

# HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

## APPLE PROFITS GREAT.

Former Mail Carrier Extols Life of Up-to-Date Frustrator.

Portland—One of the most interesting addresses delivered before Portland Apple Growers' association was given by I. A. Mason, a prominent Hood River orchardist. The subject was "The Apple from Start to Finish," the speaker giving the large audience present a clear, concise story of apple production from the practical standpoint. Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Mason's address was that in which he gave exact figures on the proceeds from an Oregon apple orchard. In his Hood River orchard he has just two varieties, Newtown Pippin and Spitzenberg. In 1906 his receipts from the Spitzenbergs were \$835 an acre, and from the Newtowns \$750 an acre. This was the only year, he said, in which the Spitzenbergs brought larger returns than the other variety. In 1907 the average returns were \$250 an acre; in 1908, \$1,200 an acre, and in 1909, \$500 an acre. This year his trees are 13 years old.

"These figures are exact and not colored in any way," said Mr. Mason. "It will be seen that my orchard has brought me in gross receipts of \$700 an acre as an average for five years. All expense of maintenance amounted to about \$200 an acre, leaving a net profit of \$500 an acre.

"This, of course, is paying 10 percent on a valuation of \$5,000 an acre. It looks big, but it is nothing more than any young man who gets hold of a good piece of Oregon apple land can do. It can be done in the Willamette valley. If you will only select the right land, plant the best varieties and give them proper attention.

"You will notice that my orchard brought in only \$500 an acre last year. This, I believe, was because the crop was so heavy the year before. The extraordinary cold snap of last winter also contributed to it. But I want to say right now that this year gives every indication of being one of the best that Hood River has ever experienced. I believe confidently that my orchard will again bring in at least \$1,200 an acre.

"In raising apples it must be borne in mind that it takes time before the trees begin to pay. You will get a small crop in five years, and a better yield each subsequent year. But all that time you have been paying out with nothing coming in. It will take the crops of the seventh and eighth years to bring you out even. Then you are in clover. It's all velvet after that."

Mr. Mason advocated planting not more than three varieties in one orchard, and said two are better, if the right two are selected. He also declared that in Oregon he does not consider the slope of the ground as making a great deal of difference, just so the soil is of the right quality.

Say Eugene-Coos Bay Road Assured Eugene—F. B. Kidder, one of the promoters of the railroad from Eugene to Coos Bay, via Siuslaw, has returned to this city from Minneapolis, where he has been conferring with people who are backing him. He will be followed in a few days by J. H. Thomas, a civil engineer, who has built several lines in the Middle West, and John Baird, another railroad man, who will be associated with Mr. Kidder in this enterprise. All have left good positions in Minneapolis to take up this new work, and will make Eugene their home with their families.

They say that as soon as the survey and right of way are secured a large railroad corporation is ready and willing to build the road. A fund to complete this work is now being subscribed and the promoters say it can be raised in a few days.

These men have come here at the instance of the Lane County Asset company, a body of local business men, who have worked hard on the proposition for the past year, and who now believe that their work has begun to show fruit.

To Establish Paper Mill. Hood River—It is possible that Hood River will be the place selected for a paper mill. William Goodnough, who has a farm in Hood River, and who is an experienced paper mill man, met with the board of directors of the Commercial club recently and outlined his plans, and the matter was further taken up at a mass meeting. Mr. Goodnough believes that Hood River would afford an ideal site for a mill of this character.

\$10,000 Ranch in Union County. Elgin—The Bloodworth ranch four miles Northeast of Elgin, owned by J. O. Fisher, was sold this week to Harry Og for the sum of \$10,000. The ranch contained 200 acres of farm land and 40 acres of timber land. Fisher came here last fall from Washington. He bought the place from John Bloodworth, who homesteaded it in 1875.

New Company at Halfway. Baker City—Articles of incorporation have been filed for the Pine Mercantile company to do business at Halfway, Or., with a capital stock of \$30,000. The company will also handle real estate. J. B. Wood, Isaac McMullen, J. R. Hunsacker and Frank Clark are incorporators.

