

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

NOT BUILDING LOGGING ROAD

President of Pacific Railway Declares Grade Is First Class.

Portland—"Who ever heard of a logging road constructed at a cost of \$40,000 per mile?"

This the question E. E. Lytle, president of the Pacific Railway & Navigation company, pronounced when asked in regard to a report emanating from Astoria to the effect that the line being built from Hillsboro to Tillamook will be nothing more nor less than a logging road; that it is not intended for passenger and freight business.

"Why, it is absurd," Mr. Lytle continued, and laughed heartily. "Of course the report came from Astoria; Astoria does not want the road built at all. It never did."

"We are pushing the work as rapidly as possible, and expect to have trains in operation by August 1. At present 1,500 men are engaged on the work, and they are certainly doing something." "The report has it that the road contains too many sharp curves, and too steep a grade to make it practical for passenger traffic," Mr. Lytle was told.

"Curves and grades? We have no steeper grade than the maximum of the Southern Pacific to California, which is 3 per cent, and as for curves, there is not one exceeding 15 degrees. You must not lose sight of the fact that we have 18 tunnels on that stretch of road from Hillsboro to Tillamook. These tunnels should do away with some of the grade that seems to frighten those who might have started the rumor."

"The road will cost in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000, including the cost of equipment, and passenger and freight trains will be operated to supply every demand."

"As far as logging goes, we do not own a tract of timber in that district. Of course, it taps a rich timber country, and logs will, of course, be hauled if they are offered, but it will only be part of the business."

Douglas Roads Improved.

Roseburg—Douglas county made greater progress in the year 1909 than in any year in its history. Over \$106,000 was expended during the year on the improvement of the county roads. It is said that in a few years Douglas county will become as famous for its good roads as it was for its bad ones. Commercial clubs have been organized in the smaller towns, such as Oakland and Glendale, and the Roseburg club occupies as fine club rooms as can be found in the state, outside of Portland. In Roseburg alone nearly \$500,000 was expended in improvements. Eighteen blocks of hard surface pavement were laid at a cost of over \$70,000, and it is expected that about twice that amount will be expended for the same purpose during 1910. Water mains and telephone poles were replaced over the entire business section at a great cost to the respective companies.

Many new buildings were erected, including the new four-story Masonic temple, costing \$25,000; a new Presbyterian church, at a cost of nearly \$15,000, and Hon. J. H. Booth's new residence, built at a cost of \$17,000. About two miles of new 12 foot cement sidewalks were laid in the paved district.

Northern Umatilla Gets Telephone.

Pendleton—After many years of waiting the Holdman country is to have telephone communication with the outside world. The work of distributing the poles has been started and the stringing of wires will follow in a few days. It is said that the line will be in operation by the first of February. This line is considered important for the reason that it will cover a vast expanse of country which has hitherto been without wire communication. The main line will be 20 miles long, will consist of four wires and will be put up in a very substantial manner. In addition to the main line there will be numerous feeders added from time to time until the whole northwestern part of the country is covered. To begin with, 18 ranches will be supplied with the phones, but it is expected that this number will be rapidly increased.

Woodburn Asks \$10,000 for Armory

Salem—F. W. Settlemier, captain of Company I, Oregon National guard, located at Woodburn, has asked the county court for Marion county for an appropriation of \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting an armory in that city. Captain Settlemier sets forth in his petition that the state military board will set aside a similar sum so that a creditable building can be built at Woodburn adequate for all purposes.

Wallowa Postoffice Goes Up.

Wallowa—Postmaster Tully has received notice that the Wallowa post office will be placed in the third class list January 1, and that his salary will be increased to \$1,200 per annum. The advance is due to the rapid increase of business which this office has shown.

Orchards in Linn.

Albany—The planting of thousands of acres of orchards in Linn county, through the organization of orchard companies, is the real awakening spirit created during the year, and which will mean the dividing up of the present large tracts of land.

WHERE MEN WILL FLY.

Aviation Field at Los Angeles Is Ideal Place.

Los Angeles, Jan. 10.—On a level and broad field, where but a week ago a herd of cows grazed in peace, a miniature city of tents and plain wooden structures today marks the spot where the first aviation meet in America is to begin, and above which the first competitive trials of speed and endurance between heavier-than-air machines will be seen on this continent.

