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HAS THREE TIMES THE CIRCULATION
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LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Woeless Captive.

"What's up there? Surrender upon
your lives!"

The combat between Hammerley and Pollett had reached a point at which one or the other must yield. The trapper, fighting on the defensive, fought desperately, having released his grasp upon the Canadian's throat and drawn his knife. But the half-breed was more desperate. With the Lord of the Desert now his enemy, his only hope was in rendering such service for Egan that the latter would accept him into his band of marauders, a life that he really coveted. When the trapper released his throat he seized the trapper's hand as it drew the knife from the sheath and each, now on equal terms, struggled desperately.

The right hand of each clasped an ugly knife, while the left of each held the other's right wrist with a vice-like grip. It was now a question of strength and physical endurance. The one who first weakened would forfeit his life! The trapper would not take life wantonly, but would take it if necessary, and now stirred to his uttermost only waited the opportunity to plunge his weapon to the hilt in his antagonist's breast.

Time and again a half-triumphant smile passed over the dark face of the half-breed as he thought he saw the trapper weakening. It was a battle royal. Neither of these men had ever been defeated in single combat. One had fought with the fiercest animals of the desert, and the other had battled with the blood-thirstiest of men. Both in the prize of life and possessing unflinching courage, such an encounter would have been a prize-winner in the arena of old.

A cat-like movement of the half-breed and the trapper dropped to his knees. A sudden lunge and a smile came over the face of the Canadian as he thought the battle was about to end in his favor! But the trapper was as firm as the desert rocks about him. He rose like a Samson, backed his antagonist against a boulder by the trunk and grasping the half-breed's wrist which held the murderous knife, until the bones fairly ground together, he began slowly to force the point of his knife to the Canadian's breast as the latter began to weaken and give way.

It was then that the shout: "What's up there? Surrender upon your lives!" came.

General Crook and a squad of picked scouts had been out on a reconnoitering expedition, and while on their return to the fort had come upon the combatants, who were too busily engaged to hear them approach.

There was but one thing to do and that was to obey orders. Each attempted to explain himself, but the stern old soldier ordered them "forward!" and told them they could explain at the fort.

It was after midnight when they reached the fort. General Crook had the two prisoners brought to his quarters. The half-breed succeeded in getting the general's ear first. He explained that Martin Lyle, known as the Lord of the Desert, was his enemy, and that he had escaped through their lines and was on his way to the fort to ask for relief when he was assaulted from the roadside by the trapper.

Hammerley was non-plussed. It came his turn to explain, but being a man of veracity he did not know how to meet a liar. But he related his story in a straightforward manner without comment, and remembering the message from the Lord of the Desert, he drew it forth and handed it to the general.

"Both stories seem to be straight," said General Crook, "but No. 1 is dark enough to have Indian blood in him and this being the case the burden of proof is cast upon him. But you may put them both in safe-keeping until morning and we will take them along with us to the 'Stone House' they tell about and let this 'Lord of the Desert' identify his messenger."

Immediately upon the departure of the guard with the prisoners, General Crook gave orders for the preparation of ten days' rations for one company of soldiers, and ordered the march to begin at daybreak the next morning.

Shortly after the departure of the guard and the prisoners the shout "halt!" then a gunshot, followed by several others, was heard.

"What means this?" asked the general of a staff officer as he rushed to the door.

In a few minutes a strong guard appeared with Dan Pollett, two stalwart soldiers on either side of the Canadian holding him fast.

"What does this mean?" inquired General Crook.

"Just as we had unlocked the door of the guard-house," replied the officer with a salute, "this prisoner drew a knife like a flash, stabbed the nearest guard and made a break for liberty, and had he not run into the arms of a detachment of soldiers who were on their way to bed, he would have made good his escape."

"Search him to the skin, place him in irons and release the other prisoner!" promptly ordered the general. "I might have known that that Indian was a liar!" said the old warrior to himself.

