

SUMMARY OF THE
OREGON NEWSThe Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports Rewritten

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

Albany may have public band concert each week during the coming summer.

The Oregon State Master Bakers' association will hold its annual convention in Portland, June 7, 8 and 9. E. Syverson, 50 years old, was blown to pieces at Coquille by an explosion of dynamite which also wrecked the cabin he occupied.

On June 10, 60,000 acres of non-irrigable land in Morrow, Crook and Gilliam counties will be opened to entry, under the enlarged homestead law.

All records for Sunday school conventions in Oregon were broken when the thirtieth annual convention opened a three-day session in Portland. The treasury department has awarded the contract for the building of the postoffice at Pendleton to James S. Winters of Portland. The bid was \$99,537.

Known to nearly all of the world's greatest cowboys, "Buck," the famous bucking bull, is dead, a victim of too much civilization, says a Pendleton report.

Henry L. Bowley, former state highway engineer has issued a statement denying allegations of State Treasurer Kay that he was extravagant and negligent when in office.

The \$40,000 Elks Temple at La Grande has been completed and turned over to the lodge and will soon be dedicated. The structure is one of the most beautiful in eastern Oregon.

Two thousand pupils, ranging in ages from 5 to 20 years, participated in May day exercises and the county annual spelling contest held at Hillsboro. Fully 6000 persons were present.

Twelve candidates have been nominated in the contest for queen of the Portland Rose Festival, which will be held June 9 to 11, and half a dozen other nominations by various civic and fraternal organizations are expected.

The annual district convention of the Epworth League will be held in Medford June 4, 5 and 6. More than 100 delegates are expected from the district extending from Roseburg, on the north, to Klamath and Lakeview, on the south.

W. W. Austen, county school superintendent of Grant county, has informed State Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill that a summer school will be held at Hamilton from May 31 to June 24 to prepare applicants for teachers' examinations.

Two fatal accidents were reported to Labor Commissioner Hoff during the week, J. G. Porter being killed while engaged in logging at Watten and Pete Wolf while engaged in a similar occupation at Mill City. Twelve of those injured were engaged in railroad work and 10 were logging.

Henry J. Schulerman of Portland succeeded Ralph Watson as corporation commissioner, and announced he proposed to encourage the development of the state's resources. He asserted that he would pay more attention to the protection of investors than to acquiring a large revenue.

Cattle prospects in Baker, Malheur, Harney, Grant and Union counties are the best in many years. Cattle are on the range earlier than ever after a good winter. The range is in good condition, the animals look better than ever at this time of year and stockmen expect satisfactory prices.

The extension department of the Oregon Agricultural College has completed a new bulletin designed to guide the different county fair boards throughout the state in arranging the details covering all types of agricultural exhibits which might be made at any kind of a fair, large or small.

Forest service officials have announced that the Alsea river road, between Waldport and Tidewater, will be completed in time to insure its use by July 1. This road, two miles in length, is inside the Siuslaw national forest, and will complete the highway between Waldport and the Willamette valley.

Fred W. Rudolf, at the head of a party of surveyors, left Grants Pass the first of the week for the Siskiyou range to mark out the boundary line between Oregon and California. Mr. Rudolf has been engaged in the state line survey for the last two years, relocating the survey made under the supervision of Colonel Major in 1887.

Although the state highway fund for the year has been apportioned, the State Highway Commission has promised a Washington county delegation that it would, if possible, aid that county in building a demonstration hard-surface road of less than one mile. The county desires the improvement of the Gales Creek road at Forest Grove.

A new fruit disease which experts have so far been unable to correctly diagnose, has recently been discovered in and near Eugene. Professor H. S. Jackson, plant pathologist at the Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis, was called by C. E. Stewart, county fruit inspector, to examine the trees which are affected. He was unable to tell what the disease is and took a number of twigs to Corvallis to be examined under the microscope.

2 TORPEDO-BOATS
SUNK BY BRITISH

London.—A German submarine sank the British destroyer Recruit off the Galloper lightship in the North Sea. Other British destroyers after a stern chase overtook and sank the two German torpedo-boats that had accompanied the submarine on her cruise. The destroyer Recruit was on patrol duty when the submarine sank her. The vessel signaled for assistance, and her call was answered by the trawler Daisy, and 30 men out of her complement of 65 were saved. British torpedo-boats destroyed eight in the distance two German torpedo-boats, which had sunk the trawler Colombia and apparently were supporting a submarine, engaged the Germans in the vicinity of the North Hinder light and sank them. The British boats rescued some of the crews of the Germans.

