

# Mosier Bulletin

Issued Each Friday  
MOSIER.....OREGON

## EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

**Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.**

The widow of Claus Spreckles has been awarded \$3,000,000 of her husband's estate.

It now seems as though the Chicago streetcar men will win their fight with the company.

William R. Wallace has been chosen for the Democratic candidate for mayor of Salt Lake.

James J. Hill says too many people are going to the cities instead of staying on the farm.

Thousands of acres of pasture and wood land has been burned over in Sonoma county, Cal., by forest fires.

Peary reiterates that he is the only white man who ever saw the Pole and promises to disprove Cook's claim.

David E. Thompson, United States ambassador to Mexico, has secured control of the Pan-American railroad, a line 244 miles long.

The port of Mulego, on the east coast of Lower California, was overwhelmed by a tidal wave September 4. Considerable property was destroyed.

By the election of J. P. Morgan, Jr., as director in a Harriman bank, harmonious relations are shown to exist between the Morgan and the Kuhn-Loeb-Standard Oil group of financiers.

Dewey says the United States needs a larger navy.

It is said the Harriman estate will not be divided.

The Peary-Cook controversy has grown very bitter in New York.

Rear Admiral Schley favors Cook, notwithstanding that Peary is a navy man.

Sweden has taken steps to end the labor war. Arbitration will be insisted upon.

The biennial convention of the national association of machinists is in session at Denver.

It is expected that 10,000 delegates will attend the Eagles' national convention at Omaha.

St. John's Catholic church, New Orleans, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. Losses \$200,000.

General Reyes says he has never been a candidate for the vice presidential nomination in Mexico.

New York, fears a tong war in its Chinatown, and has sent scores of additional police to that section.

Cardinal Gibbons says that while he should like to see prohibition, rule, he does not believe the present move will be successful.

Fairbanks has left China on his way to Manila.

The Santa Fe has withdrawn its orders for fast trains from the East.

Burglars succeeded in getting away with jewelry valued at \$100,000 in Pittsburgh.

Spanish forces in Morocco have been greatly reinforced and now hope to defeat the Moors.

The first snow has fallen in Montana. Should it continue much uncut grain will be damaged.

Hill has attacked the Southern Pacific land grant in order to force an entrance into Southern California.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound road has offered to carry mail from Chicago to Puget sound in 59 hours.

Pernicious anemia and oedema of the lungs was the chief cause of Harriman's death, according to Dr. Lyie, his physician.

Ex-President Roosevelt has been named as a delegate to the world's missionary conference at Edinburgh, Scotland, next June 14 to 24.

Peary says he will prove Cook was never at the Pole.

Harriman lines are not likely to have any more one-man power.

Canadians are determined to re-open the Bering sea sealing question.

Harriman stocks did not drop on the stock exchange as was expected.

Lord Roseberry has left the British Radical party and joined the Liberals.

The first drawing in the Cuban national lottery yielded the government \$100,000 profit.

Latest advices say 10,000 lives were lost in the earthquake which destroyed Acapulco, Mexico.

Chicago carmen are again endeavoring to arrange for arbitration with the streetcar company.

The situation in Northern Mexico is still serious and there is much suffering among the people.

Unusual building operations throughout the United States is reported for August. Portland shows an increase of 29 per cent.

J. P. Morgan has offered financial aid to Explorer Cook.

Wireless messages from the Pacific fleet report it near Honolulu.

Harriman's fortune is variously estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

British people are inclined to favor Cook against Peary after reading the latter's story.

During his trip through the West Taft will explain the new tariff bill in his speeches.

Government suits involving title to oil land in California will be delayed by the death of Harriman.

### FOREST FIRES RAGE.

Blaze Threatens Many Ranches and California Resorts.

San Francisco, Sept. 15.—Several thousand men are engaged in a dozen counties of this state in fighting numerous forest fires that threaten ranch and resort buildings, as well as many square miles of valuable timber lands. As a result of these conflagrations unusual heat prevails along the coast. Great damage already has been done to ranch houses and several groups of summer resort hotels and tent cottages have been destroyed.

