

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

GOOD WORK OF BUREAU.

Harriman Lines are Turning Thoughts of Thousands to Oregon.

G. M. McKinney, who has charge of the immigration department of the Harriman lines, met with the real estate dealers of Salem to discuss matters relating to his work. He explained the plan of his department and talked with the real estate men concerning the methods of advertising that they must rely upon to draw immigration to this state. That Oregon is now the most widely talked of state in the Union is the declaration he made, after telling how the resources of this state have been advertised through the immigration bureau. As an indication of what has been done for the Willamette valley, he said that since his department has been working between 4,000 and 5,000 one-way railway tickets have been used by Eastern people, who came to the valley and did not go away again.

He said that the immigration bureau of the Harriman lines is the most perfect enterprise of the kind ever organized in the United States, and that it reaches in the most effective manner those persons who are the most desirable immigrants. Within seven months after he began work his department had placed the literature advertising this state into the hands of 2,000,000 people. The bureau has placed in the field six lecturers, with stereopticon views showing scenes illustrating the resources and industries of Oregon, and these lecturers are addressing Eastern audiences four evenings a week. Six immigration agents in the different sections of the middle West are giving their whole time to disseminating information regarding this state, supervising the distribution of literature to those who are most likely to come to this state, and aiding scores of Eastern real estate men who are encouraging Western immigration.

By means of this vigorous policy the people of the Eastern states have been interested in Oregon, with the result that there is more talk of this state as a desirable place for home-seekers than there is of any other state.

Plenty of Gold but Little Silver.

Clackamas county officers report an unusual scarcity of silver. Treasurer Cahill says gold pieces, in denominations of \$20, were never before as plentiful as they are at this time, and he finds it troublesome to keep on hand a sufficient amount of silver with which to make change. No reason is assigned for this condition, save that it indicates in a substantial way a greater degree of prosperity among all classes.

Wool in Marion County Pool.

From information produced at the Marion county woolgrowers' association meeting, it seems probable that the quantity of wool controlled by the pool this year will be nearly double that of last year. The soliciting committee has not yet completed its work, but thus far 50 members have been secured, and it is expected that the total amount of wool represented will be from 75,000 to 100,000 pounds.

Survey of the McKenzie.

Professor McAlister, who is at the head of the University of Oregon mechanical department, has completed arrangements for a hydrographical survey of the McKenzie river this summer. The survey will be made for the purpose of determining the water power of the river with a view of locating the points where electric plants and the like may be established to the best advantage.

Water Seeps from Ditch.

The irrigating ditch belonging to Henry E. Ankeny, of Eugene, and Mrs. J. T. Henley, of Klamath county, runs through the town of Klamath Falls, and the village authorities have commenced suit in the circuit court to secure an injunction against the owners, alleging that the property is a nuisance on account of injury from seepage.

New Road to Crater Lake.

W. S. Arant, superintendent of Crater Lake national park, reports that he will have the new road leading to the lake ready for use by August 1. It will be shorter and have fewer bumps and steep grades than the old one. It will enable a journey from Fort Klamath to the lake, 25 miles, in 2½ hours.

Rainier Lumber Shipments.

Ninety-five carloads of lumber and shingles were shipped from Rainier in the past month. This does not include the cargo of 600,000 feet shipped to San Pedro by sailing vessel.

Cattle Coming to Summer Ranges.

Cattle are beginning to come into Starke prairie for summer range. The prairie summers several thousand head, principally from Umatilla and lower down, in Union county.

Eastern Oregon Geological Survey.

T. B. White, of the United States geological survey, is in Pendleton and will at once begin work in Eastern Oregon.

WILL FIGHT THE RESERVE.

Southern Oregon Citizens Ready Sign Protesting Petitions.

A zealous protest is being made by the citizens of Josephine and Curry counties against the establishment of the great forest reserve, embracing nearly half of Curry and all of Western and Southern Josephine, as well as part of Douglas. Josephine would be blocked in, so to speak, and Curry would be placed in a position whereby its advancement would be a matter of difficulty.

