

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

GRANGE INTEREST GROWS.

Lecturer Johnson's Visit Adds to Membership at Laidlaw.

Laidlaw—J. J. Johnson, state grange lecturer, was in Laidlaw a few days ago, and held an enthusiastic meeting in the interest of grange work. The result of his visit has been to revive interest in the order, and a number of new members have been added to Pickett Island grange, the local society. Mr. Johnson has been traveling extensively in Central Oregon, and stated at the meeting that he had not seen a section of the state that had greater possibilities than in this district, and with the advent of the railroads in this section he looked to see this part of the state rapidly settled up.

TROLLEY LINE FOR CROOK.

Portlanders Furnish Funds for Opal City-Prineville Electric.

Prineville.—County Surveyor Fred A. Rice has the contract for the completion of a survey for an electric road from Opal City, the new town on the north side of Crooked river, on the Oregon Trunk and Harriman line surveys, to Prineville, by way of Lamonta gap and McKay flat.

The contract for the surveying was awarded by Jos. G. Houston, who represents Portland capital in the Oden Falls project and a reclamation project in the vicinity of Opal City. It is the purpose of Mr. Houston to generate the power for the electric line at Oden Falls, where contracts have already been awarded for the construction of power plants.

Douglas County Onions.

Roseburg.—Douglas county continues to break records. Besides some wonderful yields of fruit, it now comes to the front with an onion crop yielding \$1,500 per acre. From a piece of ground belonging to Joe Snider, at Days Creek, measuring 55 square rods, approximately one-third of an acre, Mr. Snider harvested a little more than 500 bushels of onions this year. These were sold at 2 cents per pound, bringing him \$500, or a return of more than \$1,500 per acre. This beats any crop heard of except the immense yield of Spitzenberg apples grown by J. B. Smith at Winston's, this county, last year, for which he realized \$2,400 per acre.

Mail Service Impaired.

Marshfield.—The mail service to Coos Bay is seriously impaired as a result of the change in the schedule made by the government. Under the new arrangement the outgoing mail will be eight or ten hours late. The department ordered that the service by way of Sumner over the Coos Bay wagon road be discontinued October 31. No provision for carrying the mail was made until the next day, when Inspector Vaillie instructed the Marshfield postmaster to send the mail by train to Myrtle Point and thence by stage to Roseburg.

A. & C. Revenues.

Salem.—The net revenues of the Astoria & Columbia River railroad, according to the report filed with the railroad commission, for the year ending June 30, 1909, were \$210,788.78. The total operating revenues for the road were \$622,075.38; of this \$525,582.91 was interstate business and \$96,492.47 was Oregon portion of the interstate business carried. The operating expenses were \$410,350.10. The Astoria & Columbia River road paid taxes amounting to \$29,612.17.

Portland Firm Gets Contract.

Salem.—Contract for the erection of the new receiving ward at the asylum has been let by the asylum board to the Northwestern Bridge works at Portland for \$77,800. The company is the same which built the new five-story steel structure in Salem for the United States National bank, which cost \$95,000. The contract for wiring was let to Evans & Nixon of Tacoma for \$1,660. J. A. Bernardi obtained the heating contract for \$3,270 and the plumbing for \$9,736.

Better Service Promised.

Salem.—Announcement has been made at the office of the railroad commission that hereafter the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad will give better service between Albany and the coast. Herebefore during the winter the passenger business has been handled by a mixed train. From this time on the service will be divided and all freight will be taken care of by a tri-weekly freight.

Complains Against Wells-Fargo.

Salem.—C. P. Bishop, a clothier with a string of stores in the Willamette valley, has filed a complaint with the railroad commission against the Wells-Fargo Express company, alleging excessive rates. He says that the rate of 12 cents a pound on shoes from Salem to Portland is extortionate, in view of the rate of 16 cents from Chicago to Salem, and 7 cents from Salem to Grants Pass.

Coos Bay Is Encouraged.

Marshfield.—A press dispatch from New York, stating that the Northwestern was planning a bond issue for the completion of the lines of the company to the Pacific coast, has created some interest here, because rumor has connected the name of the Northwestern with one of the local railroad surveys. There is some hope felt that the Northwestern may make Coos Bay a terminus.