TORPEDO SINKS U. S. SHIP

A German Submarine Makes Attack Off Sicily Islands.

London.—The American oil tank steamship Gulflight was sunk by a German submarine off the Sicily Islands, according to a dispatch to the Central News Agency. The Gulflight sailed from Port Arthur, Tex., April 10, for Rouen, France.

The captain died from heart failure as a result of shock, and two seamen jumped overboard and were drowned. The other members of the crew were taken off by a patrolboat and landed. The vessel was towed into Crow Sound and beached.

Washington.—Pending an official investigation of the circumstances of the wrecking of the American steamer Gulflight in the English Channel, the United States government will defer diplomatic representations, as well as any pronouncement of policy.

PLIGHT OF A POET.

His Vivid Imagination Once Nearly Got Coleridge in Trouble.

From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie. As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand he absently thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.

The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed: "What! So young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetic boy of an attempt at pocket picking.

With some fright and a few tears the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fail him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Chesapeake—Westminster Gazette.

ORDER OF THE BATH.

It Was a Realistic Ceremony in the Time of Charles II.

The last Knights of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II, when various rites and ceremonies, one of which was bathing, were enforced. According to Froissart, the court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been undressed by his equires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words "May this be an honorable bath to you" and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry.

As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offered a taper to the honor of God and a penny piece to the honor of the king. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, received from the royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the king exclaiming: "Arise, Sir—"

and then embraced him, saying: "Be thou a good knight and true."—London Strand Magazine.

"Choir." Churchgoers who follow the service in their prayer books would certainly miss the "dear old phrase" concerning "quires and places where they sing," and in time the old fashioned "quiers" may be made new fashioned again by the coming of rationalized spelling. "Choir" was a most unnecessary outrage upon the language. The old English "quer" or "quere" became quite naturally "quyer" or "quiere," and so it remained until the end of the seventeenth century, when somebody seems to have introduced "choir" because it looked more like the French "choeur," as if that were a valid reason. There could have been no danger of confusing a church "quiere" and a "quiere" of paper, which is a different word, the French "quiere," probably from Latin "quaternarius," a collection of four leaves.—London Standard.

By Proxy Perhaps. A well known metropolitan choral conductor was once holding voice trials preliminary to the organization of a colored choral club of jubilee singers. One of the soprano applicants was extremely reticent when asked to sing a scale. Finally the director, becoming impatient, asked, "What's the matter—don't you sing?" "Well," she hesitatingly replied, "not pubescently."

The Golden
BellsStrange Story of Crime and
Repentance in China

By ELBERTA BRYANT

Harkness opened the package the chief clerk had placed before him with a brief message:

"This was left by a district messenger boy, with the request to open it at once."

Left alone, Harkness picked at the red silk cord that bound the paper covered package.

A feeling of repugnance against its unknown contents delayed his movements.

"What can it be—a bomb?" he asked himself, only to smile at the absurdity of such a thought. He hadn't an enemy in the world, and his business as an insurance agent did not tend to form enemies.

The telephone bell at his elbow trilled sharply.

He lifted the receiver to his ear, glad of the interruption of his task and irritated at himself because he was glad.

"Well?" he asked sharply.

"Mr. Harkness?" inquired a man's bland voice at the other end of the wire.

"Yes."

"Have you opened the package?"

"What business is it of yours?" stammered Harkness angrily, as he slammed the receiver on its hook and picked up the offending package.

It was a most inoffensive looking object—flat and square—perhaps twelve inches by two inches in depth.

The red cord slipped off, and the soft tissue wrappings were torn aside, revealing a lacquered box of Chinese workmanship.

Involuntarily Harkness shuddered, as he always did at the mere suggestion of anything connected with the orient, especially China and her people.

He had been born there, and his parents—abolitionists—had both been massacred during an uprising in one of the interior provinces.

As a small boy he had been brought home to his relatives in California; and the memory of his parents' tragic death had engendered a bitterness in his heart which time could not erase.

With increasing distaste he touched the box—lifted the lid.

On a bed of soft green brocade lay a string of golden bells. On each bell were traced Chinese characters.

There were seven little bells in all. "What the devil?" he muttered.

Just then the telephone tinkled again. Once more he lifted the receiver.

"Well?"

Once more he heard that bland voice. "Have you opened the box, Mr. Harkness?" it asked.

"Confound your impudence! Yes, I have!"

