

## HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

### WITH BARK ON.

**Big Fir Sticks Sent to St. Louis to Reproduce Fort Clatsop.**

Rainier—The Wilson Case lumber company has shipped four cars of lumber for the Oregon state building at the St. Louis fair. The order is a peculiar one in that the bark is left on one side of each stick of timber.

Some of the timbers are 40 feet long, with two faces 10 inches wide and one face 7 1/2 inches, while the fourth face is round, with the bark still clinging to it. The palisade timbers are 11 feet long, with one 10-inch and two four-inch faces.

It requires 17,000 feet of these slabs to enclose the grounds around the building. The building and enclosure will be a reproduction of old Fort Clatsop and the stockade surrounding the fort.

This is probably the only consignment of the kind ever shipped from the state, and Mr. Leeper, the manager, says that it will probably be the last. A great deal of trouble was experienced in getting trees that were not too large and that would run the same thickness from which to cut the timbers, to give the right curve on the round side. Another difficulty was experienced in getting trees on which the bark was still firm.

The sap is now up and the bark peels off very readily. This is not commonly the case, but this winter has been so mild that the sap raised much earlier than usual. It will be hard for St. Louis people to understand that when these trees were cut eight degrees farther north than the city of St. Louis, and in a country where the thermometer has not registered zero in 40 years, and while the weather was so warm here that the sap in the trees was up on the 15th of January and at the same time in St. Louis the thermometer was 22 degrees below zero.

### NOT ENOUGH FLAX RAISED.

**Mill Will Be Built When the Acreage Reaches 1,000.**

Salem—Thrashing flax seed out of the straw and spreading the straw in fields to rot is now in progress at Eugene Boese's flax establishment at this place. Twenty men are engaged at the thrashing house and 15 men and boys are employed to spread the straw on a field just east of town. Two hundred tons of straw will be spread out evenly over 60 acres of land and left exposed to the weather until it has rotted enough for the scutching mill. It will then be put through a scutching mill, which will turn out clean flax fiber. The fiber will be stored away to await the building of a linen mill.

"The erection of a linen mill here in the Willamette valley is delayed only by the lack of a supply of fibre," said Mr. Boese. "It won't do to build a mill to run two or three months in the year. We must have enough fibre to keep a mill running the year around. That will take 4,000 acres of flax. Whenever we can get that we will have raw material enough to operate with and a mill will be built."

Mr. Boese has 260 acres of land leased for flax raising purposes, and the farmers of this vicinity will put in about 100 acres more this season. Mr. Boese thinks the amount should be increased this year to 1,000 acres and in a year or two increased to 4,000 acres.

### Albany Mills Start Up.

Albany—The Bannockburn woolen mill company has started the big Albany woolen mills in operation. Work was commenced on fine cloth for suitings. The mills had been idle for some time and many men were thrown out of employment thereby. When the Bannockburn company purchased the mills they were immediately leased to the Oregon City company, which closed the plant down at the end of three months. Albany people were apprehensive lest the mills would not be put in operation again soon.

### Biggest Plant in the West.

Hillsboro—C. T. Rogers, of Detroit, Mich., and one of the largest manufacturers of condensed milk machinery, has arrived here, and will superintend the installation of the new machinery for the big Hillsboro plant. Mr. Rogers says that this plant will be the largest west of the Mississippi river and that no plant in the world will have a more modern equipment.

### Nugget Worth Forty Dollars.

Grants Pass—A \$40 nugget has been brought in from the Jewell, Moore & Hayes, placer on Oscar creek. This mine is one of the most noted producers of heavy pieces in the entire mineral district and Oscar creek, only a small stream, has become widely famous for the nuggets taken from it.

### Opp Mine Resumes Operations.

Jacksonville—The Opp mine, located two miles west of Jacksonville, and which has been idle for more than a year, was started up last week by the owner, J. W. Opp, and the mill is being run day, night and Sunday on ore that is producing good values.

### GRAIN AND FRUIT GIVE PROMISE.

**Jackson County Will Not Have Sufficient Wheat, but Fruit is Plenty.**

Jacksonville—Reports from all parts of Jackson county are that the winter wheat is in fine condition, both as to stand and growth. The acreage for this year is more than twice that of last year, yet so much wheat land has been given over to orchard and alfalfa that it is certain there will not be enough wheat in Rogue river valley this year to supply the local demand, a condition that has prevailed for several years past.

There is a large quantity of alfalfa hay yet held in the valley. The larger number of stockmen fear a hard winter and a slight shortage in the crop last season tempting the alfalfa growers to hold for high prices. The hay is now \$15 to \$16 a ton, but may not go higher, as the winter has been open and stockmen have required but little hay for their stock. From the amount of seed being handled by local dealers, the acreage of alfalfa will be increased fully 20 per cent in this valley this year.