Hogs Equal to Fat Steers.

Condon.—In a carload of hogs shipped from Condon, Fred Edwards placed a hog for which he received \$36.40. This is thought to be the record price for a single porker.

Large Crop Alfalfa Seed.

Union.—From six acres of alfalfa 129 bushels of seed were taken this year. The market value of the seed is fully \$1,000. The crop was grown on the Townley farm.

FARMERS REGISTER KICK.

Pass Resolutions Protesting Against Marine League Measure.

Pendleton.—Resolutions protesting strongly against the efforts of the Merchant Marine league of Seattle to secure an order forbidding foreign vessels which bring coal to the Pacific coast from carrying wheat on their return trip were passed at a mass meeting of citizens, held in the Circuit court room at the court house here. When the vote was taken not a dissenting voice was heard and the indorsement was unanimous. Judge S. A. Lowell was made chairman and Charles A. Barrett, of Athena, secretary.

Congressman W. R. Ellis was present and voiced his sentiments against the proposed measure and extended his services in cooperation with the citizens. J. T. Liewallen, president of the county organization of the Farmers' Educational & Cooperative union of America; Judge S. A. Lowell and C. A. Barrett were the speakers. As the proposed action of the Merchant Marine league would tend to lower the price of wheat, the protest was couched in vigorous terms.

A telegram was sent to the secretary of the navy by the meeting, asking postponement of action until the receipt of the signed circular of protest. Congressman Ellis also sent a personal telegram to the secretary, requesting investigation into the farmers' plea.

Laborers Are in Demand.

Eugene.—The work of building the Natron-Klamath Falls cut-off is progressing satisfactorily as far as the work on this end is concerned. However, more men are being sought to do the work and the construction companies are doing what they can to increase their list of employes. The wages paid are \$2.25 on the grade and \$3 for ax men. These wages include the use of the bunk-houses, but laborers furnish their own bedding. Meals are furnished at 25 cents.

N. P. Gets Land Patents.

Pendleton.—A patent from the United States government to the Northern Pacific Railroad company, in which full title is given to more than 30,000 acres of land in the counties of Umatilla, Morrow, Gilliam and Sherman, has just been placed on record in the office of Recorder Hendley. This is part of that land included in the original grant to the Northern Pacific in 1865.

Pears Bring 6½ Cents Each.

Medford.—A carload of pears from the Bear Creek orchard sold for \$2,900 in New York. There were 1,064 half boxes or 44,564 pears, hence each pear for the car averaged 6½ cents. The car paid the orchard company net \$2,215.80, or 4.97 cents for each pear.

Convict Foundry Rebuilt.

Salem.—The shops destroyed at the penitentiary early in the summer have been rebuilt and the new buildings are ready for occupancy. The buildings will again be occupied by Loewenberg, Going & Co., employing convict labor in the manufacture of stoves and ranges.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.02 @ 1.04; club, 92c; red Russian, 90c @ 91c; valley, 91c; Fife, 92c; Turkey red, 92c; 40-fold, 95c.

Barley—Feed, \$27 per ton; brewing, \$27.50.

Corn—Whole, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36.

Oats—No. 1 white, 28.50 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$14 @ 17 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18 @ 20; alfalfa, \$15 @ 16; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13 @ 14.50; grain hay, \$14 @ 15.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c per pound; fancy outside creamery, \$30 @ 36c; store, 22½ @ 24c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon, 36 @ 36c per dozen; Eastern, 30 @ 34c.

Poultry—Hens, 15c; springs, 15c; roosters, 9 @ 10c; ducks, 15 @ 15½c; geese, 10c; turkeys, 17½c; squabs, \$1.75 @ 2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9 @ 9½c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 9½ @ 10½c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, \$1 @ 2.25 per box; pears, \$1 @ 1.50; grapes, 80c @ 1.25 per crate; 12½c per basket; casabas, \$1.25 @ 1.50 per dozen; quinces, \$1 @ 1.25 per box; cranberries, \$8.50 @ 9 per barrel; persimmons, \$1.50 per box; huckleberries, 8c per pound.

