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Hillsboro Independent.

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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 16 1900. No. 43

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For Farmington and Laurel, daily at 12

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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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HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, 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. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.

P. of H.

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I. O. O. F.

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K. of P.

PHŒNIX 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.
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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 second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.
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WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.
C E Deichman

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GEN. RANSOM POST, NO. 69, G. A. R.

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Shows the state of your feelings and the state of your health as well. Impure blood makes itself apparent in a pale and sallow complexion, Pimples and Skin Eruptions. If you are feeling weak and worn out and do not have a healthy appearance you should try Acker's Blood Elixir. It cures all blood diseases where clean Sarsaparillas and so called purifiers fail; knowing this we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. The Delta Drug Store.

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Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best renovator of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use
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THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

"The other clerks gave me the name of 'Old Salvation,' but there was one person I liked very much. He was clerk in another store. He often went past the door. He seemed to me not like others. His face was bright and fresh, like a little child's. When he came to the shop, I felt I liked him. One day I saw a book in his pocket, and that made me feel near him. I asked him if he was fond of reading, and he said yes, when there was nothing else to do. The next day he came to me and asked me if I did not feel lonely. He never saw me going out with the other fellows. He would come and see me that evening, he said.

"'You've got a rummy place here,' he said.

"You see, there was nothing in it but packing cases for furniture, and it was rather empty. While I was putting the food on the box he looked at my books. He read their names out aloud—'Elementary Physiology,' 'First Principles.'

"'Golly!' he said. 'I've got a lot of dry stuff like that at home I got for Sunday school prizes, but I only keep them to light my pipe with now. They come in handy for that.' Then he asked me if I had ever read a book called the 'Black Eyed Creole.' 'That is the style for me,' he said—'there where the fellow takes the nigger girl by the arm and the other fellow cuts off. That's what I like.'

"But what he said after that I don't remember, only it made me feel as if I were having a bad dream, and I wanted to be far away.

"After he was gone my little room got back to its old look. I loved it so. I was so glad to get into it at night, and it seemed to be reproaching me for bringing him there. The next day he took the gray mare. On Thursday he did not bring her back, and on Friday I found the saddle and bridle standing at my door.

"In the afternoon he looked into the shop and called out: 'Hope you got your saddle, Farber. Your bag of bones kicked out six miles from this. I'll send you a couple of shillings tomorrow, though the old hide wasn't worth it. Good morning.'

"But I sprang over the counter and got him by his throat. My father was so gentle with her. He never would ride her up hill, and now this fellow had murdered her. I asked him where he had killed her, and I shook him till he slipped out of my hand. He stood in the door grinning.

"'It didn't take much to kill that bag of bones, whose master sleeps in a packing case and waits till his company's finished to eat on the plate. Shouldn't wonder if you fed her on sugar bags,' he said. 'And if you think I've jumped her you'd better go and look yourself. You'll find her along the road by the "aas-vogels" that are eating her.'

"I caught him by his collar, and I lifted him from the ground, and I threw him out into the street, half way across it. I heard the bookkeeper say to the clerk that there was always the devil in those mum fellows, but they never called me 'Salvation' after that.

"I am writing to you of very small things, but there is nothing else to tell. It has been all small, and you will like it. Whenever anything has happened I have always thought I would tell it to you. The back thought in my mind is always you. After that only one old man came to visit me. I had seen him in the streets often. He always wore very dirty black clothes and a hat with crape round it, and he had one eye, so I noticed him. One day he came to my room with a subscription list for a minister's salary. When I said I had nothing to give, he looked at me with his one eye.

"'Young man,' he said, 'how is it I never see you in the house of the Lord?' I thought he was trying to do good, so I felt sorry for him, and I told him I never went to chapel. 'Young man,' he said, 'it grieves me to hear such godless words from the lips of one so young, so far gone in the paths of destruction. Young man, if you forget God, God will forget you. There is a seat on the right hand side as you go at the bottom door that you may get. If you are given over to the enjoyments and frivolities of this world, what will become of your never dying soul?'

"He would not go till I gave him half a crown for the minister's salary. Afterward I heard he was the man who collected the pew rents and got a percentage. I didn't get to know any one else.

"When my time in that shop was done, I hired myself to drive one of a transport rider's wagons.

