

Weekly Crop Bulletin

Portland, Or., Tuesday, April 14, 1903.

The past week has been unseasonably cool, with frequent rains and some buries of snow. Sharp frosts occurred on several mornings, and in some localities thin ice formed. Considerable plowing and seeding was done in the Columbia River valley and the coast counties but little outside work was accomplished owing to the wet weather.

Work on summer fallow continues, and in southern Oregon the ground is being prepared for corn. Fall and spring-sown grain have made little advancement. The rains started grass and pasture, and the condition of stock is somewhat improved. Work in the hop yards continues; the vines are growing nicely and have a healthy appearance.

Early planted gardens are making slow growth. The cold weather checked the development of fruit buds, and with the possible exception of early peaches, the frosts have done little or no damage.

There has been a perceptible increase in the supply of milk in the dairy districts and it is expected that all of the creameries will be in operation by the close of next week.

Knappa, Clatsop county, W. H. Radcliffe.—Week wet and cold, with frost and hail; heavy frost and about one inch of snow on morning of the tenth. Little farm work done; grass and oats starting slowly. Gardens backward; some early fruit trees budding.

Nehalem, Tillamook county, E. K. Scoval.—Cold rains. Fruit buds swelling; grass backward; stock generally in fair condition. Not much gardening done yet.

Harlan, Lincoln county, A. L. Hathaway.—Weather cold and rainy. Peaches and cherries in bloom; rye growing some; goat shearing nearly done.

Point Terrace, Lane county, S. J. Allison.—Weather changeable; gardening backward; early gardens doing well; grass growing nicely; peach and pear trees in bloom. Cattle in good condition, except those that have been scorched lately.

Gardiner, Douglas county, O. P. Hinesdale.—The weather has turned warmer, and the light rains have given grass a good start. Cattle will begin to pick up very fast now. Fruit trees budding.

A Swift Repentance

Singular that I should be an officer; that I should be marching in the place of a second lieutenant in the rear of the company; that I should be in Santiago de Cuba. I have no remembrance of having been graduated. Yesterday we were marching to and from the mess hall. Yesterday I got befogged in that problem of analytical geometry. Besides, how did I get here? I don't remember coming—no railway ride, no troupship, no debarkation.

"I say, you, there, Bob Truman, how did we of the second class get into this war?"

"Graduated a year ahead."

"But what did we come on?"

"Lightning express to Tampa, then over the water in a balloon."

"Singular."

There was a rattling ahead with drawing my attention from what had happened to what was happening. One captain faced about and gave an order to march from column into line. We struggled through tangled bushes, and there like raindrops pelted the leaves. But twilight was coming, and then it was dark. The firing ahead ceased.

It seemed I was worn out; that I had been with the army from the first and had been over every inch of the road from the coast to our present position before Santiago.

"Will they yield tomorrow, do you think?" asked a pale faced boy, staggering up to me, "and let us get out of this dreadful country?"

"Don't know, I'm suffocating with the heat."

Then it was dawn. The full moon was in the sky far to the west, large and round and pale. When I first looked at it, I thought it a great white bird. I wondered if it were not a bird. No, it isn't the moon, sure enough. No, it isn't a big bombshell. It is sailing right for me. As it comes it is turning black. That shows it's a shell surely.

It comes on and on, passing directly over our heads and goes down slowly to the rear without stopping.

There is that Gatling gun again. Th-r-r-r-r-r from left to right, then th-r-r-r-r-r from right to left. Now stillness, now a distant growl, an oath, an order, anything, everything—everything that is horrible.

Hear that frightful shriek! Some woman leaving the starving city. She must be Spanish, and some brutal Cuban.

That's fainter, more plaintive. O heavens, it's a baby's cry. What an awful thing is war that even a babe must go down under it! A moan—the mother's doubtless—then stillness—a stillness more awful than the sounds.

We are marching through these infernal tangles again, but suddenly emerge on an eminence. There is Santiago below and there are the Spanish flag and the outlying works. There is death in those redoubts on those long lines of low earth. There are driving storms of bullets and bursting rockets of shells, and the muzzles of the Gatling guns pour a destroying flood from the nozzle of a hose. We've got to go down there and take them. Yes, take them if we are torn into slivers. Why don't they shoot? I'd rather hear an occasional shot, see a puff of smoke than see that silence. Yes, see it. I can almost hear it.

