The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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THE QUEST OF BETTY LANCEY is a remarkable serial. The word "remarkable" scarcely describes the merits, the intensity of plot, and situations of this strange and wierd but absolutely entrancing work of fiction. Its conception is phenomenal, its range takes in two continents. It is up to date in style, development and a variety of rare scientific developments that bring out the best detective instinct and employ wireless telegraphy and other modern appliances to the purposes of the story.

The plot of this romance hinges on fervid human emotions—love, jealousy, avarice, hatred. Every character is intense and graphically delineated. There are two beautiful women—Cerisse and Narcisse—one like a pure, beautiful lily, all gentleness and affection, the other a siren whose restless spirit thrives only in excitement and change. To their lives are linked the welfare or wreck of others, and where the story is not absorbingly dramatic it becomes startlingly tragic.

Since the famous days of the wonderful "mystery stories" of Poe, no romance has approximated his celebrated creations of fiction more closely than this serial. The "Man-Aperilla," the kidnaping of Betty Lancey, the marvelous "diamond" castle in Africa, the mysterious electric launch, the strange characters and their strange adventures, all combine to make "The Quest of Betty Lancey" a masterpiece of modern fiction.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Annie Desterle padded uncomfortably up the front stairs to the second story front room, grumbling loudly at every step.

For Mrs. Desterle, who was nearly fifty years old, and who for more than half that time had supported herself and her husband, Pierre, by keeping a boarding house, had recently begun to grow more than partridge plump. With the rapid obliteration of her girlish outlines, which process might have been checked had Mrs. Desterle been less a mistress of culinary art and still less fond of her own cooking, had developed an increase in the transportation problem around the Desterle domicile. In these days, from the basement kitchen to the third story front was as appalling a climb to Mrs. Desterle as the journey up Washington monument had been when she and Pierre had taken their honeymoon trip for sightseeing thirty years ago.

"Dear me!" puffed Mrs. Desterle at the second floor landing. "I believe I'll ask that woman to move when her week's up. She never gets down to breakfast and the two days she's been here she's acted mighty queer. Don't know why I'm so foolish to toil all the way up here like this, but I've rung her bell twice and she don't answer, though it's most noon. If Pierre was ever around now. Lately he seems to be of less use than ever. Strangers in the house always did make me feel nervous. I'm most afraid to climb any further; seems like I sense something wrong. And as long as I've been keeping boarders never before did I let anyone come in that I didn't know anything at all about. But the poor little thing looked so tired and pretty, and her big bunch of violets smelled so sweet; why, she was just like a spirit coming out of the rain. It was so late, too, and, well, as I was none too careful in finding out who she was, but she's had time enough to look around by now, and I'll just tell Miss Cerisse Wayne, as she calls herself, that she'll have to move to-morrow. This is such a lovely spring day that looking for another room may bring a little color into her pale cheeks. No, I don't want her around. Young Simpson was making eyes at her last night, which is too bad, for he's engaged to Miss Gentry. And Ada Gentry's a nice girl. She'll be getting mad and leaving next, and then he'll follow, and they're two of my best boarders; been here now for seven Christmases."

Mrs. Desterle's soliloquy and her upward pilgrimage ended with the same breath. At the end of the hall before her the door to the third story front parlor looked ominously funereal in its dull respectability of time-stained walnut. Annie Desterle was born to emergencies, and had been a mainstay and a prop all of her life, but for the first time within her memory her spirit faltered.

"Um," she sniffed, as she approached the door. "It does smell like cigarettes up here. Ada told me yesterday morning she thought she smelled smoke coming from Miss Wayne's room. Oh, Miss Wayne, Miss Wayne, Miss Wayne!" called the landlady in a succession of crescendos.

No answer came. So the woman in the hall knocked loudly on the door. Silence still. She tried the door. It was locked, though beneath the firm grasp of this experienced landlady, coupled with a vigorous kick, the lock gave way and the door swung open.

Mrs. Desterle's quick eye gave one glance around her, her jaw dropped and her eyes nearly catapulted out of her head. She stumbled into the room and over to the bed. She put out her hand, startled, and impulsively felt of the coverlets and what lay upon them. Her fingers had barely touched the sheet when a noise from the farther corner made her turn. At sight of what was there Mrs. Desterle tossed her apron over her head, and screaming, shrieking, howling, ran into the hall, tumbling down flight after flight of stairs, to fall in a helpless, frothing heap at the feet of her husband, gasping incoherently:

"Upstairs, upstairs; at once! My God! My God!"