The Oregon Library commission will be glad to loan program material to teachers for Lincoln's and Washington's birthday. The only charge will be postage. Address Oregon Library commission, Salem.

## START BIG PRUNE ORCHARD

Syndicate Will Plant Big Tract Near Capital City.

Salem—One hundred and sixty-five acres of raw land have been purchased by a syndicate of Salem business men in the center of one of the best fruit districts in the vicinity of Salem, the Rosedale district, and it will be set out at once with Italian prunes. The trees have been ordered for 50 acres of the purchase, and they will be planted at once.

The land is located seven or eight miles south of Salem, and will be traversed by the Oregon Electric when that line is extended to Albany. The purchase was made of Arthur Edwards by Charles McNary, Dr. T. C. Smith, Harry E. Albert and Frank Durbin, an attorney, a dentist, a banker and a hop grower and buyer. It is the first time that a group of men have entered the prune business in so systematic a way in this vicinity.

The whole tract is not to be set out at once. The best methods will be adopted and studied with a view to making money. Other improvements will be put on the tract, including a unique summer home, which may be occupied from time to time by one or more of the families of the men who are the proprietors of the model orchard. It will be a plantation for farmers and prune growers in Marion and Polk counties to emulate, and as an educational feature alone it will be a valuable asset to the prune growing industry in those counties.

Weather Bureau Discontinued. Baker City—The weather bureau which has been maintained here since July 1, 1889, will be discontinued, for the present at least, according to information received by D. C. Grunow, the observer, from headquarters at Washington. All the instruments and records of the station were destroyed in the fire which wiped out the whole quarter block, and there is not any money available at present for the establishment of another bureau.

Potato Rate Reduced. Salem—An order has been issued reducing the rates on potatoes and onions to the same general level as the grain rates on the Southern Pacific road, which is one of the few roads in the Northwest that has charged more for the transportation of potatoes and onions than for grain and mill feed. The railroad commission has decided that these charges of the Southern Pacific are unreasonable.

New Car Shops at La Grande. La Grande—The Oregon Railroad & Navigation company has unofficially announced that new shops are to be built here during the coming summer. The plans are all completed and drawings and details are ready for the beginning of the work as soon as possible in the spring.

Tides Uncover Agates. Newport—The recent high tides have uncovered here large areas of agate bearing gravel, and when the weather permits large crowds may be seen on the beaches searching for the agates, which have made Newport famous.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices—Bluestem, \$1.16; club, \$1.06; red Russian, \$1.04; valley, \$1.06; 40 fold, \$1.10. Barley—Feed and brewing, \$28.50 @29 per ton. Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36. Oats—No. 1 white, \$31.50@32 ton. Hay—Track prices—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$21@22; alfalfa, \$17@18; clover, \$16; grain hay, \$16@17. Butter—City creamery, extras, \$7@39c per pound; fancy outside creamery, \$5@37c; store, 20@22 1/2c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, \$1@32c; Eastern, 17 1/2@22c. Pork—Fancy, 11c per pound. Poultry—Hens, 16 1/2@17c; springs, 16 1/2@17c; ducks, 21@22 1/2c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, live, 22@25c; dressed, 22 1/2@30c; squabs, \$3 per dozen. Veal—Extras, 12@12 1/2c per pound. Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@83 per box; pears, \$1@1.50; cranberries, \$8 @9 per barrel. Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 70@90c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2 1/2@2 3/4c per pound. Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$1.75@2 per hundred; pumpkins, 1 1/2@1 3/4c per pound; squash, 2c; tomatoes, \$1.50@2.25 per box; turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1.25; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.50. Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack. Hops—1909 crop, prime and choice, 20@22 1/2c per pound; 1908a, 17 1/2c; 1907s, 11 1/2c. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c. Casaca bark, 1 1/2c per pound. Hides—Dry, 18@18 1/2c per pound; dry kip, 18@18 1/2c; dry calfskin, 19@21c; salted hides, 10@10 1/2c; salted calfskins, 15c; green, 1c less. Cattle—Best, steers, \$5; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; strictly good cows, \$3.75@4; fair to good cows, \$3@3.50; light calves, \$5@5.50; heavy calves, \$4@4.50; bulls, \$3.50@3.75; stags, \$3@4. Hogs—Top, \$9; fair to good, \$8.50@8.75. Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50; fair to good, \$5@5.50; good ewes, \$4.75@5; lambs, \$6@6.50.

