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LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL DE LANEY

CHAPTER VI.

At the Foot of the Rimrocks.

It is the second night of Bertha's captivity, barring the night of her capture. After securing her on the horse at the time of that fearful event, the Indians kept moving at a rapid rate until about 10 o'clock the following morning, when they stopped and butchered a mule for dinner. To them the mule meat was a dainty dish of which they partook with a ravenour appetite, but to the girl from Edinburg mule meat was not tempting, when in fact she had no appetite at all. The gluttonous feast of these savages added to the disgust and horror that surrounded the captive. The whole had seemed like fiction, a horrible nightmare to her.

The first night out had been spent in a small basin, surrounded by rimrocks with narrow outlets and these had been carefully guarded by the dusky sentinels. No fires were kindled during the night and a stillness and quietude pervaded the camp, and this, with the demeanor of the Indians, showed that they were not only uneasy but strictly on their guard.

A vigilant watch had been kept over Bertha the whole night long, though she had been made as comfortable as Indians' ingenuity could provide.

Early the following morning another mule was butchered, a hasty breakfast prepared, and the band moved on to the south.

The course during the day lay over a rough country. It was taken as if the Indians had intended to obscure their trail. To the right and left stood the towering rimrocks and their trail led through the lava beds. Only those who have attempted to pass through this section of country can comprehend what is meant in speaking of the lava beds. Huge boulders and smaller ones of every description, round rocks, flat rocks, standing upon edge, square rocks and diamond-shaped rocks, sinks and crevices, all so rough and ragged and uneven that it was difficult for the party to keep together without even its own members becoming lost from one another. Up and down the steep declivities, around the high ridges of boulders and over the beds of shattered rock made the travel difficult and monotonous, but no trail was left behind. To track the red men to this vast section of the lava beds was to lose them. Here, only courses are followed, and not trails, for it is properly called, "the trailless section of the desert."

On this morning Bertha had been relieved from the cramped position on the animal which had conveyed her, by being freed from the ropes which bound her, but she had been the more closely guarded. Without food for two days and nights and the hardships of a day on the desert, and a day in the lava beds, it would have told on most women, but with the slightest indication of fatigue Bertha looked as firm and defiant as ever. She was a Lyle!

In the middle of the afternoon a halt had been made and a consultation held by the Indians. The main body with most of the animals proceeded to the southeast, while Chief Egan, with a few of the animals in charge of a dozen of his chosen warriors, took a westerly course and the wily chief took with him his fair captive. The main band proceeded on its way to a designated meeting point, while the chief made this detour to consummate the last object of his trip.

The chief and his small band were more guarded than ever. Realizing that his mission was a secret one, and to avoid falling into traps, he traveled through a more obscure country than ever, and was still more cautious about not leaving any trail behind. That night he camped at the foot of a high wall in the shadow of the projecting rimrocks. No eye could see him in the immediate vicinity for the boulders that lay about him, and the smoke from his camp was silhouted against the rock walls and mingled with the clouds above.

At the camp the scarred-faced old warrior chief took more interest in his white captive. He had her quarters prepared some distance from the main camp and while he, himself, looked after her wants two of his most trusted warriors were placed on guard. At supper time Egan, by gestures, plead with the young woman to eat. While the terrible experience through which she had gone would have taken the appetite of most women of her age, she was too common sense and matter-of-fact to lose her's permanently. She was really hungry, but had not reached that state of starvation at which she felt as if she could partake of mule meat. But a lucky incident occurred. Even while old Egan was tendering her a slice of mule prepared in the most dainty manner from the Indians' standpoint, a warrior close at hand, in attending to the animals, flushed a sage hen. Bertha, although unacquainted with this bird knew that it must be palatable. She pointed to the bird in its flight with a sign to old Egan that if she had one of these she would prepare it herself and eat of it. No sooner than she had made her wishes known, the chief went to the quiver of his hunting arrows, drew forth the choicest ones, and in a few moments was speeding among the rocks in search of the sage hen. In a short time he returned and gallantly dropped the tender bird at her feet, and with an expression of pride pointed to a scar in its neck through which his arrow had passed.

