastern Oregon. The deal represents about \$750,000 and includes the controlling interest in the Gold Coin mine in Baker county, one of the richest mines in that section. Nearly all of the stock heretofore has been owned by local people. Ayers has sold out his entire interest, and many of the smaller holders are also disposing of their stock.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices—Bluestem, \$1.12@1.14; club, \$1.04@1.06; red Russian, \$1.04; valley, \$1.50; 40-fold, \$1.10.

Barley—Feeding, brewing, \$28 ton. Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$31@31.50 ton. Hay—Track prices—Timothy: Willamette valley, \$20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$22@23; alfalfa, \$17@18; California alfalfa, \$16@17; clover, \$15@16; grain hay, \$17@18.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1.25@1.30 box; pears, \$1.50@1.75 per box; cranberries, \$8@9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 60@75c per hundred; sweet potatoes, 8c pound.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50@1.75 per hundred.

Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; rutabagas, \$1@1.25; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 27@29c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 35@39c; store, 20@23c. Butter fat prices average 11-2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 25@26c. Cheese—Full cream, twins, 20c per pound; Young Americas, 21c.

Pork—Fancy, 12@13c per pound. Veal—Fancy, 12@12 1/2c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 17@18c per pound; springs, 17@18c; ducks, 18c; geese, 14c; turkeys, live, 22@24c; dressed, 25@27c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Cattle—Best steers, \$5.50@5.75; fair to good, \$4.50@5; strictly good cows, \$4.50@4.75; fair to good, \$4@4.50; light calves, \$5.50@6; heavy calves, \$4@5; bulls, \$3.75@4.25; stags, \$3@4.50.

Hogs—Top, \$9.75@10.10; fair to good, \$9@9.50.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$6@6.50; fair to good, \$5.50@5.75; good ewes, \$6; lambs, \$7.75.

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

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@20c per pound; valley, 22@24c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c.

Cascara bark, 4@5c per pound. Hides—Dry hides, 17@18c per pound; dry kip, 17@18c; dry calfskin, 18@20c; salted hides, 9@10c; salted calfskins, 14c; green, 1c less.

HISTORIC RELICS FOUND.

Letters of Martha Washington and Mrs. Lincoln Come to Light.

Washington, March 7.—In an unlighted corner of the attic of the house of representatives, the committee on accounts has rescued a large number of letters and documents of the early days of the republic. Among them are letters from Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Jay and Monroe.

To two of them a peculiar sentimental interest attaches. These are letters written by Martha Washington and Mary Todd Lincoln, the former concerning the proposed removal of the body of her husband from Mount Vernon to a crypt in the capitol, and the other applying to the government for a pension. Both are addressed to the speaker of the house. The house today voted an appropriation of \$2,500 to have these historic papers cared for and deposited in the library of congress as "the house of representatives collection." The two letters are as follows:

"To the Honorable Speaker of the House, Sir: While I feel the keenest anguish over the late dispensation of divine providence, I cannot be insensible of the mournful tributes, respect and veneration which are paid the memory of my dear deceased husband. And as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of the country, to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords me no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the greatest example, which I had so long before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by congress which you have the good wishes to transmit to me, and in doing this I need not—can not—say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgment and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by congress and yourself, I remain very respectfully sir, your most obedient servant,

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon, Va., 1779."

The letter from Mrs. Lincoln is as follows:

"To the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives, Sir: I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable house of representatives an application for a pension. I am a widow of a president of the United States, whose life was sacrificed in his country's service. That sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health and, by the advice of my physician, I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters and during the winter to go to Italy.

But my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming a widow of the chief magistrate of a nation, although I live as economically as I possibly can.

In consideration of the great services my dearly beloved husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death, his martyrdom, I may say, I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition, hoping that a yearly pension may be granted me so that I may have less pecuniary care.

I remain very respectfully,

MRS. A. LINCOLN.

Frankfort, Germany."

Mrs. Lincoln was granted a pension of \$5,000 a year.

Major Richardson Exonerated.

Washington, March 7.—Major W. H. Richardson, the army officer accused by Delegate Wickersham of lobbying in connection with congressional consideration of railroad matters in Alaska, was exonerated yesterday by Secretary Dickinson, of the War department. Secretary Dickinson, in a letter made public, said the judge advocate general, reported that in his judgment Major Richardson was not put so much upon the defensive as to justify him in recommending further investigation.

Zeppelin Will Seek Pole.

Hamburg, March 7.—The Zeppelin North Pole exploration committee met here today under the direction of Prince Henry, of Prussia. Count Zeppelin was present. The summer will be devoted to a primary expedition for the purpose of studying the ice conditions. The expedition will start for Spitzbergen July 1. A Norwegian ice steamer will be used for the purpose of forcing an entrance into the polar ice and the expedition will return at the end of August. An airship will be taken for summer use.

Chamorro is President?

Managua, March 7.—The government authorities today published a cablegram from Panama in which it was announced that General Chamorro had imprisoned General Estrada, the provisional president, and had proclaimed himself president. Deserters from the insurgent forces say the Bluefields garrison has been reduced to 25 men. They also declare that General Estrada never leaves the town and that his wife gives all campaign orders.