## ADJOURN IN DEADLOCK.

Miners and Operators Unable to Reach Agreement.

Toledo, O., Feb. 7.—Unable to effect an organization because of the deadlock on the admission of miners' delegates from Illinois, the joint wage conference of the bituminous coal operators and miners of Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania adjourned tonight sine die.

No provision was made for another meeting. The adjournment, it is declared, does not mean necessarily a suspension of work at the expiration of the present contract, April 1.

This would affect all bituminous districts controlled by the United Mine-workers, as they decreed at their Indianapolis convention that no district should sign a wage scale until the scales for all districts were negotiated. Both sides have declared, however, that they will not recede on the Illinois proposition.

Some plan may be worked out to get the miners and operators together again before April 1. It may be a call for another convention or the selection of a representative scale committee.

A meeting of the executive boards of the miners was called for tomorrow. The night session lasted only a short time.

As no one had anything to say, the futility of continuing the session was expressed by President Lewis. His suggestion for dividing the responsibility for adjournment was followed. A delegate from the miners moved to adjourn and one from the operators seconded it.

A call by votes resulted in the only unanimous vote recorded in the meeting.

## REICHSTAG HAS TREATY.

Friendly Spirit to Govern Tariff Administration.

Berlin, Feb. 7.—Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg today sent to the reichstag the following communication regarding the German-American tariff agreement:

"The American government has declared that the livestock question is withdrawn wholly from the negotiations, on the condition that the unlimited enjoyment of Germany's conventional tariff be conceded to the United States.

"It further agrees that the advantages of the American minimum tariff shall be extended unrestrictedly to Germany after March 31.

"That the customs administrative features of the existing tariff arrangement shall remain in force.

"That this extension of the minimum tariff to Germany secures to her treatment in accordance with the most favored nation clause.

"That the American customs administrative regulation shall be applied to German goods in a friendly and conciliatory spirit.

"That the present agreement respecting the labeling of wines shall remain in force; and

"That the customs administrative provisions respecting the marking of goods shall be applied in a friendly and conciliatory spirit."

## Flood Cleanses Paris.

Paris, Feb. 7.—The fall of the river Seine was more rapid today. The appearance of the city is approaching the normal, but the subway system is still inoperative. Water remains in the tubes, which, after they have been emptied, must be cleaned and disinfected. The progress toward the restoration of the lighting, telephone and telegraph lines is slow. The work of disinfection and other precautions against an epidemic of typhoid has been so thorough that some of the newspapers predict that Paris will not only escape contagion but will emerge from the flood cleaner than before.

The superintendent of sewers reports that from the examinations which he has been able to make, few of the sewer mains burst, the ruptures occurring in the branch pipes leading into buildings.

Despite the attempts of some of the opposition papers to make it appear that dissensions prevail among the various relief organizations, investigation indicates that all are co-operating with zeal. Foreign contributions to the relief fund today reached a total of about \$700,000.

## Watch Case Trust Sued.

Cincinnati, Feb. 7.—A suit for \$375,000 damages has been filed in the District court here by the Duerer Watch Case company against the Keystone Watch Case company, of Philadelphia, and other concerns alleged to be members of an illegal combination within the meaning of the Sherman law. It is alleged that the defendants combined to restrain trade by issuing a circular forbidding dealers handling their goods to sell cases made by others.

## Hens Working Overtime.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—One million eight hundred thousand strictly fresh, newly-laid eggs are arriving in Chicago every day from Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Texas, Tennessee and Nebraska. They arrive in cases of 30 dozen each, 50,000 cases being received daily. So there is no immediate danger of an egg famine here. The weather is responsible. It has been so mild and favorable for the production of eggs in the South and Southwest for the last three weeks that hens are fairly working overtime.

