

Local and Personal.

Persons reported sick last week are all slightly improved.

E. H. Hosner, of Portland, was in town yesterday looking around.

W. A. Tucker was out yesterday with Mr. Slack, who arrived here last week, for the purpose of showing him some property, Mr. Slack desiring to locate.

W. M. Mack has purchased the Buckham property.

Revival meeting still continues at the Evangelical Church with good attendance and considerable interest. There have been some fifteen conversions, and services will continue the balance of the week.

NEW LIGHT IS THROWN UPON PACIFIC RAILWAYS

New York, March 17—In the light of the government's prosecution against the merger of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railway companies an article by Charles Edward Russell in the forth coming April number of of Hampton's Magazine entitled "The Great Millionaire Mill," purporting to be the first real history of the Pacific System of railroads and the great fortunes built out of them, is timely. Mr. Russell characterizes the building of the Central Pacific, now the Southern Pacific, as the greatest steal ever perpetrated upon the United States Government.

He charges that the four projectors of the road, Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker divided among themselves in stock, land grants from the government, government bonds and bonds which the government guaranteed, and donations from California counties the sum of \$149,000,000 for which they did not pay one cent. The total of the government subsidy which Huntington by clever lobbying got from Congress Mr. Russell declares was \$60,000,000.

How the figures were juggled to turn most of this immense subsidy into the pockets of the four promoters is explained by Mr. Russell as follows: The Bill provided that the government should issue to the road \$1,000 six per cent bonds; for every mile in valley or level land, \$16,000 in bonds; for every mile in the foothills, \$32,000 in bonds, and for every mile in the mountains, \$48,000 in bonds. Mr. Russell alleges that the company charged the government at the mountain rate, \$48,000 a mile, on thirty miles of level, or nearly level ground near Sacramento, and at the foothill rate, \$32,000 a mile, for many miles of level building in the valley east of the Sierras.

"This," says Mr. Russell, "is the origin of the familiar saying in California that the Central Pacific was the strongest corporation in the world because it had moved the Sierra Nevada mountains thirty miles. It not only made these charges but collected for them, although Mr. Judah, the engineer, refused to assent to the transaction."

"Abating nothing of admiration," says Mr. Russell speaking of the completion of the road, "for the physical performance, it is time now to reflect that it was also a monstrous triumph of greed, fraud and corruption; that it might have been had at a fraction of its cost to the public; and that it might very easily have been a blessing instead of a blight to that rich country of which it was ecstatically called

the Gateway.

"For the gate was quickly closed and before it appeared the grim figure of Collis P. Huntington, one hand holding the key and the other stretched out taking toll. The physical figure of Huntington is no longer there, but the Gateway remains closed and before it are his successors, still busily taking toll.

"How much, do you think?"

"From the day the gate was erected and closed, down to the present year, first Mr. Huntington and his associates and then their successors have taken and divided more than \$600,000,000 in unjust tolls, all from the people of the United States, who so kindly erected the Gate across their own highway."

In the course of his article Mr. Russell describes vividly the race for a junction between the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific, the road now attempting to merge.

"The act of 1864," he says, "had authorized the Central Pacific to build eastward to a junction with the Union Pacific wherever that might be. At first the four partners had assumed this junction would be far to the eastward, allowing them good mileage and many fat bonds, but the swift advance of the Union Pacific began to annoy them, and by 1867 they were thoroughly alarmed. The Union Pacific was approaching the mountains. If it should thread them first, the Central Pacific would lose the fattest part of its contract with the government; also the best of the joint haul when the roads should be united.

"There ensued the maddest chapter in all railroad history. The two roads entered into a race, tearing into the work before them regardless of any question of cost, working day and night with relay gangs.

"It was the wild romance of railroad building. Winter came on; the terrible Sierra winter with its phenomenal snow falls, but to the world's amazement the work never stopped. In the dead of winter, rails, machinery, cars, even locomotives in pieces, were dragged hundreds of miles on wagons, traversing roads heavy and badly made, threatened with imminent disaster from the snow slides and the storms."

Talk about the present high cost of living—listen to this:

"Food for men and fodder for the horses reached fabulous prices. Oats were sold by the pound at 12 to 15 cents; hay was \$100 a ton and sometimes \$180; for teams the contractors paid \$12 and \$14 a day.

"In April, 1869, they were almost within sight of the enemy's lines. Before them was Ogden, the goal of the race, in the great valley between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada ranges. In the fury of competition both companies far overshot the mark. The Union Pacific had its graders one hundred miles west of Ogden; the Central Pacific had its advance line forty miles beyond its track layers. Only the iron actually put into position counted in the race.

"On the last day, ten miles were laid; on April 28th. they struck the Union Pacific line fifty three miles west of Ogden; and May 10th. they drove the golden spike that cemented the two roads. The Union Pacific had won by fifty three miles. Subsequently the Central Pacific bought of the Union Pacific at a high price the overlapping road."

Mr. Russell also gives some interesting personal studies of the four men back of the Central Pa-

cific, the "Big Four" as they came to be known. Huntington, the dominating spirit, towering head and shoulders above the others in ability and force; Hopkins, the man of accounts and business system; Leland Stanford the politician of the group, and Crocker the practical railroad constructor.

The article is the first of a series upon the history of the Southern Pacific.

Easily Remedied.

An old lawyer who is a noted wit has for a partner another old fellow who is very conservative and strait-laced. Recently the wit remarked to his partner that it was advisable to employ a female stenographer in the office, maintaining that stenographers of that variety were much more satisfactory than males.

But the partner didn't like the idea. "My dear fellow," he objected, "I don't think it would be proper. It wouldn't do, wouldn't do at all. You see, here I should be in the office hour after hour every day, quite alone with the young lady, and"—

"Well," observed the wit, with a twinkling eye, "couldn't you holler?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Matching the Braid.

After ten years he returned, footsore and weary. His wife met him at the door.

"I thought you were dead," she told him.

"You should have known better than that," he said. "Do you remember that last piece of net I tried to match for you? You scolded because there was a difference of an eighth of an inch in the width of the folds, and I vowed that I would never again return from matching anything for you until I had found the exact thing you wanted."

He handed her a package. "Here is that old rose binding braid that you told me to buy. I found it last Monday in Billings, Mont. I have looked for it in thirty-seven states."

She tore off the wrappings.

"It is a little too dark," she said.

"But the sample has faded some in ten years," he reminded her.

"It is a little too heavy besides."

"But handling by thousands of clerks has worn the sample away some. It was heavier when I started out."

"I suppose I can make it do," she said.—Newark News.

Cruel.

The would be prima donna paced the floor with nervous emotion. "Julian," she suddenly demanded, "what opera do you think would do justice to my voice?"

And Julian, the manager, tugged at his black cigar and responded sardonically:

"Ah, madam, it would be a pleasure to hear you in the great anvil chorus. Your voice would make the blacksmith scene perfect."

"And the connection between my voice and a blacksmith, sir?"

"The heavy rasp in it, madam—the heavy rasp."

And then Julian escaped from the greenroom just in time to dodge a glided chair.—Chicago News.

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