Apple, pear, cherry, prune, peach and almond trees are in fine condition and the yield will be up to the usual standard for Rogue river. The vineyards are also in fine shape. The fruit acreage of Rogue river, while very large, will be increased by this winter's plantings fully 15 per cent, apples and pears leading the list.

### STOCK HAS WINTERED WELL.

**Baker County Has Had Very Favorable Weather So Far.**

Baker City—Stockmen are congratulating themselves on their success in wintering their sheep, horses and cattle so far this winter. The weather has been very favorable. While it has been cold there has been no severe storms or blizzards.

Feed, while expensive, has been plentiful. Most of the ranchers raised their own hay, and while it is worth big money, the cost to the rancher who owns his own hay land is comparatively light. The man who has to buy hay to feed range stock is not so well off this year.

### Mill of Macadam Road.

Jacksonville—The Jacksonville board of trade has undertaken to secure the building of a mill of macadam road on that section of the Jacksonville-Medford road from this place to the junction of the Medford-Central joint roads. A 20-foot width turnpike will be thrown up, the material for which will be gravel from Jackson creek, the channel of which adjoins this road. In removing the gravel for the road a straight deep channel will be made for the creek, to prevent floods from injuring the roadway, as has occurred.

### PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 74@75c; blue-stem, 79@80c; valley, 78@80c. Barley—Feed, 20¢ per ton; brewing, 20@20.50; rolled, 21¢.

Flour—Valley, \$3.75@3.85 per barrel; hard wheat straight, \$3.90@4.10; clears, \$3.55@3.75; hard wheat patents, \$4.20@4.50; graham, \$3.75; whole wheat, \$4; rye flour, \$4.50@4.75.

Oats—No. 1 white, 10.7@11.10; gray, 11.05@11.07 per cental.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$18@18.50 per ton; middlings, 26¢, shorts, 19.50@20¢; chop, 18¢; linseed, dairy food, 19¢.

Hay—Timothy, 16@18 per ton; clover, 12@13; grain, 12@13; cheat, 12@12.

Butter—Sweet cream butter, 32¢ per pound; fancy creamery, 30¢; choice creamery, 25@27¢; dairy, 20@22¢; store, 12@14¢.

Butter Fat—Sweet cream, 31¢; sour cream, 29¢.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 14¢; Young America, 15¢.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11¢@12¢ per pound; springs, small, 13@14¢; hens, 12@12½¢; turkeys, live, 17@18¢; dressed, 20¢; ducks, 18@19¢ per dozen; geese, live, 8¢ per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 26@27¢ per dozen.

Vegetables—Turnips, 65¢ per sack; carrots, 75¢; beets, 90¢; parsnips, 75¢ @ 80¢; cabbage, 1½¢@2¢; red cabbage, 1½¢; lettuce, head, 15¢ per dozen; parsley, 25¢; tomatoes, 1.50@2 per crate; cauliflower, 75¢@1 per dozen; celery, 60¢; pumpkins, 1¢ per pound; onions, Yellow Danvers, 1.10@1.25 per sack.

Honey—\$3@3.50 per case.

Potatoes—Fancy, 80@90¢ per sack; common, 60@80¢; sweets, 2½¢ in sacks; 2½¢ crated.

Fruits—Apples, fancy Baldwins and Spitzenburges, 1.50 per box; cooking, 75¢@1.

Hops—Choice, 26@27¢ per pound; prime, 25¢; medium, 24¢.

Wool—Valley, 17@18¢; Eastern Oregon, 12@15¢; mohair, 32@35¢.

Beef—Dressed, 6@7½¢ per pound.

Mutton—Dressed, 6@7½¢ per pound; lamb, 7½¢.

Veal—Dressed, 8@9¢.

Pork—Dressed, 6½@7¢.

### TO ST. VALENTINE.

Valentine! Saint Valentine!  
A pilgrim to thy holy shrine,  
Behold I come!  
Footsore, and very heavy-laden,  
Because of love for one small maiden,  
My lips are dumb.  
O Valentine! Saint Valentine!  
Thou know'st this little maid of mine,  
This dainty sweet,  
So pure and fair that when she passes  
Our gray old world grows green  
Beneath her feet;

That everywhere her dear face shows  
The west wind takes it for a rose  
Just newly born.  
O grant, sweet Saint, that to her know-  
ing  
But fragrance soft and bloom be showing,  
Give me the thorn!

Oh, Phyllis fair! Oh, Phyllis young,  
I would mine were a poet's tongue  
That I might sue;  
That I might sing in golden numbers—  
To wake your heart from out its slumbers—  
My love for you.

Yet—no, dear heart! The years will bring  
A sweeter song than I could sing;  
So slumber on.  
You will awaken to discover—  
When he shall come—that happy lover,  
And I am gone.  
—New York Independent.

