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Hillsboro Independent.

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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10 1899. No. 25

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The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:

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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.
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EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m.; every Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening; teachers meeting every Sunday evening. M J Ballantyne, 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.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching 2d and 4 h Sundays in each month at 11 a m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Christian Endeavor at 7 p m.
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HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 161, A. O. U. W., meets every first and third Friday evening each month.
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W. H. Wehrung, Recorder.

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HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 56, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.

P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturday days of each month.
CROFIELD, 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.
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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.
M. M. Bridges, C. of H.
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 Wehrung Hall.
Mrs S Sappington, M. E. C.
Mrs Nellie Hare, M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

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

A. F. and A. M.

TUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night on or after full moon of each month.
W. M. BARRETT, W. M.
R. CRANDALL, Secretary.

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 2nd and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.
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BENTON BOWMAN, R. K.

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.
C E Dawson

GEN. RANSOM COMP. NO. 47, W. R. C. MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL Hillsboro, on the 1st, and 3d Friday of each month at 2:30 p. m.
Mrs. H. V. Gates, Pres.
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GEN. RANSOM POST, NO. 69, G. A. R. 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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Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the troops that captured the famous rebel Bulishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897 from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case in proved most beneficial." For sale by Delta Drug Store.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

THE IVORY QUEEN

A Detective Story Of a Chicago Suburb. The Murder at The Grange and How Its Mystery Was Solved by Darrent, the American Lecoq.

BY NORMAN HURST.

Copyright, 1899, by the American Press Association.

It was a strange coincidence that the editorial on the trial should contain such a glaring error. Emotional people would have called it "the finger of Providence," but of course it was not. It was simply the error of a compositor who perhaps had had too much to drink or at any rate was not at the instant thinking of what he was doing.

Let us account for all things naturally if we can. We abominate superstition in the nineteenth century and really never care to discuss "the finger of Providence" at all.

"A—s—t—r—a— A stranger," Darrent muttered. "Suppose old Marsden died before he could write what he intended to! Suppose another second of life would have altered all things! Why did not the defense think of that? Astray Marsden quarreled with Josiah and left him. A third person entered, and that person was the one who committed the deed. Josiah Marsden, dying and alone, remembered. Something warned him that Astray would be accused, and he wrote what he intended should prove his innocence. No one can say what were the exact words he intended to write 'I am dying, murdered by a strange man, who forced his way into the house.' It might have been that, it might have been anything after the word 'strange,' the word in the writing of which and before he could complete it death overtook him, and his very handwriting condemned the man whom he had tried to save."

The more Darrent thought the more moody became his reflections. Was it possible he had blundered? Was it possible that the man now under sentence of death was only the victim of a series of circumstantial incidents that he had so cleverly put together? He turned to finish the breakfast that he had neglected, but all inclination for food had vanished, and he pushed his plate aside and stared out of the window again, and, as he gazed, there continually dinned in his ears one sentence: "Suppose you've been mistaken! Suppose you've been mistaken!"

The repetition grew simply maddening. He could bear it no longer; he would retest every theory; he would retrace his steps, go right back to the beginning, follow every clew from a different standpoint and see where it led him—see if there was anything, no matter how minute, that he had overlooked. He turned to the newspaper once more, and as he glanced down the columns a chess diagram caught his eye, the usual weekly problem. "White to play and mate in two moves." In an instant Darrent's mind was alert on a new scent.

So easy had been the trail that he had followed, so clearly had it pointed to the guilt of Astray Marsden, that he had quite overlooked the robbery of the chessmen. They had seemed to have no real connection with the actual murder, and they had slipped from his memory. Now, and it came forcibly back to him, he had better try to trace them and find what bearing they had upon the case. He recalled how he had built up a theory that if he could only find those chessmen he would be very near achieving mate upon the murderer's game. What step should he take now? He somehow could not disabuse his mind of the uneasy feeling that had possessed it—that perhaps he had put the hemp round an innocent man's neck, and in a few weeks' time, unless he proved himself to have been wrong, to have followed a bad theory to a false end, the noose might be drawn and Astray Marsden gone beyond recall.

He went up stairs to his room and took from his bag the odd pawn and the piece of tissue paper containing the chip of ivory, his new clews.

It was a big, manly task Darrent was going to enter upon, because if he proved that the conclusions he had already arrived at were false and that all along he had followed a false scent he wrote for himself and his landed ability an awful denunciation. If, on the other hand, he only confirmed his first theory, there was nothing further to go on working for beyond self satisfaction and contentment. Was it worth while, after all? he pondered. Why not let things take their course?