"That first morning when I sat in the front and called to my oxen and saw nothing about me but the hills with the blue coming down to them and the 'karroo' bushes I was drunk. I laughed. My heart was beating till it hurt me. I shut my eyes tight, that when I opened them I might see there were no shelves about me. There must be a beauty in buying and selling if there is beauty in everything, but it is very ugly to me. My life as transport rider would have been the best life in the world if I had had only one wagon to drive. My master told me he would drive one, I the other, and he would hire another person to drive the third.

"At the places where we 'outspanned' there were sometimes rare plants and flowers, the festoons hanging from the bush trees, and nuts and insects, such as we never see here, but after a little while I never looked at them. I was too tired. I ate as much as I could and then lay down on my face under the wagon till the boy came to wake me to 'inspan,' and then we drove on again all night. So it went, so it went. I think sometimes when we walked by my oxen I called to them in my sleep, for I know I thought of nothing. I was like an animal. My body was strong and well to work, but my brain was dead. If you have not felt it, Lyndall, you cannot understand it. You may work and work and work till you are only a body, not a soul. Now, when I see one of those evil looking men that come from Europe—navvies, with the beastlike, sunken face, different from any Kaffir's—I know what brought that look into their eyes, and if I have only one inch of tobacco I give them half. It is work, grinding, mechanical work, that tiey or their ancestors have done, that has made them into beasts. You may work a man's body so that his soul dies. Work is good. I have worked at the old farm from the sun's rising till its setting, but I have had time to think and time to feel. You may work a man so that all but the animal in him is gone, and that grows stronger with physical labor. You may work a man till he is a devil. I know it, because I have felt it. You will never understand the change that came over me. No one but I will ever know how great it was. But I was never miserable. When I could keep my oxen from sticking fast and when I could find a place to lie down in, I had all I wanted. After I had driven eight months a rainy season came. For 18 hours out of the 24 we worked in the wet. The mud went up to the axles sometimes, and we had to dig the wheels out, and we never went far in a day. My master swore at me more than ever, but when he had done he always offered me his brandy flask. When I first came, he had offered it me, and I had always refused, but now I drank as my oxen did when I gave them water—without thinking. At last I bought brandy for myself whenever we passed a hotel.

"One Sunday we 'outspanned' on the banks of a swollen river to wait for its going down. It was drizzling still, so I lay under the wagon on the mud. There was no dry place anywhere, and all the dung was wet, so there was no fire to cook food. My little flask was filled with brandy, and I drank some and went to sleep. When I woke, it was drizzling still, so I drank some more. I was stiff and cold, and my master, who lay by me, offered me his flask, because mine was empty. I drank some, and then I thought I would go and see if the river was going down. I remember that I walked to the road, and it seemed to be going away from me. When I woke up, I was lying by a little bush on the bank of the river. It was afternoon. All the clouds had gone, and the sky was deep blue. The Bushman boy was grilling ribs at the fire. He looked at me and grinned from ear to ear. 'Master was a little nice,' he said, 'and lay down in the road. Something might ride over master, so I carried him there.' He grinned at me again. It was as though he said: 'You and I are comrades. I have lain in a road too. I know all about it.' When I turned my head from him, I saw the earth, so pure after the rain, so green, so fresh, so blue, and I was a drunken carrier whom his leader had picked up in the mud and lain at the roadside to sleep out his drunk. I remembered my old life, and I remembered you. I saw how one day you would read in the papers: 'A German carrier, named Waldo Farber, was killed through falling from his wagon, being instantly crushed under the wheel. Deceased was supposed to have been drunk at the time of the accident.' There are those notices in the paper every month. I sat up, and I took the brandy flask out of my pocket, and I flung it as far as I could into the dark water. The Hottentot boy ran down to see if he could catch it. It had sunk to the bottom. I never drank again.

"I do not know why I kept on working so hard for that master. I think it was as the oxen come every day and stand by the yokes—they do not know why. Perhaps I would have been with him still, but one day we started with loads for the diamond fields. The oxen were very thin now, and they had been standing about in the yoke all day without food while the wagons were being loaded. Not far from the town was a hill. When we came to the foot, the first wagon stuck fast. I tried for a little while to urge the oxen, but I soon saw that one 'span' could never pull it up. I went to the other wagon to loosen that 'span' to join them on in front, but the transport rider, who was lying at the back of the wagon, jumped out.

"'They shall bring it up the hill, and if half of them die for it they shall do it alone,' he said.

