

OREGON'S JERSEY SALE  
SETS NEW WORLD MARK

Record Average of More Than \$1000  
Made in Auction of 48 Animals  
By Edward Carey

Oregon Jersey cattle brought the highest prices of any owner-bred animals disposed of in auction sale in America, at the Ed. Carey sale at Carlton, June 16. The average price of 38 animals sold was \$1007, and the average price of the 32 bred by the owner was \$1132.

"This remarkable result was achieved through the fame of Oregon Jerseys," says Prof. E. B. Flitts, dairy specialist of the agricultural college extension service, "and the reputation of Mr. Carey as a successful breeder. The best of it is that 33 of these animals were bought by Oregon dairymen and breeders and will remain in the state."

Three of the animals were bought for the Hood Farm, Massachusetts, by the maker of Hood's Barnapartilla. Two went to the famous Dr. Hard herd at Orlando, Cal. Other eastern bids were submitted by wire, but the them up, while still others were not telegrapher's strike held some of big enough.

The highest bid was made by F. A. Doerfler, Silverton, who bought a cow for \$5100. The lowest bid accepted was \$300, for a cow.

Five cows were bid in by D. C. Howard, county agent of Columbia and graduate in dairying at the state college, who will use them as a foundation herd for himself.

HOME CASUALTIES CREATEST.

While the United States was in the war 56,000 soldiers were killed in Europe. During the same period 226,000 men, women and children were killed by accident in the United States. Make "Safety First" your motto.

The River  
When the Colorado  
Burst Its Banks and  
Flooded the Imperial  
Valley of California  
EDNAH AIKEN

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Sunday Spectacle.

Trouble with the tribes was well grown before it was recognized. Disaffection was ripe, the bucks were heady, the white man's silver acting like wine. Few of the braves had dreamed of ever possessing sums of money such as they drew down each Sunday morning. Rickard began to suspect liquor again. In the Indian camp Sunday was a day of feasting, followed by a gorged sleep; the next day one of languor, of growing incohesion.

Rickard spoke of it to Coronel. "Like small baby," hunched the old shoulders. "Happy baby. Pretty soon stop."

With the next wages went a reprimand, then a warning. Still followed bad Mondays. Rickard then issued a formal warning to all the tribes.

"The situation with the Indians is serious," said Rickard to MacLean.

"They're getting liquor in here, some way, the Lord only knows how. Anyway, they're not fit for burning Monday morning. I've just sent them word by Coronel that it's got to quit, or they do."

"Suppose they do?" MacLean was startled. Not an Indian could be spared at that stage of the game.

"Bluff!" Rickard got up. "They won't take the chance of losing that money. I'm off now to the Crossing. I'll leave you in charge here."

The next morning Wooster broke into the ramada where MacLean sat clicking his typewriter.

"Everything's up. Rickard's done it now. Sent some all-fired, independent kindergarten orders to the Indians. Says they have to be in bed by ten o'clock, or some such hour on Saturday and Sunday nights. It's a strike, their answer. That's what his monkeying has brought down on us."

"They're not going to quit?"

"They've sent word they won't work on Mondays, and they will go to bed when they choose Saturday nights. Laying one day a week! We can't stand for that. Luck's been playing into his hands, but this will show him up. This'll show Marshall his part clerk. Tell Casey there'll be no Indians tomorrow." He sputtered angrily out of the office.

Rickard seemed pleased when MacLean made the announcement a few hours later.

His secretary was weighing him.

"What do you intend to do about it?"

"Call those bluff," grinned Casey, showing teeth tobacco had not had a chance to spoil. "Boycot them."

MacLean found Wooster at the riverbank with Tom Hardin. The two men were watching a pile-driver set a re-



He Found Wooster at the River Bank.

bellions pile. Two new trestles were to supplement the one which had been bent out of line by the weight of settling drift. Marshall's plan was being followed, though jeered at by reclamator men and the engineers of the D. R. company.

"Stop the mattress weaving and dump like hell!" had been his orders. "Boycot the Indians, well I'm blowed," the beady eyes sparkled at Hardin. "Now he's cut his own throat."

"By the eternal!" swore Hardin. MacLean left the two engineers matching oaths.

There was an ominous quiet the next day. Not an Indian offered to work at the river. A few stolid trucks came to their tasks on Tuesday morning; they were told by Rickard himself that there was no work for them. Rickard appeared ignorant of the antagonism of the engineers.

An unfathered rumor started that Rickard was in with the Reclamation Service men; that he wanted the work to fail; to be adopted by the Service, MacLean broke a lance or two against the absurd slander. He was making the discovery that a man's friendship for a man may be deeper than a man's love for a woman. He was a Rickard man. He was made to feel the reproach of it.

