

# The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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### CHAPTER XVII—(Continued.)

Satisfied now that he had a ticklish matter to handle, he prepared for it, with his usual enthusiasm and circumspection.

Steering out into the street, he walked first toward the postoffice. The man on which he had just come had been a mail train, and he calculated that he would find half the town there. His calculation was a correct one. The store was crowded with people, looking for the place in the line drawn up before the postoffice window, he saw the man, and when it came his turn to be called, he saw that it was the man whose name was his own name—James Wellgood.

The man behind the boxes was used to the name and reached out a hand toward a box unusually well stacked, that stopped halfway there and gave Sweetwater a sharp look.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"A stranger," that young man put in, "looking for James Wellgood."

"Thought perhaps you could tell me where to find him. I see that his letters pass through this office."

"You're taking up another man's name," complained the postmaster. He probably alluded to the man whose letter Sweetwater felt boring into his back. "Ask Dick over there; he knows the detective was glad enough to escape and ask Dick. But he was better pleased yet when Dick, a fellow with a quiet who had always been in the sugar, told him that Mr. Wellgood would probably be in for his mail in a few minutes. That is his busy standing before the drug store on the opposite side of the way."

So he had netted Jones' quondam waiter at the first cast! "Lucky!" was that he said to himself. "Still lucky!"

Samtering to the door, he watched for the owner of that buggy. He had learned, as such fellows do, that there was a secret hue and cry after this very man by the New York police; that he was supposed by some to be some one looking upon the very man whose steps he had followed through the Fairbrother house a few nights before and through whose resolute action he had very nearly run the risk of a lingering death from starvation.

"A dangerous customer," thought he, "would if my instinct will go so far as to make me recognize his presence. I shouldn't wonder. It has served me almost as well as that many times before."

It appeared to serve him now, for when the man finally showed himself behind the crosswalk separating the two buildings he experienced a sudden decision not unlike that of dread, and, of him being nothing in the man's appearance to warrant apprehension, he took it for the instinctive recognition of an undoubtedly was.

He therefore watched him narrowly as he succeeded in getting one glance from his eye. It was enough. The man was commonplace—commonplace in feature, dress and manner; but his eyes gave him away. There was nothing commonplace in that. It was an eye to beware of.

He had taken in Sweetwater as he passed, but Sweetwater was of a commonplace type, too, and woke no corresponding dread in the other's mind. It was when he whistled into the store, from which he presently reissued with a bundle of mail in his hand. The detective's first instinct was to take him into custody as a suspect much pointed by the New York police; but reason assured him that he not only had no warrant for this, but that he would better serve the ends of justice by following out his present task of bringing this man and the Englishman together and watching the result. But now, with the conditions laid on him by Mr. Grey, was this to be done? He saw nothing of the man's circumstances or of his position in the town. Now, then, go to work to secure his cooperation in a scheme possibly as dangerous to him as it was to himself? He could stop this stranger in the street with some plausible excuse, and if he did not follow that he would proceed in luring him to the hotel where Mr. Grey could see him. Well, or, as he believed, Sears, knew how much of life to be beguiled by any man's captivation, and Sweetwater was obliged to see him drive off without being made the least advance in the man's harassing him.

But that was nothing. He had all the evening before him and, re-entering the sugar barrel. He had perceived that in the pauses of weighing and talking, if he were allowed with suitable discretion, why should he not talk of Wellgood?

He was pulled, and he did talk, and some effect—that is, he gave information of the man which surprised Sweetwater. If in the past and in New York he had been known as a manufacturer of the machine designed to rejuvenate the human race. He had not been long in town and was somewhat of a stranger yet, but he wouldn't be long. He was going to make things very sharp at this team and at its driver, but saw nothing to arouse sus-

picion. They were now a half mile from C— and seemingly in a perfectly desolate region.

"A manufactory here?" exclaimed Mr. Grey. It was the first word he had uttered since starting.

"Not far from here," was Sweetwater's equally laconic reply, and, the road taking a turn almost at the moment of his speaking, he leaned forward and pointed out a building standing on the right hand side of the road with its feet in the water. "That's it," said he. "They described it well enough for me to know it when I see it. Looks like a robber's hole at this time of night," he laughed. "But what can you expect from a manufactory of patent medicine?"