"He was not drunk, but in a bad temper, for he had been drunk the night before. He swore at me and told me to take the whip and help him. We tried for a little time. Then I told him it was no use, they could never do it. He swore louder and called to the leaders to come on with their whips, and together they lashed. There was one ox, a black ox, so thin that the ridge of his backbone almost cut through his flesh.

"'It is you, devil, is it, that will not pull?' the transport rider said. 'I will show you something.' He looked like a devil.

"He told the boys to leave off flogging, and he held the ox by the horn and took up a round stone and knocked its nose with it till the blood came. When he had done, they called to the oxen and took up their whips again, and the oxen strained with their backs bent, but the wagon did not move an inch.

"'So you won't, won't you?' he said. 'I'll help you.'

"He took out his clasp knife and ran it into the leg of the trembling ox three times up to the hilt. Then he put the knife in his pocket, and they took their whips. The oxen's flanks quivered, and they foamed at the mouth. Straining, they moved the wagon a few feet

Continued on Fourth Page.

ORATION ON OUR PRISONS

What Shall We do to Improve Our Present System

AN ARGUMENT OF FORCE

Oration Delivered February 9th in Marsh Hall, Forest Grove, by F. I. North, a Contestant for the Tibbal's Prize

The history of crime is coexistent with the story of the human family. From that day when our first parents forfeited the place for which they were destined, and were driven from the garden, misfortunes have followed the race. Man could no longer live in peace and safty but must be harassed by many troubles, whether tossed upon the deep or toiling upon some seashore, whether in the broad light of day or under the shadow of darkness.

There sprung up a class of men in the depths of whose black hearts lurked every vice, simply parasites, who, because they found social and moral law a burden, chose to live by preying upon society. This criminal class has been the terror of every generation of our race. All ranks of society in every age and country have suffered from its depredations.

Nations have tried in many and various ways to suppress crime. They have in the past chosen physical torture as the method of retribution. No pen can express the cruelties practiced upon criminals during the early ages. Men were made prematurely old or hastened to speedy death in gloomy prisons. Multitudes of prisoners have been thrust into sombre towers and dismal dungeons to languish alone and forgotten. It is a sad page of history which tells of Mamertine dungeon, under the Capitoline, where Jugurtha perished; or of the Bastile, through whose massive walls no sound of the outer world could reach the wretched inmates; or of the Spanish prisons in Cuba, the last home of so many patriots

"To whom the goodly earth and air
Were bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare."

People who believe in cruel treatment of prisoners should expect to find the Dark Ages a millennium of peace. But such merciless treatment as was then practiced did not stamp out crime but rather increased it. The prisons of Mediaeval Europe were crowded with criminals.

Our own penal system is far from perfect, because it does not aim at reform but degrades the prisoners under its power. Although it is only by reform of the criminal that the State can be secured from further danger, neverless reform cannot be secured under our present system. Young people are arrested for minor offences, many times for no offense whatever, and incarcerated in cells with the most abandoned and desperate criminals. Many of tender years are held, in this criminal atmosphere for weeks and then are found, upon examination, to be innocent. Such treatment can manifestly have but one result. These poor victims are started down the road to crime and untimely graves.

If we wish to reform our prison system, we must do away with these criminal factories. We must rescue those who are young in crime from the vicious influence of hardened criminals. We must do it by humane treatment. Modern philanthropy can make even the criminal valuable to society.

Humanitarians believe that for slight offences young persons should not be imprisoned but should be placed on probation. This plan has succeeded in Boston for the last fifteen years.

They also advocate the indeterminate sentence for more serious offences. This plan has been very successful at the Elmyra Reformatory. By this method a criminal is sentenced not for a fixed period but until he has given proof that he may safely be returned to society. The prisoner himself is made responsible for the time of his release. He is assigned to a class suited to his capacity, and is carefully trained along those lines which will best fit him for citizenship. He is put into a workshop that is best adapted to his physical and moral training. No one desires to lighten the burdens of criminals, but by humane treatment to help them to reform.

Advocates of the indeterminate sentence have studied deeply not only into the history of crime but into the character of criminals. They regard crime as a disease which qualifies the unfortunate victim for the hospital rather than for vindictive punishment. They find that, although prisoners are possessed with little power of self-control, yet they are often animated by good resolutions, often anxious to do what is right; however, as these poor creatures are powerless to save themselves they plunge again and again into crime.

Authorities agree that all crimes except those born from sudden impulses, are caused either by bad health or bad morals; that criminals as a rule have unsound bodies; that they are predisposed to idleness and morbid impulses; also that they are weak, with little or no training, with no fixed habits, and without homes worthy of a name.