Doherty, the block policeman, who did extra watch duty on the Desterle premises for the daily luncheon that came from Annie's kitchen, had that instant arrived for his diurnal nibble. At sight of the calm Mrs. Desterle thus prostrated, Doherty made for the telephone.

"'Tis a riot call I should be sendin' in with Annie knocked out like this," mused Doherty. "For 'tis never she loses her head."

But he simply called the doctor and helped the little Frenchman carry his stricken wife to her bedroom.

Annie Desterle lay still till they reached the second floor. At the landing she commenced her writhing again.

"Upstairs, upstairs!" her blood-purpled lips commanded, and she vainly tried to motion towards the third story front.

"I'd better be seein' what's wrong in the top of the house," suggested Doherty, as they lay Annie on the bed. "Who could be up there now?"

The policeman stepped blithely past Miss Gentry's room, with but a casual glance into its domestic depths, straight to the wide opened portal of the third story front and across the threshold.

The perfume of the room was the first greeting. An odd penetrating odor that savored of things forgot, and things undone, a fragrance belonging to the mystic places of shadows, and not to one of the clean, well-soaped, and better dusted apartments of Annie Desterle's boarding house. On the cheap oak table that had been drawn close to the bed was a great bowl of dying violets. By the flowers still burned a drop light and beside this an opened fallen book as if the occupant had balted sleep with story. A gold cigarette case half emptied was under the table, and the stubs of the remainder of its contents sprinkled the floor.

On the bed, clad in a soft gown, lay a young and beautiful woman. Her lips were softly parted, the dark lashes touched. The curve of her cheek so gentle that in spite of her pallor Doherty, who had looked on the dead many times in his fifteen years of police duty, pinched the thin white arm again and again and patiently held a mirror to the cold white lips before he could believe that it was the girl's body only, and not her body and soul that were outstretched before him, and that she was quite dead.

He looked around the room and saw no empty vials, nor boxes, nor even a tattling white paper that might have held those silence-bringing powders women suicides affect.

On the bureau was a juggle of woman's clutter—hairpins, a half dozen long jeweled hatpins, and one thick gold bracelet set with a very large ruby. The combs and the brushes were elaborate specimens of the goldsmith's craft, and from an overturned and broken bottle of fragile glass, heavy scent was slowly trickling. Rouge, cold cream, and savory rice powders were jumbled in sore disorder with the collars and cleaned and soiled handkerchiefs. Even a silk stocking, small of foot and delicately green of tint, had found a resting place upon the neat linen cover of the bureau. The woman's clothing, all of the richest make, was tossed carelessly on a big chair. A large traveling case of green morocco leather, the same soft, dull shade as the gown and long had first come to the house, was the only luggage in the room. It bore a silver monogram, "C. W.," and was empty save for soft lingerie and two letters addressed in a masculine handwriting on heavy white paper and postmarked New York. The superscription on each was the same,

Miss Cerisse Wayne,
C/o Doubleday, Franz & Co., Bankers,
San Francisco, California.

Doherty, thrusting his fingers within the first envelope, was withdrawing its enclosure when a jibbering over his shoulder turned him faint and sick.

The policeman swerved his head. And there, grinning into his face, with its hot breath smiting his cheek, Patrick Doherty saw the most hideous apparition mortal men might conjure out of the depths of delirium, a most fearful and terrible object.

Neither gorilla, nor ape, nor man, nor demon, was this thing. It was all four, with the repulsion of the snake. Tall, gross and hairy, its pelt the exact russet shade of the curling hair that veiled the dead woman on the bed, its eyes, black in the corners, and white in the pupil and iris, with half hands and feet half hoofs, the skull of an ape, the leer of a drunken man, it grinned and smirked at Doherty.

Doherty pulled his pistol. He aimed at the thing. Then he shut his eyes and staggered to the hall, blind with the flash and crazed with fright. At the door he looked back. The Thing, grinning even behind the veil of smoke, was standing motionless where Doherty had been and beside it were the two letters addressed to Miss Cerisse Wayne. The report of the pistol had called Pierre Desterle from his wife's side.

"Patreeck, Patreeck," he cried. "I'm coming. It is Pierre. What is it?"