The most serious fires reported today are in Northern Sonoma, Western Nampa, Mendocino, Santa Cruz, Lake and Los Angeles counties. In Nampa county, where Walter Springs was destroyed and the cottages and tent houses at Burk's sanitarium were badly damaged, the fire burned itself out today, but in the hills near Preston the flames are spreading.

In the vicinity of Ukiah the whole country is ablaze. Fire fighters are back firing to save the city from destruction. In the vicinity of Calistoga the conflagration that threatened that town last night has been controlled. A hundred men from St. Helena succeeded in saving suburban residents scattered through the foothills. Near Watsonville a fire has been burning for two days, spreading in the direction of Gilroy.

Rangers succeeded in saving the big trees. Thousands of acres in the foot hills west of Donoran valley, Lake county, have been swept by the flames, but they are now under control. For a time the oil region around Whitties was in danger. Most of the fires so far reported originated at points where campers had left embers or from sparks from engines.

### WOULD REFORM FINANCES.

President Opens Western Tour at Boston With Revelations.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 15.—President Taft yesterday began his tour of the country, by coming to this city from Beverly in an automobile, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, his daughter and Professor and Mrs. Louis Moore, and making a speech at the Boston Commercial club, which was devoted mainly to a discussion of financial reform.

The president revealed that the Monetary commission will recommend the establishment of a central bank and that Senator Aldrich intends to stump the country in order to arouse interest in his plan of financial reform. He also dwelt on the need of reform in the interstate commerce and anti-trust laws and strongly deprecated sectionalism, either between East or West or North or South.

The president said he was going to take his Western trip because he believed it would enable him to be a much more efficient president and make him better acquainted with the needs of that great section. He also outlined some of the matters to be submitted to the next congress.

### SEPARATION IDEA GROWS.

Southern California Taxpayers Begin Spreading Propaganda.

Los Angeles, Sept. 15.—Members of executive committees appointed at a mass meeting of taxpayers in Symphony hall yesterday, will meet tomorrow to organize and issue a formal call for a conference to consider the formation of the state of South California.

Under the terms of the resolution the conference is to be held within 30 days. Although yesterday's meeting went on record as favoring state division, the conferences are to consider all phases of the question carefully, and to decide whether the formation of a new state is desirable. If it decides in favor of it, a convention is to be called, to which all counties and all the principal cities in Southern California will be asked to send delegates.

Boy of 80 Beats It in 10.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 15.—When Dr. B. W. Lawrence, 80 years old, lined up at the tape opposite the Holmbeck home to go against time for 50 yards an inconsiderate youth yelled "Beat it, kid." The venerable anti-careerist twiddled his white whiskers disdainfully and "beat it." He traveled that 50 yards in 10 seconds flat. The time was taken by two men, but not, of course, under sanction of the A. A. U. "I'll sign against anybody for Thanksgiving day," the aged physician said.

After Western Union.

Omaha, Sept. 15.—The New York News bureau today authorizes the statement that considerable progress has been made toward consolidating the Western Union and the American Telephone & Telegraph company. The telephone company has been trying to obtain control of the Western Union for several months, but the terms have not been agreed upon. Recently negotiations were resumed. It is understood the telephone company is seeking to secure the Gould and Sage holdings besides buying in the open market.

Canadian Scores Tariff.

Hamilton, Sept. 15.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' association began here today. President R. Hobson characterizes the condition of the American senate as violation of the trust reposed in it by the people of the United States and barren of all desire to create closer trade relations with Canada. He called upon the Canadian government to take them at their word and bring into effect the surtax act of 1909.

Tidal Wave Sweeps Port

Mexico City, Sept. 15.—The Port of Mulego, on the east coast of Lower California, was overwhelmed by a tidal wave September 4. There were several casualties and considerable property was destroyed. The tidal wave flooded the inland district for a distance of about two miles.

