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Vol. XXVI. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1899. No. 36

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POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:
Glenesse, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Mill, at 7 a. m.
Going South, 8:30 a. m.
Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a. m. and 4 p. m.
For Farmington and Laurel, daily at 12

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday at 6:30 p. m. All services will be short, bright, interesting and helpful. Everyone cordially welcome.
EVAN P. HUGHES, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m.; second Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. prayer meeting every Wednesday evening; teachers meeting every Sunday evening. L. M. Boozer, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, R. A. Adkins, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. League meeting every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. General prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Leaders' and Steward's meeting the third Tuesday evening of each month.

A. O. U. W.

HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., Meets every first and third Friday evening each month.
J. M. GREEAR, M.W.
W. H. Wehrung, Recorder.

Daughters of Rebekah.

HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.

P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month.
REV. SCHOFIELD, Master.

I. O. O. F.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in I.O.O.F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.
D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.

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MEETS every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Christian church. You are cordially invited to attend its meetings.

Degree of Honor.

THE DEGREE OF HONOR, A. O. U. W., meets in Odd Fellows' hall every first and third Friday evening of each month.
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Mrs. Nellie Hare, Recorder.

Rathbone Sisters.

PHENICIA TEMPLE NO. 10, R. S., meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Mrs A M Carlisle
Josie Schulmerich M. E. C.
M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

PHOENIX LODGE, NO. 34, K. OF P., meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.
F. Kelso

A. F. and A. M.

QUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night on or after full moon of each month.
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O. E. S.

TUALATIN CHAPTER, NO. 31, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.

K. O. T. M.

VIOLA TENT, NO. 18, K. O. T. M., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.
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MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL ON the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 2:00 o'clock, P. M.
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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

MEN AT WORK OR ON PLEASURE BENT are always subject to some ACCIDENTAL HURT OR MUSCULAR STRAIN.
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The Companion's New Calendar.

The calendars given by The Companion in former years to all subscribers have been remarkable for their delicacy of design and richness of coloring. But the Calander for 1899 far surpasses any of those. The publishers have endeavored to make it the finest calendar of the century, and readers of The Companion will not be disappointed in it. Those who subscribe now will receive not only the gift of the calendar but also all the issues of November and December, from the time of subscription free. The new volume will be the best The Companion has ever published. Among the contributions already engaged are "The Little Demons of war," by Hon. John D. Long; "Opportunities for Young Explorers" Sir Clements Markham. Fine illustrated announcements and sample copies will be sent to any one addressing

The Youth's Companion,
211 Columbus Ave. Boston Mass

Tesla, according to Popular Science News, thinks a man has just so many hours to be awake, and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days will they last. "I believe that a man might live two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes live to such an advanced age, because they sleep so much. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

Is Your Business Dull?

Then this is the time to improve it. Don't wait until "something turns up," but turn it up yourself. Remember this—the purpose of advertising is to bring business. The wise business man will advertise as much—if not more—in dull seasons as in busy seasons.

A good and time-honored way of advertising is through the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT. Whether you want to get out something neat to send through the mails or something cheap to throw around, come and see us.

Rush Work

is a problem in most job offices. Not so with the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT Printery. We have a large force of men at work all the time and can "rush" a job for you without any trouble. When you want work done quickly give the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT Job Office a trial.

If You Were He

Yes, if you were the creditor and saw the merchant sitting idly in his shop accumulating more dust, cobwebs and out-of-style goods than cash, you would probably feel like asking, Why don't you

Wake Up

use the advertising columns of the HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT and exchange your stock for legal tender? What say you?

How to Prevent Pneumonia

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by Delta Drug store.

About 60,000 American troops are in Cuba, the Phillippines and Porto Rico. Some foolish persons may call this imperialism, but not one of our soldiers abroad represents anything but a plain national duty.

CHAPTER VII.

Who shall describe the weird fancies that torment a person in my situation? The position of Cy Walters was such that his shadow, huge, grotesque and misshapen, stretched from the side of his chair to the opposite wall, where his head, still bearing the slouch hat, loomed up like the crest of some mountain peak, while his massive figure, with the legs crossed, did not stir. Whenever I stole a glance at him I caught the gleam of the keen eyes fixed upon me as if they would pierce me through. Had I not removed my gaze I should have become fascinated like a bird before a rattlesnake.