All is lively enough now. There are volleys near, volleys far; cannon booming, men shouting, horses neighing, Gatling guns th-r-r-r-ring, all mingled in one gigantic roar.

"Wire fence nippers here!"

"Bring up those guns!"

"Turn about, there, my man, or I'll run you through! The enemy is in the other direction!"

"Water! Water!"

"Oh, God! I'm hit!"

I put my canteen to the lips of the man who called for water and cast a glance at the man who was hit, when the captain ordered me to stop those who were trying to go back.

Next I was lying on my back, clutching a wound in my left side. The blood was pouring out like water. A Cuban girl was bending over me holding my canteen to my lips. What a peaceful face! What a contrast with the frightful thing called war! Oh, that those eyes could look into mine forever! Oh, that that tress of hair that has come down and is blown by a breath of air across my cheek might thus lightly touch it during a lifetime!

Again I am pushing on toward those earthworks. They are pouring forth fire enough now. Singular that in such a storm of missiles I am not hit.

"Look out!"

"What is it?"

"A mine! A mine! Run for your lives!"

"Boom!"

There is a terrible explosion. I am in my bed in barracks at West Point. The morning gun has just been fired. I am lying on my left side, and my heart is throbbing like a drum. Bob Truman, my roommate, is rubbing his eyes with his fists trying to wake himself up.

"I say, Bob, what a queer dream I've had."

"H'm."

"Dreamed we were graduated a year ahead and in the Santiago campaign."

"That campaign's an old story now. I should want something fresher."

"The Spaniards exploded a mine and blew us all up. It was the morning gun. It awakened me."

"That's a trick of dreams. Some incident occupying a second will produce a dream running through a month. It proves conclusively that there's no such thing as time."

"Well, if that's war I don't want any of it. I've a mind to resign as soon as I graduate. I expect the real thing is no fun."

THE RELIEF AND AID COMMITTEEMAN

[Original.]

I was cashier of Scott's state bank, and Mr. Scott and the public had every confidence in me. Nevertheless I determined to avail myself of my opportunities to rifle the safe and skip out.

Between the 4th and 11th of September I arranged the details for my flight and concluded to work them out on the night of the 13th. On that evening at half past 5 the night watchman notified me that his wife had died. I excused him from watching that night.

At 7 o'clock I went to the bank, pulled down the shades, lighted the gas and in the course of twenty minutes had packed every dollar in the vaults into a satchel provided for the purpose. This satchel I placed on a chair outside the railing and had sat down for a smoke when there was a rap at the door. I knew it was one of our force, but hardly expected to see the president himself.

"I expected it was you," he said as he entered: "always the last to go. You are working too hard and must take a rest. At a meeting of the board today it was decided to give you a month's leave and a gift of \$500 cash."

I don't remember what I said in reply, but I do remember that something like horror seized upon me at the idea of my own business. Right here with in reach of his hand was the money I intended to flee with, and yet he was lavish in his praise of my integrity.

He remained only a brief time, and soon after his departure I went outside to walk about and plan a little. I hadn't given up the idea of robbery and flight, but a still, small voice was whispering to me when a hand was laid on my arm, and I turned to confront the leading merchant of the town.

"Look here," he said as we walked along arm in arm, "I've always done business with Gleason because I found everything all right, but I'm going to begin with you tomorrow. Gleason is as good as gold himself, but I don't fancy his new cashier. He's a high roller, I hear, and some day he may turn up missing with all the bundle he can carry. No fear of that in your case."

And I had \$107,000 all packed up and was only waiting for train time to become a robber.

"Everybody is speaking in your praise," he continued, "and you deserve all that is said. Just keep a level head and you'll find the road to honor and wealth."

When he left me, I had to lean against a dead wall for support. The sound of his footsteps was still in my ears when I suddenly felt that I was saved. There had been a terrible struggle of conscience, but right had triumphed at last. I was pulling myself together to return to the bank when a woman accosted me by name and said: "How lucky I happened to see you. I was on my way down to Black's to see if he wouldn't take charge of this package till tomorrow. It's money I got only two hours ago—\$2,000."