Mount Vesuvius in Action.

Rome, Sept. 15.—A dispatch from Portico, on the Bay of Naples, to the Giornale d'Italia says that Mount Vesuvius is active again. Guides report rumblings followed by slight seismic shocks. The small craters have been unusually active in the last few days.

## OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

### FARM SELLS FOR \$106,500.

Ashland Tract, Cultivated Since 1853, Brings Fancy Price.

Ashland—One of the biggest real estate deals in the history of this section was the sale of the E. K. Anderson farm, five miles northeast of Ashland, one of the oldest and choicest farms in the Rogue river valley to G. A. Morse for \$106,500. Mr. Morse is recently from Louisiana, and he has extensive investments in this section.

The farm disposal consists of 305 acres, the sale price being \$350 an acre. Of the tract sold 43 acres are in apple and peach trees from two to seven years old. Fifty acres are in alfalfa, the remainder being devoted to general farming. All of it is choice fruit land favorably located, and the entire tract will eventually be turned into fruit acreage.

Mr. Anderson has farmed this particular tract of land since 1853, and the farm disposal is the result of his 12 months closing with the gathering in of the sheaves. The call of the grain fields has been heard, the tremendous task of saving the harvest has been performed, the marketing of the grain is the duty which calls forth the best judgment and tact of the farmer, in this county, where to raise grain successfully rarely is the ambition of every owner of land.

Umatilla county farmers have just finished harvesting a crop of grain that will place fully \$3,000,000 in their purses. The crop will not about as much money as any produced in the county, inasmuch as the price to be received will be much higher than was taken for the "bumper" crop of 1907, when Umatilla county produced more than 1 per cent of all the wheat grown in the United States. Umatilla county is easily the grain center of Oregon, producing practically one third of all the state. There was a time when Umatilla county "took off its hat," metaphorically speaking, to the Willamette valley in the growing of grain, but that day has long since passed into history.

### Milton Growers Ship Apples.

Milton—W. E. Gibson, of the Sibley Fruit company, of Chicago, is in Milton shipping about 400 carloads of prunes bought from the Milton Fruit-growers' union. The price being paid is \$32 per ton. Last year the crop was sold for \$15 per ton. A large force of packers has been employed in the sheds for two weeks and a larger force of pickers has been engaged in gathering the fruit. The orchards owned by C. L. Stewart, C. W. Ray and John M. Brown, near Crockett, are good illustrations of the prune industry here.

### Form Colony at Dallas.

Dallas—Twenty German families are colonizing 1,000 acres of land near Dallas. The families hail from New Mexico, and are in fairly well to do circumstances. They are particularly well impressed with the soil and climate here as compared with the dry, barren lands they have been tilling. The members of the colony are all fine stockraisers, and are bringing a lot of blooded animals with them to improve the strain of already good stock. The place they have chosen comprises some of the best lands in Polk county.

### Rich Strike at Gold Hill.

Gold Hill—In the Gray Eagle mine development has opened the mine 70 feet below the first tunnel and struck a body of ore which shows values from \$1 to over \$300 per ton. A ten stamp mill is now on the way to the property, the mill having been started after the man in stockholders and directors had examined the ground carefully. In the workings a 13 foot vein has been found so far and still the foot wall has not been reached.

### Crop Prospects Good.

Klamath Falls—Recent rain throughout the entire Klamath country have put the fall range in good condition and stock is doing well. The moisture did some damage to the hay crop on the ground, but the loss is slight. Grain was not injured, but harvesting will be a few days late on account of the rains. The grain yield will be exceptionally good.

### PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 97c; club, 87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 90c; fife, 87c; Turkey red, 87c; 40-fold, 89c; Barley—Feed, \$26.50; brewing, \$27.50 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$13.15 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$14.50; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$16; cheat, \$13.14.50; grain hay, \$15.16.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 33c@36c; store, 21c@22c per pound. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candied, 31c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 15c@16c per pound; springs, 15c@16c; roosters, 9c@10c; ducks, young, 14c; geese, young, 10c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, \$1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 10c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 10c@10 1/2c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, \$1.25 per box; pears, 50c@1.25; peaches, 65c@1.25 per crate; cantaloupes, 50c@1.50; plums, 25c@75c per box; watermelons, 10c@1 1/2c per pound; grapes, 50c@1.25 per basket; casabas, \$1.75@2.25 per crate; quinces, \$1.50 per box.

Potatoes—\$1 per sack; sweet potatoes, 20c@2 1/2c per sack.

Onions—\$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4c@5c per pound; cabbage, 10c@1 1/2c; cauliflower, 75c@1.25 per dozen; celery, 50c@1; corn, 15c@20c; cucumbers, 10c@25c; onions, 12c@15c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 5c@10c; pumpkins, 1 1/2c@1 1/2c; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 35c@40c per box.

Hops—1909 Fuggles, 20c; clusters, nominal; 1908 crop, 17c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16c@23c per pound; valley, 23c@25c; mohair, choice, 24c@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top, \$4.25; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50@3.75; cows, top, \$3.25@3.50; fair to good, \$2.75; 3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$2.25; stags, \$2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8; fair to good, \$7.75@7.50; steekers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; yearlings, best, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, \$3; less on all grades; spring lambs, \$5@5.25.

## The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Motionless, we listened, and caught the regular breathing of a sleeping man, then distinguished that of another, and finally heard some one turn and grunt. In some inexplicable way, those men had happened to camp just above the spot chosen by DuPonteau to hide his chest.

I scarce dared turn and crawl away from fear of waking the sleepers, and so lay still, wondering if by any chance they could have already found the treasure, or if there might yet be an opportunity for us to remove it. Suddenly I felt Rodney grip my arm. "Listen," he breathed.

Off in the distance, clear and long, rose the oospy call. DuPonteau was in some danger.

We wriggled away from the hemlock, crawled back through the woods, and stood erect only when we reached the edge. There we swept the beach and what we could see of the Ship for signs of men, but the shore was still empty as the desert.

"Shall we run for it?" I asked.

"No," said Rodney; "if there are any men there, they're between us and the boat, or on the boat; we'll best keep close to the cliff until we get our bearings."

The advice was good; like Indians we made the fringe of the woods, keeping in shadow. When we were forced to leave this shelter we skirted the cliff, ready to crouch back at a call or to rush forward. As we neared the shadow of the hemlock I saw figures climb over the rocks of the little inland sea and head up the beach—four men, silhouetted black against the white sand, and not one of them as tall as DuPonteau.

"They haven't got him," I whispered; "at least he is not with them."

"That's queer," said Rodney. "I haven't heard a shot fired. They must have boarded the Ship."

We crossed the causeway, running lightly, and climbed on board. The deck was as empty as the beach had been when we first crossed it. I pushed below and poked in all the bunkers, but not a trace of DuPonteau was to be found. Rodney and I stood in the bow and peered across the rocks. We could see nothing save the woods and the sky.

"Well," said Rodney at last, "that takes the cake. He's vanished, vanished, cleared out, and I dare say we'll never see his get-up-and-go again. This thing's getting positively spooky, Selden. Are you sure that the man was flesh and blood?"

"I certainly thought so," I answered.

"That he came in the middle of the night, and he's gone at the same time. Strange! Where on earth could he go?"

"Search me," said Rodney. "I thought the adventure was almost too real to be true. Such things don't happen, you know—that is, not so conveniently—within a day's ride of New York. He considered the matter gravely. 'But what will Barbara say if she finds we haven't kept by him?'"

"I was thinking of that myself," I answered, looking blankly at him.

