

CONSTRUCTION PORTLAND EUGENE R. R. BEGINS SOON

The Portland, Eugene & Eastern Electric Railroad Company, through its local representative, E. W. Waters, yesterday placed its first order for delivery of ties for the city system of electric street cars. The order calls for the delivery and distribution within ten days, says the Salem Statesman.

The Portland, Eugene & Eastern Company was granted a franchise last October covering certain streets in the city of Salem, and was allowed six months time in which to commence construction, and in addition to a \$5000 bond required that two miles of the city system should be in actual operation within sixteen months after construction started. As the time for commencing work is near at hand, the officials are making preparations to go forward with the work and to commence it vigorously this winter. A similar franchise was granted at Albany, and work will commence there at the same time it is carried on here.

For Interurban Traffic.
The right of way over Salem streets is largely confined to outside thoroughfares, and particularly suitable for heavy interurban traffic. A line up Centre street to Summer, north to city boundary at the fair grounds, and a line up Ferry and over to Berry street and from there to the limits, practically covers the important streets of the city. It is conjectured that the first work will be done upon these streets. By building upon these streets first a city system can be maintained doing a local business until such time as the extensions to Portland and Eugene are completed. Two miles of such lines would come within the meaning of the franchise.

An Important Line
The advent of this new line is another link in the great network of electric roads centering at the Capital City. No road ever projected through the valley has the scope and importance to Salem of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern. As planned it will not only give another line to the metropolis, but will tap the upper valley clear through to Eugene and on into the great Blue River mining district and drain it all into Salem.

The entire line under contemplation by this company will be about 200 miles long. Already a city system at Eugene and an extension from there to Springfield is being built at a cost of over \$100,000. The permanent survey from Salem to Eugene has been made and the engineers are finishing profiles and maps of the field work. It is expected that the coming spring will see the city lines in Albany and Salem finished, when the work of connecting Salem with Eugene will be commenced. The route through the valley touches all important towns and will tap an immense territory for passenger and freight traffic. When finished the new road, now partially built, will be one of the largest, most expensive and complete interurban lines ever projected in the state of Oregon. The line to Portland will either take the west side of the Willamette river or pass out east of Salem and take in Silverton, Scott's Mills, Oregon City and other points into Portland. It is estimated that the cost of this great electric system will exceed \$5,000,000.

A Welch Enterprise
A. Welch, of Portland, is representing the capital behind this road, and is the same individual who secured the franchise for the present Oregon electric line running into Salem. He is a man who "does things," as evidenced by his action when that franchise was granted to him. He promptly pushed the rights of way, and started construction of that line in January, 1906. Mr. Welch took out the franchise now held by the Portland, Eugene & Eastern Company in his own name, and recently assigned the same to the new company incorporated for that purpose. The new road will be rushed as rapidly as possible, under his direct supervision, he having heretofore released himself from the interests of the Oregon Electric for the purpose of undertaking this larger work for the Eugene & Eastern. Mr. Welch once owned a controlling interest in the Portland General plant here, including the street railway lines, and owns a property opposite the Willamette hotel which may be used as a depot or car barn for the city system which is to be built this winter.

LOCKED IN A BOILER.

Man Almost Cooked Alive In an Arkansas Sawmill.

HAIR TURNS SNOW WHITE.

Man of Twenty-four Leaves Hospital an Old Man as Result of Hours of Mental Agony—Fire Built Under His Prison of Iron.

Arthur McDonald, a boilermaker, aged twenty-four, recently left the hospital at Pine Bluff, Ark., a nervous wreck. His hair, which at one time was coal black, now hangs over his forehead a soft, glistening white. He will never again be able to return to his calling and, in fact, will not be able to do work of any kind for several years. He went to Colorado, where he hopes in a measure to rebuild his shattered nervous system.