Pierre was mounting the top stair when Doherty leaned over the banisters and pushed him back.

"Not here," gasped the policeman. "Send to the station. Tell them quick—the dog-catcher—a riot call—hurry—hurry!"

The Frenchman saw the Irishman's rosy face now white as chalk and his sunken eyes. The Thing within Cerisse Wayne's room began jibbering again. The policeman threw the frightened Desterle down stairs and waited in awful fear till help should come.

CHAPTER II.

As the Fiftieth street police station was only a block from the Desterle's the squad drawn out by Pierre's hysterical summons had little time and less opportunity for speculation as they traversed this distance. The taciturn sentiment prevailing was that either Desterle was drunk or that Doherty was "sprung a bit in the head."

"What's the matter, Pat?" asked Monahan, grabbing the palsied Doherty by the shoulder, while a dozen more officers piled into the little hall and overflowed into the front room.

"Riot call for a suicide!" sneered Finn, who had always hated Doherty, and who, the first to cross the threshold had been the first among them to discover the body. "Say, but she's a looker, anyhow, and—— What's that? What's that?" shrieked Finn.

The Thing, which had been cowering behind a chair, had arisen and stepped out before the policemen. Doherty's fright was fleeing, so he led the squad and they advanced. The duel between the one and the dozen now began. They clubbed at it, they shot at it, they grasped at it, but blows, shots, and clutches all missed fire and effect. Strive as they would it eluded them. They herded in its midst and round and round the room the strange struggle went. Once the table was overturned and the bowl of violets struck against the shade of the falling drop light with an eerie crash. Suddenly the pursued turned pursuer. Plunging straight for Doherty it wound its hairy arms around his neck and dug its long claws through the padding of his coat shoulder into his flesh.

Monahan pulled a blanket from the bed, Finnerty a sheet. They tied the sheet round the long hind legs of the Thing, they threw the blanket over its head, and they held it firmly there, till in the fright and fight to free itself the monster loosened its grip on the fainting Doherty.

The squad of officers, exhausted in body and staggering in mind, could roll no more coverings over the scratching, writhing shape battling to rid itself of the swathings that rendered it helpless. The odds were that this horrible caricature of man and ape would overpower them.

"If only Finley will send the dog-catcher," groaned Monahan, "then we'd have some place to put the beast."

The end man of them all went out of the room and dragged the prim little mattress off Miss Gentry's bed. Just as he came up to the confused heap in the center of the death chamber, the Thing with the surge of a bursting dam, rose up and scattered its captors like straws. Doherty, revived now, but mad with pain, shot out his great ox-arm and hit the monster squarely between the eyes. Reeling, swaying, stunned for the time, it fell over on the bed directly across the frail white dead.

(To be continued.)

WILD GEESE.

They Never Feed Without Throwing Out Scouts or Sentries.

Some of the common sayings concerning birds are stupidly wrong.

"You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard, yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or sentries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out, and how after a time one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn to feed.

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a mistake, for all the dove and pigeon tribe are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in battles royal.

The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk, the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wireworms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges.

In a game preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost $8,000 in one year.

A Large Receptacle.

"I watched your sister fixing her hair the other day," said Mrs. Nagget, "and I must say she's not the most refined person in the world."

"No?" replied her husband, with a belligerent air. "You don't approve of her, eh?"

"Well," she retorted with a disdainful snip, "you never see me with my mouth full of hairpins."

"Of course not," he snapped; "what do you want with so many hairpins?"—Catholic Standard.

Misunderstood.

The attendant—You mustn't handle the musical instruments, sir.

The Visitor—Oh, don't you be afraid—I can't play 'em!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coney Island is sometimes visited by 500,000 people a day

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Peary is off for Europe on a lecture tour.

Cotton seed in the South is now worth $150 a ton.

A negro leader and 22 followers have been arrested in Havana for inciting a revolt.

Reports place the damage by Chinese mobs in recent riots at Changsha at $2,000,000.

Lawyers of Reno, Nevada, seek to disbar one of their number who advertises a specialty of easy divorces.

Two hundred girls at Cornell college, New York, are seriously ill from ptomaine poisoning caused by impure milk.

Edward Keaton, aged 110, living near Natchez, La., was bitten by a rattlesnake, but the doctors say he will recover.