But of this gallantry Bertha took no notice. Soon a fire was kindled and with woman's culinary knowledge she soon prepared and ate a meal of which she was in much need.

Long after nightfall, when all the clouds had passed away and the moon had risen above the distant rimrocks on the east and its light had fallen upon the camp beneath the rimrocks, old Egan appeared at Bertha's quarters. It was such a night as lovers would walk in civilization. It was such a night as would thrill the hearts of all people. It was such a night as the Indian warrior would venture upon a deed of daring. It was such a night as aroused the deepest passions in the bosom of the marauding chief.

He motioned his warriors, who were on guard, to take their leave, and then attempted a conversation by signs and nods with Bertha. Hoping that it might mean her escape she tried to understand him. With this encouragement he grew more bold and approached her more closely. Woman's intuition told her at once of this awful meaning and she rose up in her woman's weakness to defend herself against this giant chief, who had long been the terror of the desert

Fortunately for humanity a lithe athletic form had glided down the steep walls of the rimrocks in the darkness long before the moon rose, and had been waiting in hiding for an opportune time. Rushing forward like a wildcat he seized the wicked old warrior by the throat, and there was at once a grapple between giants.

But in spite of the silent prayers of Bertha for the success of her unknown rescuer and his determined grip on the old chief's throat, the latter gave a cry that called to their feet the entire detachment of warriors, and they came like a storm to the aid of their chief,

CHAPTER VII.

A Woman's Scalp.

It is at another point in the lava beds from that described in the last chapter. While many walls join together here from different directions, yet one point on the rimrocks commanded a view in all directions. Upon this point stands an Indian. His arrow-like form silhoutted against the horizon gave him the appearance of an inanimate rather than an animate body. The afternoon sun was not far above the distant rimrocks. It was a picture for an artist to draw. The ragged rocks along the earth's surface, the walls which converged from many directions toward the pedestal-formed center, at the top of which projected the flat rimrocks, and these crowned by the statue-like form of the Indian, whose gaudy war bonnet indicated that he was a chief, made the view a romantic one indeed.

"If they disappoint me," murmured the Indian in his own tongue, "it will take many more white scalps to pay the penalty," and at the same time he toyed with a scalp of long hair, that of a woman, tossed by the wind at his belt.

But his mind was soon relieved on this point. From the shadow of the

Hammersley.

rimrocks in the distance, a little north of west, he saw a lone horseman coming in a swift trot. He began to descend to the same side upon which the horseman was approaching, taking care to examine his bow and quiver, tomahawk, and scalping knife to see that all were intact. Seating himself upon a boulder that jetted from the wall many feet above the level plain, he waited the approach of his visitor. When the latter came within hailing distance a familiar salute from each showed the mutual recognition.

The two men on the top of the rimrocks conversed familiarly. While the reader already knows that one was Chief Egan he has also surmised that the other was Dan Follett, which is true. To look upon the countenances of these two men was an interesting study. The old Indian chief, a marauding bandit, bore scars showing the terrible episodes of his life, while the Canadian Frenchman bore marks placed there by time which showed the villianous character of the man. The one, robbed of his country, forced to the barren rocks and lava beds for existence, had become an outlaw from necessity. The other, containing a mixture of blood of the exiled criminals of a superior race mixed with that of the most bloodthirsty and treacherous of an inferior race, was a villain from choice and by nature.

There were bluffing looks and grim smiles from each, but the arrival of the band of horses caused them to rise to their feet, and with a shout from old Egan's lips his warriors appeared from a recess in the rocks below, heretofore unobserved, and took charge of the band of animals representing the prize money for the murder of Bertha Lyle.

Taking the woman's scalp, Dan Follett climbed down the rocks and joining his men they saluted the Indians and rode away. The Indians drove the horses into a deep canyon penetrating the rimrocks, and the stillness of approaching night closed the scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trapper of The Rimrocks.