Aviation camp is 13 miles from this city on the lines of the Pacific Electric extending to the numerous beach resorts along the Pacific coast. On a stretch of high ground at one side of the field a high grandstand has been erected, rising 40 feet in the air and extending for 700 feet along the course over which the trials of air craft and speed contests will be held.

Stretching out across the aviation field from a point in front of the grandstand is a long row of tents that now cover numerous flying machines and will house many more during the ten days of the aviation meet. On another side of the broad field another line of tents are placed and here the United States army dirigible balloons and many other dirigible airships are being assembled, ready to be inflated.

Aviation camp is on ground made historic in the days of the Spanish Dons. It is a part of the famous Dominguez ranch given to Lieutenant Juan Jose Dominguez of the army of Spain in the year 1784, and its extent was determined in the grant by a clause which said that the gallant soldier, for valiant services, was entitled to as large a tract as he could ride around between sunrise and sunset. The soldier waited until one December 21 to ride the boundaries of his land.

PRELIMINARY FLIGHT A SUCCESS

Three Men and Two Women Make Short Balloon Voyage.

Los Angeles, Jan. 10.—The big balloon "New York," carrying its owner, Clifford B. Harmon; Mrs. Alvin French and her niece, Jean French, as passengers, and George B. Harrison and George Duessler, balloon pilots, landed at Casaverduga, in the Glendale valley, at 4:47 yesterday afternoon after a flight of nearly two hours. The landing was made with ease, and no discomfort or danger attended any portion of this, the initial flight of the aeronauts who have gathered here for the aviation meet events.

An altitude of 5000 feet was attained and observations were taken by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Duessler. When the great gas-bag was cut loose at Huntington park at 2:55 in the afternoon, its flight was almost straight up until it had attained a height of 1000 feet. Then a strong current bore it to the northward until it passed out of sight beyond the haze that lay over the mountains. Spectators of the flight believed it was the intention of the aeronauts to attempt to sail over the Sierra Madre mountains, but those on board say this would have been impossible. At a height of 5000 feet, another current took the balloon to the westward, and when they were over the Glendale valley the aeronauts decided to come to earth. A distance of about 25 miles was covered.

BOSTON HAS FIERCE CAMPAIGN

No Party Lines, But \$250,000 Is Spent by Various Candidates.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 10.—Boston Saturday night wound up, except for the finishing touches, the fiercest municipal campaign in its history. The election Tuesday will be the first under the non-partisan plan and for a non-partisan campaign this has certainly been a revelation to the sponsors of the new order of things.

One of the candidates for mayor confesses he has spent nearly \$10,000, and he accuses his chief opponent of having spent more than \$200,000. This charge is denied. The other two candidates, without a ghost of a chance of election, have spent about \$5000. The various candidates for the city council have probably spent \$20,000, so that the cost of the campaign to the various aspirants figures up close to a quarter of a million dollars.

The ballots on Tuesday will bear the names of the candidates without party or other designation, and the campaign has been non-partisan except so far as the known political affiliations of the candidates have influenced voters.

White Rhino Hunt Begun.

Butiaba, Jan. 10.—The Smithsonian African scientific expedition arrived at Rhino camp, the basis for the hunt for the eagerly-sought white rhinoceros, today. Rhino camp is on the Congo side of the Bar-E-Jabel river. The expedition, as made up in the present hunt, consists of Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit, Mearns, Heller, Loring, Cunningham and 30 porters and boys. They have 200 loads of supplies. The party has temporarily left Uganda for the territory remarkable for the presence of the white rhinoceros.

Jury Justifies Lynching.

Cairo, Ill., Jan. 10.—The grand jury which investigated the murder of Miss Anna Pelley and the lynchings of Henry Salmer and Will James, the latter a negro, adjourned today. The report stated that it was evident the so-called lawless element was not concerned in the lynchings, and "we believe no innocent man met his death at the hands of the mob." Salmer was accused of murdering his wife. James was suspected of causing Miss Pelley's death.

Hookworm in College.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 10.—Consternation prevails among the 100 or more students of Tulare college following the examination of every student for hookworm. It is announced that more than a third of the members of the class were found to be infected.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XIII.

After wandering aimlessly about the city for a while the half-crazed gambler turned his footsteps toward home. He entered, both hoping and fearing that Peepeta would be asleep. He had a vague presentiment that he was on the verge of some great event. The guilty secret so long hidden in the depths of his soul seemed to have festered its way dangerously near to the surface, and he felt that if anything more should happen to irritate him he might do something desperate.