Mr. Grey was silent. He was looking very earnestly at the building.

"It is larger than I expected," he remarked at the last.

Sweetwater himself was surprised, but as they advanced and their point of view changed they found it to be really an insignificant structure, and Mr. Wellgood's portion of it more insignificant still.

In reality it was a collection of three stores under one roof; two of them were shut up and evidently unoccupied, the third showing a lighted window. This was the manufactory. It occupied the middle place and presented a tolerably decent appearance. It showed, besides the lighted lamp I have mentioned, such signs of life as a few packing boxes tumbled out on the small platform in front, and a whinny horse attached to empty buggy, tied to a post on the opposite side of the road.

"I'm glad to see the lamp," muttered Sweetwater, "know, what shall we do? Is it light enough for you to see his face, if I can manage to bring him to the door?"

Mr. Grey seemed startled.

"It's darker than I thought," said he.



He could see into every corner.

"would make this postoffice worth while. Then the drug—ordered by wholesale. Those boxes over there were his, ready to be carted out to his manufactory. Count them, some one, and think of the bottles and bottles of stuff they stand for. If it sells as he says it will, then he will soon be rich, and so on, till Sweetwater brought the garrulous Dick to a standstill by asking whether Wellgood had been away for any purpose since his first came to town. He received the reply that he had just come home from New York, where he had been for some articles needed in his manufactory. Sweetwater felt all his convictions confirmed and ended the colloquy with the final question:

"And where is his manufactory? Might be worth visiting perhaps?"

The other made a gesture, said something about north-west and rushed to help a customer. Sweetwater took the opportunity to slide away. More explicit directions could easily be got elsewhere, and he felt anxious to return to Mr. Grey and discover if possible whether it would prove as much a matter of surprise to him as to Sweetwater himself that the man who answered to the name of Wellgood was the owner of a manufactory and a barrel or two of drugs, out of which he proposed to make a compound that would rob the doctors of their business and make himself and this little village rich.

Sweetwater made only one stop on his way to Mr. Grey's hotel rooms, and that was at the stables. Here he learned whatever else there was to know, and, armed with definite information, he appeared before Mr. Grey, who, to his astonishment, was dining in his own room.

He had dismissed the waiter and was rather brooding than eating. He looked up eagerly, however, when Sweetwater entered and asked what news.

The detective, with some semblance of respect, answered that he had seen Wellgood, but that he had been unable to detain him or bring him within his employer's observation.

"He is a patent medicine man," he then explained, "and manufactures his own concoctions in a house he has rented here on a lonely road some half mile out of town."

"Wellgood does—the man named Wellgood?" Mr. Grey exclaimed, with all the astonishment the other secretly expected.

"Yes, Wellgood—James Wellgood. There is no other in town."

"How long has this man been here?" the statesman inquired after a moment of apparently great discomfiture.

"Just twenty-four hours this time. He was here once before, when he rented the house and made all his plans."

"Ah!"

Mr. Grey rose precipitately. His manner had changed.

"I must see him. What you tell me makes it all the more necessary for me to see him. How can you bring it about?"

"Without his seeing you?" Sweetwater asked.

"Yes, yes; certainly without his seeing me. Couldn't you rap him up at his own door and hold him in talk a minute while I looked on from the carriage or whatever vehicle we can get to carry us there? The least glimpse of his face would satisfy me—that is, tonight."

"I'll try," said Sweetwater, not very sanguine as to the probable result of this effort.

Returning to the stables, he ordered the team. With the last ray of the sun they set out, the reins in Sweetwater's hands.

They headed for the coast road.

"But call the man and if I cannot see him plainly, I'll shout to the horse to stand, which you will take as a signal to bring this Wellgood nearer. But do not be surprised if I ride off before he reaches the buggy. I'll come back again and take you up farther down the road."

"All right, sir," answered Sweetwater with a side glance at the speaker's inscrutable features. "It's a go. And leaping to the ground he advanced to the manufactory door and knocked loudly.

No one appeared.

He tried the latch; it lifted, but the door did not open; it was fastened from within.

"Strange!" he muttered, casting a glance at the waiting horse and buggy, then at the lighted window, which was on the second floor directly over his head. "Guess I'll sing out."

Here he shouted the man's name. "Wellgood! I say, Wellgood!"