He was known from one end of the desert to the other, as well by the red men as the white. His life was spent in solitude. When the snows of winter began to fly and others fled to shelter he worked the more persistent. For eight months in the year his solitude was complete, so far as the rest of the world knew for it was in the winter time that the wild animals of the desert widened their range in search of food, owing to its scarcity at this season, and many of all kinds were tempted to partake of the fresh morsels of antilope, deer, rabbit and sage hen, so attractively prepared and placed in their trail and many of these same animals found these nice "baits" surrounded by a jagged iron circle that closed with a merciless clasp about their legs or noses and held them as prisoners. The traps of the Trapper of the Rimrocks always held their prey.

The Trapper of the Desert was a young man of eight and twenty years. For ten years he had been known upon the desert. While he was a man of peace, yet his keen grey eyes and firm set chin told those who saw him that he would face the worst of the human race in any kind of an encounter as readily as he would battle alone with the fiercest animals of the desert, if the necessity arose. His hair was also light and he wore a gleam of friendliness upon his face. But the cloud that drove this gleam of sunshine away when he become angered was an immediate warning not to trespass against the will of this man of firmness, and his well proportioned form was able to carry out the desire of the mind. He was five feet, ten, weighed 180 pounds, and with all this possessed well proportioned muscles, as lithe as rubber and strong as gutta percha.

He was known simply by the name of William Hammersley, but his ancestry and place of birth were as mysterious as the man himself. When first known he was on the desert engaged in trapping, and as he had no competitors, he had no enemies. His abode, a crude affair, partly a cave and partly a house in the rimrocks, was always welcome to the weary traveler or stockman, who happened to pass his way, but this did not happen often, as few people traveled that way. He was a friendly host and looked to the comfort of his guest, but he had little to say and asked but few questions. A guest after leaving his place knew no more of him than when he came, and there was always a feeling on the part of the visitor that no extended conversation was desired. And the wishes of William Hammersley were usually respected.

But the reader shall know more about this trapper of the desert and his abode than the visitors of those days knew. He was not alone, and the compartments which the visitors saw were not all that were possessed and occupied by this man. The small corral made rock in front of the premises and the few traps and skins that hung about the rooms opened to visitors were only small and insignificant in interest compared with what was concealed in the background.

A subterranean passage lead to a larger cave beyond that occupied as the open home of the trapper. A crevasse let in the light from the side and the finest pelts supplied a bed with warm covering and a soft place to lie while others lay upon the floor as rugs and hung from the walls to keep out the cold of winter. A perfectly constructed fireplace, connected with the crevasse in the rocks which was utilized as a chimney, supplied the room with warmth in cold weather.

Upon the bed lay an invalid. Once a gigantic form with powerful physique and muscle, he was now emaciated to almost a skeleton. His limbs had been frozen and his hands and feet were mere crisps, though he still retained his intelligence and was a great comfort to the trapper who brought him the tenderest and best prepared morsels from the table and fed him with his own hands, and attended him as carefully as a mother tends her own child.

"I sometimes fear that I worry you, and that my monotonous life may effect yours," said the invalid one day to the trapper, "in carrying out my desire to strike for vengeance and wait until I can strike the most killing

The Home of Hammersley.

blow, I fear that I impose upon your good nature, my preserver, and tax your patience."

"Oh, no, no!" replied the trapper, as he stroked the pale forehead of the invalid tenderly, "without you life would be truly monotonous to me, besides, your counsel and company are worth all the trouble, if your condition could be construed to cause me trouble; and outside of all this, your cause has become my cause from an interest in humanity and justice. You have been grossly outraged, and I look as anxiously to the day of reckoning as yourself."

On the second night after the attack of the Indians on the pack train and the capture of Bertha Lyle, the trapper brought in a large supply of prepared provisions and placed them on a table beside the invalid's bed. The latter knew what this meant.

"So you are off for a trip, my friend," said the invalid. "How long will it be before you return?" he continued. He was interested, for the difficulty in hobbling about and waiting upon himself with his stubby hands and feet in the trapper's absence was great, and the lack of his companionship was greater.

"I will only be gone for a few days," replied the trapper. "I am going to visit the traps near the picture rocks as I am trying to catch a mountain lion that frequents the place, and have some hopes of getting a grizzly."

And it happened that at this time Chief Egan and his warriors with their captive were making for the same vicinty.

(To be Continued.)

