

# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The visit of Mr. Franz threw no new light on the Wayne murder mystery. As to the disappearance of Betty Lancey and of the Man-Aperilla these riddles were still at their baffling inception. The police found themselves up against a polygonal enigma: The murder of Cerisse Wayne; the identity and whereabouts of Hamley Hackley; the unparalleled resemblance between Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Wayne; the disappearance of Betty Lancey; and the appearance and disappearance of the Man-Aperilla—all surrounding the death of Mrs. Wayne.

Larry Morris grew thin and gaunt as the days passed on, and no tidings came from the missing Betty. Harcourt's wife had been taken to a sanitarium and Harcourt was held in jail pending her recovery and the clearance of the mystery. The copy of the letter Harcourt had made was pronounced by experts to be a disguised hand, and the signature of Harold Harcourt on the hotel register was found to be almost identical with the formation of the initials H. H. appended to the letters found among the effects of the dead Cerisse Wayne. Opinion was divided among various speculations and some thought that Harcourt had killed Mrs. Wayne, other theorists held that Harold Harcourt and Hamley Hackley were the same; others still, that Harcourt had been masquerading as Hackley, and in that way explained the vanishing of Hackley. This left unaccounted for the abduction of Betty and the mystery of the Man-Aperilla.

Larry Morris persistently held to it that it was only right that an expedition should be fitted up and sent to Africa to see if there might be any further clues picked up there. His paper laughed at him, and one editor, who guessed the condition of Larry's heart, called him a "loveless fool." Larry fumed until one night late in August he had a dream about Betty. He saw her in a jungle amidst a horde of libyans and hideous black men. And she was standing there stretching out her hands to him. Her voice, thick with pain, called out to him, "Larry! Oh, Larry! This is the last day, the last day, and with Johnny Johnson in tow left for New York. Five days later Larry had made a tie-up with a press syndicate to go to Africa, along with Johnny Johnson, and see what could be done towards tracing out the end of the tale. They had no charts, nothing but a few half-obliterated postmarks torn from letters found in the safety deposit box kept with Double-day, Franz & Co., but on these Larry was pinning much faith. It was the mustard seed he hoped would move a mountain.

## CHAPTER X

Betty Lancey came back to consciousness and the world of things as mortals think they see them, with a most monstrous smell of sulphur choking her. As nearly as she could distinguish the room was filled with glass globes the circumference of a fair-sized musk-melon, and every globe was a tetter with yellow and pale violet flames, bathing the room with odd spluttered flashes.

Realities reverted slowly. Betty made out a ceiling, dome-like and corrugated, later a floor, and eventually described that which was resting on a couch piled soft and easy with pungent pillows. Barely had she discerned these facts when a swaddled personage confronted her. It was tall and garbed in sombre swatchings that left the outlines of its great bulk all in doubt.

"Ah, that is better," came the guttural comment, "do you wish more medicine?"

"No, indeed," she expostulated. "I didn't wish any in the first place. Why did you give it to me? Where am I?"

The being answered with a shrug. "Pray, calm yourself, my dear Miss Lancy. I only trust the machinations of this electrical apparatus will not disturb you too much. Do be quiet! Do not excite yourself unduly."

"Oh, but who are you? Where am I? And why?" asked Betty. "There's such a rushing in my head, such a sounding in my ears, and that swish and swash of water—what does it all mean? Am I delirious or dreaming?"

"You've been both," replied the figure, "but you're better now. Well enough to go into the salon where you can rest far more comfortably than in here. As to who I am—well, you may call me Le Malheureux if you like—it suits me better than any other title, for I am the unhappy in all the world! My baptismal name was Francis—Francis—the free—but freedom for me—never!"

The figure sank in a heap. Above the spluttering of the electrical apparatus Betty could distinguish the swirl of waves, and the gurgle of deep water. She tried to rise but was too weak, and reclined once more upon her pillows. Vainly she endeavored to recall what had passed before. Even after event recalled through her brain. She remembered dimly as a child traces back the progress of an evil dream the incidents of her last waking hours. The inquest of Cerisse Wayne, the scene in the Directory Hotel, the quest for the papers, her attempt to interview the mysterious woman, and last of all that shuddering fright, that fearful, struggling embrace with a horrible fury that held her in a grasp from which escape was impossible, endurance intolerable.