"And you found a string of seven golden bells?" pursued the voice.

Reluctantly Harkness admitted that he had found the bells.

"What is it all about anyway?" he impatiently demanded.

"You will take the string of seven bells and preserve them carefully, only showing them when requested to do so."

"Well?"

Once more he heard that bland voice. "Have you opened the box, Mr. Harkness?" it asked.

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From that crowd a hand reached out and thrust an envelope into Harkness' grasp.

Before he could turn and identify the unknown messenger the crowd had dissolved.

Harkness did not open the letter until he was in his room at the hotel where he lived.

There was no address on the envelope, not even his name. He ripped it open and several objects dropped upon the table. These he examined with amazed interest.

One was a packet of five new, crisp \$100 bills.

Another was a steamship ticket to Shanghai, with a memo stating that the Futuria sailed the next morning at dawn.

The third inclosure was a little note, evidently written in a disguised hand:

"Remember, have eaten the heart of the slayers of your parents. Find the golden fan and place the bells upon it; then will the grave of your parents be discovered to you and recompense be made."

Left alone, Harkness picked at the red silk cord that bound the paper covered package.

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You may like them to your country. The golden fan appears in that block of granite."

Harkness pushed the stone from its mossy bed and found on the underside a crevice. This he pried at with the blade of his knife until a small portion of the stone dropped out, leaving an aperture into which he could thrust his hand.

Inside the hollowed block his fingers came in contact with a narrow object, which proved to be a box wrapped in many thicknesses of oiled silk.

The box was carved from soapstone, and when Harkness lifted the lid he exclaimed in wonderment at the beauty of the fan folded within.

When it was opened it proved to be composed of many strips of thin gold diaphane, set with precious stones. The handle was of ivory.

"What are these curious little hooks for?" asked Harkness.

"Hang your golden bells upon them, as they were the day your parents were killed. The murderers plotted to

steal the fan and lost courage when it was too late, so they took the bells, and now they are given back to you."

"And the guilty ones?" asked Harkness.

"Have repented and made restitution. Is it not enough?" asked the man gravely.

Several months later Harkness married his Molly.

Nowhere in their modest bungalow on the Oakland hills can you find a trace of the golden fan, for the precious bauble went to enrich the collection of a great museum, while the money it brought built a home for Harkness and his bride.

Back of the bungalow, on a little hill shaded by splendid maples, are the graves of Harkness' parents, brought from the isolated burying ground in China through the instrumentality of an Asiatic's remorse and desire to make restitution.

And if Harkness and his wife secretly believe that Tinglatoo, the silk merchant, was the guilty man no one is the wiser for their suspicions.

Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed, it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of that name. It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found a means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.—London Globe.

A Big Birdcage.

A very peculiar institution in the New York zoo is what is known as the "flying birdcage." This magnificent aviary is the largest of its kind in the world, being 55 feet high, 72 feet wide and 150 feet long. Large oak and other trees grow in this cage, and the birds live within its wire netting bounds in the utmost freedom. The frame of the cage is built of iron pipes, which are covered over with this meshed netting.

Epping Forest.

Epping forest, which is preserved by the corporation of London as a people's pleasure ground, comprises 5,300 acres.

Rare and Well Done.

Reporter.—It was a rare sight. City Editor.—When you write the story I want it well done.—Judge.

Contrary Efforts.

"The man who forced the indorsement of his friend went to the bank to cash the check."

"Well."

"The friend went immediately after him to check the cash"—Baltimore American.

A Great Principle.

"Forgive your enemies," said the earnest man. "That's good religion."

"Yes," replied Senator Burgham, "and sometimes it's good politics too."

Too Long.

Maud—Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married? Marie—Too long. He hasn't got a cent left.—Boston Transcript.

SWEET
SIXTEEN

Were They Different?

By AURANIA ELLERBECK
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

In the alcove leading from their bedroom sat the judge and Mrs. Parker.

"There comes Dean Cutler," indifferently remarked Mrs. Parker after a desultory glance at the walk below where she espied a boy of twenty striding up the steps.

"You don't think there's anything serious in his attentions?" asked the judge.

"Thomas!" exclaimed his wife in eloquent denial. "The idea! Virginia and Dean are still boy and girl together. He's barely twenty and she's just sixteen. Mine children! If she's been moping lately it's because he hasn't asked her to the dance tomorrow night. But as for anything serious between them—what put such nonsense into your head?"

"Oh, nothing!" he hesitated, glanced