No response to this either.

"Looks bad!" he acknowledged to himself, and taking a step back, he looked up at the window.

It was closed, but there was neither shade nor curtain to obstruct the view.

"Do you see anything?" he inquired of Mr. Grey, who sat with his eye at the small window in the buggy top.

"Nothing."

"No movement in the room above? No shadow at the window?"

"Nothing."

"Well, it's confounded strange!" And he went back, still calling Wellgood.

The tied up horse whinnied, and the waves gave a soft splash, and that was all, if I except Sweetwater's muttered oath.

Coming back, he looked again at the window; then, with a gesture toward Mr. Grey, turned the corner of the building and began to edge himself along its side in an endeavor to reach the rear and see what it offered. But he came to a sudden standstill. He found himself on the edge of the tank before he had taken twenty steps. Yet the building projected on, and he saw why it had looked so large from a certain point of the approach. Its rear wall built on piles, making its depth even greater than the united width of the three stores. At low tide this might be accessible from below, but just now the water was almost on a level with the top of the piles, making all approach impossible save by boat.

Disgusted with his failure, Sweetwater returned to the front and, finding the situation unchanged, took a new resolve. After measuring with his eye the height of the first story, he coolly walked over to the strange horse and, slipping his bridle, brought it back and cast it over a projection of the door. By its aid he succeeded in climbing up to the window, which was the sole eye to the interior.

Mr. Grey sat far back in his buggy, watching every movement.

There were no shades at the window, as I have before said, and once Sweet-

water's eye had reached the level of the sill he could see the interior without the least difficulty. There was no body there. The lamp burned on a great table littered with papers, but the rude cane chair before it was empty, and so was the room. He could see into every corner of it, and there was not even a hiding place where anybody could remain concealed. Sweetwater was still looking when the lamp, which had been burning with considerable smoke, flared up and went out. Sweetwater uttered an ejaculation and, finding himself face to face with utter darkness, slid from his perch to the ground.

Approaching Mr. Grey for the second time, he said:

"I cannot understand it. The fellow is either lying low or he's gone out, leaving his lamp to go out too. But whose is the horse? Just excuse me while I tie him up again. It looks like the one he was driving today. It is the one. Well, he won't leave him here all night. Shall we lie low and wait for him to come and unitch this animal or do you prefer to return to the hotel?"

Mr. Grey was slow in answering. "You can never tell anything about such fellows as he. He may have caught some unexpected glimpse of me or simply heard that I was in town. If he's the man I think him, he has reasons for avoiding me which I can very well understand. Let us go back, not to the hotel—I must see this adventure through tonight—but far enough for him to think we have given up all idea of rooting him out tonight. Perhaps that is all he is waiting for. You can steal back."

"Excuse me," said Sweetwater, "but I know a better dodge than that. We'll circumvent him. We passed a boat-house on our way down here. I'll just drive you up, procure a boat and bring you back here by water. I don't believe that he will expect that, and if he is in the house we shall see him or his light."

"Meanwhile he can escape by the road."

"Escape! Do you think he is planning to escape?"

The detective spoke with becoming surprise, and Mr. Grey answered without apparent suspicion.

"It is possible, if he suspects my presence in the neighborhood."

"Do you want to stop him?"

"I want to see him."

"Oh, I remember. Well, sir, we will drive on—that is, after a moment."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, nothing. You said you wanted to see the man before he escaped."

"Yes, but—"

"And that he might escape by the road."

"Yes—"

"Well, I was just making that a little bit impracticable. A small pobble in the keyhole and—why, see now, his horse is walking off! Gee! I must have fastened him badly. I shouldn't wonder if he trotted all the way to town. But it can't be helped. I cannot be supposed to race after him. Are you ready now, sir? I'll give another shout, then I'll get in."

"All right," about echoed with the cry, "Wellgood! I say, Wellgood!"

There was no answer, and the young detective, maddened for the noise as Mr. Grey's confidential servant, jumped into the buggy and turned the horse's head toward C—.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE moon was well up when the small boat in which our young detective was seated with Mr. Grey appeared in the bay approaching the so-called manufactory of Wellgood. The looked for light on the water-side was not there. All was dark except where the windows reflected the light of the moon.