The general was about half undressed and was hurrying to bed in order to get a little sleep before the early morning march when he was disturbed again. An officer was admitted who had long been on the general's staff and who, with a familiarity with which such association countenances, said: "We searched the prisoner and here is what we found next to his skin," at the same time producing a belt with a bag attached to it.

General Crook opened the bag and, to his astonishment, found the \$10,000 therein.

"Well, if this don't beat me!" said the old veteran. "An Indian is the most incomprehensible being on earth. Where on earth did he get this money? What on earth was he going to do with it? If this ain't a puzzle! Send for his companion—or rather the man whom we brought here with him."

Hammerley was sent for and again told his story, not varying one point.

"Has anyone in that country great wealth?" inquired General Crook.

"The Lord of the Desert is supposed to be very rich," replied the trapper.

"You say he and the 'Lord' are friends?" queried the officer.

"Yes, in crime and damnable deeds," replied the trapper.

"What do you know?" asked General Crook.

"I know a great deal, General," replied the trapper. "It is a long story, and some of it is yet unfinished," he continued, "but when we reach the Stone House I hope to enlighten you."

General Crook then informed the trapper of the finding of the money on the person of Pollett.

"I think I understand it now," said Hammerley, after hearing this. "Pollett—that is the half-breed's name—knew that I had been requested to come to you, and for some reason he decided to intercept me and prevent your learning of the predicament of the Lord of the Desert. They may have failed out. He simply robbed the Lord of the Desert, and intended, after killing me, to make his escape. I can explain it in no other way. Before attacking me with his knife he must have attempted to shoot me, for I am sure I heard the snap of a revolver hammer of that gun."

"Here are his weapons," said one of the officers, and upon examination it was found that the hammer of one of the revolvers rested on a percussion cap that had failed to explode, and that the trapper had been making an attempt to make it fire it.

"Guard him close and see that he is kept here until my return," commanded the general, as he dismissed those present and placed the bag of money in the iron depository of the command.

Long before the dawn of day the soldiers were astir. Everything was work and bustle about the fort, in preparation for the march at break of day. At this time the march was to begin, for General Crook was an officer of his word and his orders would not be varied to a hair's breadth in any detail.

At dawn of day the company moved out with General Crook and his staff in the lead, and Hammerley as chief guide and scout. It was the purpose of the march for two days and then to change the march to night time, so as not to be detected by the Indians in the vicinity of the Stone House.

It was also planned to reach that point between midnight and dawn, and attack the Indians at dawn.

After the departure of one company from the small garrisoned fort, the place looked deserted. The post had been only recently established, and most of the men were kept busy constructing the buildings about the fort. Many of them were in the mountains throughout the day securing timber for the buildings, while the hammers about the fort remained one of the building of a new town.

Even the guardhouse was a crude affair, hurriedly thrown together to imprison refractory soldiers.

Pollett began planning early to escape. He saw that if once freed from the irons on his legs, that he could break his way through the roof at night and get away unobserved.

When the last meal was brought that night he implored the soldier to assist him in removing the irons, but the soldier had no sympathy for him. Although the wounded guard was only slightly injured, there was not a soldier in the fort that was not prejudiced against the man who had made the knife thrust.

But there was a certain pluck that seems always to attend the wicked and the daring for a certain length of time. Loophole after loophole is offered them for escape, and opportunity after opportunity for reform.

The case of Dan Pollett was no exception.

Upon testing the locks of the irons which bound his ankles he discovered that one had failed to lock, and it was easy to draw forth the bolt and likewise release one limb. With one limb free he held the loose end of the shackle to the belt at his waist, and when all was quiet in the fort he silently removed the slabs at the corner of the roof and climbed out and stole away like a cat.

Once among the rocks of the desert, he pounded the remaining lock into pieces and was soon walking as free as the wind, and fell into the hands of the soldiers.