Wednesday not an Indian reported. Coronel passed from camp to camp, his advice unpopular. Scouts sent out to watch the work on the river reported it was crippled. The white man would be sending for the Indian soon. The waiting braves sat on their benches, grinning and smoking their pipes.

Saturday night the camp went glomally to bed. On the Indian side there was no revel, no feasting or dancing.

Rickard did not turn in until after midnight, planning alternatives. He was sleeping hard when MacLean, at dawn, dashed into his tent.

"Quick, what does this mean?"

It was a splendid spectacle, and staged superbly. For background, the sharp-edged mountains flushing to pink and purple against a one-hued sky; the river-growth of the old channel uniting them, blotting out miles of desert into a flat scene. On the opposite bank of the New River, five hundred strong, lined up formidably, their faces grotesque and ferocious with paint, were the seven tribes. The sun's rays glinted up from their firearms, shotguns, revolvers, into a maelstrom of defiance! Cocopahs, with streaming hair, blanketed Navajos, short-haired Pimas, those in front reining in their silent pinto ponies, and all motionless, silent in that early morning light.

"What does it mean?" whispered MacLean. Rickard did not answer. He had one manceous instant as he looked toward Innes' tent. Then he broke into laughter.

"See, the white horse, no, in front!" "By jove," MacLean slapped his thigh. "Coronel! They had me buffaloed. What do you think it is?"

Rickard stepped out into the wash of morning air and waved a solemn salute across the river. Gravely it was returned by Coronel.

"What does it mean?" demanded MacLean.

"It means we've won," chuckled his chief, coming back into his tent.

An hour later Coronel led in a picked group of the tribes. If the white chief would recall the boycott the Monday strike was over. The white man's silver had won.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The White Night.

"Lord, I'm tired," groaned Rickard, stumbling into camp, wet to the skin. "Don't you say letters to me, Mac, I'm going to bed. Tell Ling I don't want any dinner. He'll want to fuss up something. I don't want to see food."

The day, confused and jumbled, burned across his eyeballs; a turmoil of bustle and hurry of insurrection. He had made a swift stand against that. He was to be manded to the last man-jack of them, or anyone would go, his threat including the engineers, Silent, Irish, Wooster, Hardin himself. This was no time for factions, for leader feeling.

In bed, the day with its irritations

fell away. He could see now the story about that had been taken; the last trestle was done; the rock-pouring well on; he called that going some! He felt pleasantly languid, but not yet asleep. His thought wandered over the resting camp. And then Innes Hardin came to him.

Not herself, but as a soft little thought which came creeping around the corner of his dreams. She had been there, of course, all day, tucked away in his mind, as though in his home waiting for him to come back to her, weary from the perils of the day. The way he would come home to her, please God, some day. Not bearing his burdens to her, he did not believe in that, but asking her diversions. Contentment spread her soft wings over him. He fell asleep.

Rickard awakened at a call. What had startled him? He listened, raising himself by his elbow. From a distance, a sweet, high voice, unrent in its pitch and thrilling quality, came to him. It was Wooster, somewhere on the levee, standing by the river. It brought her again to Innes Hardin, the muffled voice his certain which lay over the sleeping of his real and looked out into a sun-headed world. Rickard's eyes fell on a little tent over Wooster, a white shrine. "White as that the sweet seal of love."

Wandering from the night, Godfrey passed down the river, singing. His voice, the brightness, the tender great melodies were drifting to him. To him, the dream-headed river, the gleaming water, under a starry scene. He was tracing the banks, the rushing waters by the bank gave the recognition for his melody—"La Donna e Mobile." He began it to Gerty Hardin; she would hear it in her tent; she would take it as the tender reproach he had tenced her with that afternoon in the ramada.

He gave for engine a snifled long forgotten; he had pulled it back from the cobwebs of two decades; he had made it his own.

"But, my darling, you will be, Ever young and fair to me."

It came, the soaring voice, to Tom Hardin, outside Gerty's tent on his lonely cot. He knew that song. Disdained by his wife, a pretty figure a man can't stand him, who can? He wasn't good enough for her. He was rough. His life had kept him from fitting himself to her taste. She needed people who could talk like Rickard, sing like Godfrey. People, other people, might misconstrue her preferences. He knew they were not flirtations; she needed her kind. She would always keep straight; she was straight as a whip. Life was as hard for her as it was for him; he could feel sorry for her; his pity was divided between the two of them, the husband, the wife, both lonely in their own way.

On the other side of the canvas walls, Gerty Hardin lay listening to the message meant for her. The fickle sea, he had called her; no constancy in woman, he had declared, fondling her hair. He had tried to coax her into pledges, pledges which were also disavowals to the man outside.