So quiet had been his movements that he stood at Peepeta's door before she knew that he had entered the house, and when he saw her kneeling by her bedside he stamped his foot in rage. The worshiper, startled by the interruption, although she was momentarily expecting it, hastily arose.

She smiled him a welcome which revealed her love, but did not conceal her sadness nor her suffering, and, approaching him, extended her hands for an embrace. He pushed her aside and flung himself heavily into a chair.

"You are tired," she said soothingly, and stroked his hair.

He did not answer, and her caress both tranquilized and frenzied him. She placed before him the little lunch which she always prepared with her own hands and kept in readiness for his return.

"Take it away. How often have I told you never to let me find you by your knees when I come home!" he asked, brutally.

"Oh! my beloved," she exclaimed, "you will at least permit me to kneel to you! See! I am here in an attitude of supplication! Listen to me? Answer me! What is the matter? Do you not love me any more? Tell me! Will you never love me again?"

With a violent and convulsive effort he pushed her away and exclaimed fiercely, "Leave me! Do not touch me!"

"Hate me!" she cried, "hate me? Oh, David, you cannot mean it. You cannot mean that you hate me?"

"But I do!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "I hate you. You have ruined me, and now you confess it. From the time that I first saw you I have never had a moment's peace. Why did you ever cross my path? Could you not have left me alone in my happiness and innocence? Look at me now. See what you have brought me to. I am ruined! But I am not alone. You have pulled yourself down with me. What will you say when I tell you that you are involved in a crime that must drag us both down?"

"A crime?" she cried, clasping her hands in terror.

"Yes, a crime. You need not look so innocent. You are as guilty as I, or at least you are as deeply involved. We are bound together in misery. We are doomed."

"Doomed! Doomed! What do you mean? Tell me, I implore you—do not speak in riddles!"

"Tell you? Do you wish to know? Are you in earnest? Then I will! You are not my wife! There! It is out at last!"

Peepeta sprang to her feet and stood staring at him in horror.

"I deceived you. You were married to your best of a husband lawfully enough; but as you would not leave him willingly, I determined that you should leave him any way. And so I bribed the justice to deceive you."

"You bribed the justice—to deceive me?"

"Yes, bribed him. Do you understand? You see now what your beauty has brought you to?"

She stood before him white and silent. He had risen, and they were confronting each other with their sins and sorrows between them.

"This, then," she said, "is the clue to all this mystery. The tangled thread has begun to unravel. Many times this suspicion has forced itself upon my mind; but it was too terrible to believe! And yet I, who could not endure the suspicion, must now support the reality?"

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" she said, "do? Must I do something? Yes, you are right. We cannot go on as we are. Something must be done. But what? Is it possible that I must return to my husband? How can I do that—I who cannot think of him without loathing! What is the matter? Why do you tremble so? Is it then as terrible to you as to me? I see from your emotion that I am right. And yet I cannot see what good it will do! How can it undo the wrong? It will be a certain sort of reparation, but it cannot bring him happiness, for I cannot give him back my heart. Oh! David, why have you done this? And yet I see my duty! If he is my husband, I must go back to him. A wife's place is by her husband's side. I do not see how I can do it, but I must. How hard it is! I cannot realize it. The very thought of seeing him again makes me shudder! And yet I must go!"

"It is impossible," gasped the trembling creature to whom she looked for confirmation.

"Why impossible?"

"Because, because—he is dead!" he whispered, through his dry lips.

"Dead? Did you say dead?" Peepeta cried. "When did he die? How did he die?"

"I killed him," he shouted, springing to his feet and waving his hands wildly. "There! It has told itself. I knew it would. It has been eating its way out of my heart for months. I should have died if I had kept it secret for another moment. I feel relieved already. You do not know what it means to guard a secret night and day

for years, do you? Oh, how sweet it is to tell it at last. I killed him! I killed him! I struck him with a stone. I crushed his skull and turned him face downward in the road and left him there so that when they found him they would think that he had fallen from his horse. It was well done, for one who has suspected it. I am in no danger. And yet I could not keep the secret any longer. And now that I am like myself again, I feel as if I should never be unkind or irritable any more. The load has fallen from my heart. Come, now, and kiss me."

Extending his hands, he approached her. As he did so, the look of horror with which she had regarded him intensified and she retreated before him until she reached the wall, looking like a seabird hurled against a precipice by a storm. Such dread was on her face that he dared not touch her.