Fortune still favored him farther. He found his stolen Indian pony still tied fast in the gulch, where he had left it the night of his capture, and, mounting the animal, he rode away. Like the villain on the stage, he exclaimed:

"Now for a ride night and day! I will beat General Crook and his men to the Stone House and warn Egan of his danger, and we will away to the lava beds, and from that point continue to harass Uncle Sam and his subjects to the end of our lives! Hammerley, 'the trapper,' and Lyle, 'the Lord of the Desert,' you may yet fall into the clutches of the half-breed!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Cruel Revenge.

The siege is nearing a crisis at the Stone House. Almost a week has passed since the arrival of Egan and his braves. He has been reinforced almost daily, until the plain swarms with savages. His last reinforcement arrived at nightfall, and the morning is set apart to determine the long-drawn-out struggle.

The Lord of the Desert has truly risen to the desperate man that he is. Without sleep night or day, he has kept his enemy at bay. His best marksmen have been kept at the loopholes and a standing reward of \$50 for every fatal shot fired has been offered, with a discount of \$10 for every wasted load of ammunition. The results have been astounding. Nearly every bullet that has been sent forth has found a victim. Once, twice, thrice, four, five times have the Indians been repulsed by the wonderful marksmanship of the sorcerer. It seemed impossible to reach the stone wall, so fatal were the shafts of lead.

Tunneling had been attempted, but the rocks, so numerous a few feet beneath the soil, made this impossible at every point. The impatience of Old Egan grew beyond control.

At nightfall he had called a council of the chiefs. He determined to end the siege. "Tomorrow," he said, "when the morning star begins to fade, I will lead my men over the stone wall! We will capture the 'White Grizzly' and his cubs, and my men may put them to torture! We will divide his guns and powder and shoot among the bravest warriors, and his wealth shall go to the chiefs who are the first to cross the wall. Then we will drive away his cattle and his horses to our villages, and the hungry squaws and children shall feast!"

In the quiet preparation for the morning attack a unusual silence pervaded the place. The Lord of the Desert was the more watchful. He had long been taught that Indian silence was not a sign of inactivity. He cast many glances in the direction of the fort, as he had done for the last day and night. It was high time that assistance should arrive.

He sometimes doubted. Was the trapper absent from home? Could it be possible that he had refused to go on his errand? He knew that the trapper could be depended upon in all cases of humanity, but his guilty conscience told him that he did not merit aid from any human hand. What had become of Dan Pollett? Oh, he was merely sulking in some safe retreat—perhaps doing him a service in some way! Dan will show up, he'll show up! I can always count on Dan showing up!" exclaimed the Lord of the Desert, half audibly.

The Lord of the Desert had not thought of looking after the safety of his treasure for all these days, or perhaps he would not have thought so favorably of Dan, and confided so earnestly in his "showing up."

But Dan Pollett "showed up." Not as the friend of the besieged of the Stone House, but to warn Egan and his followers of their danger.

It was nearly midnight when he arrived, for he had been compelled to travel a long distance since night-fall to arrive ahead of General Crook and his command. He had passed them during the day, by shadowing them from behind the rimrocks, but after the plain was reached between the rimrocks and the Stone House he was compelled to secrete himself until night to prevent them from seeing him.

He knew that Crook's men would arrive at the Stone House between midnight and dawn, and he did not hesitate in his course. He rode boldly up to the warriors, who immediately surrounded him. He commanded a conference with Old Egan.

When brought before the bandit chief the latter mistrusted him, but he told the story partly in detail, and the Indian was finally convinced. But it was not long until he had positive proof. Indian scouts had been sent out hurriedly, and one of their number soon returned bringing the news that men numerous as the stars were coming, armed with long guns with long knives on the ends of the barrels.

Old Egan took in the situation at a glance. He dismissed his warriors and beckoned Pollett to remain.

"We have been enemies," he said to the Canadian. "Now we will be friends. We have but little time for talk, but it is important. Indian like revenge. Trapper has done me great wrong now. Trapper did you great wrong! You may go live with my people. You may be my friend. You know the 'White Grizzly's' niece; she not dead!"