By the indeterminate treatment, the officials labor, first to make the prisoner physically sound, secondly, to fix in him habits of toil, and, last, to convince him that his happiness depends on his obedience to law. In order to secure his release, a prisoner must gain a certain number of credit marks. These marks may be cancelled for negligence or ill-behavior. He is not discharged until perfect in labor, school and conduct, and then only on parole.

But the magnitude of our present penal system is simply astonishing, and it is a deplorable fact that our prisons reproduce the criminal class. There are in the United States twenty-two hundred county jails, several hundred lock-ups and fifty or sixty penitentiaries. These buildings cost $500,000,000 which is dead capital; and it requires an appropriation of $50,000,000 annually to run them. There are in addition many thousand policemen and detectives, about seventy thousand constables and as many magistrates, twenty-two hundred sheriffs and twelve thousand deputies. Then come the juries, petit juries, lawyers and judges; in all over a million men who support themselves by our penal system.

This burden should not be allowed to rest upon our people. Criminals should be given a fair chance to reform, and those who persist in crime should not again be turned loose upon society any sooner than men diseased with leprosy or smallpox.

Modern penology is the survival of the Dark Ages. The polestar of our present system is punishment, whereas the protection of society should be its sole object. Punishment never made a sincere convert. It tramples instead of bearing up, and is, therefore, as unchristain in principle as it is unwise in policy. A cry should be raised for our criminals such as went up for the unemancipated slave forty years ago. These human derelicts should not be allowed to drift at the mercy of the gale but should be safely guided into the harbor. The eyes of the public should be opened in regard to the real character of the criminal class. We should adopt a penal code which not only would keep pace with our great inventions along other lines but which will be an honor to a Christain nation.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany, N. Y., dairyman called at a drug store, there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. Mearkle, general merchant and farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

A. R. De Finent, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

A new story is that Goebel was killed by a gambler who had a bet pending on the election results. In the absence of an inquest two or three fresh versions of the tragedy are put forth every week.

SOLDIER DRUNKARDS.

Gross drunkenness has often been charged to the American soldier. Rev. Dr. Charles C. Pierce, army chaplain, according to the N. Y. Tribune, testifies thus of the liquor trafic in Manila.

"When I first went to Manila the streets were lined from end to end with native shacks at which this poisonous compound, native gin, was peddled at the rate of one cent a glass. The natives take one glass and stop. They know they have enough, but our soldiers, ignorant of its character, and because of its low price, would take four or five drinks, which set them crazy. They were not used to it. They drink it as they would beer or Americans wines. This caused an appalling amount of drunkenness. But it did not continue long. The native drinking places were abolished and the sale of that vile stuff was forbidden. Then discharged soldiers began to open saloons and sell American beer, wines, and whiskey, etc., which the soldiers drank moderately and with the same results as in the United States. The establishment of these saloons is accepted by persons who are not familiar with the facts as evidence that drunkenness has increased, but they do not know, or neglect to explain, that half a dozen drinking places have been abolished for every one that has been opened, and to-day if the American saloons were abolished the soldiers would return to the vile native gin which the Chinese, who are very shrewd, would find means to furnish them somehow or another."

This native liquor, vino, as they call it, is a vile stuff and the authorities had to impose a penalty of ten dollars upon the dealers who sold any to the American soldiers. This vino or native gin is the cause of the insanity of which we have heard so much rather than the strain of out post duty.

Prof. Schurman says the government of the Philippines will closely resemble that outlined by President Jefferson for the Louisana purchase. Here is a point in which Bryan considers himself immeasurably superior to Jefferson.

At the end of eight months of the fiscal year the surplus of receipts over expenditures is $37,763,000. The February decrease of the public debt was $7,750,168. Republican times are easily distinguished from the other kind.

PORTO RICAN LEGISLATION.

In a letter to the INDEPENDENT, Congressman Tongue writes clearly about the much discussed Porto Rican legislation. It is so much to the point that it is here reproduced. The letter is dated March 5th.