She glanced at the heap of draperies by the side of the couch, watched the swing and sway of the room about her, and tried to gather the tortured senses together. Betty Lancey had never had any imagination, but she was possessed always with the poise of six men and the common sense of a dozen. She examined her hands carefully, and found them without scratch or bruise. She felt no soreness of body but a numb heaviness of brain, and a confused medley of thought. She closed her eyes and again dropped into a numbness.

She was awakened from dreams of a man at Le Roy's with Larry Morris

urging her to "have just another piece of this steak, Betty, do."

By her side was a small table, neatly spread with dainty linen, fragrant with an exquisite silver, laden with a dozen appetizing viands. A negro woman of hulking build was gently bathing her temples.

"That's right, child," said the black woman, "open your eyes and you'll feel better. Open your lips, too, and taste this broth. It's so nice, I made it for you, just the way Mr. Francis likes it. He says it is the nicest he ever ate."

Mention of "Mr. Francis" fetched to mind the shock of an earlier hour to Betty. She suffered herself to be fed, which thing the negress did as gently as a mother might. With reviving strength Betty found her tongue again. She questioned her servitor closely.

"Have I been sick or drugged?"

"You've been very sick, my girl. But this sea voyage will put you right again. When you get back from Africa, you'll—"

"From Africa?" shrieked Betty. "Oh where and why and how am I going there? Oh, what has happened to me?"

"You're sailing straight for Africa in the most comfortable manner possible," answered the negress, "but as I tell you, you'll be sent home well and safe."

Betty sank back quieted and dutifully ate for the negress. When she had finished the black woman went away and came back with steamer rugs and wrappings.

"My name is Tyoga," announced the negress, bluntly. Then she set about combing Betty's sadly tangled hair, and wound the braids loosely around her fevered head. "I'm going to take you up on deck, now. Mr. Francis says you need the air."

Tall and strong as Betty once had been the giant negress picked her up as if she had been a little girl, and bore her to the upper deck and placed her in a luxuriously arranged steamer chair.

The glare of the sun on the water hurt Betty's eyes terribly, but the salt breeze refreshed her and the relief from the smell of sulphur and the spluttering of the electrical flashes was unbounded. The surface of the water was unrinkled and sea and sky were joined without a visible seam at the juncture. The craft on which she was sailing was the oddest Betty had ever seen. Not larger than a comfortable yacht, it was devoid of rigging, machinery, or even masts so far as the casual eye could note. All around pervaded that uncanny silence born of the death of human companionship. Tyoga pushed a little table covered with books close to Betty's side, tucked her round with the blankets, and handed her a little bowl.

"I shall be busy below," announced the negress, "but if you want me, ring."

Then she disappeared down a hatchway. Betty picked up the magazines hastily, and found in addition several scientific journals in French and in German, numerous of the light-colored American and English periodicals, and a San Francisco daily of a date several days prior to the murder of Cerisse Wayne. The yacht, for such Betty termed it in the absence of any more accurate knowledge of the nature of the craft, made good time through the water. Its soft motion, and the glare of the sun, sea and sky acted as a gentle hypnotic and Betty, with a few final efforts for the retention of consciousness found herself slipping into a dream of wild unrest. Once it seemed to her that the Malheureux stood beside her, and then again Tyoga—she had hard shift to differentiate between them, both were so tall, so hulking, so sombre. Had she not heard their voices in a guttural converse whose syllables she could not distinguish, she would have thought that the dual personality was but a trick of her rebellious fancy and that only one person beside herself was aboard this yacht of enchantment or delirium.

The golden day faded in a rainbow dash of scarlet and silver, Jasper and jade, pink and purple and gold and green. Pale evening stars shot and misty followed in its footsteps. At intervals Betty roused to be fed, only to fall again into her dreams of things chaotic and things incomplete. Then when it grew thick dark gray dusk, with a tight and shriveled little quarter of a moon above her, Betty heard the twang and tinkle of a banjo beside her, and looking saw Le Malheureux, deep in the shadow, picking from the strings of the instrument melodies which all the heartbreak and all the soul-ache of the world within their measures.

As the night darkened the music grew more weird and from the hatchway joined in Tyoga's voice, deep, rich, salting at the juncture from whence she had come, and the yacht sailed on and on to the south, with Betty fast asleep and all unconscious of the world-wide search for her, now paralleling the mystery of the murder of Cerisse Wayne.