At the hospital McDonald told the following remarkable story of the circumstances which brought about his present condition:

"I am twenty-four years of age and for the past three years have been employed as a boilermaker, principally in railroad shops. I learned my trade when quite young, and, although fully aware of the dangers of a boilermaker's life, I never once dreamed of the awful experience I would go through or I should never have attempted to drive a rivet.

"The experience to which I refer occurred three months ago at a little sawmill below Hope, Ark. A new set of boilers had been put in, and negro firemen were relied upon to attend to them. They soon got out of order, and the foreman sent all the way to Pine Bluff to get a boilermaker. There were none available then except those in the railway shops there. As a pretty good sum was offered, I laid off from my regular work and decided to make a few extra dollars. This try came near being the end of me.

"When I reached the sawmill I found the boilers in a bad fix. The flues were choked and needed reaming badly. In addition they were caked on the inside, and as there was not enough help present I decided to go into the boiler myself and chisel off some of the caked matter while the negroes were reaming out the flues.

"This worked all right on the first boiler, and I soon had it in good shape. I then went to the second boiler and told the negroes as soon as they had finished reaming out the second boiler to replace the manhole on the first, fill it up with water and fire up for a test.

"I went down on the inside and found the second boiler's flues in an especially bad condition. I must have worked for an hour, and so intent was I that I did not notice the noise of the reaming cease until I was nearly through. My first intimation that anything was wrong came when the boiler began to burn dim and the boiler seemed full of candle gas and smoke. I turned around to see what was the matter and to my horror saw that the manhole cover had been replaced.

"I crawled along the flues as fast as I could until I reached the spot and

ing in several minutes before I noticed it. I could feel it creeping up among the flues. For a moment I stopped and, I am not ashamed to admit it, prayed earnestly for deliverance from the awful fate that now confronted me.

"After an agony of suspense I heard the water shut off with a gurgle that to me sounded like the voice of some demon bent upon devouring me. I attempted to jump up, but struck my head a severe blow upon the top of the boiler and cut a gash in my scalp, but I hardly felt it, so alarmed was I at the thought of the next step the negroes would take—the fire!

"Had I been fortunate enough to have possessed a revolver or even a pocket knife I would have ended it all there. But I was unable to do a thing except yell and beat the sides of the boiler with all my might and main. I was forced to sit and know that under me the negroes were building the fire that would slowly roast me to death.



A ROUND PATCH OF DAYLIGHT.

"I cannot describe my feelings or agony during the following moments. I imagined I could feel the heat under me already. The atmosphere was suffocating and cold beads of perspiration stood out upon my forehead and trickled down my spine. To me every minute was an hour.

"It was through sheer exhaustion that I ceased beating and panting and leaned back against the side of my iron tomb. I was not long spared this rest, for I could now distinctly feel the air growing warmer. The flues upon which I was seated were above water, and as I reached down and touched one I started, with a gasp. It was warm, even so slightly, but warm nevertheless. Again I began pounding and calling frantically until my lungs felt as if they were lacerated.

"The close atmosphere and heat had started a raging headache, and my temples throbbled as if they would burst. I had torn my hands until they were bleeding freely, and my eyes seemed to bulge in their sockets. The thing that stood out grim and gaunt before me was the fire in the furnace that would slowly roast me to death.

"In a moment of desperation I seized my hammer and dealt myself a severe blow upon the head to try and stun myself in order that the last pangs might not be so terrible. The blow only burst the skin and caused me additional pain. Hotter and hotter grew the flues. Strange and weird figures appeared before my vision.

"At last, more dead than alive, with every nerve racking with agony, I threw myself down upon the burning pipes to hasten the end. My teeth ground together like a vise as the heated iron burned my flesh. I could not have remained there over three seconds, though to me it seemed a lifetime, before I heard, as plain as I ever did during his life, the voice of a brother who died years ago. Somehow the voice sounded perfectly natural. I recognized it in an instant and felt not the slightest surprise. It said quickly, 'Cut the flue, Arthur!'