"Come in here, and I'll give you a receipt."

"Never mind that. We all know you and trust you."

Her parting words gave me a shiver. How little they knew me. I had one more trial to undergo. Almost at the door of the bank I met two business men of high standing who were holding an animated conversation.

"Heard the news?" queried one as I came up.

"What is it?"

"You remember the clerk in my brother's office in Philadelphia who skipped out two years ago with \$30,000? Well, he's been overhauled. He went to Peru, no doubt expecting to have grand times. It seems that everybody soon knew he was a thief, and he was an object of contempt. He wandered about, always a marked man, and at last was so overcome with shame and degradation that he asked to be arrested and sent back. He was despised, insulted and plundered, and he did not have one hour's solid comfort out of his funds. He will go to prison for ten or fifteen years, and he might as well die then. Say, isn't it a curious thing that men will so destroy themselves?"

"Take your own case," added the other as he placed a hand on my shoulder. "You are young, but respected, trusted and honored and on the sure road to wealth. You might get \$100,000 from the bank and get away, but would that compensate you for the sacrifice? No. Even a million wouldn't. I tell you, the man who has got to outlaw himself to enjoy his plunder must see days when he would almost give his life to be set back in the position he once held."

I passed on into the bank and carefully locked the door behind me. My knees were so weak that I had to rest for a good twenty minutes. Even my hair was sopping wet with perspiration.

When I felt strong enough, I carried the satchel to the vault, opened the doors and replaced the money, and it was not until the iron doors were locked again that I felt sure I had won.

There would be no watchman that night. I had planned it so. I took off my coat, kicked off my shoes and made myself comfortable in an armchair. I did not feel sleepy, but when the day porter came at 7 in the morning to relieve the watchman I was sound asleep. It had got to the ears of the officers that I had sacrificed my night because of the death of the watchman's wife, and the president feelingly said:

"Bless the dear boy! He's a man out of a million!"

Am I still cashier? Well, never mind about that. I am still regarded as an honest man, and I doubt if you could make any of my business friends believe that I had ever been tempted for an instant.

M. QUAD.

THE MORNING GUN

[Original.]

In the rooms of the relief and aid committee to distribute funds contributed to sufferers by the great Chicago fire of 1871 Edward Tucker, a committeeman, sat writing.

"Can you tell me how to secure aid?" Tucker looked up into the kindly, patient face of an old woman who was a faded, threadbare dress that many years before must have been costly.

"Have you been burned out, madam?" he asked.

"Well, no, not exactly, but we are somewhat straitened in our circumstances. My husband was a banker. He died many years ago and left us without anything to live on, and" (confidentially) "I wasn't brought up right. My father had been rich. I couldn't take hold for myself."

"What was your husband's name?"

"Plumber—Ralph B. Plumber of Plumber & Chubb, bankers."

Mr. Tucker started.

"You know him?"

"Yes. That is many years ago. He was a great deal older than I and rich. I was a poor boy then. Give me your address, Mrs. Plumber."

She gave him an address which Tucker noted, and the old lady withdrew. Tucker took a checkbook from his desk and wrote a check. Then stepping to a man who sat at another desk he said:

"Exchange check for that, please, payable to Mrs. Ralph B. Plumber."

The check was duly made out, and Tucker went to his room to prepare for dinner, which he usually took at his club. As he entered he sighted. No one was ever in the room but himself and a servant. It was a dreary place, though it was handsomely furnished. Tucker sat down and brooded for awhile, as he had brooded many a time before, on the fact that with all his means for the procurement of a home he had no home. Why was he not married? There were a dozen women among the wealthy people with whom he moved who had angled for him. Perhaps it was because they angled that he did not care to marry them. Presently he arose languidly and made his toilet. He dined alone at his club and after dinner set out to find Mrs. Plumber.

He was admitted by a girl of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, bearing the same impress of refinement as her mother. She resembled her father, especially as Tucker had known him when he was perhaps ten years older than the daughter was now. Typewriting and had finished my studies and secured a situation. Now I wish, Mr. Tucker, that you would give me some hint as to how I may show you my appreciation of your kindly interest which has resulted in these checks."