## CHAPTER XI

One day Betty, tired of watching the seascape slip monotonously by, sampled putting her foot to the deck. The touch of the timber awakened ambition within her, so the second foot slowly followed the first. Then Betty made another try, and found that she could stand erect—rather tottery, it was true. Then she tried to walk, but hardly had she gone half a dozen steps when Tyoga was with her.

"Careful, careful!" smiled the negress. "Don't try too much, and be careful, mighty careful 'round this boat. This is a bad boat, Missy, it ought to fly the pirate flag."

Betty shivered, and had grown to like Tyoga, for the negress had been devoted itself in the services she had given to the young American girl. Taciturn and commanding, Betty had never been able to evoke from her either the object or the direction of their journey beyond what the negress had told her that first morning. That she had been very ill, Betty knew, and that Le Malheureux was a physician of high skill she had, shrewdly guessed.

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# Light, though when he played on deck of nights, as he always did, the magic, mystery and misery in the music made her heart throb and her eyes fill with tears. It was the wail of a heart and of a soul in prison, and in despair. All endeavors to elicit any information from her surroundings having failed, Betty had resigned herself to the inevitable, postponed the finding of the answer and estimating her own enfeebled condition had got down to taking things as she found them, reveling in the salt and sweep of Nature and the sea-air and the willy-nilly voyage that had fallen to her lot.

# 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.**

A strike of all union teamsters in Portland seems certain on June 1.

Glenn H. Curtiss will try to fly from Albany to New York with but one stop.

A collision between a bark and a large steamer in the English channel cost 22 lives.

Trouble with the wild tribes of Liberia is at an end, the leading chiefs having sworn allegiance to that government.

One hundred and twenty-five cases of champagne which were a part of the estate of Harry K. Thaw are missing and cannot be located.

A delegation of ministers failed to persuade the San Francisco authorities to refuse a permit for the Jeffries-Johnson fight on July 4.

A Chicago scientist has succeeded in isolating and studying an original ion of electricity, and supports the "ionic hypothesis" advanced by Faraday in 1830.

An explosion of some mysterious gas during a chemical experiment in New York suffocated the experimenting chemist and seriously affected two others who witnessed it.

Fred Kohler, "reform" police chief of Cleveland, Ohio, appointed by Mayor Tom Johnson and hailed by Roosevelt as "the country's best police chief" has been charged with habitual drunkenness, gross immorality, incompetency, etc., and will likely be ousted from office.

Railroads are boosting freight rates on sugar and coffee.

The department of justice is hunting for an alleged lumber trust.

Eighteen persons were hurt in a wreck on the Southern railway in Virginia.

President Taft has signed a proclamation reducing the Idaho forest reserves by 100,000 acres.

A man convicted of sugar frauds and pardoned has returned voluntarily to testify against the sugar trust.

Louis W. Hill and party have completed their 1,500-mile tour through Oregon and say that no state contains greater possibilities.

The American Aeronautical association has been organized. It will be entirely independent of the Wright brothers' Aero Club of America.

A Marshallfield, Oregon, man has raised his own tea supply for several years. He says the Pacific Coast can raise tea just as good as Japan or China.

An anarchist threw a bomb at the monument erected to victims of the attempt against King Alfonso on his wedding day. No one was injured but the anarchist himself, who then committed suicide.

In order to win a \$4 wager to buy groceries, an Arkansas man leaped from a 50-foot bridge into the creek below and started to swim ashore, but was drowned. The wager was given to his family.

A severe wind storm did much damage in Clay county, Kansas.

Army engineers approved the plan for free government locks at Oregon City.

Jewish families to the number of 980 have been expelled from several large cities in Russia.

A hundred-million dollar combine of Chicago street car lines and terminal companies is proposed.

It is said the death of King Edward leaves Kaiser Wilhelm in a much more prominent light than formerly.

George Sontag, ex-train robber, desperado and convict, will lecture on the uselessness and folly of a life of crime.

Count Jacques de Lesseps crossed the English channel in a Bleriot monoplane. He intends to return by the same method.

Socialists at their national congress refused to vote at elections where their candidates have been eliminated from the ticket through the commission form of city governments.

The World's Sunday School convention at Washington elected President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, King George of England, President Diaz of Mexico, and W. B. Bryan as life members.