### Aunt Madeline's Valentine.

AND the girl clings to this silly notion? It's preposterous! If you don't make her give up that poor fellow and accept Rufus Clark, I'll have no more to do with any of you. I go to-night unless the girl gives in. She's your daughter; make her obey!" And Aunt Madeline walked out of the room, leaving her niece—gentle, helpless Mrs. Price—in despair, for well she knew that her persuasions were powerless with loyal Kitty Price.

Kitty, the eldest of the widow's four children, had been Aunt Madeline's protégée for years. Ever since her father's death the child had been clothed and educated by this aunt of Mr. Price's, a childless widow, who, to be near her darling Kitty, had for the last three years boarded with Mrs. Price, her liberal payment and well-chosen gifts helping out the widow's straitened income in a way all of them appreciated. That Aunt Madeline "should go" meant that Jack must leave school and go to business, that the little ones could have no new suits that winter, that only bare necessities could be bought, perhaps not even these. Yet Mrs. Price felt afraid to interfere further with Kitty's choice of a husband. It was true that the rich Rufus Clark seemed to others fully as good a man, kind, steady and devoted, as Herbert Huntley, who had a small salary and no bright prospects. But Kitty unfortunately loved Herbert before Rufus appeared on the field, and she did not believe her aunt Madeline, who assured her that Herbert would "take to drink," or let her support herself and her family after a few years.

Aunt Madeline had made a love match herself, and it had not turned out well. She, too, had been loved by a rich man, and by one who, if not poor, was not blessed with much of this world's goods. She persisted in marrying her choice, reverses had come, and he, a weak character, could not bear trials, resorted to stimulants to cheer him up, and at last was for years dependent upon his wife for his home and support. The rich lover never married, and just when Mrs. Joyce (Aunt Madeline) was preparing to go to work to earn her own support, he died, leaving his one love his large fortune. Judging by her own experience Aunt Madeline had some excuse for advocating marrying for money instead of for love; but "all lovers don't turn out so," Kitty argued, and was sure that manly Herbert, who had supported his sister for years and was thoroughly tried by repeated disappointments and reverses, was very different from weak, vacillating Henry Joyce.

"I won't give him up. I ought not to. I can't," the girl was just repeating, when her gentle mother knocked at her door. Mrs. Price was one of those women who never entered a child's room without knocking. She respected each one's privacy, and perhaps it was for that reason that her children confided so fully in her, taking her as their one confidant.

"Come in, Motherly. I can see Aunt Madeline has been tormenting you again. Why doesn't she come to me instead of worrying you? I think it mean, and I've a good mind to tell her so."

"You won't have a chance, my dear; your aunt is going to leave to-night."

"Leave! for good? O mother! and I have done this when you need the help she gives so much! I wish—" and Kitty's voice sounded so hesitatingly that Mrs. Price ventured one last appeal.

"Kitty, dear, it is a sacrifice, and one I cannot ask of you, but if you make it of your own free will you are doing a great and unselfish thing. Rufus Clark would take Jim into his employ, your aunt would see Jack through college, Minnie would have a luxurious home with you, moving in the best society, if anything happens to me—and Rufus is as good as Herbert—I cannot but think your liking would soon grow as warm for him as for your early love."

The girl's face was white and fixed. She loved her brothers and little sister devotedly, and then, too, had not her dying father begged her to be a true elder sister to them? He might have foreseen some trial like this, for only a day or two before he died he said to Kitty, when she sat alone with him.

"My girl, you have a hard lot before you—the eldest daughter of a poor widow—you may have to sacrifice a bright future for the sake of your orphan brothers and sister; but do it cheerfully, bravely, and unselfishly and God will make such sacrifice work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

These words seemed ringing in the poor girl's ears. She must not dare

## "Government of the People, by the People, and For the People Shall Not Perish from the Earth."



Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

Died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865.

Aunt Madeline from her mother. She must not deprive her brothers of Rufus' aid, or Minnie of the safe refuge she could command for her if she gave up Herbert. With pale lips, the girl said: "Wait a moment, mother; I'll speak to Aunt Madeline; only let me sit alone a while."

The mother, frightened at the girl's looks, yet knowing how good and true a man Rufus Clark was, left the room, though longing to uphold her girl in her first decision, and Kitty sat alone, not wavering now, only waiting until it should grow dusk that her face might not betray her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Joyce was packing her trunks and boxes, for she was a determined woman, and meant to keep her word. A friend had repeatedly urged her to come and keep "old maids' hall" with her, and sometimes when the boys were particularly quarrelsome and noisy Aunt Madeline had felt inclined to accept, and had hinted as much to Miss Mills, who often said she would expect her "at any time." So now she telegraphed to Boston that she was to come by the night train, and went to work at her packing to keep down the feelings of regret and compunction that threatened to overwhelm her. She decided she would not pack all, but send or come for the rest, and thought with relief that she need not sort over her old mementoes of former days; but there was one paper she must get at and take with her. As she turned over a box full of papers she came across a pink envelope, worn and faded, but one that in its day was evidently chosen for its beauty to hold some dainty message.