(To be continued.)

Stuck to His Eyeglasses.

Recently a party from the embassies at Constantinople went to inspect the international lifeboat service on the Black sea coast. At one of the life-saving stations they thought they would like to test the conditions of lifeboat work, so, clothing themselves in bathing costume and cord jackets, they each took an oar in a lifeboat, to the huge delight of the Turkish boatmen.

One of the secretaries of the British embassy is never seen without an eyeglass. One day he was asleep with it. On this occasion he was faithful to his eyeglasses and solemnly embarked in a cork jacket and eyeglasses. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finally the boat was capsized and righted again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a howl of surprise came from the Turks, for the secretary's head appeared, with the eyeglasses firmly fixed in its proper position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

Rode a Grizzly.

General Sir Evelyn Wood, of the British army, rode a grizzly "for fun" when a young man. He fell off, was kicked, and rendered unconscious. He remarked that for years afterward the sight of a grizzly gave him a bad pain in the head.

NEW YEARS AT WASHINGTON.

President and Wife Hold Brilliant Reception in New White House.

Washington, Jan. 2.—President Roosevelt's New Year's reception was one of the most brilliant events in Washington society history. All callers were afforded the opportunity of greeting the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and exchanging with them the compliments of the new year. No distinctions were made except such as were rendered necessary in preservation of order.

The general public for the first time had an opportunity to see the white-heralded improvements in the White House—improvements which when completed will have cost about \$600,000. In addition to a desire personally to wish the President and Mrs. Roosevelt a Happy New Year, hundreds were attracted by a wish to see the White House in its new and handsome interior finish and furnishing. To many who were familiar with the interior of the mansion as it was a year ago the changes made were a revelation. While in a general way the improvements have been retained in beauty and effectiveness, it is wholly different.

Just 102 years ago President John Adams and his wife opened the White House with a New Year's reception to their friends and to the public generally. The day of the first fête day within the walls since became historic was accompanied by the noise of saw and hammer, as was this day. On account of the unfinished condition of the lower floor, President and Mrs. Adams received their guests in the room on the second floor now occupied by President Roosevelt and his family. The improvements now are more nearly completed than was the mansion itself at that time. It will be several months before the workmen will have finished their task.

It was a merry day for the Roosevelt children. Prior to the reception they had a jolly time in the lower part of the house. They manifested the liveliest interest in all the arrangements.

The President was in excellent spirits, and Mrs. Roosevelt never seemed happier or more gracious. The President was attired in a frock suit, and the only dash of color about his attire was a tie of grayish tint. Shortly after the receiving party assembled in the blue room, the reception proper began.

CABLE TO HAWAII.

First Message Came New Years Night—From Dole to Roosevelt.

San Francisco, Jan. 2.—The first message from Honolulu over the Pacific cable was received here at 11:03 o'clock last night. The signals were perfect at both ends. The speed was fast, but the operators have not figured out the rate at the earliest messages were exchanged. The first message was from Governor Dole to President Roosevelt.

Almost immediately after communication was established a message of greeting was flashed to President Roosevelt at Washington. The message was from Governor Dole, and read: "The text was withheld, pending receipt of the message by the President in person."

Cable Works Beautifully.

San Francisco, Jan. 2.—The patience of the watchers of the Postal Telegraph Company was rewarded at 11:01 o'clock last night, when the instrument at the San Francisco end of the Pacific cable indicated that connection with Honolulu had at last been made and that a message was coming through.

The first words that the ticker denoted on the tape were: "You are reversed," meaning that the Honolulu operator was getting the San Francisco signals backwards. The local difficulty was quickly adjusted by a rearrangement of the batteries here, and the first formal communication from Uncle Sam's possessions across the Pacific cable.