"In an instant I was on hands and knees. The last ray of hope had dawned before me, now, I knew, a dying man, and with more strength than I ever before commanded or ever shall again I placed the point of my chisel on a flue just under the water and dealt it a terrific blow. I missed and struck my little finger." He held up the stump. "I pledge my word that I did not feel the pain. The second blow fell true and the third and fourth, with the fifth I felt the chisel give. I caught sight of a fiery fork of flame in the flue and the next instant heard the water hissing and popping as it rushed through the leak into the furnace below.

"The negroes heard the water when it struck the fire and knew there was a leak somewhere. They of course opened the water plug and raked out the fire.

"Realizing that I was fast losing consciousness, I dragged myself under the manhole that I might be found as soon as the boiler was opened. I have a faint recollection of seeing a round patch of daylight darkened by the head of a negro, and for the following five days I knew nothing.

Treed by Bears.
Treed by six bears from Yellowstone National park, five men and one woman from Hulet, Wyo., were compelled to spend a night in a tree as white branches while the bears roamed among the wreck of the camp and ate all the supplies. After daylight the animals returned to the mountains, and the camping party escaped.

DAN KELLY AGAIN FAILS TO QUALIFY

Boston, Feb. 1.—All the prominent athletes of the big colleges and the big clubs of the east, participated tonight in the annual indoor games held under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association. Prominent among those who entered were Dan Kelly, the holder of the record for the 100-yard dash, and Forest Smithson of Portland, Oregon. These men failed to win a place and only was shut out in the trial heat. The 45-yard hurdles was won by Shaw, of Dartmouth, scratch; O. E. Holman, Dartmouth, second; eight feet; and Smithson, third, scratch; time, six seconds.

THE DOCTOR OF OSTEOPATHY

What His Title Means—How He Gets It and the Peculiar Abilities Acquired in His Long Course of Training

The graduate of a recognized college of osteopathy, after a long and exhaustive study of the highest authorities in anatomy, physiology, pathology, diagnosis, therapeutics and all kindred branches, is awarded a diploma that gives him a legal right to the title of Doctor of Osteopathy. That is the only title that he wishes for, he makes no pretense of practicing medicine, the word medicine being generally accepted as meaning drugs.

The abbreviation of the title of Doctor of Osteopathy is D. O., and the province of the D. O. is to help nature, in the human body, to right itself. He believes that drugs are not only unnecessary, but distinctly damaging, and that the body is a very perfect machine that will run along smoothly if supplied with the proper fuel (food), and if none of its parts get out of position.

Repairing the Structure.
But, while the most perfect of machines, it is also the most delicate, and derangement of its parts can be brought about in scores of ways. Falls, jars, strains, undue exertions, and local contractions or relaxations due to changes in temperature, are only a few of the things that may cause trouble in this delicate mechanism. Sometimes the effects are immediately apparent, sometimes long delayed.

It is for the especial work of finding the derangement and rectifying it that the osteopathic physician is trained. He is a master mechanic, and when anything is wrong with the machine it is the master mechanic whose services should be called in. If some little part has slipped out of place, the resulting trouble may be at a distant part of the mechanism, and not the trained expert would be likely to attempt repairs in the wrong place and work further damage. But the skilled workman does nothing until he has made thorough examination and found that little part that has slipped out of place. Then his training enables him to replace it. That is the work of the osteopathic physician.

If you want an opinion as to the value of osteopathic treatment do not make the mistake of consulting any one whose whole training has been along other lines. Ask some one who has had experience with the system and knows, or, better yet, go to a good osteopath and give him the opportunity to demonstrate the thing to you.

Dr. H. L. Studley, osteopath, office over Chambers Hardware store, Phone Black 1326. Residence, 724 Perry street. Phone Red 3197.

RIDS WANTED
Sealed bids will be received by J. B. Coleman, Eugene, Oregon, up to 5 p. m. February 19th, 1908, for office and hotel building 55x114, two stories. Plans and specifications may be secured at the office of John Hanzacker, architect.