Just at this time, when prosperity seems to be heading this way, capital is becoming interested, new people coming in, and new industries being established, it is a hard blow both to Josephine and Curry, so the citizens claim who are opposing the measure, to establish a forest reserve of so vast dimensions. The argument made that streams are drying up by reason of the removal of trees, seems not well founded. But few, if any trees, have been removed in that section, not enough by any means to affect the flow of water in the creeks and streams. Even the miners, who need the water the most, oppose the establishment of the reserve.

Petitions, begging that the matter of establishing the reserve be reconsidered, or that the tract be not withdrawn, are being circulated in Josephine and Curry counties, and are being liberally signed.

State Labor Federation.

The first annual convention of the Oregon state federation of labor met in La Grande this week. About 100 delegates were present. The attendance was neither as large nor as representative as was hoped. By far the larger part of those in the convention were from Portland, while Astoria, Salem, Albany, Ashland, Baker City and Pendleton have from one to three delegates each. Those in attendance are very much in earnest in their desire to take up in the convention some of the knotty questions confronting organized labor and determine a course of action in regard to them.

Clackamas County Valuation.

The assessable value of all Clackamas county is being doubled by Assessor Nelson, who is at work on the 1903 roll. Assessor Nelson reports that heretofore in this county property has been assessed at not to exceed 35 per cent of its real value. This year it is being listed at double the former valuations. The amount of the tax under this plan will be about the same, since it will be cut down in proportion to the increase in the property valuations.

Insane Asylum Report.

The report of Superintendent J. F. Calbreath, of the state insane asylum, for April shows the number of patients March 31 as 1,297; remaining on April 30, 1,298. Number of officers and employes, 160; expenditures for articles consumed, \$7,749.41; pay roll, \$8,064.66; cost of maintenance per capita per month, \$10.66; per day, 35 cents.

Eastern Oregon Pioneer.

Julius O. Mack, one of the best known residents of Eastern Oregon, died at his home at The Dalles Sunday afternoon, after a short illness, from pneumonia. Mr. Mack was about 50 years of age.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70@71c; valley, 75@76c.
Barley—Feed, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$23.
Flour—Best grades, \$3.95@4.25; Graham, \$3.45@3.85.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$19 per ton; middings, \$24; shorts, \$19.50@20; chop, \$19.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.51@1.20; gray, \$1.12½@1.15 per cental.
Hay—Timothy, \$18@13.50; clover, \$10@11; chest, \$11@12 per ton.
Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50c per sack; ordinary, 25@40c per cental, growers' prices; Merced sweets, \$3@3.50 per cental.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11@12c; young, 13@14c; hens, 12c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; dressed, 20@22c; ducks, \$7.00@7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6@6.50.
Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16½@17c; Young America, 17@17½c; factory prices, 16@17c; less.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 22c per pound; extras, 21c; dairy, 20@22½c; store, 16@18c.
Eggs—16@17c per dozen.
Hops—Choice, 18@20c per pound.
Wool—Valley 12½@15; Eastern Oregon, 8@14; mohair, 35@36c.
Beef—Gross, cows, 3¼@4c per pound; steers, 4¼@5c; dressed, 7¾c.
Veal—8@8½c.
Mutton—Gross, 7@7½c per pound; dressed, 8@9c.
Lamb—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7¾c.
Hogs—Gross, 7@7½c per pound; dressed, 8@8½c.

CAPTAIN JIM'S COURTSHIP

By A. E. RICE, Portland

(Continued from Last Week.)

When Annie abruptly left Captain Jim, she proceeded to the sewing room, just off the parlor, and there found Nan and Kitty, a young friend of Annie's, talking together. "I shall faint, I'm sure," said Annie joining them. "Did he squeeze you?" queried Nan. "No, but he tried to kiss me," replied Annie.

"He's got a heap of money," said Nan, "and he ain't a sort that lavishes endowments upon any female either. It's my opinion he's gone a little soft on you, for which consideration a meeting half way might be of some benefit to a lone woman with three children."

"Do you think he is in earnest?" questioned Annie. "Try him," remarked Kitty, as if she anticipated some fun. "Would you, if you were in my place," said Annie smiling.

"Of course I would," promptly replied Nan. "Maybe I will," said Annie, "if only for the fun of it."

"Do," exclaimed Kitty. At this juncture, Barbara, Annie's twelve-year-old daughter, entered from the dance room, and abruptly informed "ma" that "there's an old codger in there, who's got grey hair, who is continually sidelin' up agin me, an' I jist skip out to tell you."