To guard against disease germs in the dust, masks have been adopted by the New York street cleaning department for its sweepers.

# The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

Copyright, 1900, by The Bowen-Merrill Company.

All Rights Reserved

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

His interest and excitement culminated in an incident for which the listener was totally unprepared. The speaker who had been exhorting his audience upon the testimony of prophetic and apostolic now appealed to his own personal experience.

"Look at me!" he said, laying his great hand on his broad chest. "I was once as hardened and desperate a man as any of you; but God saved me! See this book!" he added, holding up the old volume. "I will tell you a story about it. I found it in a log cabin away out in the frontier State of Ohio. Listen, and I will tell you how. I had left a lumber camp with a company of frontiersmen one Sunday morning. To go to a new clearing which we were making in the wilderness, when I suddenly discovered that I had forgotten my axe. Swearing at my misfortune I returned to get it. As I approached the cabin which I had left a few minutes before, I heard a human voice. His suggestion for dividing the responsibility for adjournment was followed. A delegate from the miners moved to adjourn and one from the operators seconded it.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed a voice. "So rapt had been the attention of the hearers that at this unexpected interruption the women screamed and the men made a wide path for the figure that burst through them and rushed toward the platform. The speaker paused and fixed his eyes upon the man who pressed eagerly toward him. "Tell me whether a red line is drawn down the edge of a certain chapter!" he cried. "It is," replied the lumberman. "Then let me take it!" exclaimed David, reaching out his trembling hands. "What for?" "Because it is mine! I am the man who proclaimed the holy faith, and God forgive me, abandoned it even as you received it!"

The astonished lumberman handed him the Bible, and he covered it with kisses and tears. In the meantime, the crowd, excited by the spectacular elements of the drama, surged round the actors, and the preacher, reaching down, took David by the arm and raised him to the platform. "Be quiet, my friends," he said, with a gesture of command, "and when this prodigal has regained his composure we will ask him to tell us his story."

Of what was transpiring around him David seemed to be entirely unconscious and at last the fickle crowd became impatient. "What's de matter wid you?" said a sarcastic voice. "Speak out! Don't snuffe!" exclaimed another. "Tip up your tale," cried a fourth. "Go on. Go on. We're waiting," called many more.

These impatient cries at last aroused David from his waking dream, he drew his hand over his eyes, and began his story. For a time the strange narrative produced a profound impression. Heads drooped as if in meditation upon the mystery and meaning of life; significant glances were exchanged; tears trembled in many eyes; these torpid natures received a shock which for a moment awakened them to a new life.

But it was only for a moment. They were incapable of the sustained effort of thought, of ambition, or of will. Impressions made upon their souls were like those made on the soft folds of a garment by the passing touch of a hand.

To their besotted perceptions this scene was like a play in a Bowery theater, and now that the dramatic denouement had come, they lost their interest and sauntered away singly or in little groups. In a few moments there were only three figures left in the light of the flaming torch. They were those of the lumberman, David, and Mantel, who now drew near, took his friend by the hand and pressed it with a gentle sympathy.

"Where did you come from?" asked David, in surprise, as he for the first time recognized his companion. "I have followed you all the evening," Mantel replied. "Then you have heard the story of this book?" "I have, and I could not have believed it without hearing."

"Can you spare us a little of your time?" said David, turning to the lumberman. "I owe you all the time you wish and all the service I can render," he replied. "You have more than paid your debt by what you have done for me tonight, but who are you?"

"I am only another voice crying in the wilderness."

"How do you support yourself?" asked Mantel, to whom such a man was a phenomenon. "We do not any of us support ourselves so much as we are supported," he replied.

"And this life of toll and self-denial had its origin in those words I spoke in the empty lumber camp?" asked David, incredulously. "It is not a life of self-denial, but that was its beginning."

"It is a mystery. I lost my faith and you found it, and now perhaps we are going to give it back again!"

The lumberman turned his searching eyes kindly on Mantel's face and said, "And how is it with thee, my friend; hast thou the peace of God?"