He stepped out into the street and paused, irresolute, for a few moments. Then, suddenly making up his mind, he walked rapidly to the railway station and took the train for Bideford.

He had decided that the first new step he must pursue was to ascertain from Ethel Kingston anything he could as to the real relationship between Astray Marsden and the murdered man and, further, what were the grounds upon which old Marsden had forbidden the marriage of Astray with her. Perhaps in that very refusal of consent to the alliance there might be something that would lead him on a fresh scent, something that would dull or satisfy that aching that had taken possession of his mind, that would allay the haunting fear that perhaps after all he was wrong.

When Darrent reached Bideford, he experienced but little trouble in finding the abode of Ethel Kingston, for upon a tiny burnished plate on a door in High street he read the name and underneath the word "Milliner."

How, wondered Darrent, as he stood awaiting an answer to his knock, would he find the woman who had taken that unrehearsed part in the dramatic scene at the trial? Would she be prostrated with grief and refuse to see him, or would she upbraid and assail him for having so steadfastly pursued and convicted one she loved, the man whom she believed to be innocent and whom, if he were but free, she had sworn before all men she would marry? While Darrent turned these possibilities over in his mind the door was opened by the girl herself, who could ill conceal a start of astonishment as he raised his hat.

"You have come from him?" she queried.

"Yes," answered Darrent as he accepted her invitation to enter. "I have come, Miss Kingston," he continued, "because today I do not feel quite so satisfied as I have been all along about the guilt of Astray Marsden."

"And yet it is due to you, and you alone, that he is condemned."

"I only did what was my duty. I only pieced together facts and the jury decided upon those facts. Today I come to you because I feel that one of those very facts is weakened, and its weakness weakens the whole chain."

"Pray go on. It is life and death to him—to me."

Darrent took a seat beside her and drew from his pocket the paper that he had been reading that morning and said:

"Miss Kingston, when Astray Marsden asked you in court if you believed him guilty and you answered 'No;' when he asked you if you would marry him if he were free and you answered 'Yes,' it for the moment lessened my belief in his guilt, but when I again reviewed all the facts that shadowy feeling of doubt vanished, and I was as sure as ever of that guilt. I slept well last night, a sleep undisturbed by any dreams torturing me that I might have helped to condemn an innocent man.

He took from his bag the odd pawn.

but this morning I felt depressed, and when I opened this paper, out of your very words of yesterday, out of the very episode that had momentarily shaken my confidence in his guilt, had grown another incident that, unsuperstitious as I am, seemed nothing short of a miraculous coincidence. If you had not spoken yesterday, these words that I am going to show you now would never have been written, the mistake could not have occurred, and it might never have entered my mind that justice had perhaps miscarried."

He placed the paper on the table and pointed to the editorial with the misplaced space, "Astra nger scene it has never been our lot to witness."

For some moments Ethel Kingston could scarcely master her emotion as she gazed at the printed lines, and, sinking back into her seat, she covered her face with her hands.

Darrent waited until she had in some measure regained her composure and then, speaking very quietly, said:

"Miss Kingston, I have already told you I'm not a superstitious man, and I don't believe in signs and omens, but this accident or coincidence—call it what you will—has weakened my belief in myself and has determined me to retest this case in every detail, to follow again every clew, and see if I can find anywhere where the chain is faulty, any single instance where I have erred, where I have assumed too much or have allowed too little."

A thankful look lightened her face for a moment as she answered:

"Oh, if it only is so—if you, who have so painstakingly followed the clews to this awful end, should find some other evidence that should prove him innocent! Oh, merciful heaven, it must be proved! He is innocent—he is innocent!"

Again Darrent waited until she had become calmer.

"Can you," he asked as he took his notebook from his pocket, "give me any reason why old Marsden was so bitter against the marriage of yourself and Astray?"

"I only know that many years ago, while I was away at school, my father, a widower, quarreled with Josiah Marsden—what about I never learned, but from that day until my father died the two were deadly enemies, and old Mr. Marsden forbade Astray to ever speak to me."

"Do you know anything of the real relationship between Astray and the old man?"

"I only know what Astray told me, and that was that Mr. Marsden adopted him when he was quite a child and that he had no recollection of his parents."

"You do not think that Josiah might have been his father?"

"I do not know. Mr. Darrent, indeed I do not know."

"Never mind," answered Darrent soothingly. "Now, tell me, did you see Astray Marsden between his return to Norcombe from Africa and the murder at The Grange? Remember, I am asking now to try to save him. Tell me all you know."

"No; I had not seen him for two years until I saw him after the murder."

"But he had written to you?"

"Repeatedly."