"Place your candle on the window sill. I will wait until midnight, and if you extinguish it then, I shall accept your decision as final, and you will be responsible for what follows. I am a desperate man, and life without you has become intolerable."

Having thrust the letter under the door, David fled hastily down the stairway and into the street, where he began to pace back and forth like a sentry on his beat. Never did a condemned felon in a cell watch for the coming of a messenger of pardon with more wildly beating heart than his as he gazed at that window up in the wall of the gloomy tenement house. Never did a mariner on a storm-tossed vessel keep his eye more resolutely fixed on beams from a distant light-house.

Finally, and after what seem uncounted ages, the great clock struck the hour of midnight. One, two, three—he stood like a man, rooted to the ground—four, five, six—his heart beat louder than the bell—seven, eight, nine—the blood seemed bursting through its temples—ten, eleven, twelve—the light went out! The universe seemed to have been instantaneously swallowed up in darkness. He could not see the figure that crept to the window and gazed down upon him from behind the drapery of the curtains. He did not know that Peepeta had fallen—her knees in an agony deeper than his own, and was gazing down at him through streaming tears. In those few succeeding moments the sense of his personal loss was displaced by a sudden and overpowering sense of his personal guilt. The full consciousness of his sin burst upon him. He saw the selfishness of his love and his wickedness in a light brighter than day.

"What next?" he said aloud, as if speaking to some one else. Receiving no answer, he turned instinctively toward his gambling house, and went stumbling along through the deserted streets. What is a man, after all, but a stumbling machine? Progress is made by falling forward over obstacles! The poor stumbler tottered across his own threshold into that brilliant room where he had always received an enthusiastic welcome, but which he had not visited since his sickness. If ever a man needed kindness and encouragement it was he; but his sensitive spirit instantly discovered that all was changed.

His superstitious companions had not forgotten the broken glass, and had heard of his subsequent calamities. With them the lucky alone were the adorable! The gods of the temples of fortunes are easily and quickly dethroned, and the worshippers had already prostrated themselves before other shrines.

The coldness of his greeting sent a chill to his already benumbed heart and increased his desperation. He was nervous, excited, depressed, and feeling the need of something to distract his thought from his troubles, he sat down and began to play; but from the first deal he lost—lost steadily and heavily. Within a few short hours he had staked his entire fortune and lost it. It had gone as easily and as quickly as it had come.

"I guess that is about all," he said, pushing himself wearily back from the table at which he had just parted with the sun to his desolated home.

The title was just rising. The first faint stir of life was perceptible in the city streets; the green-grocers were coming in with their fresh vegetables; the office boys were opening the doors and putting away the shutters; there was a bright, morning look on the faces which peered into the haggard countenance of the gambler as he crept aimlessly along, but the fresh, sweet light gave him neither brightness nor joy. His heart was cold and dead; he had not even formed a purpose.

And so he drifted aimlessly until the current that was setting toward the levee caught him and bore him on with it. The sight of a vessel just putting out to sea communicated to his spirit its first definite impulse and he ascended the gang-plank without even inquiring its destination.

In a few moments the boat swung loose and turned its prow down the river. The bustle and the embarkation distracted him. He watched the hurrying sailors, gazed at the piles of merchandise, walked up and down the deck, listened to the frolic breeze that began to play upon the great, sonorous harp of the shrouds and the masts, and when at last the vessel glided out into the waters of the gulf he lay down in a hammock and fell into a long and dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

Mandarin.

Mandarin is not, as is generally supposed, a Chinese word, but one given by the Portuguese colonists at Macao to the officials of the Flowery Kingdom. It is from the verb "mandar" (to command). There are nine ranks of the mandarins, distinguished by the buttons in their caps—first, ruby; second, coral; third, sapphire; fourth, an opaque blue stone; fifth, crystal; sixth, an opaque white shell; seventh, wrought gold; eighth, plain gold; ninth, silver.

Bees.

Bees were unknown to the Indians, but they were brought over from England only a few years after the landing of the Pilgrim fathers. It was more than two centuries after the first white invasion of New England, however, before modern beekeeping began. The industry of the present day dates from the invention of the movable frame hive by Langstreth in 1852.

Storks of Egypt.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in devastating swarms.

Took Him at His Word.

Blodds—What's the matter with Henpecke? He seems quite depressed.

Blodds—Oh, I made the mistake of telling him to make himself feel quite at home—Philadelphia Record.