"What did he say?" inquired ma. "Oh, he jist wanted to know if I was the Widder Walker's leetle gal," replied Barbara, imitating Captain Jim, "an' I jist up an' told him I was, an' if he felt better to know it, I was glad, and hoped he would keep so. I didn't tell him no more, so help me."

"Hush, child," interrupted her mother, "how your tongue does go." "It's tied, it is," replied Barbara. "Post her," suggested Kitty. "A wise precaution," exclaimed Nan. "The strings are apt to break and loosen her parts of speech."

"Who air you sludin' to?" snapped Barbara. "Barbara!" exclaimed her mother, "how dare you?" "I'm mum, I is," answered the twelve-year-old.

An hour later this twelve-year-old daughter was seated in the parlor, listening to Captain Smeets, who was entertaining her with "yarns" of his early experience in Missouri. He had been very suave and patronizing in his speech and had reached a point where he was satisfied the child felt kindly toward him.

"Now Miss Barbara, I be goin' tew talk tew you like a father," and drawing his chair closer to the child, said, "you be straight with me an' I'll be the best friend you ever had."

The twelve-year-old looked up and replied, "all right, let 'er go," and then turning her eyes to the far corner of the room, added softly to herself: "Ole chump, I'm posted, I is."

"Does that air feller MacDonald call on your ma much?" queried Jim, trying to appear unconcerned. "Well, you jist bet he do." "Hum," ejaculated Jim, thoughtfully; "I reckon he be a dark horse, and a regular sticker, tew, them Scotch allus air."

"Nop, Irish, o' course." "Ain't you mistaken?" MacDonald must be Scotch," said Jim. "No, he's Irish, 'cause got er red top, an' I calls him 'Red,'" facetiously answered the twelve-year-old.

"Be you a callin' of him 'Red' because of his red hair?" "Yep! red hair, red face, all fire," replied the child.

"Does yer ma call him 'Red'?" "Nop, she tones him up with Mack, 'cause he likes it better," replied Barbara, "but I knows he's Irish, 'cause—well, I knows, don't I."

Captain Jim became deeply absorbed in thought. The information obtained from the child was of a disquieting kind. It made him aware for the first time that Annie had another admirer and one who evidently showed her much attention.

"So this feller Red MacDonald calls on your ma a good deal, eh? Takes her out tew the ope-ra and sich like I suppose?" remarked Jim with a tinge of jealousy. Barbara carelessly replied to this feeler, "sometimes, but then she only goes to git him out of the house—he bothers the old gal so much."

At that moment, during a lull in the dancing, Captain Jim thought he heard laughter, in which the word "har" or some word like it, sounded distinct. He looked sharply at the sewing room door. It was closed. Then he looked at the child, "must er been the wind," he said to himself.

Ah, Jim, if you had there and then followed up the promptings of your judgment and opened the sewing room door you would have discovered behind it two mischievous women, on their knees, with ears close to the keyhole of the door, a discovery which would likely have spared you many a pang of self-reproach in after years. Becoming tranquil again he exclaimed, "hum, he does, eh?"

Barbara answered indifferently. "Yep, but ma don't think much of him."

"She don't," ejaculated Jim in surprise. "Nop, tew young, an' then she thinks he wouldn't be good tew us chillun." And Barbara added naively, as she looked up in Captain Jim's face, "I think it would be all right for us tew call you Gov-ner."

Captain Jim failed to hear any laughter that time, though it was more distinct than before. He was over-

joyed. He arose from his chair with proud satisfaction beaming in his eyes, turned his back to the child and muttered to himself: "Didn't I know it; didn't I say so. Big encouragement them air three gais tew young feelers. Powerful thing in my favor though. There's a punt I must work on." Turning to the girl again he said, "so yer ma be bothered considerably by that young feller, eh?" "Awful," replied the precocious child. "Jist ain't got no peace 'tall fir him. She'd like tew go 'way from this place."

"She wud?" exclaimed Captain Jim. "Cert," answered the child. "Why don't she go?" "Got no rocks."

"If I was tew give her some, wud you be a friend tew me?" Barbara sprang to her feet excited. "You jist try me once. Friend! Look a 'ere, I'd do most anything for you. Why old man, I'd call yer dad. There now."