Potatoes—50 @ 60c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1½ @ 2c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dozen; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, ¾ @ 1c; cauliflower, 80 @ 80c per pound; celery, 50 @ 55c; corn, \$1 @ 1.25 per sack; horseradish, 9 @ 10c per dozen; peas, 10c per pound; peppers, 5 @ 6c; pumpkins, 1 @ 1½c; sprouts, 8c; squash, \$1 @ 1.10; tomatoes, 25c @ 60c; turnips, 75c @ 1 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; rutabagas, \$1.10.

Onions—\$1 @ 1.25 per sack.

Hops—1909 crop, 24 @ 26c per pound; 1908 crop, 20c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16 @ 23c per pound; mohair, choice, 24c.

Cattle—Best steers, \$4.50; fair to good, \$4 @ 4.25; medium and feeders, \$3.50 @ 3.75; best cows, \$3.50; medium, \$3 @ 3.25; common to medium, \$2.50 @ 2.75; bulls, \$2 @ 2.50; stags, \$2.50 @ 3.50; calves, light, \$5 @ 5.50; heavy, \$4 @ 4.75.

Hogs—Best, \$7.85 @ 8; medium, \$7.50 @ 7.75; stockers, \$5 @ 6.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$4.25; fair to good, \$3.75 @ 4; best ewes, \$3.75 @ 4; fair to good, \$3.50 @ 3.75; lambs, \$5 @ 5.50.

\$500,000 HIS LOOT.

Warriner Lost All in Speculation and Blackmail.

Cincinnati, Nov. 8.—An official of the Big Four railroad stated tonight that the defalcations for which ex-treasurer Charles L. Warriner has been arrested would be far in excess of \$100,000. According to his estimate, it will reach nearly \$500,000.

Eighty thousand dollars is said to have been paid in blackmail. Two women and a man are mentioned as the blackmailers. Detectives are shadowing one of the women, who lives in Cincinnati, but it is stated that the railroad company does not intend to have her arrested, but will try to get her as a witness for the state.

Warriner, who is charged with appropriating \$54,500, was released from custody late today on a bond of \$20,000.

During the day Warriner made a remarkable change of front. In the afternoon he gave out a statement admitting his responsibility for the shortage, but declaring there were others in it. Later he changed tactics and declared that he admitted nothing. This later declaration is taken to mean that he intends to force his alleged partners in guilt into the open.

The \$54,500 in the warrant for Warriner's arrest represents the present amount owing to the railroad company and not the entire amount of the shortage.

The balance, according to the statement of General Counsel Hackney, has been covered by property that Warriner has turned over to the company.

BATTLE WITH INDIANS.

Savages Yield After Five Hours' Fight With Police.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 8.—After a five hours' battle, beginning this morning at daybreak, a force of 50 special police, under Chief Constable Maitland-Dougal, and embracing virtually all male inhabitants of Hazelton, on the Skeena river, captured the Indian village of Kiepiox, and made prisoners several chiefs of the tribes who have been inciting the related nations of the Skeena to war upon the whites, obstructing railway construction and this week seizing supplies and stopping provincial road work.

Chief Constable Maitland-Dougal makes no report of casualties to Superintendent Hussey here, although private telegrams say firing was practically continuous from daybreak until noon.

Despite the fact that the Canadian government had ridiculed the suggestion, residents of the North country apprehended serious trouble all along the Skeena as soon as winter sealed the waterway, the Indians nursing an original and legitimate grievance as to game laws and fisheries regulations interfering with their basic supplies until it was fanned into flame by agitators who have all summer been preaching the legal rights of the Skeena nations to all the lands along that river.

CATTLEMAN ADMITS RAID.

Two Turn State's Evidence in Wyoming Trial.

Basin, Wyo., Nov. 8.—Albert Keyes and Charles Farris, participants in the raid on the sheep camp in the Tennesse country last spring, in which three men were killed, today turned state's evidence in the trial of Herbert Brink, first of the seven indicted cattlemen to be brought to trial.

On the stand today both admitted complicity, but declared they joined the raiders with the distinct understanding that only the sheep and property would be destroyed and that the sheepmen would be ordered to quit the country. Keyes denied having seen anyone shoot or having fired a shot himself. Farris admitted discharging his rifle and seeing James Allemand, owner of the sheep outfit, killed. He testified that Herbert Brink, the present defendant, fired the fatal shot. Farris stated that every man under arrest was in the party when the raid was made.