The young man by the window still kept his eyes closed. His face showed just above his knees and was as calm as a child's. It was easy for him to feign sleep, but I did not believe he was doing so, since no motive could be imagined for such pretense.

I resolutely held my gaze away from the terrible bearded face for fully 15 minutes, during which my own pretense of unconsciousness continued. Then I stole a glance at him and with feelings that cannot be imagined perceived that his eyes, too, were closed.

There was a strong probability that the fellow was as wide awake as ever, for it was easy to understand that he wished to induce an attempt on my part to escape so as to gain the pretext for winding up the business by shooting me. And yet in the tense condition of my nerves I preferred he should do so than for me to wait for the horrors of the morrow.

For ten minutes I did not remove my scrutiny from Cy Walters' countenance, and during that time he was as a dead man, but whether really asleep or not could be learned only by subjecting myself to the test of life or death. I was ready for it.

It will be perceived that for me to escape from my jailers I must cross the floor to the window beside the young man, raise the sash and climb or leap out into the darkness. If that were accomplished, I could run for it, but the chances of doing all this without awaking either of the men, especially the elder, was one in a million. Nevertheless I was resolved upon it.

With a preliminary glance around I noiselessly removed my feet from the chair on which they had been resting. But for the heavy breathing which filled the room the silence was like that of the tomb. Pausing only a moment, I gathered my muscles for the decisive effort. My intention was that if detected and challenged by either of the men I would make a dash across the room and plunge through the sash, carrying glass and framework with me. When the quickness of both of my jailers is considered, the madness of my scheme will surprise every one.

Had there been but a single man I would have snatched his weapon and got the drop on him. While cool reasoning told me I was inviting my own death I did not hesitate, and I was in the act of rising to my feet when I was struck almost dumb by an astounding discovery.

Not once during all those trying minutes did the single star far away in the horizon fail to beam upon me. The sky was cloudless, but without a moon. It was instinct rather than reason that led me to look for the twinkling orb at the moment of rising from the chair. It had suddenly become invisible and was under an eclipse.

Something intruded in the field of vision and shut out its light. The object was outside the window and had come up from the ground. I saw the outlines and the reflection of a pair of eyes. A person was crouching at the ledge and peering in at me, his coming being as noiseless as that of a shadow itself.

He might be a friend, and he might be an enemy, but the probabilities were in favor of the former. First glancing at the grim Cy Walters, I waved my hand in salutation to the stranger outside, and he made a gesture by way of reply, but in the gloom I could not clearly make it out.

While still puzzling over the matter the window sash slowly rose for an inch or two! The stranger must be a friend or he would not do that. The stillness was profound, and the individual was working with consummate caution and skill, for with my sense of hearing keyed to the highest point and able to hear the rustling of a leaf it was impossible to detect the slightest noise.

Again the sash began rising, the motion continuing until it was at a height of six inches, when it rested. My impatience became intolerable. Why did not my friend lift the sash high enough for me to make my plunge before either of my enemies awoke? I was ready to start across the floor, but was restrained by the belief that I would receive the signal when it was safe to give it.

Again the window frame began climbing like the movement of a sloth, but to my exasperation it halted before reaching the necessary height for me to pass beneath. Then an arm was thrust through the opening thus made and a hand extended toward the sleeping Archie Hunter. The hand was reaching for the revolver in the loose grasp of the sleeper, and it belonged not to a man, but to a woman.

The hand and bare arm partly revealed were such as were chiseled by Phidias or limned by Angelo. White, symmetrical and delicate, my admiration was enchained even in that terrible moment, and, following up the vision, I saw the face and the head without any covering except the wealth of black hair that clustered about the neck and shoulders.

The countenance of a hecate would have appeared sweet under the circumstances, but that which was dimly revealed to me in the partial reflection of the lamplight fairly held me breathless.

But I should have been a fool to give way to any emotion of sentiment at such a time, and I intently watched the action of her whose appearance to me was as the coming of an angel.

The knees of Archie Hunter were so high with the feet resting on the rounds of the uptilted chair that the hand of the young woman was hidden for the minute or two during which it was busy. Then it was withdrawn with the same noiseless stealth, and as it passed through the air toward the window I perceived that the pistol of the sleeping Archie was grasped by the fingers.

The fact that all this was permitted was proof that Cy Walters was sleeping heavily. The moment for my decisive attempt had come.

The free hand pushed upward against the sash, which did not stop until it could go no farther. At the moment of stoppage the frame gave out a slight creak. My heart stood still, and I glanced at Walters. He did not move or open his eyes. The white hand silently beckoned, and I started across the floor toward the window.