This was a decided disappointment to Sweetwater, if not to Mr. Grey. He had expected to detect signs of life in this quarter, and this additional proof of Wellgood's absence from home made it look as if they had come out on a fool's errand and might much better have struck to the road.

"No promise there," came in a mutter from his lips. "Shall I row in, sir, and try to make a landing?"

"You may row nearer. I should like a closer view. I don't think we shall attract any attention. There are more boats than ours on the water."

Sweetwater was startled. Looking round, he saw a launch, or some such small steamer, riding at anchor not far from the mouth of the bay. But that was not all. "I've seen it and it was a rowboat like their own, resting quietly in the wake of the moon."

"I don't like so much company," he muttered. "Something's brewing; something in which we may not want to take part."

"Very likely," answered Mr. Grey grimly. "But we must not be deterred—not till I have seen"—the rest Sweetwater did not hear. Mr. Grey seemed to remember himself. "Row nearer," he now bade. "Get under the shadow of the rocks if you can. If the boat is for him, he will show himself. Yet I hardly see how he can board that bank."

It did not look feasible. Nevertheless, they waited and watched with much patience for several long minutes. The boat behind them did not advance, nor was any movement discernible in the direction of the manufactory. Another short period, then suddenly a light flashed from a window high up in the central gable, sparked for an instant and was gone. Sweetwater took it for a signal and, with a slight motion of the wrist, began to work his way in toward shore till they lay almost at the edge of the piles.

"Hark!"

It was Sweetwater who spoke.

Both listened. Mr. Grey with his head turned toward the launch and Sweetwater with his eye on the cavernous space, sharply outlined by the piles, which the falling tide now disclosed under each contiguous building. Boats had been directly shipped from these stores in the old days. This he had learned in the village. How stupid he had not been able to understand from his previous survey of the building. But he thought he could see now. At low tide, or better, at half tide, access could be got to the floor of the extension and, if this floor had a trap, the mystery would be explainable. So would be the hovering boat—the signal light and—yes! this sound overhead of steps on a rattling plank.

"I hear nothing," whispered Mr. Grey from the other end. "The boat is still there, but not a man has dipped an oar."

"They will soon," returned Sweetwater as a smothered sound of clanking iron reached his ears from the hollow spaces before him. "Tuck your head, sir; I'm going to row in under this portion of the house."

Mr. Grey would have protested, and with very good reason. There was scarcely a space of three feet between them and the boards overhead. But Sweetwater had so immediately snatched action to word that he had no choice.

They were now in utter darkness, and Mr. Grey's thoughts must have been peculiar as he crouched over the stern, hardly knowing what to expect or whether this sudden launch into darkness was for the purpose of flight or pursuit. But enlightenment came soon. The sound of a man's tread in the building above was every moment becoming more perceptible, and while wondering possibly at his position Mr. Grey naturally turned his head as nearly as he could in the direction of those sounds and was staring with blank eyes into the darkness when Sweetwater, leaning toward him, whispered:

"Look up! There's a trap. In a minute he'll open it. Mark him, but don't breathe a word, and I'll get you out of this all right."

Mr. Grey attempted some answer, but it was lost in the prolonged creak of slowly moving hinges somewhere over their heads. Spaces which had looked dark suddenly looked darker; hearing was satisfied, but not the eye. A man's breath pausing with exertion testified to a nearby presence, but that man was working without a light in a room with shuttered windows, and Mr. Grey probably felt that he knew very little more than before, when suddenly, a face started out of that overhead darkness, a face so white, with every feature made so startlingly distinct by the strong light Sweetwater had thrown upon it, that it seemed the only thing in the world to the two men beneath. In another moment it had vanished, or, rather, the light which had revealed it.

"What's that? Are you there?" came down from above in hoarse and none too encouraging tones.

There was none to answer. Sweetwater, with a quick pull on the oars, had already shot the boat out of its dangerous harbor.

### NEWS OF INTEREST FROM COTTAGE GROVE

Just before going to press we learn of the death today, April 24, of W. N. Wheeler at his Silk creek valley home of pneumonia, after a brief illness. Funeral services and burial Sunday.

On account of ill health P. B. Phillips, who is just recovering from a severe illness, has found it necessary to resign as cashier of the Bank of Cottage Grove, and is succeeded by George Hall, a well-known and popular gentleman of this city.