A partly wrecked airplane was the only accident that marred the aviation meet at Sutherland, Ore.

Firemen on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western have been given an increase of 12 per cent in wages.

Thieves stole a package containing \$32,024 from the express office at Oil City, Pa., while the agent wasn't looking.

A woman in San Ana, Cal., went insane and another tried to commit suicide through fear of the coming of the comet.

George Peepoon, of Northport, Wash., was found guilty of murder in the first degree for poisoning his wife last August.

The sugar trust admits it is in mortal fear of the cartoonists.

A Greeley, Colo., man paid up all his old debts so he might die with a clear conscience when the comet came.

Many farmers in Wisconsin removed the lightning rods from their buildings as a precautionary measure against injury from the effects of the comet.

Twenty-eight bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the barracks at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, which were destroyed by an accidental explosion of dynamite.

# STEAMER HIT IN FOG.

Eighteen Drown as Vessel Plunges Beneath the Waves.

Port Huron, Mich., May 25.—Families and friends of the missing 18 members of the crew of the steamer Frank H. Goodyear, which sank yesterday off Point Aux Barques, Lake Huron, after being rammed amidships by the steamer James B. Wood, tonight practically gave up hope that any of the missing persons have been rescued.

The steamer Sir William Siemens, said to have picked up some of the missing crew, passed detour today and made no report of any survivors aboard.

Four of the rescued members of the crew, including Captain F. P. Hemmings, have gone to the Goodyear's headquarters in Cleveland and Mrs. Emma Bassett, the only other survivor, is still in Port Huron.

The collision occurred at 5:20 in the morning, in a heavy fog. The Goodyear was struck amidships on the starboard side and the bow of the Wood was punctured.

In a moment it was seen that the Goodyear was doomed, as she began rapidly to fill with water. Everyone on board was supplied with a life preserver and every effort was made to man and launch the small boats. The water poured into the hold so fast that the heavy hatches were forced from underneath and shot into the air in every direction, spreading injury and death among the terrified crew and passengers.

With his infant child in his arms, Steward Bassett had almost reached safety in one of the lifeboats when one of the tumbling hatches snatched the baby from his arms. The little one fell into the lake and was drowned, despite the frantic efforts of its father to rescue it.

Many of the Goodyear's crew were killed by the falling hatches before they had a chance to jump into the water.

When the Goodyear settled beneath the surface of the water it was evident she was practically broken in two, the action of the water having completed the destruction begun by the blow received in the collision. The wreck on the Southern railway in Virginia.

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# INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

**NEED OF TRANS-STATE LINE**

Hill Examines Timber in Central Oregon and is Much Pleasured.

Crescent—Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway company, spent one night and a portion of one day at Crescent, looking over the town and the surrounding country. Mr. Hill's visit was unheralded and unexpected, but the citizens gave him a cordial welcome. He declared that he had enjoyed his visit immensely. The party passed through the Klamath Indian reservation, where engineers, it was announced, will shortly be surveying the Oregon Trunk line from its present terminus at the reservation, through to Klamath Falls. He carefully went over the line from this point to the reservation, stopping at the camp of Engineer Kyle, five miles above this point. He spent some time examining the big timber tracts, and was pleased over the prospects of tonnage. He also spoke approvingly of Crescent, which will be a freight and passenger division point.

"The Oregon Trunk line is expected to reach Madras by January 1," said Mr. Hill. "Work in the canyon is progressing satisfactorily and I anticipate we will have no difficulty in making Madras on the date set. It will likely be a year before the road reaches Crescent, but early next summer I believe I may safely say that trains will be running through here. I am not in a position to say when the line will be completed to Klamath Falls."

Mr. Hill was not prepared, he said, to say where the east and west road will intersect the main line of the Oregon Trunk through the Deschutes valley. He said that his visit to Burns and the eastern part of the state had caused him to reach a determination to have an east and west line. Several lines, he added, will be surveyed and the one best adapted for the needs of the company will be adopted.

**WOODBURN-SPRINGFIELD LINE SOON.**

Albany.—The Woodburn-Springfield branch of the Southern Pacific railway will be completed and in operation by June 1. About four years ago the Santiam river changed its course at Crabtree and washed out the railroad bridge and put the line out of commission. The interstate commerce commission ordered the company to put the line in shape and run a schedule of trains, so a new line was started from Crabtree to Lebanon to supply the missing link, which will be completed within two weeks.