My eyes were fixed upon the dimly revealed figure, which slowly reached out her white hand and drew it toward her face as a gesture for me to advance. Fortunately I was able to walk on tiptoe without my shoes giving out any noise. Ten steps were necessary to take me from my chair to the window, through which I could feel the cool breath of the night stealing. It was blowing gently upon the side of the sleeper, and with that propensity to notice trifling incidents at the most critical moments I saw in the dim light a long lock of hair at the temple of Archie Hunter gently move and wondered whether the refreshing touch of the air would not recall his wandering senses.

My eyes were fixed upon the dimly revealed figure.

My awful fear was that Cy Walters would open his eyes and, instantly detecting what was going on, shoot me with lightninglike quickness before I could spring out into the darkness. Thrilled by this dread, I stopped at the very edge of the window and looked searchingly at him.

So far as I could judge, he was sunk in as profound a sleep as ever. My survey was but a glance, when I turned back and reached forward to rest my hand on the sill preparatory to leaping out. As I did so I saw that my unknown friend had vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

The young woman left a souvenir, however, of her visit on the window sill in the form of the revolver of Archie Hunter. A single step, and I seized it with the feeling that in doing so I was grasping life itself.

Inspired by its possession, I faced toward Cy Walters, ready to shoot him if he made a movement of body or limb. The younger man was beneath notice. The massive sentinel still slept.

Resting my free hand against the side of the window frame, I thrust one foot through the opening and with a coolness and skill that surprised myself leaped clear, landing on the soft earth outside, only a few feet below the window sill. So far as I knew I made no sound whatever other than the dull thump of my shoes as they struck the greensward, but a sound from the room behind me showed that it had been heard, and I scurried off in the gloom, not pausing until I had run several rods and knew I was beyond sight of any one behind me.

The rear of the building opened upon a plot of ground used for a garden, but at the late season there was little growing to obstruct my progress, though my feet made some noise in sweeping away the vines that were tangled about my ankles. It was at the opposite side of this plot that I placed one hand on the paling fence, leaped over and then turned about and looked back.

It must have been considerably past midnight. The only light burning in the inn was within the room I had just left. There was the window, with the lower half open and the flood of yellow lamplight behind it, and within the glow loomed the gigantic figure of a man in a slouch hat, whose enormous shoulders almost filled the space as he leaned outward and peered around in the gloom, rifle in hand, searching for his human target.

"You're just too late, Cy," I muttered. "You ought to have awakened a minute sooner if you wished to see lively times."

But if Cy Walters had discovered the flight of his prisoner while his jailers slept he did not abandon the effort to recapture him. I saw the huge form crouch together and clamber heavily but quickly through the window. Then, being still between me and the light, the head and shoulders were seen swaying grotesquely about as he strode through the garden, and, as if impelled by perverse fate, came in as direct a line for the spot where I stood as if the sun were shining. It was a good time for me to make a change of base, but I stood my ground.

Doubtless the army experience of Cy Walters [illegible] in considering his

Continued on Fourth Page.

GENERALS WHO TALK TOO MUCH.

Military men of renown have been more noted for deeds than words. Successful army leaders of history were not lacking in proper reticence and selfcontrol. They made the best of their resources, and were not noisy and quarrelsome over unavoidable difficulties. It must be confessed that the war between the United States and Spain, more than any previous conflict in which this country engaged, has been productive of talk, not to say volubility, among officers in the higher branches of the army service. Though the war is over their temper and discourse have by no means improved. The most unseemingly exhibition of all has just taken place in full public view. The impression left is that something is wrong in the upper ranks of the army and that trouble is not confined to any one individual. The language of stinging mutual criticism and even of rank personal abuse is a symptom of disturbance much wider than could be caused by one or two persons who had lost their balance or good judgement. When the ranking general of the army and the highest officer in the commissary department resort to bitter innuendo and furiously abusive epithets it is time to call them to order, and by effective means.