"Dad," muttered Jim to himself, "Dad, it don't sound bad nuther, kinder like it tew. Dad, hed' o' the house, the pillar as it were, round which the mother clings for a'port." Then he folded his arms and clasped an imaginary Annie with lively satisfaction. "Yum, yum, I swan, I kin taste them lips yit. Barb." He arose from the chair, and gave the girl a four-bit piece. "Buy yourself an' the chillun some sweets, an' tell yer ma I be a comin' tew spend Christmas eve with her an' the chillun."

Barbara took the four bits and going to the sewing room door, turned and said artfully, "all right, papa," and throwing him a childish kiss with her left hand opened the door and quit the room.

As the door closed on her a burst of feminine laughter rolled in, but Captain Jim heeded it not, perhaps heard it not, for he was dense with joyful satisfaction. He stood quite still for a moment, like one dazed. At length he muttered softly:

"Must go now. Reckon it's better not tew git tew fam-ohlar tew once!" Passing into the dining room he wished several of the dancers good night, excusing himself with the remark that:

"The Will-am-ect be a risin' fast, an' the Sel-um's moorins air apt to chafe apart." He went to the kitchen. It was deserted. He put on his slouch hat and pulled it well down over his eyes. Then drawing himself up erect and with a proud smile he exclaimed: "Jim, you be tew winard of them all. A sailin' fast, an' a goin' tew win. The Widder be mine, sartin, sure."

PART TWO.

Christmas Eve was exceptionally clear, cold and calm. The day had been stormy, with occasional flurries of snow, but by seven o'clock the high winds had subsided and the angry looking clouds had entirely disappeared.

The stars glittered in the rarefied firmament with unwonted splendor while the brilliant silvery crescent of the new moon, as it swung low on the horizon, distinctly defined the irregular line of the dark wooded heights overlooking the western part of the city.

On Columbia, not far from that district known as Goose Hollow, stood Walker's dwelling. It stood about twenty feet back from the street on a large northwest corner lot. The house had been built "T" shape, with the bed-room wall abutting the north line of the lot, thus leaving quite a large garden space on the corner, which was covered with shrubbery. A mass of tangled berry vines, weighted down with snow, had fallen and lay neglected on the small walk close beside the house completely shutting off outside communication between the front and rear entrances, except around by the street. It was a small house, containing three rooms and a woodshed. The rooms were scantily furnished, though having a clean and comfortable appearance.

The two younger children had been out to bed and were asleep. Barbara was sitting alone by the kitchen stove. Annie and her young friend Kitty, both warmly clad, were in the woodshed, standing close to the kitchen door. They were expecting Captain Jim Smeets, having seen him coming toward the house, and had slipped into the woodshed to play eaves-dropper, anticipating some amusing conversation to occur between Captain Jim and Barbara. A faint gleam of light penetrated through the keyhole of the kitchen door.

The silence was broken by Annie. (The Widdy) who asked her companion in an undertone, "is Frank sure to come tonight?" Frank Wilson was Kitty's "steady."

"Yes," replied Kitty, "he is coming about nine. I blacked his eye with burnt cork and scarred his face with sticking plaster." Kitty laughed and added, "of course, it is supposed he has been done up by Red and expects to meet him here and get satisfaction."

Annie smothered a laugh and exclaimed, "Good Father, and there is no such person as Red MacDonald."

Kitty rejoined, laughing softly, "No, but Frank's appearance will make Captain Jim think there is, a terrible fellow too. If our plan works right, we'll have lots of fun tonight and the old man will never kiss you any more."

"Whist." They suddenly ceased chattering. Then Annie whispered, "someone is trying the shed door." The

door was being slowly pulled open from without, and the watchers indistinctly saw a tall dark form cautiously enter. Dead silence followed as though the intruder was listening. Then ensued a slight shuffling sound, like fumbling in the woodpile.

"Thar," softly exclaimed a voice, "I reckon it'll 'prise Annie, when she comes out'n for wood. Jest a leetle brandy tew keep out'n the cold, an' she won't be aknowin' who put it thar, nuther."

The shadow again appeared in the doorway, halted, then re-entered and closed the door. "Guess Annie's a sowl'n by herself," speaking in an undertone, but loud enough for the watchers to hear. Continuing the voice said, "maybe I kin see the sweet darlin' through that keyhole. Yum, yum! sems I kin taste them lips yit."