The directness of the question startled the gambler. "I have no peace of any kind; my heart is full of storms and my life is a ruin," he answered, sadly.

"Did thee never notice," said the lumberman, gently, "how nature loves to reclaim a ruin?"

"I shall never be reclaimed. I have gone too far. I have often tried to find the true way of life, and prayed for a single glimpse of light! Have you ever heard how Zeyd used to spend hours leaning against the wall of the Kaaba and praying. Lord, if I knew in what manner thou wouldst have me adore thee, I would obey thee; but I do not! Oh! give me light! I have prayed that prayer with all that agony, but, to me, the universe is dark as hell!"

"There is light enough! It is eyes we need!" said the evangelist.

"Light! Who has it? Many think they have, but it is mere fancy. They mistake the shining of rotten wood for fire!"

"And sometimes men have walked in the light without seeing it, as fish swim in the sea and birds fly in the air, might say, 'Where is the sea?' 'Where is the air?'"

"But what comfort is it, if there is light, and I cannot see it? There might as well be no light at all!"

"The bird never knows it has wings until it tries them! We see, not by looking for our eyes, but by looking out of them. We say of a little child that it has to 'find its legs.' Some men have to find their eyes."

"It is an art, then, to see? Can you impart that capacity and teach that art?"

"No, it must be acquired by each man for himself. We can only tell others 'we see.' We see by faith."

"And what is faith?" "It is a power of the soul as much higher than reason as reason is higher than sense."

"Some men may possess such power, and I do not."

"You at least have an imagination."

"Yes."

"Well, faith is but the imagination spiritualized."

Mantel regarded the man who spoke in these terse and pregnant sentences with astonishment. "This," said he, "is not the same language in which you addressed the people in the Battery. This is the language of a philosopher! Do all lumbermen in the west speak thus?"

The evangelist began to reply, but was interrupted by David, who now burst out in a sudden exclamation of joy and gratitude. He had been too busy with reflections and memories to participate actively in the conversation, for this startling incident had disclosed to him the whole slow and hidden movement of the providence of his life towards this climax and opportunity. He was profoundly moved by a clear conviction that a divine hand must have planned and superintended this whole web of events, and had intentionally led him from contemplating the tragic issue of his sinfulness and desires, to this vision of the good he had done in the better moments of his life.

With that instantaneous movement in which his disordered conceptions of life invariably re-formed themselves, the chaotic events of the past shifted themselves into a purposeful and comprehensible series, and revealed beyond peradventure the hand of God.

And as this conclusion burst upon him, he broke into the conversation of Mantel and the lumberman with the warmest exclamations of gratitude and happiness.

They talked a long time in the quiet night, asking and answering questions. The two friends besought the evangelist to accompany them to their rooms, but he said:

"I have given you my message and must pass on. My work is to bear testimony. I sow the seed and leave its cultivation and the harvest to others."

CHAPTER XIX.

Too busy with their own thoughts to talk on the way home, on entering their rooms Mantel threw himself into a chair, while David nervously began to gather his clothes together and crowd them hastily into a satchel.

"What's up?" asked Mantel. "I'm off in the morning. I am going to find Pepestet."

"Do you really expect to succeed?" "Expect to! I am determined. I am going to find Pepestet, take her back to that quiet valley where I lived, and get myself readjusted to life. I need time for reflection, and so do you. What do you say? Will you join me? I cannot bear to leave you! You have been a friend, and I love you!"

"Thanks, Corson, thanks. You have come nearer to stirring this dead heart of mine than any one since—well, no matter. I reciprocate your feeling. I shall have a hard time of it after you have gone."

"Then join me."

"It is impossible."

"But why? This life will destroy you sooner or later."

"Oh—that's been done already."

"Think of your mother."

"Mantel, you are carrying this too far. A man is something more than the mere chemical product of his ancestor's blood and brains! Every one has a new and original endowment of his own. He must live and act for himself."

tel. Join me. Such feelings as these which stir us so deeply to-night do not come too often. It must be dangerous to resist them. I suppose there are slight protests and aspirations in the soul all the time, but these to-night are like the flood of the tide."