Owner reserves all rights. 18

PORTLAND ROYAL BAKERY

Bread, the best and healthiest bread made. For sale at Otto's.

CASTORIA

The Kind You...
Bears the Signature of...
Signature of L.



THE SOUND WAS DRAPENSING.

attempted to push it up, but was too late. The negroes had screwed it down firmly. I struck the side of the boiler with my hammer and called several times. The sound was deafening to me, but I am sure it was hardly heard on the outside. It then flashed over me that the negroes had misunderstood me and were preparing to make a fire under the second boiler instead of the first.

"The horror of my situation caused me to feel sick for a moment, but I realized that if there was anything to be done it must be done at once, so I crawled along the rust covered flues to the end of the boiler. In doing this I accidentally knocked over my candle and put it out. With a cry of anguish I reached for it, but it had fallen among the flues and was out of my reach.

"Following close upon this I heard the rushing of water through the injector and knew the negroes were filling the boiler. Now was the time to act, I thought. If I intended to get out alive, but my candle was gone, and never before have I seen such darkness as filled that boiler.

"I had not calculated correctly on the time, for the water had been eav-

A New Baby.

A New Baby! What magic, what mystery, what charm these words have for us. Yet, how infinitely more they mean to the mother. A new life; short, to be sure, but full of possibilities. Some one must be patient, hopeful, watchful, proud and never discouraged. That "some one" is the mother. She has heard her baby's first cry, and whether it be her first or tenth, the feeling is the same. Her feeble arms are out-stretched; those arms that will never desert it as long as the mother shall live. And that hand which supports the head of the new-born babe, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of the world.

Is it any wonder, we ask you, mothers, that with all these responsibilities resting upon your all too weak shoulders, we urge upon you the necessity of selecting the babe's medicine with utmost care; the necessity of protecting your babe from worthless, unknown and narcotic drugs as you would protect it from the fire?

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CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
Recipe of Dr. J. C. WELCH, FITCHBURG
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
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At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

EUGENE PROPERTY WILL GROW VALUABLE

Blair street addition property is sure to double in value within the next two years. Two electric railroads are coming up the valley from Portland and both of them must enter the city from the west, and the line that will tap the Sluslaw country can't go out in any other direction. As sure as water runs down hill, Eugene must build down the valley—because the business is there.

There are both acreage tracts and large lots in this addition, only a mile from the business center and three blocks from the Geary public school.

Prices are very reasonable and you may make your own terms, a small payment down and monthly installments if you desire.

See the Oregon Land Co. at 412 Willamette street, or write them for particulars and prices.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The undersigned having purchased a half interest in Mr. Twilley's Blue Front restaurant, all bills against the place up to February 1 will be paid by Mr. Twilley, and all persons owing the place previous to that date will please call and settle with him.

W. H. EATON.

GASOLINE WOOD SAWING

W. G. White is prepared to saw your wood on short notice.
Phone Black 4351. Residence, 516 West Sixth street.

WOOD SAWING

John M. P. Dixon, successor to W. E. Boddy. All wood sawed to gauge. For prompt service phone Black 3312. Residence, 267 High street. If Gasoline wood saw.

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We use all the latest methods in cleaning and dyeing at the Eugene Dye Works, corner Sixth and Willamette street. Phone Red 2261.

Homebuilders will find the best bargains in Blair street addition. Make your own terms; pay for your lot or acre tract out of your monthly savings.

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Bears the Signature of...
Signature of L.

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Most any body can sell you a shoe for summer but
FOR WINTER WEAR GO TO A SHOEMAKER
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West 8th street.
The Home of Good Shoes

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In your door you can catch the thought that your neighbors know you trade with first-class grocers anyway. But that isn't a fraction of the satisfaction you'll have when you come to use the groceries we send you. Make up a trial order as an experiment. Include the articles of which you are the judge. We are confident of your approval.

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