Much is heard of the morale of an army, its mental state resting on a spirit of zeal, confidence and unity. An army wrangling at the top is not in a satisfactory condition. A demoralizing example in high places affects all below and a remedy quickly becomes imperative. Gen. Miles accused Commissary General Eagan of the "pretense for an experiment," and Gen. Eagan responds by applying to his accuser unparliamentary hard names made as profuse and offensive as possible. All this tempest is raised by the item of tinned beef, an article unknown in our previous wars and which in the civil war would have been classed as a luxury. Gen. Miles says the beef was bad and Eagan knew it; Eagan replies with an avalanche of personal abuse. The conntry is not ready to believe, without the amplest proof, that spoiled rations were purposely sent to Cuba. In the climate of Cuba beef except on hoof, is perishable. Gen. Miles, as the ranking officer of the army, should have acted with the caution of his exceptional place. And yet the billingsgate of his adversary is wholly inexcusable.

There have been ungarded and unnecessary remarks from other army officers holding high command. In the first place they exaggerate the importance of their relations with the public, which has no desire to listen to stories of personal friction over the details of army administration. That some minor matters may give concern is to be expected. A stormy and scandalous public quarrel will not mend them. The heads of army departments who are ventilating their tales of woe in the presence of of all mankind are bringing discredit upon the military service of the United States. Just how this tendency to talk too much and badly originated is not clear. But it is certain that it meets with general condemnation and should be checked with dignity and firmness. In all the recrimination indulged in there is a taint of personal dislikes and an effort to maketjealous piques a matter of national interest. A halt should be sharply called on the talking generals.—Globe Democrat.

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days beforei getting 'down.'" For sale by The Delta Drug store.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

The Daly school bill now before the legislature is attracting as much attention as any other measure. The feature about which there is uncertainty is the part the American book company is taking in its writing. In Portland public opinion is aroused to a high pitch. Some idea of the feeling toward the company may be gathered from the following paragraphs which appeared in the editorial columns of the Oregonian of Dec. 30th, last under the head above written:

A bill has been prepared, to be presented to the legislature, for the special purpose of "regulating" the public schools of Portland. No one has yet been found who admits the authorship of it. But the source of inspiration, if not of authorship, is apparent. The double purpose of the bill is to make a market at Portland for special school books, and to take away from the taxpayers and to confer upon the directors the power to levy taxes, so that the plan may "work" without obstruction.

Should the bill become a law, the first object of the happy book-vender will be to elect directors susceptible to "influence." The rest will then follow, in due course. A city superintendent is then to be chosen, under contract for four years. This will assure the chief operator a good, long tenure for his man. Then the directors are to prescribe the courses of study and adopt such text-books as they think fit. This will make a large, steady market for a special lot of books, at fine prices. Finally, the power to levy taxes is to be taken away from the taxpayers of the district, to whom hitherto it has always belonged, and to be given to the board of directors. It is intimated that a special tax of 5 mills at Portland, levied annually, will suffice for the present, since the source from which this bill emanates magnanimously offers to put this limit upon its own greed—only reserving to itself the further power to create an indebtedness any time when money may be wanted of $100,000 in excess of moneys due the district.

However, this isn't quite all yet; for in order to keep the teachers well under control, so they may give the boss no trouble, it is to be provided that there shall be a board of examiners, composed of the city superintendent, the principal of the high school and three other persons chosen by the directors; and that only holders of certificates issued by this board of examiners and of certificates issued by the state board of education shall be qualified to teach in the schools of Portland. The boss of the schools, and chief bookseller, will thus get a lot of "biddable" teachers.

The hidden hand—not so secret either—was manifest at the meeting of the department of superintendents of the State Teachers' Association at Portland this week. The maneuvers showed that the underlying object of a meeting whose real purpose no one was willing to avow was to work up support for certain measures more closely related to private than to public interests. It is The Oregonian's opinion that everything relating to the public schools should be included in one general law. But the object of these efforts is to open the way for a special bill for the Portland school district, and also for treatment of the text-book question in general in a bill separate and apart from everything else relating to school legislation. The danger is that the general measure proposed by the legislative committee, of which Senator Daly is chairman, may be divided into an indefinite number of special bills, into bills touching on different features on one great subject—with the trail of the serpent over all of them.

It will be the duty of the delegation from Multnomah to look sharply after this bill and all bills intended for the city of Portland alone. Trouble like that taken in the preparation of these schemes is never assumed by parties working in secret unless there are jobs in view.