"Yes," said Mantel; "the Nile flows through Egypt every day, but flows over it only once a year."

"And this is the time to sow the seed, isn't it?"

"So they say. But you must remember that you feel this more deeply than I do, Davy. I am moved. I have a desire to do better, but it isn't large enough. It is like a six-inch stream trying to turn a seven-foot wheel."

"Don't make light of it, Mantel!"

"I don't mean to, but you must not overestimate the impressions made on me. I am not so good as you think."

"I wish you had the courage to be as good as you are."

"But there is no use trying to be what I am not. If I should start off with you, I should never be able to follow you. My old self would get the victory. In the long run, a man will be himself. Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome—seldom extinguished."

"What a mood you are in, Mantel! It makes me shiver to hear you talk so. Here I am, full of hope and purpose; my heart on fire; believing in life; confident of the outcome; and you, a better man by nature than I am, sitting here, cold as a block of ice, and the victim of despair! I ought to be able to do something! Sweet as life is to me to-night, I feel that I could lay it down to save you."

"Dear fellow!" said Mantel, grasping his hands and choking with emotion; "you don't know how that moves me! It can't seem half so strange to you as it does to me; but I must be true to myself. If I told you I would take this step I should not be honest. No! Not to-night! Sometimes, perhaps, I haven't much faith in life, but I swear I don't believe, bad man as I am, that anybody can ever go clear to the bottom, without being rescued by a love like that! I'll never forget it, Davy; never! It will save me sometime; but you must not talk any more, you are tired out. Go to bed, friend, brother, the only one I ever really had and loved. You will need your sleep. Leave me alone, and I will sit the night out and chew the litter out."

It was not until Daybreak that David ceased his supplications and lay down to snatch a moment's rest. When he awoke, he sprang up suddenly and saw Mantel still sitting before the open window where he left him, pondering the great problem. They parted, one to break through the meshes and escape, and the other—

In Australia, when drought drives the rabbits southward, the ranchmen, terrified at their approach, have only to erect a woven wire fence on the north side of their farms to be perfectly safe, for the poor things lie down against it and die in droves—too stupid to go round, climb over, or dig under! It is a comfort to see one of them now and then who has determined to find the green fields on the southward side—no matter what it costs!

Weak and bad as he had been, David at least took the first path which he saw leading up to the light.

(To be continued.)

In Chicago's Packeries.

Kate Barnard describes in the Survey her experience in a Chicago packing house and draws a humanitarian lesson from what she saw.

"I watched a hog stick in a packing house stick 800 hogs an hour, ten hours a day. All day long the glittering dagger rose and fell, and each time a hog died and the rich red blood flowed and splashed over the man's arms and hands. He looked up at me and smiled—this human brother of mine—and even as he smiled the glittering dagger unerringly hit the jugular vein. Two years later he went mad—but his hand never ceased its automatic action, even when the light of his brain went out, and he felled five men before they could wrench from him the terrible dagger—a dagger no more cold or unfeeling than those who crushed his life. What an indictment against those who would fasten on their brothers the long work day. Sunshine and human fellowship daily would have saved this man. But we returned him to his maker, a maniac—we coined his brain into gold. It was such arguments as these which secured our laws to prevent disease."

No Escape Via Temperament. "Mabel is getting past the marriageable age, isn't she?" "Yes, and it's too bad she hasn't any talents."

"Why?" "She won't be able to tell her friends that temperament prompts her to give up matrimony and devote herself to art."—St. Louis Star.

Modern Romance. "Doll heart, tell me something," murmured the swain.

"What is it?" inquired the lady. "Do you really love me?" "Do I really love you? Ain't I giving up alimony for you?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Then He Went. "I think I must be going," remarked the young man for the tenth time. "You do not appear to be going," declared the young lady, after inspecting him carefully. "You seem to be perfectly stationary."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Better Half. "I'm introducing a brand new invention—a combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and letter opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an office.

"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married."—Bohemian.

If a boy is brought up to suit his father, he is too old to cry after he is six, but if he is Mother's Darling, he blubbers when he is sixteen.