It was fitting that such a message should be from the chief of the fair Pacific isles to the head of the United States. The ticker read a message of congratulation and good will from Governor Dole to President Roosevelt. Then came a cablegram from the cable officials at Honolulu to Clarence Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable Company. Company messages followed rapidly, greeting being exchanged and messages of good will and prosperity passing rapidly to and fro.

The local operator said that the cable worked like an old timer and surprise was expressed at the speed and accuracy. The Postal Company officials are delighted at the splendid showing of the first hour's working, and accept it as an augury of a prosperous future.

Get Their Money Back.

St. Louis City, Ia., Jan. 3.—Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, has been defeated in the famous suit brought by C. J. Sherman and John Hanfeldt, of Williams, Ia., to recover \$2430 which the plaintiffs subscribed to help build a church at Williams. Judge George Dyer held that they were entitled to recover this amount with interest. The plaintiffs made their subscription conditional upon a dual language-speaking priest being sent to Williams. The court contended that the church did not keep its part of the contract, and the court upheld their claim.

The Deadly Toy Pistol.

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 3.—Four boys, three white and one colored, have died in Norfolk since Christmas of lockjaw, caused by burns received in the firing of toy pistols, charged with black cartridges. Tonight George W. Wright, a messenger boy, who wounded himself accidentally on Christmas morning, was attacked by the disease, and is reported to be in a dying condition. Municipal legislation is proposed to prohibit the sale of such weapons in the future.

PHILIPPINE CABLE

NOW FINISHED TO HONOLULU AND OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

Cable Ship Silvertown Had a Stormy and Laborious Voyage, but Human Energy and Pluck Conquered at Last—Men Stood Knee Deep in Water—Will Be Finished to Manila by July 4th.

Honolulu, Jan. 3.—The voyage of the cable-ship Silvertown was eventful and at times unpleasantly exciting. Twelve hours out from San Francisco the cable-ship was beset by bad weather, which continued with the exception of one day to the end of the voyage. Variable winds that at times approached the velocity of gales, heavy seas that buffeted her about, retarded the passage, as well as endangered the safety of the cable; in fact, every adverse condition that is usually encountered in the landing of a cable was met with and at times made the task most hazardous.

A more perfect day could hardly be imagined than Sunday, December 14, when the shore crew was landed near the Cliff House of San Francisco. The end of the line was brought on board the steamer at 5:30 in the evening and the start was made at 12:30 Monday morning.

The favorable conditions continued until 11 o'clock on the morning of that day, when the vessel was struck by a heavy sea and rain into a squall of wind and rain that came out of the west. Steering through a southeasterly course, the Silvertown offered a broad starboard beam to the storm. Soon the seas were whipped into confusion, rolling the vessel in a manner most dangerous to the cable. The velocity of the wind increased, and early in the afternoon great green seas boarded the starboard bow, and swept along the deck, and escaped into the sea through the port scuppers. Toward evening ropes were stretched about the deck and everything was made fast. The rain ceased, but the storm continued with unabated force through the night.

Under ordinary conditions the line is paid out 7 per cent faster than the speed of the vessel. This was increased during the storm to 10 per cent. Even with this concession the strain was terrific. As the ship lifted and lurched, the great drum around which the strand was passing would almost cease to revolve one moment, only to resume with a rush the next, rendering the life of the men in the tanks a hazard. The dynamometer regulating the speed of the drum and the strain on the line at such times fluctuated widely, rushing from an indicated strain of two tons or less up to four and even five tons. When it is understood that the breaking strain is 3½ tons, it must be apparent that failure to relieve the strain promptly meant disaster to the precious line, and its loss in 2500 fathoms would have meant a long and serious delay in the completion of the work of laying the cable, as well as being a most expensive happening to the contracting company. Rare good judgment in the handling of both the ship and the cable at these critical times averted an accident.

The cable finally reached Molokai Channel on Christmas day, and had to be buoyed there for several days. The sea became calm enough to splice it to the Hawaiian shore end.

That feat was finally accomplished on New Year's night, amid great popular rejoicing.