Pierre Caffarel and Charles Helmer, sheepherders, testified that they were summoned from camp on the night of April 2 by a band of masked men, marched to Oreville at the point of rifles and kept under guard while raiders made their descent upon the camp.

Hot Tong War Is Feared.

San Francisco, Nov. 8.—The tong war has assumed such a serious aspect that the police have placed the local Chinese quarter in a state of siege. The warring factions of the Yee family and the On Yick fighting tong are so closely watched that it is not believed that the battle will be resumed in the regular Chinese quarter. Detectives fear that hostilities may break out at any moment in the outlying laundries and gardens, where numbers of the warring tongs are employed. These places are closely watched.

Prosecuted for Air Scorching.

Paris, Nov. 8.—The first prosecution for furious flying will shortly occur in the courts here. M. Blanch, who crashed into the crowd at Port Aviation three weeks ago and hurt several people, is the defendant. Two victims have summoned him for furious driving in the air. Curiously enough, the prosecuting lawyer is Paul Fay, who is a son-in-law of Mrs. Hartsberg, whose husband brought Wilbur Wright to France.

Spanish Army Advances.

Melilla, Morocco, Nov. 8.—Sixteen thousand Spanish troops, supported by heavy reserves, began an advance this morning over the Beni Siciar territory. The Infanta Carlos of Bourbon led the advance guard.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Having stalked indignantly onward for a few paces, the doctor discovered that his wife had not followed him, and turning he called savagely: "Pepeeta, come! It is folly to try and p-persuade him. Let us leave the saint to his prayers! But let him remember the old p-p-proverb, 'young saint, old sinner!' Come!"

He proceeded towards the carriage; but Pepeeta seemed rooted to the ground, and David was equally incapable of motion. While they stood thus, gazing into each other's eyes, they saw nothing and they saw all. That brief glance was freighted with destiny. A subtle communication had taken place between them, although they had not spoken; for the eye has a language of its own.

What was the meaning of that glance? What was the emotion that gave it birth in the soul? He knew! It told its own story. To their dying day, the actors in that silent drama remembered that glance with rapture and with pain.

Pepeeta spoke first, hurriedly and anxiously: "What did you say last night about the 'light of life'? Tell me! I must know."

"I said there is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

"And what did you mean? Be quick. There is only a moment."

"I meant that there is a light that shines from the soul itself and that in this light we may walk, and he who walks in it, walks safely. He need never fall!"

"Never? I do not understand; it is beautiful; but I do not understand!"

"Pepeeta!" called her husband, angrily.

She turned away, and David watched her gliding out of his sight, with an irrepressible pain and longing. "I suppose she is his daughter," he said to himself, and upon that natural but mistaken inference his whole destiny turned. Something seemed to draw him after her. He took a step or two, halted, sighed and returned to his labor.

But it was to a strangely altered world that he went. Its glory had vanished; it was desolate and empty, or so at least it seemed to him, for he confounded the outer and the inner worlds, as it was his nature and habit to do. It was in his soul that the change had taken place.

Thoughts which he had always been able to expel from his mind before, like evil birds fluttered again and again into the windows of his soul. For this he upbraided himself; but only to discover that at the very moment when he regretted that he had been tempted at all, he also regretted that he had not been tempted further.

All day long his ardent spirit alternated between remorse that he had enjoyed so much, and regret that he had enjoyed so little. Never had he experienced such a tumult in his soul. He struggled hard, but he could not tell whether he had conquered or been defeated.

He heard again the mocking laughter of the quack, and the stinging words of his cynical philosophy once more rang in his ears. What this coarse wretch had said was true, then! Much of his youth had already passed and he had not as yet tasted the only substantial joys of existence—money, pleasure, ambition, love! He felt that he had been deceived and defrauded.

A contempt for his old life and its surroundings crept upon him. He began to despise the simple country people among whom he had grown up, and those provincial ideas which they cherished in the little, ungodly nook of the world where they stagnated.

During a long time he permitted himself to be borne upon the current of these thoughts without trying to stem it, till it seemed as if he would be swept completely from his moorings. But his trust had been firmly anchored, and did not easily let go its hold. The convictions of a lifetime began to reassert themselves. They rose and struggled heroically for the possession of his spirit.