Silver threads! Age shuddered at her threshold. She hated that song. Crost, life had been to her; none of its promises had been kept. To be happy, why, that was a human's birthright; grab it, that was her creed! There was a chance yet; youth had not gone. He was singing it to her, her escape—

"Darling, you will be, Ever young and fair to me."

Godfrey, singing to Gerty Hardin, had awakened the camp. Innes, in her tent, too, was listening.

"Darling, you will be, Ever young and fair to me!"

So that is the miracle, that wild rush of certain feeling! Yesterday, doubting, tomorrow, more doubts—but tonight, the song, the night isolated them, herself and Rickard, into a world of their own. Life with him on any terms she wanted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Battle in the Night.

Gathering on the bank were the camp groups to watch the last stand of the river against the rock bombardment. Molly Silent had crept down from the Crossing, full of fears. Out there, somewhere on the trestles, on one of those rock cars, was her Jim. She sat on the bank by Innes and Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Hardin, floated by in her crisp muslins. A few feet behind stalked Godfrey, his eyes on the pretty figure by his side. Innes turned from his look, abashed as though she had been peering through a locked door.

Gayly, with a fluttering of ruffles, Gerty established herself on the bank, a trifle out of hearing distance. A hard little smile played on the lips accented with Parisian rouge. The childish expression was gone; her look accused life of having trifled with her. But they would see—

"Don't look so unhappy, dearest," whispered the man at her side. "I'm going to make you happy, dear!"

She flushed a brilliant, finished smile at him. Yes, she was proud of him. He outlined her name of romance, or woe, later, when she was away from here, a dull pain pricking at her deliberate planning. Godfrey found her young, young and distracting. His life had been hungry, too; the wife, up there in Canada somewhere, had never understood him. Godfrey was ambitious, ambitious as she was. She would be his wife; she would see the cities of the world with him, the welcomed wife of Godfrey; she would share the plaudits his wonderful voice won.

His eyes were on her now, she knew.

questioning, not really wise of her. She had worried him yesterday, because she would not pledge herself to marry him if he sued for his divorce. She had told him to ask her that after the courts had set him free. She could not have him sure of her.

An exclamation from him recalled her. She found that he was no longer staring at her; his eyes were fixed on the trembling structure over which a "battleship" laden with rock, was creeping.

"I want to stay with you, you know that dearest. But it doesn't feel right to see them all working like negroes and me loafing here. You don't mind?"

"Oh, no, Gerty did not mind! She was tired, anyway! She was going back to her tent!"

He thrust a yellow paper into her hands. "I sent that off today. Perhaps you will be glad?"

She flung another of her inscrutable smiles at him, and went up the bank, the paper unread in her hands.

The long afternoon wore away. They were now dynamiting the largest rocks on the cars before unloading them. The heavy loads could not be emptied quietly enough. Not debilitated, the rock, but dumped simultaneously, else the gravel and rock might be washed down stream faster than they could be put together. Many cars must be unloaded at once; the din on Silent's train was terrible. His crew looked like devils, fringed from the spray which rose from the river each time the rock-pour began; blackened by the smoke from the belching engine. The river was ugly in its wrath. It was humping itself for its final stand against the absurdity of human intention; its yellow tail swished through the beats of the trestle.

The order came for more speed. Rickard moved from bank to bank; knee deep in water, screaming orders through the din; directing the gangs; speeding the rock trains, Hardin oscillated between the levee and dams, taking orders, giving orders. His energy was superb. It had grown dark, but no one yet had thought of the lights, the great Wells' burners stretched across the channel. Suddenly, the lights flared out brightly.

Not one of those who labored or watched would ever forget that night. The spirit of recklessness entered even into the stolid native. The men of the Reclamation forgot this was not their enterprise; the Hardin faction jumped to Rickard's orders. The watchers on the bank sat tense, thrilled out of recognition of aching muscles, or the midnight creeping chill. No one would go home.

To Innes, the struggle was vested in two men, Rickard running down yonder with that light foot of his, and Hardin with the fighting mouth tense. And somewhere, she remembered, working with the rest, was Estrada. Those three were fighting for the justification of a vision—an idea was at stake, a hope for the future.

Rickard passed and repassed her. And had not seen her! Not during those hours would he think of her, not until the idea failed, or was triumphant, would he turn to look for her.

Visibly, the drama moved toward its climax. Before many hours passed the river would be captured or the idea forever mocked. Each time a belching engine pulled across that hazardous track it flung a credit to the man-side. Each time the waters, slowly rising, hurled their weight against the creaking trestles where the rock was thin, a point was gained by the militant river. Its roar sounded like the last cry of a wounded animal in Innes' ear; the Dragon was a reality that night as it spent its rage against the shackles

of pony men. (To be continued next week.)

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Every man is a boaster, in one way or another—for himself.

Our esteemed enemy, it seems, has signed another "scrap of paper."

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