Puter Trying to Protect Clients.

Washington, Mar. 7.—S. A. D. Puter is here trying to get recognition from the general land office of preference rights to locate certain claims which by contesting he assisted the government in cancelling. The law gives a successful contestant a 30 days' preference right to locate.

Farman Breaks Record.

Mourmelon, France, March 7.—Henry Farman today established a new world's record for aeroplane flight with two passengers, remaining in the air for one hour and ten minutes.

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.



CHAPTER II.

"Shandon was impatient to be off, and fixed the 23d of February for starting. The sledge and the boat were packed as closely as possible with provisions and spirits, and heaps of wood, to obtain which they had hewed the brig down to her water line. The last day the men ran riot. They completely sacked the ship, and in a drunken paroxysm Pen and two or three others set it on fire. I fought and struggled against them, but they threw me down and assailed me with blows, and then the wretches, headed by Shandon, went off towards the east, and were soon out of sight.

"I found myself alone on the burning ship, and what could I do? The fire hole was completely blocked up with ice. I had not a single drop of water! For two days the forward struggled with the flames, and you know the rest."

A long silence followed the gloomy recital, broken at length by Hatteras, who said:

"Johnson, I thank you; you did all you could to save my ship, but single-handed you could not resist. Again I thank you, and now let the subject be dropped. Let us unite efforts for our common salvation. There are four of us, four companions, four friends, and all our lives are equally precious.

"We are all devoted to you," said the doctor; "and your words come from our hearts. But what do you think we should do?"

"My opinion might appear interested," said Hatteras, sadly. "Let me hear all your first."

"Captain," said Johnson, "before pronouncing on such an important matter, I wish to ask you a question."

"Ask it, then, Johnson."

"You went out yesterday to ascertain our exact position; well, is the field drifting or stationary?"

"Perfectly stationary. It had not moved since the last reckoning was made."

A discussion opened at once about what to do. Hatteras wanted still to try to reach the pole, as retreat seemed equally impossible.

"We may find rich hunting grounds," he urged. "We know the route back is barren."

The other three wouldn't listen to such a proposal and Hatteras was declaring he would start for the pole alone, when he felt a light touch on his arm. It was Altamont, the American, who had crawled out of bed and managed to get on his knees. He was trying to speak, but his swollen lips could scarcely make a sound. Hatteras went towards him, and watched him so attentively that in a few minutes he made out a word that sounded like Porpoise. Stooping over him he asked:

"Is it the Porpoise?"

Altamont made a sign in the affirmative, and Hatteras went on with his queries, now that he had found a clew.

"In these seas?"

The affirmative gesture was repeated.

"Is she in the north?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her position?"

"Yes."

"Exactly?"

"Yes."

For a minute or so nothing more was said, and the onlookers waited with palpating hearts.

Then Hatteras spoke again.

"Listen to me. We must know the exact position of our vessel. I will count the degrees aloud, and you will stop me when I come to the right one."

The American assented by a motion of the head, and Hatteras began:

"We'll take the longitude first. One hundred and five degrees, No? 105 degrees, 107 degrees? It is to the west, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Altamont.

"Let us go on, then: 109 degrees, 110 degrees, 112 degrees, 114 degrees, 116 degrees, 118 degrees, 120 degrees."

"Yes," interrupted the sick man.

"One hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, and how many minutes? I will count."

Hatteras began at No. 1, and when he got to 15, Altamont made a sign to stop.

"Very good," said Hatteras; "now for the latitude. Are you listening? Eighty degrees, 81 degrees, 82 degrees, 83 degrees."

Again the sign to stop was made.

"Now for the minutes: Five minutes, 10 minutes, 15 minutes, 20 minutes, 25 minutes, 30 minutes, 35 minutes."

Altamont stopped him once more, and smiled feebly.

"You say, then, that the Porpoise is in longitude 120 degrees 15 minutes, and latitude 83 degrees and 35 minutes?"

"Yes," sighed the American, and fell back motionless in the doctor's arms, completely overpowered by the effort he had made.

"Friends!" exclaimed Hatteras; "you see I was right. Our salvation lies indeed in the north, always in the north. We shall be saved!"

the ice, with provisions and combustibles in abundance on board.

Altamont and his crew had left her two months previously, taking the long boat with them on a sledge. They intended to get to Smith's sound and reach some whaler that would take them back to America; but one after another succumbed to fatigue and illness, till only Altamont remained alive.

"Why had the Porpoise come so far north?" Hatteras asked.

"She was irresistibly driven there by the ice," Altamont replied, feebly.

Hatteras looked grim but said nothing more.

"Well," said the doctor, "it strikes me that, instead of trying to get to Baffin's bay, our best plan would be to go in search of the Porpoise. It's a third nearer, and stocked with everything necessary for winter quarters."

"I see no other course open to us," replied Hatteras.

"If we start to-morrow," said the doctor, "we must reach the Porpoise by the 15th of March, unless we mean to die of starvation."