Clarence Mackay, president of the Cable Company, says cable-laying will be continued without interruption, and hopes to have the line completed to Manila by the Fourth of July. Thence an extension will be laid to Shanghai.

COAL MINE CAVES IN.

Abandoned Workings Collapse and Four Buildings Are Wrecked.

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 5.—Abandoned workings of the Eddy Creek colliery of the Delaware & Hudson Company, beneath the very heart of the town of Oilport, caves in this afternoon and engulfed four frame buildings covering an aggregate ground space of 6000 square feet.

The settling was gradual, and people in its affected vicinity escaped. The settling began at 3 o'clock and continued 30 minutes. In the intervening hour O'Brien's three-story hotel, Mrs. Anna Evans' double dwelling, Mrs. June Acery's double store building and Evans' one-story barber shop were ground to debris in the yawning pit, with the uppermost part of the mound 40 feet below the surface. The vein that caved in is 115 feet below the surface. Loss \$30,000.

Oil Excitement in Wyoming.

Salt Lake, Jan. 5.—A special to the Tribune from Evanston, Wyo., says: The full story of the conflict in the Wyoming oil fields may not be had for weeks, owing to the immense tract to be covered. Of the hundreds of locating parties leaving here December 30 and 31, but a small percentage have returned, and in some instances grave fears are entertained as to their safety. This evening weather conditions indicate a heavy storm, and if a blizzard, so common in this section, should set in, many locating parties may be lost.

Bank President Disappears.

Silverton, Colo., Jan. 5.—Owing to the disappearance of the president, James H. Robin, the Bank of Silverton was closed today by the cashier, A. H. Mule. The bank is capitalized at \$30,000, and its liabilities are estimated to be about \$300,000. Robin, who is the principal stockholder, has been acting strangely of late, and his friends think he has become demented and wandered into the mountains. Acting on this theory, the sheriff has sent several parties to search for him.

Crown Prince Will Visit Czech.

Berlin, Jan. 5.—Crown Prince Frederick William has accepted an invitation of the Czech to visit His Majesty at St. Petersburg in the middle of January.

DECLARE WAR UPON SHEEP.

Grant County Settlers Urging a Two-Mile Limit Law.

John Day City, Or., Jan. 1.—Grant and Baker County cattlemen and settlers are agitating for a two-mile limit law, similar to that in operation in Idaho and California, by which sheep ranging is not permitted within two miles of any settler's habitation.

This puts a new phase on the bitter and bloody range feud that exists in this county between home and foreign stockmen, for while the move in Grant County is apparently one of settlers against sheep owners, it is really a step against the invading hordes of Morrow, Gilliam, Wheeler, Crook and other county sheep which pour in here annually for summer range. Simultaneously comes the tidings that Grant County stockmen are preparing for organization sufficiently strong to keep out these sheep and reserve next season's range for home stockmen. It makes the outlook for trouble in the Spring brighter than ever, though the brilliant outlook for range war in 1902 was more than fulfilled.

NATIONAL TELEPHONE TRUST.

Memphis Companies to Be Nucleus of a \$100,000,000 Combination.

Memphis, Jan. 2.—A strong rumor is current in this city announcing an effort to form a gigantic combination of the independent telephone interests of the United States, with the Memphis Long Distance Telephone Company, capital \$100,000, and the Memphis Telephone Company, capital \$400,000, as a basis. The rumored alliance is said to be backed by the interests mentioned, the Stromberg-Carlson Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, and Harvey Meyers, of Covington, Ky. The scheme is said to be the outgrowth of the annual meeting of the independent telephone companies at Chicago on December 8.

The proposed plan involves about \$100,000,000. General Manager Warren, of the Memphis Long Distance Telephone Company, last night admitted that the rumor was true, but stated that nothing definite has been accomplished yet.

AERIAL TORPEDO INVENTED.

It Flies Like a Thing of Life, Being Guided From Vessel.