"The ship broke into a laugh—such an infectious laugh that I couldn't help joining him. 'I dare say we're different in most ways, Selden,' he said, 'but we're alike in one. Well, here's how,' and he held out his hand to me.

"We shook hands half seriously, half in jest, and I took back all the unkind things I had ever thought about him.

"We turned and went down the deck on the outside of the mast. I heard Rodney exclaim and saw him stop and look at the rail where his hand rested. A small gold ring was fastened to the edge. He peered over the side, and then, to my utter amazement, began to throw off his clothes.

"What on earth—" I began, but Rodney only chuckled, and finished undressing. Then he stepped into the sea and came the oospy cry, clear, quavering to a minor cadence. I slipped over the side, crossed the rocks, and dived into the waves.

I pulled on the chain and up came a bundle of clothes wraped in DuPonteau's cloak. Then I understood, and followed Rodney's example.

Never have I known such a swim as that, in the mystery of starlight, through a sea that seemed made of silver. We found DuPonteau by his cry and followed him, resting now and then to beat on the silver surface, and again racing hand over hand out through the mystery. We were no longer men, but free sea creatures, in our own element, undismayed.

We swam in a great circle, and at last DuPonteau led us back to the Ship. Day was breaking far out, beyond the Shifting Shoal. "I saw them coming," he said, "and so I hung my clothes from the side and took to the waves. They found nothing; perchance now they think me a ghost."

"I told him our experience in searching for the chest, and he showed a great deal of perturbation, but finally came to the wise conclusion that we could do nothing in regard to it then.

It was my turn below, and I fell asleep in a glorious glow from the swim, just as the sky was shading pink.

### CHAPTER XIII.

When I awoke I found Rodney seated on the cabin table.

"Morning, Selden," he exclaimed. "By the way, who is Monsieur DuPonteau?"

I shook my head, and gave the question no more time ago. How about breakfast?"

"I was thinking of that myself," said Rodney. "I don't mind being a hero, but I prefer to play the part on a full stomach."

"I'll signal Charles," I went up on deck, and found that the sun was high up, and shining on a glorious summer world. I fastened a napkin to the broken stump of the mast.

Fifteen minutes later we saw my canoe steer cautiously about the point of the cliff beyond my house and poke its nose in the direction of the Ship. Charles brought the tiny craft alongside of us.

"They're watching the house closely," Mr. Felix," he said. "It was all I could do to get down to the river without their following."

The canoe had brought us hot coffee, eggs and rolls. We breakfasted in state in the cabin, with Charles to wait upon us. He had little news, beyond the fact that the pines were patrolled by a number of men.

After breakfast we passed the time as best we could, but the morning went slowly, and we were glad when lunch was ready. This was a meagre meal, made

live mystery somewhere, and our friend Pierre is a somebody, though whether the Wandering Jew or the lost Napoleon I can't say. Suffice it, he's got a treasure chest, and it's up to us to sit on it so tight that none of its pieces-of-eight can filter through."

Fortunately the night was cloudy, and about eleven we were ready to start. I had never felt so completely the desperado before. We were all three armed with revolvers. I carried a coil of rope wound about my waist, and Rodney's dark lantern which Charles had found in the cottage. DuPonteau was the least excited. He took command of our expedition with the assurance of a born leader, and, in fact, it was only his overweening confidence that gave the scheme the least prospect of success.

Just before we left the Ship Charles joined us with two spades, and so, a party of four, we stole over the beach and into the dunes. DuPonteau led us to the pines, thence we crawled inward, lying silent after each cracking twig, straining our eyes and ears for news. When we came to the hemlock we lay four abreast and so peered over at the tent that loomed vaguely white ahead. The only sound was a loud and resonant snore.

DuPonteau crawled forward on one side of the tent, and then beckoned to me to do the same on the opposite side. When I had wriggled forward some ten feet I could look in at the tent, the sides of which were open to the summer breeze. One man lay within, sleeping. It was clear that the enemy had not expected us.