No time was lost in getting ready to start. A couch was laid on the sledge for the American. The provisions did not add much weight, and the wood was piled up on top.

The doctor calculated with three-quarter rations to each man and full rations to the dogs, they might hold out for three weeks.

By 3 in the afternoon everything was ready for the start.

It was almost dark, for, though the sun had reappeared above the horizon since the 21st of January, its light was feeble and of short duration. The moon would rise about half-past 6.

The days wore on. Progress was slow. Blinding snow storms held them back. Moreover, the men, in spite of their iron will, began to show signs of fatigue. Halts became more frequent, and yet every hour was precious, for the provisions were rapidly coming to an end.

On the 14th of March, after sixteen days' march, the little party found themselves only yet in the eighty-second latitude. Their strength was exhausted, and they had a hundred miles more to go. Rations had to be still further reduced. Each man must be content with a fourth part, to allow the dogs their full quantity.

Worst of all there were only seven charges of powder left, and six balls.

A little game was shot, but quickly devoured. The weary men could hardly drag themselves along by now. The dogs had begun to gnaw their traces.

Their last meal, on the Sunday evening, was a very sad one—unless help came, their doom was sealed.

The next morning Johnson saw a bear of huge dimensions. The old sailor took it into his head that heaven had sent this bear specially for him to kill; and with waking his comrades, he seized the doctor's gun, and was soon in pursuit.

On reaching the right distance he took aim; but just as his finger touched the trigger, he felt his arm tremble. His thick gloves hampered him, he threw them off. But what a cry of agony escaped him! The skin of his fingers stuck to the gun as if it had been red-hot, and he was forced to let it drop. The sudden fall made it go off, and the ball was discharged in the air.

It was the last bullet.

Dr. Clawbonny came out and saw what had happened. He dragged the poor fellow into the tent, where he made him plunge his hands into a bowl of water. Johnson's hands had hardly touched it before it froze immediately.

"You are just in time; I should have had to amputate soon," said the doctor.

CHAPTER III.

That morning they had no breakfast. Pemican and salt beef were both gone. Not a crumb of biscuit remained. They were obliged to content themselves with half a cup of hot coffee and start off again.

They scarcely went three miles before they were compelled to give up the day. They had no supper but coffee, and the dogs were so ravenous that they were almost devouring each other.

Another day—thirty-four hours since they had tasted food. Yet they continued their march, sustained by their superhuman energy of purpose. They had to push the sledge themselves, for the dogs could no longer draw it.

Then Johnson drew haggard-eyed and wild. He caught the doctor's arm.

"That bear is following us," he cried, hoarsely.

"A bear following us?"

"Yes, for the last two days."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, about a mile behind."

"Terrible. And we haven't a single

ball to send after him!" said the doctor.

"He is reckoning on a good feed of human flesh!" cried Johnson, his brain giving way. "He is sure enough of his meal!" continued the poor fellow. "He must be hungry, and I do not see why we should keep him waiting."

"Johnson, calm yourself."

"No, Mr. Clawbonny, since we must die, why prolong the suffering of the poor beast? He is famished like ourselves. There are no seals for him to eat, and heaven sends him men! So much the better for him, that's all!"

Johnson was fast going mad. The situation was desperate. "Johnson," said the doctor, "I shall kill that bear to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" said Johnson, as if waking up from some bad dream.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"You have no bullets."

"I'll make one."

"You have no lead!"

"No, but I have mercury."

So saying, he took the thermometer which stood at 50 degrees above zero, went outside and laid it on a block of ice. At dawn they rushed out to look at it. All the mercury had frozen into a hard piece of metal ready for use.

Just then Hatteras made his appearance, and the doctor told him his project and showed him the mercury.

The captain grasped his hand silently and the three went off in quest of their game.

They soon sighted him, about 300 yards distant.

"Friends, this is no idle sport," said Hatteras. "We must act prudently."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "we have but one shot. We must not miss. He would outstrip a hare in fleetness!"

"We must go right up to him," said Hatteras. "I have a plan."

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Well, you kept the skin of the seal you killed, didn't you?"

"It is on the sledge."

"All right! We'll get it. Leave Johnson here to watch it."

At the snow hut, Hatteras slipped into the seal skin.

"Now, give me the gun," he said.

"Courage, Hatteras!" said the doctor, handing him the weapon, which he had loaded with the mercury bullet.

Soon a seal was making its way toward the bear. It was a perfect imitation. The bear, greedy-eyed, waited. When the seal was ten paces away the monster sprang forward with a

tremendous bound, but stopped short, stupefied and frightened when Hatteras threw off his disguise, knelt on one knee and aimed straight at the bear's heart. He fired and the huge monster rolled back on the ice.

(To be continued.)

His Favorite Novel.

If the girl hereinafter mentioned was silly, the man was mean. Let it be a lesson to girls not to pretend, in order that mean men may not have the chance to make fun of them! The New York Times prints the story. She was young. This may account for it. Besides that, her companion was well read, so she naturally tried to show her own reading qualities and quantities.

"You've read Dumas?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Ain't he grand?"

"And Hugo?"

"Yes; he's fine!"

"Dickens?"