Sam Branton presented some ripe wild strawberries to the Leader on Thursday which he found on McFarland hill on his way to school. These are the first ripe berries of the season and are earlier than usual.

One evening recently Miss Celia Smith, who resides in the Blair home on Fourth street, washed a number of valuable lace and embroidery handkerchiefs and hung them on the line to dry in the bank yard about 7 o'clock in the evening. A few hours later she went out to get the handkerchiefs and was surprised to find all the finest ones stolen. Certain parties were seen leaving the premises late in the evening, and unless the handkerchiefs were returned to the premises at once arrests will be made. The stolen handkerchiefs were principally gifts received by Miss Smith and were valued at about \$15.—Leader.

**CARTER WOULD MAKE NOMINATION UNANIMOUS**

W. A. Carter, competitor of T. K. Campbell for the nomination for railroad commissioner, published the following card in a late issue of the Salem Statesman:

"In discussing the result of the contest for the nomination for railroad commissioner in the first congressional district, I wish to say that while the vote between Mr. Campbell and myself is very close throughout the district I concede his nomination. It has been a friendly race and one free from criticisms and abuse. I esteem Mr. Campbell very highly indeed, and to my friends and supporters I move that we make the nomination unanimous and give him our loyal support in the election in June. I am deeply grateful for the splendid endorsement I received from the voters throughout the district, and particularly of my home, Salem, and Marion county, and fully appreciate the confidence it implies."

"W. A. CARTER."

H. A. Cox has sold to Hon. L. W. Sandys, recently from Pierre, S. D., 13 acres of his 30-acre farm north of the city.

**R. W. VEATCH BUYS SPENCER RESIDENCE**

R. W. Veatch has bought S. S. Spencer's residence property on West Tenth street, between Lincoln and Lawrence, for \$2600, and will move his family into the house within a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer will reside with J. S. Luckey at his residence at the corner of East Tenth and Pearl streets. Mr. Veatch is now at Cottage Grove preparing to remove to Eugene to reside permanently.

**PIONEER OREGONIAN FAVORS UNIVERSITY.**

(Oregonian.)

Salem, Ore., April 22.—(To the Editor.)—The writer fully indorses the Oregonian's view in last Sunday's Oregonian as to the Oregon University appropriation, and also the excellent paper signed C. N. McArthur in a previous issue, and expresses the hope that Cyrus H. Walker, as a citizen influential on the subject of schools and among members of patrons of the University, will reconsider his position in using the referendum as a revolutionary means of defeating a law of Oregon passed in the spirit of progress in accordance with the constitution of the Nation and the State.

The writer, as a member of the Oregon legislature of 1892, acted with the late Mr. Wilkins when he introduced the bill for the State University at Eugene, and knows he had the sympathy of the latter in offering the first bill for acceptance of the Congressional offer for founding the State Agricultural College, which was located at Corvallis, under a motion of the late Judge Redinger. These two schools, since the State Agricultural College got away from sectarian influences, have never more than kept up with the increasing demand on their services; and from a near view of the narrowing influence against which Willamette University is now fighting to conquer, I hope that the citizenship of Oregon will defend the state institutions, while sustaining the historical schools at Salem, Forest Grove and Oregon City.

Most sincerely I hope measures will be taken by the next Legislature to assert and maintain this state's right to her water powers, under the terms of her admission to the Union.

It is with no ill will that the writer notes the fact that Willamette University, founded to serve God and humanity, has too much neglected the practical second object, but has in the past turned away its best teachers because they were not loud in their professions as religionists. With earlier opportunities to do advance work, it has never been attempted to do such service to the state as Professor McAllister, and a few advanced students of the State University did in vacation 40 years ago, by measuring the water power running unvisited in 24 miles of the North Santiam River. Within that time the State Agricultural College has been trying to found a forestry addition, but is growing so fast in other directions that there seems neither means nor time to lead out in Oregon's greatest interest.

JOHN MINTO.