Darrent paused again. He seemed to be able to get no further in this problem. Nothing was different from what he had built up all along. This woman could give him no further information, and yet there was still the aching doubt that had been with him all day. His mind reviewed the clews from which he

Continu on Fourth Page.

TILE DRAINING LAND.

With the crops harvested, and the fall work out of the way, the season is propitious for the farmer to consider the matter of drainage for his land. It is not intended in this article to enter into the details for land drainage, but simply to call attention to the need of this work.

The comparatively level character of the Willamette Valley, coupled with our annual precipitations, is sufficient evidence that a large area of its agricultural lands would be benefited by underdraining. A simple method by which the farmer can determine whether his land requires draining or not is to sink a pit 3 or 4 feet deep, and if any water collects, and remains in this pit for 48 hours after a rainfall, the land will be benefited by draining.

No problem is of greater economic importance to the farmers of this section than the one of underdrainage. Among the changes that take place in the soil, resulting from drainage is its improved mechanical condition, hence tillage is rendered less expensive, and the soil materially improved for plant growth.

Draining warms the soil, hence perceptibly lengthens the season of growth.

Temperature is an important factor in the germination of seed and for the growth of plants. It is estimated that the evaporation of 1 pound of water lowers the temperature of 100 pounds of soil 10°, and to evaporate by artificial heat the amount of water contained in a rainfall of two inches on an acre would require over 20 tons of coal.

Instead of allowing the hydrostatic, or excess of water of the soil, to be evaporated by the heat of the sun, it would be infinitely better to have this energy conserved in plant growth.

The present unproductive condition of a very large portion of the white lands of this valley is due to the want of drainage. These lands when artificially drained soon become fertile, and the biological changes made possible by draining, quickly improve the color and texture of these soils, thereby increasing their productiveness and drought resisting powers.—Oregon Agricultural College and Experiment Station.

Honolulu, Oct. 17, 1899.

Dear Uncle, and Friends:

I will write you a few lines to inform you, that the 35th arrived here all safe and sound last Friday morning. The trip over here was uneventual, with the exception of the first two days, when we had some of the roughest water that you ever saw. The ship would rock at one time, and pitch the next, and it seemed that she would surely go down, but we always landed right side up with care. Ernest Hite and myself were very fortunate in not having to go through that trying ordeal, of heaving up your boots. But it was a sight to see 400 or 500 men a racing to see which one could heave up the most, and some of them were so bad, that they would have been glad if the boat had gone down. There was plenty of grub, but not many to eat for the first three or four days, but by the time we got here, everybody was feeling like a fighting cock and ready to eat anything set before them.

Honolulu is a great place, it is one of the finest places that I have ever seen, and the suburbs are grand where each resident has from 1 to 5 acres which is surrounded by cocoa nut, palms and fig trees, which make one of the prettiest shade trees out. The farmers as they call themselves raise everything that you can think of. The principal crops being cocoa nuts, pine apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, rice and strawberries. The bananas grow on a tree about 5 or 6 feet high and there is only 1 bunch on a tree. A cocoa nut tree is from 28 to 30 feet high, with out any limbs till you reach the top, where the nuts grow, all in a cluster. Rice growing looks a good deal in mind of wheat that has been put in with a drill. The stalks look something like wheat stalks. Pine apples grow on the ground and the plants are about 18 inches apart. They are very expensive, costing 25 cents a piece.

The town itself lies on a large bay, and in the rear is surrounded by large mountains, one of which is a large extinct volcano. The buildings are of an inferior class, there being none up to date, and the highest being about the same as M. B. Franks old building. The natives are of a dark complexion [illegible] the size of Dick, but they are a very hospitable class of people, and will give you anything they have. Every thing with the exception of tropical fruits is lots higher than in Portland. Beer 15 cts, whiskey 25 cts, meals cost 35 to 50 cts, and every thing else in proportion. There is over 50 vessels here and four transports. We will finish coaling this afternoon and will go tomorrow. Well, I have not got time to tell you any more, but will write more next time, well I will close with best regards, hoping to hear from you soon after arriving in Manila.

From your Obedient Nephew,
FRED L GAULT

CARE OF THE ORCHARD.

The past year, with its unusual climatic conditions, have been marked by a signal neglect of tillage operations in the orchards of the state. One result of this has been the formation of an extra large amount of fruit wood and buds, and under ordinary conditions, next spring there will set a very much greater amount of fruit than will be best for both the interest of the tree and the orchardist. The orchard should receive a judicious, yes, a vigorous pruning this winter, to the end that liberal thinning of fruit spurs shall be had, otherwise the more expensive work of hand thinning must be done or else there will be produced a mass of small inferior fruit for which no market can be found, and as too often occurs, the larger part of the crop becomes a waste.