"There is but one way and that would be asking too much."

"Name it, and I promise you it shall be done."

"If not repugnant to you."

"Nothing I can do for you would be repugnant to me."

"You will not think me selfish?"

"I am sure you could never be selfish. Come, tell me what is this return?"

"Marry me."

The girl looked at him as though she did not understand.

"Marry you?"

"No, never mind. I'm too old—and prosaic. I've not been brought up in the refined way you have. I had to scratch on my young days. And now I'm on my shortcomings. I may as well confess that the relief and aid money you have received did not come from the committee at all. It is merely a return of money loaned me by your father when I was sixteen years old and a clerk in his bank. He advanced me \$500 to start with in business. I returned the amount, but think of the money it enabled me to make! I consider you and your mother entitled to half my fortune. No; for me to aspire to the hand of Mr. Plumber's daughter is absurd."

For the moment he was again the office boy, Margaret Plumber the banker's daughter. Margaret continued to stare at him as he proceeded, then the whole meaning of it all seemed to break upon her, and she threw herself into his arms.

"Your mother called this morning at the relief and aid committee's room, and I have called to examine the case," said Tucker in a kindly tone. He was introduced into the living room, where Mrs. Plumber received him with astonishment, and he sat down on a chair with holes in the seat almost large enough to let him through. He asked Mrs. Plumber about her resources; then, apparently satisfied that it was a proper case for the committee to relieve, took out its check for \$500. Mrs. Plumber, to whom he handed it, was too dazed at receiving a check at all to notice the amount and turned it over to her daughter. Margaret Plumber glanced at it and handed it back to Tucker, with the remark that there must be some mistake. It was some time before he could convince the two of the extreme liberality of the committee in their case.

Tucker called often, every time bringing a check signed by the cashier of the relief and aid society till the abode of the Plumbers was palatial and furnished and their wardrobes renewed.

He took Margaret Plumber out to amusements and to drive and spent many an evening with her at her home. One evening he brought a check from the relief and aid society which Margaret declined. "There is no further occasion," she said, "for this assistance. I have been studying shorthand and

Battleships to Go Abroad.

The proposition of the navy department to send the entire battleship division of the north Atlantic naval force for a summer cruise in European waters is not a bad one. As compared with the vast naval armament of Great Britain, this battleship squadron might not be regarded as especially formidable, though it is the strongest formation ever maintained by the United States as a permanent war unit in time of peace. It consists of seven battleships, a majority of them fine new vessels, more formidable than the armor clad division which blockaded Santiago and

knocked out Cervera's fleet. These battleships are the Kearsarge, the Alabama, the Illinois, the Maine, the Iowa, the Massachusetts and the Indiana.

While the purpose of sending abroad these magnificent fighting machines is of course not to frighten anybody, it may give the Europeans a modest hint that we are still in the procession, and, though disclaiming any intention of showing Europe in a boastful manner our naval prowess, we are not averse to letting them see what we can do in the way of splendid gunnery. The efficiency of the north Atlantic battleship division is said to be a matter of great pride to the navy department, and what the great naval men of Europe witness in the line of superb target practice they may put in their pipes and smoke at their leisure.

No doubt there will be much comment in the European capitals on this new naval departure on the part of the United States, but nowhere can it be regarded as a menace or unfriendly demonstration. It can be interpreted only as one of those "peace movements" of which the nations are latterly so fond of speaking. In this we are simply putting our best ships where they will show to the best advantage. Possibly it may stir up some reflections in certain quarters as to what is behind the Monroe doctrine, but that will do no harm.

ANCIENT MARINERS.

Queer Beliefs They Held About the Unexplored Ocean.

The landlocked Mediterranean, which was the only sea known to the Romans and Greeks of twenty odd centuries ago, was filled with mysterious terrors, while the more distant lands bordering on it were the abodes of wonders and strange peoples. Gods of monstrous shapes ruled the waters, enchanting sirens dwelt on the islets and rocks, and on the dry land beyond were to be found weird enchantresses, fire breathing beasts, fierce pygmies and dreadful cannibals. Adventurous voyagers who got as far as the pillars of Hercules, now called the strait of Gibraltar, brought back intelligence that the great ocean beyond was not navigable. It was part of the mighty river which flowed around the flat earth in an unending stream.