A jury has been chosen to try F. August Heinze, accused of misapplying funds of the Merchants bank, of New York.

A huge Russian bear in the New York Zoo turned on its keeper and nearly tore him to pieces before he was rescued.

The heirs of Mrs. Octavia Adelaide Moss, a rich New York woman, are having a hard time finding her wealth, which was hidden about her house in secret places known only to herself.

A New York girl committed suicide on the beach at Naples, Italy.

Thirty-six hundred miners of Phoenix and Greenwood, B. C., are on strike.

$100,000 subscribed for a Lincoln monument funnd 40 years ago is lost and cannot be located.

Governor Hughes of New York, has been appointed associate justice of the United States Supreme court.

A sealing steamer with 187 men on board is believed to have gone down off the New Foundland fishing banks.

Zeppelin II, one of Count Zeppelin's best airships was torn from its morings by a fierce storm and totally wrecked.

The bean crop in Mississippi has been totally ruined by the freezing weather. Ice half an inch thick was formed.

The loss of the cotton crop in the South from frost will total millions, and is the worst calamity that section has known since the Civil war.

Convicts in the state penitentiary at Canyon City, Colorado, revolted, and two are dead and two are badly wounded. One guard was wounded. None escaped.

With her port bow smashed and her boom and cathead carried away, the barkentine Kohala put into San Francisco in a disabled condition, the result of a collision with an unknown two-masted steamer, just off Farallon Islands.

J. J. Hill and a party of New York bankers are en route to see the Northwest.

The proposed American South Polar expedition has been abandoned for this year.

Coalition of British Liberals and Irish has blasted the hopes of the Tories in parliament.

Edward Payson Weston passed through Syracuse, N. Y., on his walk across the continent.

Three lives were lost and six persons are missing as the result of a hotel fire in Cincinnati.

President Taft has ordered the removal of the Alaskan district attorney and the United States marshal.

It is believed that the Milwaukee road will tap Willapa Harbor, Wash., and then build direct to Portland.

Charles J. Wezler, accused of murdering his mother-in-law at Gig Harbor, Wash., has made a full confession of the crime.

In an address before the highest intellectual personages of France, Roosevelt put human rights always above property rights.

Mrs. Hetty Green, celebrated for years as the richest and shrewdest business woman in the world, will soon retire from active business life, it is understood, and will turn over the handling of her immense fortune, estimated at $50,000,000, to her daughter, Sylvia, now Mrs. Slyvia Astor Wilkes.

Two Eastern postoffice thieves got ten years and $6,000 fine for stealing stamps.

As a sequel to the suspension of D. P. Crawford and Harry Horton from Stanford by the student affairs committee, E. M. Leaf, editor of the college magazine which published the charges which led to the dismissal of the two athletes, was seized by a crowd of students and thrown into Lake Laguintas.

While playing in a farmer's yard near Colfax, Wash., a 5-year-old child was run over by a hog and its leg broken.

It is claimed Australian beef can be sold in the United States cheaper than the home product.

A Kansas woman lost her life trying to rescue the pictures of her parents from her burning home.

A big freight steamer, loaded ready to sail for Boston, was destroyed by fire at her dock in Rotterdam.

President Fallieres, of France, exchanged calls with Roosevelt and the audience in a French theater rose to greet him.

TO AID CAUSE OF PEACE.

Taft and Carnegie Dedicate $1,000,000 Bureau Home.

Washington, April 27.—The magnificent new marble building of the International Bureau of American Republics—within a stone's throw of the White House—was dedicated in the name of universal peace today.

President Taft joined with Andrew Carnegie, Secretary Knox, Senator Root and Senor de la Bera, the Mexican ambassador, as representative of the Latin-American republics, in prophecies of peace among the 21 American republics, and pledged themselves to strive for that happy state. Mr. Carnegie went so far as to express the hope that Canada, with the consent of Great Britain, would some day join the family of peaceful American republics.

The president called out general laughter by referring to the controversy between Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie two years ago at the laying of the cornerstone of the building dedicated today.

"They differed as to the methods by which peace should be obtained," said the president, "but that both were earnest and strenuous and determined to have peace there was no doubt."

"Hear, hear," shouted Mr. Carnegie as the laughter died away.

The new building, a gift of Mr. Carnegie, won the admiration of all who passed within the bronze portals this afternoon and at the reception tonight, at which President Taft and Mr. Carnegie headed the receiving party.

ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP LOSING.

Accident, in Which Hundreds Could Not Save Craft, Turns Opinion.

Berlin, April 27.—German aeronauts are asking whether the destruction of the airship Zeppelin II at Weilburg will not prove a fatal blow to the school of rigid airship construction. There has been manifested lately a disposition in army circles to oppose further purchase of airships of the Zeppelin type on the ground that they are too unwieldly to meet varying conditions of actual service. In the latest accident it was noted that the crew of several hundred men under experienced officers was unable to keep the enormous framework from blowing away, whereas the ship of the non-rigid type could have been deflated and saved.

The Zeppelin craft has enjoyed marked preference in the German army, owing to the personality of inventor and the personal support given him by the kaiser. Lately, however, aeronauts have been inclined to the adoption of a more elastic and more easily managed type. This latest accident lends argument in favor of such a change.

NORWEGAIN POET DEAD.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson Succumbs While in Paris for Treatment.

Paris, April 27—Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, novelist, dramatist, reformer and advocate of universal peace, died here tonight, surrounded by his family. His end was peaceful.

The last serious illness of the novelist extended over nearly a year. He was brought to Paris for special treatment in the early part of last November, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a physician and nurse, and during part of the journey traveled with the king of Denmark in the king's private car.

In Paris, however, he was unable to receive the treatment for arterio sclerosis, from which he was suffering, but notwithstanding, he showed marked improvement for a time, due entirely to his wonderful vitality.

Again in February his death was expected momentarily, but the crisis passed, though leaving him less able to withstand the next attack. During the last week it was apparent he could not hold out much longer. Prior to his death he was conscious for some hours.

Honest Official Loses.

Pittsburg, April 27.—In seven wards of the city today, special elections of select and common councilmen were held to fill the places of those who resigned after being indicted for grafting.

In the twentieth ward, George H. Riley, one of the "immaculate six" in the common council in 1898, when the alleged bribing was going on, was defeated for common council. Riley, it was testified in the early part of the graft prosecutions, was one of the six men "who could not be reached."

Gotham Awaits Weston.

New York, April 27.—Mayor Gaynor granted permission today for Edward Payson Weston to tramp down Broadway with an escort of police when he arrives here. Weston will probably reach the city late Friday, 75 days after his start from Los Angeles, 3,400 miles away, and 15 days ahead of his schedule. At the city hall Weston will be received by Mayor Gaynor, to whom he will present a letter from the mayor of Los Angeles. Weston will stop at Schenectady tonight. Weston's average each day is 45 1-3 miles.

Socialists Stone Count.

Vienna, April 27.—Count Albert Apponyi, the ex-Hungarian minister of worship, whose guest Theodore Roosevelt was on his trip to Budapest, was attacked at a political meeting at Temsevar Sunday night by a crowd of Socialists. They bombarded his carriage with stones and eggs and cudgelled the count severely. After desperate efforts, the coachman forced the horses through the mob and the count took refuge in the bishop's palace.

Bedell Accused of Sugar Fraud.

New York, April 27.—George E. Bedell, who was chief clerk for James F. Vail, formerly deputy surveyor of the port, and who had charge of the weighing department, was arrested today on an indictment charging conspiracy to defraud the government out of customs duties on sugar, macaroni, figs, cheese, and other merchandise.

Comet is Seen Minus Tail.

Zurich, April 27.—The observatory here officially reports that Halley's comet was visible to the naked eye for 55 minutes before dawn today. Its positions was due east, just above the horizon. There was no trace, however, of the tail, even with the telescope.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

MOSIER DISTRICT DRAWS.

Picturesqueness of County One of Its Features—72 Miles From Portland

The Mosier fruit district is rapidly drawing to itself the attention of fruit land investors. The Mosier country lies on a number of hills and ridges, radiating somewhat like the fingers of the hand. From these various ridges many beautiful views are obtained, often including Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams, and glimpses of the Columbia river. The picturesqueness of the country is one of its features, and many will find there pleasing country homes within 72 miles of Portland. In fact, many Portland people have already settled there, and others have holdings of real estate in that district which they are developing.

The orchardists at Mosier follow their sister district of Hood River. The trees are set out after the cleared ground has been well prepared. From 55 to 63 trees to the acre, for an apple orchard, is the prevailing rule.