FATAL WISCONSIN FIRE.

Several Persons Dead and Property Loss Amounting to $525,000.

Ashland, Wis., Nov. 25.—The Wisconsin Central ore dock was destroyed by fire this afternoon, the loss involved being about $525,000. In falling the dock carried with it a number of firemen and dockmen and a number of lives were lost, just how many will probably not be known for several days.

A number of badly injured firemen were rescued from the burning ruins.

The fire caught about 5 o'clock, presumably from a boat unloading lumber across the slip, and before the firemen arrived the entire ore dock, half a mile long, was in flames. An engine was run on the tramway as near to the fire as possible, and half a hundred men began tearing apart the timbers connecting the tramway and dock to keep it from falling with the dock. Suddenly the dock gave way, falling with a crash and carrying with it 200 feet of the tramway, the engine just barely escaping the fall into the bay. Several hundred people were under the tramway, but most of them escaped with slight injuries. As the broken tramway and the burning dock fell, fully a dozen men were seen to go down in the ruins. The wreck fell into 20 feet of water. The fire is still raging and Murray's sawmill is in danger. The dock was valued at $500,000 and the ore at $25,000.

POSTOFFICE ROBBED.

Probably $10,000 Taken and Daring Thief Got Safely Away.

Chicago, Nov. 25.—The Chicago postoffice was robbed of probably $10,000 today in a most daring manner. The robber made his escape without leaving any clew to his identity. Two registered mail sacks containing the money, which had just been picked up from two of the down town substations, were left in an unprotected wagon in front of the Masonic Temple, while the mail carrier went into the building to gather mail that had accumulated there. The carrier was gone only a moment, but when he returned his horse and wagon had disappeared. While the carrier had been in the building the robber, who had evidently been waiting his opportunity, jumped into the rig and drove away. The rifled sacks and the horse and rig were afterward found where the thief had abandoned them. The street was full of people at the time of the robbery, but not one seems to have noticed the thief.

STRIKES IN HAVANA

General Suspension of Business Threatened by the Labor Unions.

Havana, Nov. 25.—The coachmen of the city struck today, and the street car men say they will go out this afternoon, thus tying up traffic generally. Typesetters have struck also.

The street car conductors and motormen refused to go out this afternoon, in spite of the notice previously given of their intention to strike, and several clashes occurred between them and the strikers. Traffic was not suspended. The manager of the street railway notified the mayor that the company's employes were willing to work, and demanded that they be protected by the police. The company being an American organization, the manager intends to appeal to Minister Squiers, if the city authorities fail to grant protection to the men.

No newspapers were published today, and it is announced that the cooks and waiters will strike tomorrow.

TWO DEAD IN MINE FIRE.

Were Overcome by Gas While Battling with the Flames.

Trinidad, Colo., Nov. 24.—Two miners have lost their lives in a fire which started in the Colorado fuel and iron company's mine at Engleville. Last night a severe explosion of gas occurred, which spread the fire over a considerable area. No one was in the workings at the time. This morning a gang of 15 or 20 men were put to work some distance from the fire, but the foul gas drove them out. Four men were overcome, one being brought out dead, and one being carried 200 feet and left behind dead. Two who were taken out unconscious have since recovered. Every available man is fighting the fire, but it is probable the mine will have to be closed indefinitely until the flames are smothered.

After Train Robbers.

Trinidad, Colo., Nov. 25.—Word reached this city tonight that Guy Lacroix, the man who the officers believe led the gang that attempted to hold up the Colorado & Southern train near here, had been seen in the vicinity of Clayton, N. M., and at 8:30 this evening a posse left on the Colorado & Southern train for the same locality. Special Agent Reno and Division Superintendent Rainey were in charge of the posse. Efforts were made to keep the departure of the officers a secret.

United States Transport Aground.

Manila, Nov. 25.—The United States transport Ingalls, with General Miles on board, struck on a reef while entering the harbor of Legaspi, Albay, Southeast Luzon, today, and is still aground. She is not in any danger, however. The weather is calm and it is expected the steamer will float at the next high tide. Communication with the shore is maintained. If the Ingalls does not float at high tide, relief will be dispatched to her from this city.