New York, Jan. 1.—Professor Carl Myers, a balloon maker of Frankfurt, has constructed an electrical aerial torpedo, which is to be exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition says a Utica, N. Y., dispatch to the Herald.

The aerial torpedo flies like a thing of life, is driven by two aluminum screw blades, making 2000 revolutions a minute and rotated by an electric motor, which obtains its power from an ordinary incandescent lighting current of 110 volts. The movements are directed by two aéroplanes acting as rudders moving the vessel up, down, right or left, in circles, spirals or cyroids, as a bird flies. All these evolutions are under control of a distant operator, who moves an index over contact points on a dial switch-board, to which the vessel instantly responds.

More Pay for Teamsters.

Chicago, Jan. 2.—Eight hundred thousand dollars a year has been added to the pay of the 9000 members of the Truck Teamsters' Union. The men have been in conference with their employers for two weeks discussing conditions and an increase which amounts to about \$1.75 a week for each man has been conceded by the employers. This was accepted last night by the union and will go into effect on February 1. Time and a half shall be paid for all work done on Sundays and holidays, save on Labor day, when no teaming shall be done.

WORKING HOURS REDUCED.

Employees of Door and Lumber Company Will Have Nine-Hour Day.

Grants Pass, Or., Jan. 2.—At a recent meeting of the officers of the Sugar Pine Door & Lumber Company, of this city, presided over by R. A. Booth, of Eugene, it was decided to shorten the hours of work in the local factory. The same wages as heretofore will be paid but the hours of work will be reduced from 10 to nine. This new schedule will be effective in all of the mills of the Sugar Pine Company.

Wants German Bishops.

Rome, Jan. 2.—Herr P. P. Cahenaly, a member of the German Reichstag and president of the Saint Raphael Society for the protection of German immigrants in America, who for 10 years has been agitating in favor of the appointment of German ecclesiastics to minister to German Catholics in the United States, is again actively urging the Vatican to appoint German bishops wherever the German element predominates.

France and Guatemala Agree.

Paris, Jan. 2.—France and Guatemala have agreed to submit to the international arbitration court at The Hague the French claims against Guatemala. They are similar to those against Venezuela.

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Dallas Must Go to Law to Procure Water Rights—Roseburg Saloons Must Close on Sundays—Cattle Dying of Cold—Great Central Pays Off—O. R. & N. Raises Wages.

George Lawrence, a pioneer of 1852, died at his home on Pistol River.

It is reported that many cattle have died from the cold on the ranges about Roseburg.

An organized band of horse-thieves is operating on the ranges of the Southern Oregon mountains.

A large majority of the citizens of Grant County will fight the proposed forest reserve in the Blue Mountains.

The Grants Pass city council has passed an ordinance forbidding chickens from running at large within certain limits.

United States postal inspector has viewed a new rural delivery route up Roberts Creek from Roseburg, and will in all probability report favorably upon it.

The Great Central Railroad is distributing lots of money along the route by paying up all bills for labor and merchandise to the first of the new year.

The city officials of Roseburg have decided to enforce the ordinance closing saloons on Sunday, and all saloons in the city obeyed the ordinance last Sunday.

Dr. Lawbaugh, the Portland owner of a fast French automobile, has been sued for \$350 damages by the owner of a team that was frightened by the new machine and broke loose and ran away.

A buggy containing three persons was run into by a switch engine in the Salem yards and smashed, and the horses torn entirely clear of the vehicle, but neither the occupants of the rig nor the horses were injured in the least.

The town of Dallas finds it necessary to go to law in order to procure water rights for a city water supply, and as towns of that size cannot bring such suits without consent of the taxpayers, an election will be held to obtain this consent.

The O. R. & N. Co. has decided to raise the wages of all its deckhands, watchmen and firemen, beginning January 1. The increase in wages will be \$5 per month, and about 125 men will benefit by it. It will include as well as those running on the Willamette and Columbia.

A fire in Salem's Chinatown caused \$500 damage to some old wooden buildings.

The region about Sum