**COTTAGE GROVE NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST**

F. H. Rosenberg is this week exporting the books of the city. Owing to the poor system adapted by the city, it is somewhat of a tedious job, requiring about three days. Last year in his report Mr. Rosenberg recommended to the city that it invest in a set of books specially adapted for such work, making it much more easy for the officials to keep the work in a business-like manner, and making them accessible to examination at any time. Mr. Rosenberg states that a set of more books expressly made for such business would not cost the city to exceed \$15, and with ordinary care on the part of the treasurer and recorder the expense of having an accountant for the work at the close of each year would be done away with. The advice seems to have been not taken, to the city's loss and to Mr. Rosenberg's gain.

Last Monday afternoon the citizens of Cottage Grove and many of the near-by farmers met at the Commercial club rooms and discussed the fruit drier question. George Comer called the meeting to order and Mr. C. M. Densmore gave a talk on the fruit and drier business, and urged all who were interested in furthering the general development of this section to take hold of the proposition. It now seems that a drier will be built. \$2000 was subscribed at the close of the meeting. The plan is to organize with a capital stock of \$5000, with at least \$3,000 subscribed, to be paid in an installment. Mr. Densmore will return here Saturday when another meeting will be held in the afternoon at 2 o'clock at the club rooms to which all are invited. He hopes to be able to commence construction of building by May 1.

This week Ben Lurch, administrator for the estate of E. W. Hebard, deceased, sold Taggersy stock to George C. Stanley, of Eugene. Mr. Stanley has opened the stock for sale at east, the sale continuing until Sunday, May 2. The stock remaining on hand at that date will be shipped to Eugene. Mr. Stanley has sold the four year lease on the room to W. A. Henshaw, who will cut through the partition and throw it into his store room, giving him more room for the display of his stock.

The J. H. Chambers saw mill company at Alca met with a heavy loss last Sunday afternoon. The dam went out, carrying with it the railroad bridge on the spur running to the yards, a portion of the big lumber dock and a considerable amount of lumber. The loss is estimated at about \$3,000. Mr. Chambers states that he will not reconstruct the dam, thereby putting the pond out of commission, preferring to go it "dry."

C. A. Harlow, Joseph Stocks, Albert Stocks, T. Hankins, and T. B. Hankins, who each owned a one-seventh interest in the Star Lumber company, this week sold their interest to Joseph Wicks. The mill property is located on the Oregon & Southeastern some fifteen miles from this city and has a capacity of 20,000 feet.

W. T. Shortridge, up Coast Fork, is making a run of 15,000 ties down the river to Latham, this week. Mr. Shortridge states that the river is at a low running stage. These ties will probably be sold to the Gould interests.

Al P. Churchill came in Saturday from Bohemia with the election returns. He is at present working his Four Monts group, and reports property looking good.—Western Oregon.

**SON-IN-LAW OF THEO SHONTS DIES**

New York, April 24.—A cable dispatch to Theodore Shonts tells of the death at Paris of his son-in-law, Dub de Chaulnes, who married Miss Theodora Shonts in this city recently.

The news was a great shock to Mr. Shonts and family, as they had received no previous intimation that he was not in good health.

Mrs. Shonts will leave for Paris tomorrow, and it is probable that Mr. Shonts will accompany her.

**Dead in Bed.**

Paris, April 24.—The dead body of the Duc de Chaulnes was found in bed in his apartments by his wife, the death of the young man being due to embolism, an obstruction of an artery.

**W. C. T. U. INSTITUTE AT HALSEY APRIL 15 AND 16**

The joint institute, W. C. T. U. of Lane and Lin counties, was a marked success. Unions from both counties were well represented. Our state president, Mrs. Brown, spoke to a well-filled house Wednesday evening. It was encouraging to see the men turn out as well.

We were glad to hear Eugene referred to as a progressive city without saloons.

Addresses of welcome—By Mayor McWilliam; Rev. C. Clark from the churches; Miss Maxwell from the W. C. T. U.

Response—Mrs. Eva C. Wheeler, county president of Lane county.

Thursday evening the silver medal contest was held at the Methodist church. The medal was won by Mr. Mackey, of Eugene. K. M.

E. E. Hyland, who was down from Lowell Thursday, told a Guard reporter that the fishing in the upper Willamette is pretty good now. The two young sons of Grant Hyland catching 24 good-sized resides in a few hours a short time ago. Eugene fishermen who have been out on the river near here report very little success. The weather is too cold right now, but as soon as another warm spell comes they expect the fish to bite better.