French Banks Losing Deposits.

New York, Nov. 25.—The quiet run on French ordinary savings banks continues, says a Paris dispatch to the Times by way of London. Withdrawals since the beginning of the year amount to $21,000,000.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

Wheat has reached the highest point at San Francisco since 1898.

Great Britain and Germany are cooperating in serious measures to bring Venezuela to time.

The American Federation of Labor re-elected all its officers, and voted to meet in Boston next November.

Herr Krupp, the great German gun maker, and the wealthiest man in Germany, is dead from apoplexy.

Oil is to be used as fuel on the steamers of the Furness line, one of the largest English steamship companies.

The robbers who held up the Rock Island express, near Davenport, Iowa, secured in the neighborhood of $20,000.

The report of Consul General McNally on the Hunter-Fitzgerold affair in Guatemala puts it in the aspect of a cold blooded murder.

Matters are proceeding favorably for an agreement between the coal miners and operators. An increase of 10 per cent in wages is assured.

The body of J. W. Fuller, who disappeared from his home in Portland October 27, has been found. There was a bullet hole in his right temple and a revolver with one empty chamber lay alongside the body.

Thirty people were drowned by the sinking of a steamer in the Danube river.

Reports from the district in Guatemala devasted by the volcano place the loss of life at 10,000.

The famous eating house at Meacham, on the O. R. & N., which burned a few days ago, will be rebuilt.

Prominent citizens of Denver have started a movement for the establishment of a sanitarium for actors.

Augustin Chacon, one of the most desperate outlaws in Arizona, has been hanged. During his career he had taken at least a score of lives.

A serious financial problem is confronting Germany. The government expense deficit is larger than ever before and the people can hardly afford to pay more taxes.

Advices from South China state that the Boxer movement is spreading. Large bands of rebels are marching through the country devastating everything as they go.

Secretary Moody has announced that employes of government navy yards are to be allowed to present in person to the board of wages any question affecting the rate of pay.

Venezuela complains of European governments aiding her revolutionists.

The sultan of Morocco has given $5,000 to the widow of an English missionary who was killed by natives.

Three Chicago saloons were dynamited by unknown persons, breaking in windows and doors and causing other damage.

Prominent physicians testified before the coal strike commission that coal mining is an unhealthful occupation and greatly shortens life.

Friends of the Nicaraguan route for an isthmian canal are picking up courage from the check to the negotiations with Colombia relative to the Panama canal.

A well dressed individual accosted the sentry on guard at the German emperor's palace and said he was his majesty's son. He was arrested and searched and a loaded revolver found. The man has been placed in the insane asylum.

A large Minneapolis flouring mill has agreed to to grind nothing but Canadian wheat. It will be shipped to the mill in bond, ground and the flour shipped to the Atlantic coast in bond and sent to Liverpool. Heretofore the wheat has been sent to England and ground.

Extreme cold weather prevails all over Europe.

Two more forest reserves are to be created in Northeastern Oregon.

The president did not get a shot at a bear during the four days he was out hunting.

B. E. Clark, son of the general traffic manager of the Great Northern, committed suicide on account of ill health.

A trust has been formed at Stockton, Cal., by Chinese whereby two-thirds of the potato crop of the San Joaquin valley has been cornered.

Stephen Decatur, jr., great grandson of the famous American commodore of that name, has been admitted to the Annapolis naval academy.

A New York woman, who claims to belong to a band of anarchists, has reported to the police an alleged plot on the life of the president.

Uribe-Uribe has advised his fellow revolutionists to make terms with the Colombian government, saying United States intervention has killed the Liberal cause.

Government officials look upon Oregon with mistrust because of timber frauds and conflicting representations regarding forest reserves and irrigation.

Two distinct shocks of earthquake in Utah demolished chimneys and crockery and stopped clocks.

SEPTEMBER FOREST FIRES.

Total Losses in Oregon and Washington Amounted to $12,767,100.