Many plant peach "fillers" between the rows of apple trees, to be taken out when they begin to crowd. Intense cultivation is the secret, and the price of these successfully grown orchards, a dust mulch conserving the moisture and the absence of weeds allowing the trees to get the full strength of the soil. Cultivation usually ceases by the middle of August. Many put in a cover crop, of vetch or rye, which, when plowed under adds fertility and humus to the soil.

The favorite varieties of apples at Mosier are the Spitzenberg and Yellow Newtown, as the soil and climate are especially adapted to their perfect growth and maturity. Peaches, pears and prunes also do well.

"SEND US MEN" IS CRY.

Every Line of Industry Affected by Shortage of Labor in Baker.

Baker City—The greatest call for laborers ever sent out from Eastern Oregon can now be heard in all parts of Baker county, and there is no prospect of the demand being supplied. All lines of industry are cramped by the shortage and it is probable some campaign will be inaugurated by the large concerns to secure men. One employer states that he is in need of hundreds ofmen and is unable to secure them at any price. The Warren Construction company is preparing to import men to do the paving work on a large area for which they have contracted. Sufficient labor could not obtained here to carry on the preliminary work.

The Sumpter valley is suffering for more laborers in carrying on the work on the extension from Austin to Prairie City. A force of nearly a thousand men was employed last fall, but now only a few hundred can be secured.

The Oxbow people are making very slow progress on the big tunnels at Copperfield owing to the scarcity of labor. They were forced to suspend work because of the high water and hundreds of the laborers left and men cannot be secured to fill their places.

The mines are also calling for men and throughout the country the ranchers are crying "send us men." Unusual wages are being offered and unless the farmers secure help they will have trouble in getting in their spring crops and caring for their harvest.

Irrigation Maps to Be Distributed.

Salem—Maps that have been prepared jointly by the state and the United States government under appropriations made by both government for the purpose of encourgaing diversions of water for irrigation in the Willamette valley, are now ready for distribution by State Engineer John Howard Lewis.

These maps are made on a 1½-inch scale and with a contour of five foot intervals. The maps give the elevations in the first quadrangle, including 200 square milems surrounding and adjacent to the city of Eugene. Last summer these geological surveys were continued on a second quadrangle of the same area north of the first, and it is expected the surveys will be continued until the larger portion of the irrigable land in the Willamette valley has been covered.

Short Line Railway Will Build.

Ontario—William H. Bancroft, vice president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line railroad, has announced that his company will build a branch line between Ashton and Driggs, Idaho, a distance of 40 miles. It is understood that a committee of representative men from that district a few days ago journeyed to Salt Lake, where they held a conference with Mr. Bancroft, assuring him that they will secure the right of way for the entire distance if the railroad would build a branch line.

New Rail Project for Linn.

Albany—Articles of incorporation for the Scio-Lacomb and Jordan Valley Railroad company have been filed in the Linn county celrk's office by A. G. Prill, E. C. Peery and Charles Wesley. The capital stock of the company will be $50,000. The object of the company is to build and maintain railroad, telegraph and telephone lines from Munkers to Scio and from a junction on this line to Lacomb. Scio will be the headquarters of the company.

Eugene to Observe Fourth.

Eugene—The Eugene Merchants' Protective association has decided that there shall be a rousing Fourth of July celebration in this city this year and has appointed a committee to act in conjunction with a committee from the Commercial club to arrange the details.

Brick Block at Vale.

Vale—T. T. Nelsen will erect a 50x94 foot, two-story brick on his corner lot at once. The upper story will be used for offices. The estimated cost of the building is $20,000.

Births Exceed Deaths in Linn.

Albany — The health report for March, which has just been filed in the county clerk's office, shows 14 deaths and 32 births.

AID OREGON GOOD ROADS.

Expert to Be Sent to Points in State to Give Illustrated Lectures.

The United States government will aid the Oregon good roads campaign. Senator Bourne telegraphed Judge Webster of the Oregon Good Roads association that the good roads expert will be sent from the department of agriculture to give 10 illustrated lectures at strategic points in the state. The views presented with the lecture will illustrate the benefits financially and otherwise derived from systematic construction of solid highways. The immense difference in the prosperity of regions where bad roads have been made good will be emphasized. The expert will arrived in Portland to give his first lecture probably the last of May. The department of agriculture will furnish other aid to the good roads cause. The general policy of the department is to stimulate interest throughout the northwest.