Annie and her companion recognized the intruder. Kitty squeezed Annie's arm and whispered in her ear, "your lover."

Captain Jim, groped his way to the kitchen door. The two women pressed close to the wall to give him room to pass and to avoid discovery.

He peered through the keyhole and having satisfied himself, being able to see only one chair and table, he muttered audibly, "no one tew hum but herself an' a waitin' fer me, tew. Jest the time tew do some courtin'. No, I shan't go in this way. It might skeer her an' she'd be a-knowin' of who put that drap o' brandy in the woodpile. I'll jist go 'round to the front door."

He groped his way slowly toward the shed door, still muttering to himself, "she's got to promise to be mine this night, or the biliar'll bust sure. I be a-cumin' my immaculate Annie."

Annie, having conceived an idea, lost no time in putting it into execution. She had silently withdrawn her gloves and at the moment when Captain Jim arrived opposite her, she stepped lightly forward, and suddenly uttering a piercing scream, clawed at his face. He sprang aside, yelling with terror, "for God's sake, take the varmint away," and made a dash for the door and liberty.

Annie again screamed and hissed like a wildcat. Her object was understood by Kitty who joined in the hissing.

Jim tore open the door and rushed out, pushing the door shut after him. The two mischievous conspirators smothered their uncontrollable laughter so much as possible. At length Annie exclaimed, "I shall die."

"Me, too," said Kitty. Barbara hearing the wild screams opened the door and stood in amazement at the two hilarious women. "Well," said the twelve-year-old, "you air queer! What's the racket?"

Her mother motioned her to close the door. "I think they've been a-drinkin'," she exclaimed as she closed the door and resumed her seat near the stove. Kitty asked Annie why she did it, adding, "you have upset our plan at the start."

"I know it," replied Annie, speaking low, still laughing, "but the temptation overcame me. Take this box and leave it at Webb's, or he may guess who scratched him. Let us go. He'll likely call in the neighbors."

"Very likely," laughed Kitty, "but they won't find the brandy." She had accidentally placed her hand on the small flask.

"Have you found it?" "Yes," Kitty replied, "what shall we do with it?"

"Hide it," replied Annie. At that moment, Barbara was startled by loud and rapid knocks on the front door. She sprang to her feet and rushed into the front room and called out: "Wake air you, a-tryin' tew bust in the door?"

A voice replied, "Captain Jim Smeets, open the door, and for God's sake be quick."

Barbara unlocked the door and opened it. Captain Jim pushed in, looking somewhat frightened. Barbara slammed the door shut and locked it.

"Ma sed fer me tew let no person in but you, Come in tew the kitchen." "Whar's Annie?" he inquired abruptly.

"She's out but won't be long. Sit down."

"Barb!" said Captain Jim, "bolt that door," pointing to the kitchen door. "Ain't no bolts on it," serenely replied the child.

"Oh Lord!" wailed Captain Jim. "Then pile up the chairs an' table agin' it."

"Take the lamp, come on; be quick." He thrust the lamp into her hands and pushed the table against the kitchen door.

Barbara could not understand the meaning of his singular action and though of a crazy man flitted through her mind. Her temper began to rise too, for her nature was not of fear. She finally said, "do yer drink?"

"Me drink!" exclaimed Jim, turning to her in wonder, "Me drink, did I hear you say?"

For reply the imperturbable Barbara simply nodded her head.

"Never tetch a drop, strictly temperate," replied Jim. "It's cats, Barb, wild cats," and he upended the table against the door. At the same moment, snarling yells were heard in the woodshed. Annie and her companion, having hid the small flask of brandy, remained in the shed long enough to hear Captain Jim enter the house and barricade the door. Kitty suggested that they both yell, which they did and immediately thereafter they left the shed, being careful to leave the door ajar. Captain Jim stared at Barbara, who was apparently unconcerned.

"Don't you hear them?" said he sharply. "Why child, don't you be astandin' thar like as if you was paralyzed. You'll be torn tew pieces." With that he savagely braced a chair against the table.

(To be Continued.)

His Little Scheme.
Rent—"I am going to open an engagement in Scranton next week."