Washington, Nov. 22.—The bureau of forestry, after careful examination by a field agent, estimates that September forest fires in Oregon and Washington caused a total loss of $12,767,100, of which $3,910,000 fell in Oregon. This includes the value of timber, farm property and sawmills and their products which were destroyed. Owing to its nearness to market, however, much of the burned timber in Oregon will be saved, reducing the total loss as above set forth. It was found that 86 Oregon families were rendered homeless, while 200 others suffered partial losses. In that state farm property worth $315,000 was burned, and sawmills suffered losses aggregating $149,000. It is estimated that 2,124,000,000 feet of standing timber went up in smoke in Oregon, largely Douglas fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock. The total loss in timber alone was over $3,000,000. In all, 170,000 acres were burned over, all of which, save 50,000, were well timbered.

In Washington 434,000 acres were burned over. The timber was fully as heavy as the Oregon timber, and of better quality. It is estimated that 5,026,800,000 feet of Douglas spruce alone were killed, representing a value of $5,026,800. Other timber to the value of $725,000 was destroyed. The total loss in Cowlitz, Clark and Skamania counties, where the fires were the most disastrous, was $6,600,800, and in the other burned areas, $2,256,300.

A singular chain of circumstances combined to make the fires so destructive. Not only was the summer very dry, but the two preceding summers were wet in May and June, thus interfering with the burning of slashings, and allowing an unusual amount of debris to accumulate. The most direct cause was carelessness. This is shown distinctly by the fact that practically no damage was done in the Cascade forest reserve, which is patrolled by forest rangers.

In many instances the fires smoldered for considerable periods without attracting attention, and this in the face of the fact that the past season was one particularly favorable for forest fires. Many blazes started from the unextinguished camp fires of berry pickers or hunters, others resulted from careless burning of slashings, and one was known to have started from locomotive sparks. With the exception of this case, reasonable precaution on the part of individuals would have prevented the loss of millions of dollars. It is the opinion of the bureau, after tracing many of the fires to their origin, that most of them could have been extinguished before they became serious.

FIRE AT ALAMEDA MOLE.

Ferry Building and Passenger Coaches Destroyed—Loss $500,000.

Oakland, Cal., Nov. 22.—Fire destroyed the ferry at the Alameda mole yesterday, and nine men who were asleep in the bunk house narrowly escaped with their lives. The fire started on the north side of the building, and two hours later it had burned to the water. A portion of the floor held up, evidently by the network of tracks, and still remains, but on these tracks are the twisted and warped iron work of the passenger coaches which were destroyed. Of the 47 coaches which were destroyed, 16 were broad guage and 31 narrow guage.

The building was erected by the late James G. Fair in 1883, and cost originally $50,000. Three years later it passed into the hands of the Southern Pacific company with the entire road, and since then many improvements have been made. Within the last six months the company has built another slip and added improvements to the extent of $75,000.

The origin of the blaze is a mystery. Superintendent Worthington says he has not the slightest idea how it started, but said the matter would be thoroughly investigated. When asked for an opinion as to the origin, he said he had no opinion to offer. He admitted that a coal oil lamp was left burning on the north side of the building, near where the flames were first seen. It is the theory of the employes of the road that this lamp exploded, thereby causing the disastrous conflagration.

Japanese Engineer Here.

Seattle, Nov. 22.—S. Tada, chief constructing engineer of the Japanese navy, accompanied by M. Matsuaka and G. Higuchi, chief of the naval construction bureau of Japan, arrived here tonight, on the Tosa Maru, and will proceed to Pittsburg, where they will place orders for armor plate, and spend some time in eastern navy yards in specting American methods of shipbuilding. They will visit the Moran Bros. ship yards and then proceed east. They say their government will adopt American methods extensively.

Two Men Held Up the Town.

Denver, Nov. 22.—A special to the Republican from Rifle, Colo., says Charles Dykes and a man named Murphy terrorized that place for some time this afternoon, "shooting up the town," holding up saloons, capturing and disarming two deputy sheriffs, and shooting a young ranchman named David Morford in the leg. They then rode out of town. The sheriff and a posse is in search of them, and a lively time is expecred when they meet.

New Monitor Nearly Done.

Boston, Nov. 22.—The single-turreted monitor Nevada which has just been completed by the Bath iron works for the United States navy and is to have her second trial the second week in December, arrived at the Boston navy yard today from Bath.