I think about all of the descendants of Annanias have turned themselves loose upon that bill. I never knew of any measure so lied about. People are wondering why congress disregarded the president's recommendation for free trade. The fact of it is, the house in endeavoring to relieve Porto Rico in its necessities has gone far beyond anything the president contemplated. Of course free trade meant the extension of the internal revenue laws to the island and also implied some system of local taxation whereby the people of that island should support their own government and carry on their own affairs. Payne introduced a bill looking towards that end, but the people of Porto Rico say they cannot pay these local taxes. The coffee industry which supports about 60 per cent of the people has been prostrated by storms and floods, the last year's crop was totally destroyed, and the bushes have been so injured that there will be probably little or no crop this year. They say this class of people can pay no taxes at all on anything. In fact, they are in distress and the government has expended $800,000 for their relief. General Davis says to enforce the revenue law would not only produce disaster, but probably riot and insurrection. It will take some little time to get those people to understand and obey our laws and changes in system of taxation. Our people have become accustomed to heavy internal revenue taxes on liquors and tobacco. The Porto Rican people have not. The common poor people all use a cheap form of cigar, and in the place of tea and coffee a cheap rum which they buy for 40 cents a gallon. Now imagine putting our internal revenue taxes on those, multiplying the price four times over. General Davis says that the people could not pay it, and probably would not if they could, the change would be so violent. Now the house tried to help them out, and so they exempted Porto Rico from internal revenue taxes and from every other species of taxes except this small tariff of 15 per cent. The principal industries that will be affected by that is sugar and tobacco. But the entire crop of both of those

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WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Items of General Interest from all parts of the state

LARGE NUMBER OF GOATS

Sixteen Saw Mills in Union County.—Young Man Asked to Leave—Posted Notices for Deer.

More than 7000 goats are now represented in the Polk county mohair pool.

There are 16 sawmills in the north end of Union county, employing in all 300 hands.

Alex Hardie, of Condon has contracted the sale of his 1900 wool clip at 16 cents, to be delivered at The Dalles.

Dan Hurley a young man of bad reputation was charivaried at Toledo last week and advised to leave town. He left.

At Lostine, Wallowa county, a contract has been made for the sale of 2500 head of ewes and lambs at $2 60 to be delivered after shearing.

A farmer at Greenleaf, who claims that deer have eaten 300 cabbage plants, has posted a notice, warning them to keep out of his garden patch.

Last Friday, near Brooks, a crane was shot and killed by John Evans that measured six feet eight inches from tip to tip and stood five feet high.

The Condon Globe says the county there about is "expected to give a big harvest this year, as every farmer has from 300 to 1000 acres of grain."

Eugene paid $8691.07 in salaries to 18 public school teachers for the year ended March 1. Persons between 4 and 20 years number 1378; enrolled in the schools, 1059.

At Deep creek, in Columbia county a man has sold three steers for $170, and a number of horses have changed owners at $100 to $125 per head. Good cows are scarce at $35 to $45 a head.

Joaquin Miller the poet passed through Oregon last week on a lecture tour. The lectures appear to have been more for diversion than for profit. Judge Miller saw the country familiar to him 35 years ago, before he was famous.

Dow Palmer the night telegraph operator at Salem who goes home from work at 2 o'clock in the morning found a burglar trying to pick a lock and enter the dwelling of a neighbor. The burglar promptly gave leg bail and is at large.

Hugh Patterson one of the railroad brakemen who assaulted Winnie Thorn on the freight train between Cottage Grove and Roseburg in January last, has been found guilty of the crime and has been sentenced to serve a term of five years in the penitentiary.

A brass band is to be organized at the state reform school. The management is gathering in books for a library at the institution. This action is the result of the bequest of 300 volumns made by Mrs. J. R. Ladd of LaGrande. Supt Ackerman is also working in the matter.

The Oregon Packing Co., fruits and vegetables, Portland is to enlarge its capacity. This concern was organized in 1887 one of the promoters being A. H. Boscow formerly of Hillsboro. There was a struggle for years, but the company is now a solid concern and verifying all the promises made in 1887.

Eugene is going to make big strides in improvements this summer says the Morning Register. More new brick blocks are to be erected and a number of residences are being planned. Just now the city has neither business room nor housing capacity to accommodate new business enterprises and the ever increasing population.

F. M. Courter, the enterprising manager of the Balm Fork warehouse informs the Heppner Times that about three carloads of wheat belonging to the Olden Brothers and Sam Warfield were shipped last Saturday, the price received being 35 cents per bushel. There are yet about 11,000 bushels of wheat in his warehouse. Mr. Courter has every reason to believe that a mammoth crop of wheat and barley will be reaped in Morrow county next fall, and that it will average at least 20 bushels to the acre. With this immense lot of grain even at 35 cents per bushel it will bring mountains of gold into the country.