Tradition says that there was in those times at Gibraltar a stone pillar 100 cubits high, with a brass statue on it and an inscription stating this to be the limit of navigation. Beyond was a "sea of darkness," infested with terrors beyond the power of the imagination to conceive. Occasionally a bold navigator did, nevertheless, venture outside into the Atlantic, but was compelled to turn back very quickly. A whirlwind would arise and threaten to swamp the vessel, or, more alarming still, a gigantic hand, supposed to be that of Satan, would emerge from the ocean of eternal gloom and warn back the mariners.

Not merely on these accounts was the ocean impracticable for ships. It was reported to be so dense with saltiness and so crowded with seaweeds and huge beasts that headway could not be made through it. Even up to the time of Columbus such beliefs prevailed, and his crews were terrified on entering the Sargossa sea by the weeds and rains.

THE CITY OF MEKINEZ.

One of the Royal Residences of the Sultan of Morocco.

There is no more interesting city in Morocco than Mekinez. Founded and built by Mulai Ismail, the tyrannical sultan who reigned through the middle of the eighteenth century, it still displays the extraordinary buildings which he caused to be erected, largely by the aid of Christian slaves. Today it is impossible even to guess the purposes for which many of these masses of masonry were constructed. Walls of great thickness, some wide enough to drive a carriage and pair along, are met with in the most unexpected places, running here parallel, here at right angles to one another, and seeming as though built for no purpose except for the employment of the vast number of forced laborers that Mulai Ismail always kept at his court. Here and there are gateways of great beauty, such as the del-

icate tower gate or "Mansour el-Aq," with its large marble columns and Corinthian capitals, supporting buttresses of gray stone and arabesque, but on the whole it is rather the vastness of the buildings than any artistic value that is remarkable.

The old palaces of Mulai Ismail are in ruins today, and each sultan in his turn has erected new residences till the imperial palace today consists of a collection of buildings of every shape and size, scattered among gardens enclosed by high walls. A tower, which was uncompleted at the time of the late sultan's death, remains today just as the workmen left it, with the scaffolding still standing. Adjoining the palace is a large park, in which are kept a number of mares, ostriches and gazelles.

The city itself is tolerably clean, and possesses no particular features that are not common to all Moorish towns. The entrance of the principal mosque is striking, with great bronze doors said to have been brought by the Moors from Spain. The shops are comparatively few, and the trade, payer large—London Times.

Eating a Prickly Pear.

My first sad experience of the African prickly pear was gained on a visit to the market place of Algiers. The fruit was handed to us, politely peeled by the Arab dealer, and thus as we made acquaintance with its delightful coolness no suspicion of its evil qualities entered our minds.

A few days later, adding the excitement of a little trespassing to the more legitimate pleasures of a country ramble, we came upon a well laden group of prickly pear bushes and could not resist the temptation to help ourselves to some of the fruit. The result was woeful.

Concentrated essence of stinging nettles seemed all at once to be assailing hands, lips and tongue, and our skin, wherever it had come in contact with the ill natured fruit, was covered with a thick crop of minute, bristly hairs, apparently growing from it, and venomous and irritating to the last degree.

Our silk gloves, transformed suddenly into miniature robes of Nessus, had to be thrown away, perfectly unwearable, and the inadvertent use of our pocket handkerchiefs before we had fully realized the extent of our misfortune caused fresh agonies, in which nose as well as lips participated. For many a day did the retribution of that theft haunt us in the form of myriads of tiny stings.—Home Life on an Ostrich Farm.

A GIRL TO TRUST.

So Thought President Lincoln When He Handed Her a Pass.

During the civil war Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden, and looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room, Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted.

A. LINCOLN.

SPRING TROUBLES

Few feel well in the spring; the blood is out of order and liver is inactive. The usual symptoms are loss of appetite, debility, dizziness, feeling, skin eruptions, headache, coated tongue, constipation and pain in back or sides. You may not be sick, but it will be easy to get sick. The remedy that gives just the help needed is

Sengstacken's Active Blood Purifier

It makes the blood rich and pure, increases the vitality of the liver, stimulates digestion and keeps you at your best. Price \$1.00.

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