Had the battle been with the simple abstraction of philosophic doubt, the good might have prevailed, but there obtruded itself into the field the concrete form of the gypsy. The glance of her lustrous eye, the gleam of her milk-white teeth, the heaving of her agitated bosom, the inscrutable but suggestive expression of her flushed and eager face, these were foes against which he struggled in vain. A feverish desire, whose true significance he did not altogether understand, tugged at his heart, and he felt himself drawn by unseen hands toward this mysterious and beautiful being. She seemed to him at that awful moment, when his whole world of thought and feeling was slipping from under his feet, the one only abiding reality. She at least was not an impalpable vision, but solid, substantial, palpating flesh and blood. Like continuously advancing waves which sooner or later must undermine a dyke, the passions and suspicions of his newly awakened nature were sapping the foundations of his belief.

At intervals he gained a little courage to withstand them, and at such moments tried to pray; but the effort was futile, for neither would the accustomed syllables of petition spring to his lips, nor the feelings of faith and devotion arise within his heart.

CHAPTER V.

Violent emotions, like the lunar tides, must have their ebb because they have their flow. The feelings do not so much advance like a river, as oscillate like a pendulum. Striding homeward, David's determination to join his fortunes to those of the two adventurers

began to wane. He trembled at an unknown future and hesitated before untried paths.

Already the strange experience through which he had passed began to seem to him like a half-forgotten dream. The recumbent thoughts and feelings of his religious life began to set back into every bay and estuary of his soul.

With a sense of shame, he regretted his hasty decision, and was saying to himself, "I will arise and go to my Father," for all the experiences of life clothed themselves at once in the familiar language of the Scriptures.

It is more than likely that he would have carried out this resolution, and that this whole experience would have become a mere incident in his life history, if his destiny had depended upon his personal volition. But how few of the great events of life are brought about by our choice alone!

Had Nature crossed the bridge over the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, and as he did so heard a light footstep. Lifting his eyes, he saw Pepeeta, who at that very instant stepped out of the low bushes which lined the trail she had been following.

Her appearance was as sudden as an apparition and her beauty dazzled him. Her face, flushed with exercise, gleamed against the background of her black hair with a sort of spiritual radiance. When she saw the Quaker, a smile of unmistakable delight flashed upon her features and added to her bewitching grace. She might have been an Oread or a Dryad wandering alone through the great forest. What bliss for youth and beauty to meet thus at the close of day amid the solitudes of Nature!

Had Nature forgotten herself, to permit these two young and impressionable beings to enjoy this pleasure on a lonely road just as the day was dying and the tense energies of the world were relaxed? There are times when her indifference to her own most inviolable laws seems anarchic. There are moments when she appears wanton to lure her children to destruction.

They gazed into each other's eyes, they knew not how long, with an in-comprehensible and delicious joy, and then looked down upon the ground. Having regained their composure by this act, they lifted their eyes and regarded each other with frank and friendly smiles.

"I thought thee had gone," said David.

"We stayed longer than we expected," Pepeeta replied.

"Has thee been hunting wild flowers?" he asked, observing the bouquet which she held in her hand.

"I picked them on the way."

"Thou does love the woods?"

"Oh, so much! I am a sort of wild creature and should like to live in a cave."

"I am afraid thee would always turn thy face homeward at dusk, as thee is doing now," he said with a smile.

"Oh, no! I am not afraid! I go because I must."

The path was wide enough for two, and side by side they moved slowly forward.

The somber garb in which he was dressed, and the brilliant colors of her apparel, afforded a contrast like that between a pheasant and a scarlet tanager. Color, form, motion—all were perfect. They fitted into the scene with out a jar or discord, and enhanced rather than disturbed the harmony of the drowsy landscape.

As they walked onward, they vaguely felt the influence of the repose that was stealing upon the tired world; the intellectual and volitional elements of their natures becoming gradually quiescent, the emotions were given full sway. They felt themselves drawn toward each other by some irresistible power, and although they had never before been conscious of any incompleteness of their lives, they suddenly discovered affinities of whose existence they had never dreamed. Their two personalities seemed to be absorbed into one new mysterious and indivisible being, and this identity gave them an incomprehensible joy. Over them as they walked, Nature brooded, sphynx-like. Their young and healthy natures were tuned in unison with the harmonies of the world like perfect instruments from which the delicate fingers of the great Musician evoked a melody of which she never tired, reserving her discords for a future day.