As the highest officer in the army Gen. Miles has not maintained its best traditions, nor are the unpleasant incidents in which he is involved entirely the result of the shortcomings of others. He has been unguarded in what he said and the manner of saying it to a surprising degree, and, on the whole, irascible, and aggressive in his treatment of officers he dislikes. This country has not been able to see that Gen. Miles deserved the further promotion sought at the begining of the war nor any occasion for it now. Turbulent quarrels are a poor substitute for successful campaigns. It would have been enough for Gen. Miles to testify that he believed certain beef furnished the army was bad. He preferred the contemptuous phrase "embalmed beef," and other instances might be given of a sensational tendency. It is to be hoped that the next ranking officer of the army will be a man of more poise and broader qualities.—Globe Democrat.

STOPPED THE PAPER.

"Once upon a time," says the Houtzdale (Pa.) Journal, "a man got mad at the editor and stopped the paper. In a few weeks he sold his corn at 4c less than the market price. Then his place was sold for taxes because he did'nt read the sheriff's sale. He paid $10 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public warned against them. He then rushed to the printing office and paid several years' in advance and had the editor sign an agreement he was to knock him down if he ordered his paper to be stopped again."

Gen. Wood at Santiago gathers in twice as much customs revenue as the Spanish formerly reported. The Santiago people are surprised by business conducted on business principles, but they like it.

EPITOME OF THE DISPATCHES

A Complete Review of the News of the past Seven days.

POTATOES ARE HIGHER

Soda Springs at Sodaville are to be Improved in the Spring.

BOY ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

J. R. Shepard shipped 18,000 pounds of Prunes East and received 4 1-2 cts per pound.

A petition asking the legislature to appropriate $1,000 for the improvement of Soda springs is in circulation at Sodaville.

Mrs. J. R. Galligan, of Hood River is under the treatment of Portland doctors for blindness. Failure of her eyesight dates from an attack of measles 24 years ago.

A number of Salem lawyers have remonstrated against the passage of Adams' senate bill abolishing one of the circuit judgeships of the third judicial district.

While T. H. Clark, a civil war veteran who lives at Hood River, was reading the other evening his glass eye burst into several fragments. This is Clark's fourth glass eye that has burst. Mr. Clark lost the natural eye in the war.

Ed Kirkpatrich, a 14-year-old Aumsville boy, pulled a shotgun out of a buggy with the muzzle pointing toward him. The gun exploded and a charge of small shot entered the right arm near the elbow. The boy will not lose the arm.

Oliver Adams was tried at Albany the other day for disturbing a Salvation Army meeting. It was alleged that he had grinned, whispered thrown a paper wad. The jury acquitted him. It is a mistake though to let the boy go free. If the youngster acted rude of which there seems to be no doubt it is doing him a great wrong to let him escape. Next time he will do worse.

J. R. Shepard, of Salem, has received returns covering a carload of dried fruit he shipped east. The car included 18,000 pounds of Italian prunes, for which he realized 4¼ cts., net for sizes 40 to 50, in bags, f. o. b. cars. This is the best sale reported by any of the shippers of fruit. The car also contained 2500 pounds of dried Royal Ann cherries, which brought 9 cents per pound, net, and 5000 pounds of dried apples, which paid 7 cents per pound, net. The fruit was shipped direct to merchants.

Salem dealers are shipping potatoes in large quantities, paying therefor from 30 to 40 cents per bushel, the latter figure being for island stock, the best grade produced in the valley. For these potatoes a good market is always found at San Francisco and at other California points, and throughout Arizona, for the reason that the quality of the Oregon product is far superior to anything grown in California, being smooth on account of the sandy soil producing them.

Experiments in growing sugar-beets have been going on in this vicinity for the last three years, and it has been demonstrated that a root exceptionally rich in saccharine matter can be produced here, says an Ontario paper. Last season Superintendent Danilson, of the the K. S. & D. ranch, made seven different shipments of sugar beets to Corvallis for analysis, and none of them showed less than 14 per cent. of saccharine, and some went as high as 18 per cent., and of 95 per cent. purity. That may be a good showing for Ontario away up on Snake river but we can beat it here at Hillsboro, where the analysis goes from 18 to 22 per cent.

D. K. Smith, who has had charge of the work at the Minnehaha Ditch Company's ditch near Maxwell, was in Pendleton the other day. Mr Smith says the original canal constructed by the Minnehaha Company has been enlarged to a width of 10 feet on the bottom. It is seven miles long and comes out of the Umatilla river at the mouth of Butter creek and runs in a northerly direction towards Maxwell station. Under the canal are from 10,000 to 20,000 acres of government land, which can be irrigated by it. This land will be very productive when brought under water, and will raise almost anything that can be raised in the temperate zone.