DuPonteau stole to his feet. I did likewise. He entered the tent from one side, and I from the other. With a swift movement he was over the sleeping man, and had pinned him to the bed, while he thrust a handkerchief into his mouth. The sleeper started, struggled, moaned, and lay still; I had held my revolver in his face. In a twinkling I had him bound and gagged, rolled from his bed of boughs, and laid at a little distance. While we did this Islip and Charles cut the guide-ropes, and the house of our enemies fell, collapsing like a great white balloon when the gas escapes. We cleared it away, and the place where the chest was hidden lay before us.

Then followed a strange scene for ears unaccustomed to Alastair. With ears keen for the slightest alarm, DuPonteau and I dug. Rodney hid his black lantern so as to aid us, Charles kept watch. A foot down and my spade struck wood. In five minutes the chest was uncovered. Carefully we raised it and placed it on the ground. As his hand touched the unbroken lock I thought that DuPonteau gave a little sigh of relief.

(To be continued.)

### THE ESCAPE.

Sister's Disparaging Comment Was Sidelined Just in Time.

Little Mrs. Walter Burnett, coming down stairs in her new winter suit, glanced with a shy delight at her hand to her sister-in-law. The Burnett were young, and would have been poor had they not been so rich in other things than money. Mrs. Walter had not had a winter suit since her marriage two years before, and the sensation of feeling herself again in the style made her pretty face under the brown hat as vivid as a rose. Her husband looked at her adoringly, and remarked that she was "a stunner." Her sister-in-law's approval was more classically expressed, but no less warm.

"Even your sister Sue can't find any fault with that," she said.

A bit of the brightness faded from Mrs. Burnett's face.

"Oh, Sue!" said Alastair, with a laugh that she tried to make light. "It would be too much to expect Sue to like it. She always thinks the other thing would have been better."

The sister-in-law eyed her shrinking young relative sternly.

"Now, Elsie," she said with decision, "it is time to stop this."

"Stop what?" Elsie parried, feebly.

"This allowing Sue to spoil everything for you. Sue is a fine woman. I appreciate her thoroughly, but she has fallen into the habit of skimming the cream of everybody's pleasure by belated advice. Your only chance of comfort in that suit is to stop her before she says anything. Here she is, by the way, coming up the path this minute. Now remember—this is your chance to strike for freedom."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Mrs. Burnett faltered, as a clear voice sounded in the hall.

"Strike for your altars and your fires," her sister-in-law whispered, and then some one else was in the room.

"How do you do, everybody?" Sue called, cheerfully. "Isn't this glorious weather? Well, Elsie, so your suit has come home. I wonder—" She eyed the new suit considerably, a frown creasing between her brows.

Elsie caught her breath, and glanced desperately at the two sisters.

"Sue, please don't," she faltered.

"Don't what?" Sue asked, in surprise.

"Don't say it—that you always do you know—about thinking the green would have been better, after all. You see—" and there was a quiver in her voice. "It seems so nice to have a whole new suit, and I just love it, and I want to think I look nice in it, and—"

Her sister looked at her sharply. For a moment there was silence—then she laughed.

"What nonsense, child! I was just going to say that brown was your color," she declared.—Youth's Companion.

### Sounded Romantic.

"There was one time in my life," said the fussy old bachelor, "when I really wanted a better half."

"Tell me about it," cooed the sentimental widow.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," answered the f. o. b. "Some chap stuck me with a bad 50-cent piece."

### Saving the Pieces.

"Every little fragment of time should be saved," said the home-grown philosopher.

"Sure it should," rejoined the cynical person. "The moment the day breaks it's up to us to begin saving the pieces."

### A Hot One.

Clara (after she has refused him)—I never gave you any encouragement. Charles—Yes, you did. You intimidated that your father had money.

### His Choice of Evils.

Shall I forever from her part, Or wed her for better or worse? The former's sure to break her heart— The latter to break her purse.