McMINNVILLE LAND RICH.

Ohioan Pays $600 an Acre for Four-Year-Old Orchard.

McMinnville—An apple grower from Ohio, Mr. Cox, has purchased the 20-acre apple orchard of Dr. W. H. Boyd, of Portland, the property being situated half a mile from this city, at a price of $12,000, or $600 an acre.

The orchard was planted for years ago and comprises Baldwins, Jonathans, Rome Beauties and Spitzenbergs. It is part of a tract extending from the city limits northwestward to the Judge Galloway orchard, five mlies out, a considerable portion of which is set to orchard. This is the highest figure ever quoted for trees of this age in this section. Mr. Cox intends to build on the tract and make his home here.

Carload of Lobsters to Yaquina.

Washington — Senator Bourne has received final assurance of free transportation from Portland, Maine, to Yaquina bay, of a carload of lobsters to be planted there as the only locality on the Pacific coast where lobsters will grow. Fish Commissioner Bowers says: "Shipment will be made between May 1 and 10. The fear expressed by Yaquina people that the lobsters will injure the fishing industry is groundless. Lobsters are scavengers and eat no living thing. They remain in salt water.

Snipes Ranch Is Sold.

The Dalles—The George R. Snipes ranch of 478 acres was sold this week to George W. Elliott, of Seattle, at a consideration of about $75,000, though the exact sum has not been made public. This ranch is on Sandy road southwest of town, and just beyond "Vineland," the Fleck property which was sold this winter. Surveyors are already platting the property into small tracts of ten acres more, or less, and will place it on sale.

Auto Stage Line for Tygh Valley.

Tygh Valley—Tygh Valley is soon to have an auto stage running between Nopinitia and Dufur to connect with the auto line from Dufur to The Dalles. This will be appreciated by people living in this part of the county, as they can visit The Dalles and retrun the same day. Commercial men will doubtless be glad to hear of this, as it will be quite an improvement over the present mode of traveling.

Hawley Reassures Dairymen.

Washington— Representative Hawley in the agricultural committee's hearing on the oleomargarine bill, expressed the belief that dairymen need not fear that the tax on oleo would be removed, though a hard fight is on to repeal it. Powerful interests seek to remove the tax.

Odd Fellows to Build.

Klamath Falls—The local lodge of Odd Fellows is preparing to erect a lodge hall to cost $50,000. Most of the preliminary work has been done and it is expected to have the contract for the building awarded in May.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Track prices: Bluestem, 90c; club, 86@87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 90c.

Barley — Feed and brewing, $23@24.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, $33, cracked, $34.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, $20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $22@25; alfalfa, $16.50@17.50; grain hay, $17@18.

Fresh Fruits—Strawberries, Florin, $2 per crate; apples, $1@2.50 per box.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 40@50c per hundred; new California, 5c per pound; sweet potatoes, 4c.

Vegetables — Asparagus, $1@1.25 per box; cabbage, 2c per pound; hothouse lettuce, 50c@$1 per box; green onions, 12c per dozen; radishes, 15@20c; rhubarb, 1@2c per pound; spinach, 75c@$1 per box; rutabagas, $1.25@1.50; carrots, 85c;@$1; beets, $1.50; parsnips, 75c@$1.

Onions—Oregon, $2 per hundred; Bermuda, $2@2.50 per crate.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 29c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 29c; store, 20c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 23½@24c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 13@13½c per pound.

Veal, fancy, 9½@10c per pound.

Lambs—Fancy, 10@12c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 20c; broilers, 27@28c; ducks, 22½@23c; geese, 12½c; turkeys, live, 20@22c; dressed, 25c; squabs, $3 per dozen.

Hops —1909 crop, 13@16c; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14@17c per pound; valley, 18@21c; mohair, choice, 32@33c.

Cattle — Best steers, $6.50@7.75; fair to good steers, $5.75@6; strictly good cows, $5.75@6; fair to good, $5.50; light calves, $6@7; heavy calves, $4@5; bulls, $4@5.25; stags, $4.50@5.50.

Sheep — Best wethers, $5.50@5.75; fair to good wethers, $5@5.25; good lambs, $7@8.

Hogs—Top, $10.75@11; fair to good, $10@10.50.