"Harry's valentine! poor fellow, poor fellow! My own loving Harry!" and she opened the faded envelope with fast-falling tears. It was not Henry Joyce, the drunkard, of whom she thought; it was her bonnie lover of those long years back. She seemed to be standing again, a loving, trusting girl of eighteen, and to see his blue eyes so full of love, so beautiful and true to her, beaming upon her, as he said:

"I wrote it myself, Pet, and I want you to keep it always—from your Valentine."

"Always—forever," she had answered, with a blush. Ah, there is always one that gives, and one that takes, in love affairs. If she had been the giver, pouring out her very life in devotion and sacrifice for him, had she not found a wonderful secret happiness, even in her pain? Would she even now have her past life different? She pressed the faded valentine to her lips.

"Aunt Madeline, I have come to say you need not pack your things. I'll give up—I'll marry Rufus Clark. Herbert will understand, poor fellow. Do stay, Aunt Madeline!"

"Stay! who talked of going? What nonsense! Just because I choose to look over my things on a rainy afternoon" (it was perfectly dry outside, but the old lady was hard put to it), "to take it for granted I am going! And as for Rufus Clark, let him go, my child, let him go! I suppose you want Herbert, for better, for worse, and if it's for worse, dear, and the old lady's voice grew tender and solemn, "God will help you, as he has helped many another. The happiest marriages are not always the truest—some one must bear with and sustain the feeble ones. Keep your Herbert, as you love him, and God bless you."

The girl longed to say, "But Herbert is not feeble, and there won't be any 'worse,' but all 'better,' in our marriage," but she was wise, and let the old lady have the floor.

"There, this old valentine conquered me—mere doggerel, I suppose, the lines seem to you," and Aunt Madeline read the verses to Kitty, which were doggerel, and probably only slightly altered from some old book, to suit the lover's par-

pose. "Mere doggerel; but keep your valentines, dear, when they come from your true love; they may keep you from being a heartless, meddlesome old wretch, and separating two true hearts, as I came near doing."

Kitty's mother went down to the testable with bread. It would be almost as bad to learn that Aunt Madeline was to stay and dear Kitty sacrificed, as to bid good-by to their one well-to-do relation. To her surprise, Kitty and Aunt entered the dining room together, the young girl beaming and blushing, the old lady with a tender light in her eyes, and a delicate flush on her withered cheek.

"It's all right, Motherly," said Kitty, joyously. "Aunt isn't going away, and I needn't marry Rufus. He'll have to wait for Minnie!"

"But—I—" began Mrs. Price, wonderingly.

"Mother, St. Valentine shall be my patron saint hereafter!"

At which speech Aunt's flush deepened, though she tried to come down gracefully from her former attitude.

"I still think Kitty is foolish, but time will teach her her folly," and no one argued to the contrary.

The wedding came off on St. Valentine's day, Kitty declaring that the saint would bring them luck. Minnie wore her first "long dress," and Mr. Clark seemed so much struck with her wonderful resemblance to the bride that Aunt may still have one of her nieces "married well." Herbert in spite of Aunt Madeline's fears, seems altogether "for better" and not "for worse." He may never be rich, but he is loving and honorable, and on each wedding anniversary he gives his wife a valentine, which is carefully treasured. But Kitty begs in vain for the faded pink envelope and its enclosure. "I'll leave it to you, dear," said Aunt, on the third anniversary of Kitty's marriage, "but as long as I live I'll keep my one valentine. May yours have only sweet memories enshrined in them! Mine, though precious, tells a mixed tale of sorrow, hope, almost despair. But, through it all, hope triumphs."

And Kitty, remembering the dying bed, where the poor weak man had repented of his wasted life, felt that even Aunt Madeline's choice had not been so utterly a mistake as some would insist.—The Housewife.

### LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER.

Hiram W. Beckwith, from 1856 to 1861 a partner of Abraham Lincoln, died recently at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago, aged 72. Mr. Beckwith's father was one of the pioneers of Illinois, having helped to found the town of Danville in 1819.

Young Beckwith studied law under Ward H. Lamson, who was marshal of the District of Columbia during Lincoln's administration. He was a close friend of Lincoln and later became his resident partner at Danville, while Lincoln was a circuit lawyer.

From 1897 to 1902 Mr. Beckwith was president of the State Historical Society. He was compelled to resign in the latter year on account of illness. He left a widow and two sons.

Unnoticed.

"You say you saw my sister at a recent wedding?"

"Yes. It wasn't very long ago."

"But I don't remember that she mentioned seeing you."

"Very likely. I was only the groom."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.