Now is the time to make a thorough examination of the trees; study the various systems of pruning and the ends they are sought to reach. Wach the insect and fungous foes and the climatic effects upon the fruit and foliage buds, and with the opening of spring be prepared to give the orchard vigorous but judicious pruning and follow this with generous tillage of the soil. Only under conditions like these can we expect to get the best of returnes from the orchard next year, under the usual Oregon climatic conditions.—Oregon Agricultural College and Experiment Station.

IRREGULAR MILKING.

With the rainy season fully upon us there is a tendency on the part of cow owners, and particularly those who keep but a small number, to be irregular in the time of milking. There is not much to be done on the farm and late rising is quite apt to be the rule, and a desire to have the chores done before darkness sets in, causes the milking to be done early in the evening. Trips to town, an occasional full days work on the farm and other causes, may make the milking hour earlier than usual in the morning and later in the evening, thus giving rise to an irregularity in the milking hour.

All really progressive dairymen have a regular time for milking at all seasons of the year. It does not matter so much what the hour is, but it is best to have the intervals between milkings nearly equal. A short experiment was conducted with the station herd nearly a year ago to determine the effect of irregularity in milking. Six cows were divided into two lots, such that the average age of the cows, and period of lactation, also total yield of milk were practially the same for each lot. The two lots received the same kind and amount of feed, but the cows in Lot I were fed and milked regularly at 4:30 p. m. and 5:30 a. m. while those in Lot II were fed and milked at hours ranging from 5:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 4:00 to 6:00 p. m. A comparison of the milk yield for three weeks under this arrangement, with the three weeks preceeding shows that the cows in Lot I made a gain in yield of 5.9 per cent, while those in Lot II decreased in yield 4.4 per cent. Assuming that the cows in Lot II would have done as well as those in Lot I if they had had the same treatment, which is highly probable, we find a loss of practically ten per cent in the milk yield during three weeks due to irregularity in milking and feeding. The loss however was confined to the milk yield as there was practically no change in the quality of the milk during the test period.

The gain in yield by Lot I was doubtless due to better feed and care than was received during the preceding three weeks.—Oregon Agricultural College.

The condition and conduct of the United States troops in Cuba are creditable to their officers and to the war department of the country. The men under irksome restrictions, necessary for their well-being, have behaved splendidly and have passed through the unhealthy season with scarcely a case of yellow fever. Of an unacclimated white troops ever stationed in the West Indies these United States soldiers are the first who have not suffered terribly from disease. The reason is to be found in General Brooke's report. They are looked after "by professional officers, well versed in their duty."

John King, of San Francisco, employed in the railway mail service between that city and Ashland, was seriously injured there Monday by falling out of a mail wagon, which runs between the city postoffice and the railroad depot. He was crushed under the wheels. He received ugly cuts and bruises about the head and was unconscious several hours but the injuries will not prove fatal.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREED.

The Fossil, Wheeler Co., Journal tells this story at the expense of two Eastern Oregon doctors:

Some ten years ago there was a doctor in Condon named Alexander, who had a daughter in his office who was also a doctor. At that time Hon. B. K. Searcy of Mayville, who was the demo-pop candidate last year for representative of Gilliam county, was in very poor health, with considerable pain in the region of his heart probably caused by rheumatism, to which he is at times subject. He called on Dr. Alexander to have his heart tested. The old doctor bared B. K.'s breast and put his ear against his manly breast, and advised the then budding politician to make his will at once, as judging from the faint beating of his heart, he might live 24 hours, but could not possibly survive a month. Never before and only once since (when the votes were counted in June last year) did B. K. face pres ts as high a funeral measurement as on that occasion, and he is a war veteran, too.

Touched at his patient's woe-begone expression, the old doctor called his daughter in consultation, to see if by any chance she could not hold out a little more hope to the stricken man.

Now Miss Alexander, M. D., was pretty, plump, petite and bright, and any one having a knowledge of B. K.'s life long chivalric propensities might have guessed the result. When she gently leaned her soft cheek and wavy hair upon his rugged breast, B. K.'s heart began thumping like a sledge hammer, and Miss Alexander said that unless all indications failed he would live to be a hundred at least. The old doctor was mystified, and attributed his false diagonsis to his growing defective hearing. Both the Alexanders were good doctors and it is said this is the only case on record in which their diagnosis completely disagreed.