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of the Past Week—Brief Review of the Growth and Development of Various Industries Throughout Our Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

A light snow has fallen in parts of Southern Oregon.

Albany will hold its regular city election Monday, December 1. Considerable local interest is manifested.

The Methodist church in Oregon City is being raised high enough to permit of a store room being built on the ground floor. This arrangement will bring the church people about $150 per month.

The heavy rains have washed out a large portion of the dam of the Condor water and power company, at Yolo. Eighty men of the crew have been laid off and work is practically abandoned for the winter.

The farmers of Linn county will hold a farmers' institute November 28 and 29, under the auspices of the experiment department of the Oregon agricultural collge. The meeting will be held at Grange Hall No. 10, near Albany.

The tides of the past few days have done many thousand dollars' worth of damage to the diked lands on Young's river and the Lewis and Clark. How much cannot yet be estimated, but it is believed that it will reach at least $10,000.

Three weeks ago J. J. Jackson, a Negro charged with breaking open a freight car at Huntington in August, sawed through the bars in the county jail and escaped. The fact was only made public a few days ago. Jackson's trial was scheduled for next week.

The best sale of apples in the Rogue river valley during the present season was made by W. H. Norcross, a well known orchardist of Central Point, who disposed of 10 carloads at the fancy price of $1.50 per box f. o. b. at Central Point. The apples go to New York City.

If the government finally decides to create a forest reserve in Northeastern Oregon, as indicated by the withdrawal from entry, Oregon will be the gainer by over $100,000. The tracts mentioned contain at least 20,000 ares of unsurveyed school lands, and these are practically valueless at present.

The board of directors of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua association, at a meeting held in Oregon City last week, decided to take some steps toward reorganization and appointed a committee for that purpose.

Operations at the Tillamook fish hatchery have been suspended on account of the recent heavy rains

Two different companies are endeavoring to secure franchises for operating street car systems in the city of Roseburg. One company is composed largely of local capitalists and the other is made up of Eastern men.

It is expected that the lumbermen on the lower Columbia will advance the price of yellow fir logs from $7.50 to $8 per thousand. Yellow fir logs bring a much higher price than ordinary fir, and are in great demand.

The freshet on the Siusla river caused by the recent heavy rains did considerable damage to the fish hatchery on that river.

A postoffice has been established at Inglis, Columbia county. An office has also been established at Tiller, Douglas county.

The safe in the depot at Newberg was opened Friday night and $1,180 secured by a burglar. The crook evidently knew his business, as he worked the combination of the lock.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70@71c; bluestem 76@77c; valley, 72½@73c.

Barley—Feed, $23.00 per ton; brewing, $23.50.

Flour—Best grade, 3.50@3.70; graham, $3.00@3.50.

Millstuffs—Bran, $19.00 per ton; middlings, $23.50; shorts, $19.50; chop, $17.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.12½@1.15; gray, $1.10@1.12½ per cental.

Hay — Timothy, $10@11; clover, $8.00; cheat, $8@9 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 60@80c per sack; ordinary, 50@55c per cental, growers' prices; Merced sweets, $1.75@$2 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.59@4.25; per pound, 10c; hens, $4@4.50 per dozen; per pound, 11c; springs, $3.00@3.50 per dozen; fryers, $2.50@3.00; broilers, $2.00@2.50; ducks, $4.50@6.00 per dozen; turkeys, young, 12½@13c; geese, $6.00@6.50 per dozen.

Cheese — Full cream, twins, 15@16c; Young America, 15½@16½; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@32½c per pound; extras, 30c; dairy, 20@22½c; store, 15@18.

Eggs—25@30c per dozen.

Hops—New crop, 22@25c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 12½@15c; Eastern Oregon, 8@14½c; mohair, 26@28c.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3@3½c per pound; steers, 4c; dressed, 6@7c.

Veal—7½@8½c.

Mutton — Gross, 3c per pound; dressed, 6c.

Lambs — Gross, 3½c per pound; dressed, 6½c.

Hogs—Gross, 6½@6¾c per pound; dressed, 7@7½c.