On this delicious evening she permitted them to be thrilled through and through with joy and hope and she accompanied the song their hearts were singing with her own multitudinous voices. "Be happy," chirped the birds; "be happy," whispered the evening breeze; "be happy," murmured the brook, running along by their side and looking up into their faces with laughter. The whole world seemed to resound with the refrain, "Be happy! Be happy! for you are young, are young!" Pepeeta first broke the silence.

"I had never heard of the things about which you talked," she said.

"Thou never had? How could that be? I thought that every one knew them!"

"I must have lived in a different world from yours."

"And thee was happy?"

"I thought so until I heard what you said. Since then I have been full of care and trouble. I wish I knew what you meant! But I have seen that wonderful light!"

"Thou has seen it?"

"Yes, to-day! And I followed it; I shall always follow it."

"When does thee leave the village?" David asked, fearing the conversation

would lead where he did not want to go.

"To-morrow," she said.

"Does thee think that the doctor would renew his offer to take me with him?"

"Do I think so? Oh! I am sure."

"Then I will go."

"You will go? Oh, I am so happy! The doctor was very angry; he has not been himself since. You don't know how glad he will be."

"But will not thee be happy, too?" he asked.

"Happier than you could dream," she answered with all the frankness of a child.

Having reached the edge of the woods, where their paths separated, they paused.

"We must part," said David.

"Yes; but we shall meet to-morrow."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

At the touch of their hands their young hearts were swayed by tender and tumultuous feelings. A too strong pressure startled them, and they loosened their grasp. The sun sank behind the hill. The shadows that fell upon their faces awakened them from their dreams. Again they said good-bye and reluctantly parted. Once they stopped and, turning, waved their hands; and the next moment Pepeeta entered the road which led her out of sight.

In this interview, the entire past of these two lives seemed to count for nothing. If Pepeeta had never seen anything of the world; if she had issued from a nunnery at that very moment, she could not have acted with a more utter disregard of every principle of safety.

It was the same with David. The fact that he had been reared a Quaker; that he had been dedicated to God from his youth; that he had struggled all his days to be prepared for such a moment as this, did not affect him to the least degree.

The seasoning of the bow does not invariably prevent it from snapping. The drill on the parade ground does not always insure courage for the battle. Nothing is more terrible than this futility of the past.

Such scenes as this discredit the value of experience, and attach a terrible reality to the conclusion of Coleridge, that "it is like the stern-light of a vessel—illuminating only the path over which we have traveled."

It was to this moment that their consciences traced their sorrows; it was to that act of their souls which permitted them to enjoy that momentary rapture that they attached their guilt; it was at that moment and in that silent place that they planted the seeds of the trees upon which they were subsequently crucified.

(To be continued.)

HUNTING IN CHINA.

Variety of Game Found Among the Royal Tombs.

Four hours by train southwest of Peking lie the Hsi Ling or Western Tombs, the mausolea of the reigning dynasty. The tombs lie in a large parklike inclosure containing some sixty square miles of broken, hilly country in which the Chinese are not allowed to settle and which may not be plowed up. In consequence of this it's a refuge for all kinds of game and about the only safe find for pheasants within easy reach of Peking.

A kind of chamois (the Indian goral) and spotted deer are found on the higher hills and are preyed on by the panther and the wolf. As soon as the frost sets in for the winter the Chinese begin shooting the pheasants, and although they seem to do their best to exterminate them, a good many apparently escape and provide the stock for the following year.

The birds are shot over dogs, some of which have really good noses, though in appearance they differ in no way from the scavengers of the village streets. If possible a tame hawk is also taken out to mark down birds that are missed or not fired at. The man with the hawk takes his stand on a commanding hill and the hunter with his dog proceeds to draw round him. If the dog puts up a pheasant which is missed by the Chinaman, or a brace, only one of which can be fired at, the hawk is at once loosed and pheasant and hawk disappear together. The hunter reloads and follows and finds the hawk by means of a small bell attached to its back probably sitting on a rock or tree stump.