Here is still another reason for the cause of the war in South Africa: The issue, however, has been lost sight of and the war is narrowed down to a contest for possession of a pile of gold, buried in the Transvaal country, and estimated in value at $5,000,000,000. As the London Posts puts it, the situation is now that the Boers are saying to the British "You shall not touch this gold; we will not allow you to mine it, bring it to the surface of the ground and take it away unless you pay us a tithe by the way of royalty," and the British respond: "We are strong enough to throw these 20,000 Boers off this pile of gold, strong enough to take it without paying any royalty, and we mean to take it. 'Tis folly to pay for that which you have the might to take."

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You.

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

Since the Philippine islands now belong to the United States, and will remain in our possession, it is gratifying to learn from competent and reliable witnesses, such as General Funston, that they will become a very valuable possession. He only confirms the testimoney of others when he says that a large portion of the land is as rich and fertile as any on the face of the globe, suitable for rice and sugar, and other semitropical products. Tropical woods alone in one of the smaller islands are estimated to be worth $150,000,000. In less than ten years, General Funston thinks, the United States will derive from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 from them annually.

Chairman Jones, of the Democratic Committee, is not yet prepared to admit that prosperity has returned. Says the Rev. Sam Jones:

"The biggest fool in the world is the one who stands up and argues against facts. I was talking to one of those old free-silver loons a few days ago and called his attention to the great prosperity which has come upon our country, mills and shops and mines running on full time, and I said truly, prosperity has come to our land again. He said: 'It ain't struck me yet.' I said: 'It's mighty hard to hit nothing.'"

It should be explained, however, that when Brother Sam Jones raised this he was not speaking of Brother Jim Jones, not because he is "nothing," but perhaps because he can prove an alibi in Europe.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Several cases of Typhoid fever are Reported at Baker City.

IMMIGRANTS FOR NEWBERG

Henry Workins of Grant County lost 100 tons of hay by fire last week. The loss was about $600.

A match factory is among promised industries at Coquille City.

Lakeview has a dancing club and a dramatic and musical club.

Two pumpkins weighing 93 and 86 pounds are on exhibition in Coquille City.

An Empire Cannery received 4000 salmon one day last week. A Marshfield cannery put up 250 cases in one day.

Silver lake in Lake county, is reported alive with ducks, geese and swan—more than for many years past.

Seven families, 38 persons, arrived in Newberg from Minnesota within the past week, all coming to settle on farms.

The football game Monday afternoon at Albany resulted: University of Oregon, second team, 6; Albany college, 0.

The Lakeview Examiner wants the merchants of its town to stir themselves to keep trade from going to Jackson county towns.

A shipment of 1741 pounds of dried apples was made from Dayton last week, sale at 7¼ cents a pound having been made in Portland.

Typhoid fever is prevalent in Baker City. It is attributed to lack of proper drainage, and there is agitation for a sewerage system.

John Petegani a coal miner at Libby, was severely injured about the face last week by a premature explosion, but will recover.

A sale of 120,000 feet of lumber has been made at Medford to be shipped to Red Bluff, Cal. The average price was $22.50 per thousand.

The broom handle factory at Bandon is getting out 5000 cornice poles and 50,000 pieces of molding for a San Francisco house, says the Recorder.

J. F. Wilson, of Fishtrap, died as the result of stepping on a nail. Blood poisoning set in, and his limb was amputated but he grew steadily worse.

A postoffice has been established at Bement, Multnomah county, on the route from Gresham to Clone. F. M. Graham has been appointed postmaster.

N. C. Longfellow arrived out from Wallowa county Tuesday evening with 5000 head of sheep for shipment to Nebraska, says the Elgin Recorder. They were loaded at the stockyards Wednesday morning.

Sheriff Withers, of Lane county, has straightened up the shortage of Deputy Sheriff Day, and is today the only man suffering for the crime and ingratitude of his favorite deputy, says the Cottage Grove Noggett.

The coroner's inquest was held Monday evening at Oregon City on the body of a man found near Willsburg Sunday. The verdict was death from alcoholism, or heart failure. The deceased was an Irishman, aged 50, well dressed.

The Eugene Guard complains that a Portland employment agency is defrauding workingmen by taking fees from them and sending them to the Booth-Kelly company, when in fact that concern has all the help it needs.

The recent rains have been worth thousands of dollars to the farmers of Grant County, says the Canyon City News. They have wet the ground so that the fall sown grain is growing nicely, and farmers say their fields are looking better than for many years past.

A stack containing 100 tons of hay belonging to Henry Workings, near Mt. Vernon, Grant county, was burned last Monday morning. The loss was about $600. The fire was of incendiary origin, and the culprit had set a sunglass on a stake in such a manner that the glass would focus the rays upon a rug saturated with oil, setting fire to it. The design evidently was that the stake should be burned and the sunglass destroyed, but that failed, and the glass remains as a clue to the criminal.