**ENGINE IN LUMBER SERVICE.**

Klamath Falls.—A carload of heavy freight wagons received here by the Meadow Lake Lumber company are to be used in connection with the big traction engine in the transportation of lumber from the mill near Meadow Lake to the box factory near the depot. The wagons are specially constructed for this class of work, and will withstand the hardest kind of usage.

This is another step in the direction of modernizing the method of handling the timber of this county, and is indicative of what may be expected.

## DAKOTANS COME TO OREGON.

Parties at Intervals Up to July 16—Thousands Are Interested.

Washington—Dr. H. W. Coe of Portland, who is here, has a telegram from Fargo, from F. E. Ball, vice-president of the Columbia Land company, saying:

"A party of 30 left yesterday for Stanfield, Ore. Minot sends a special May 31, Grand Forks a special June 2, Valley City a special to Hermiston June 2, and Fargo a special June 7 and another July 16."

Coe says there will be several cars intervening. The special mentioned as having left Fargo was No. 15. The lands were taken to Stanfield and Hermiston on a six days' tour, stopping at North Yakima, Seattle, Portland and Hood River to show them what sort of country they are going into.

Coe says 600 persons have left Fargo since August and that 1,000 more will go before the summer ends. Coe is here to offset reports injurious to the Umattila reclamation project, which have been carried to the officials. He has succeeded in convincing previous claims that the Umattila project is one of the best the government has inaugurated.

## NEW COMET TAIL IS SEEN.

Harvard Group Sees Jet of Light Shooting From Nucleus.

Cambridge, Mass., May 25.—When the party at the Harvard astronomical observatory obtained last night for the first time an adequate view of Halley's comet an interesting discovery was made by Professor O. C. Wendell. He saw a jet of light for two or three minutes projecting toward the southwest from the nucleus, that is, somewhat towards the sun, while the tail itself was streaming away to the east, or toward the sun.

Photometric measurements of the nucleus in the comet were also made by Professor Wendell, which indicated that the nucleus was of 6.57 magnitude, that it is slightly below the limit of visibility.

The total light of the comet was set at two and a half magnitudes by Leon Campbell and assistants, who made special measurements. The tail is said to be about three degrees long.

## MISCHIEF SINKS DRYDOCK?

Manila, May 24.—In connection with the sinking of the drydock Dewey, naval officers here say it would be an easy matter for some mischievous person to tamper with the powerful valves, which are operated by electricity. If one were so inclined, they say, he might easily slip past the guard and open the valves. A board is investigating the sinking, and divers have been at work examining the bottom of the drydock. The amount of the damage has not yet been determined. Operations will begin to raise the craft.

## RECONSTRUCT WATERWORKS.

Mount Angel.—The water works of the city are being reconstructed and improvements to the extent of \$3,500 being made in them. About 8,000 feet of four and six inch steel pipe is being laid, to replace the wooden pipe, a number of new hydrants are being put in and an electric motor will be installed to pump the water into the large town tank.

## LEGISLATURE BOARDS CARS.

Baton Rouge, La., May 25.—In a special train of 14 coaches, including sleepers and baggage cars, both the upper and lower houses of the Louisiana general assembly started today for Washington, to present claims of New Orleans for the Panama exposition, to be held in 1915. The delegation is headed by Governor Sanders. At New Orleans the delegation was joined by Mayor Martin Behan and a large committee of citizens.

## CHINESE DESTROY CHURCH.

Shanghai, May 25.—Native riots occurred at Chuan Chia, northwest of Changsha, last Saturday. A considerable portion of the city was burned. The Lutheran church was destroyed by fire. There is general unrest and anti-foreign sentiment is spreading.

## QUAKE CAUSES NEAR-PANIC.

Reggio, Italy, May 25.—A heavy earth shock occurred here this evening, causing the people to rush into the streets. No damage was done.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 86¢/87¢; club, 82¢/83¢; red Russian, 80¢/81¢; valley, 85¢.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$21.50@22.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$33; cracked, \$31 ton.

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

Butter—City creamery, extras, 29¢ per pound; fancy outside creamery, 28¢/29¢; store, 20¢. Butter fat prices average 1½¢ per pound under regular buttermilk prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 23¢/24¢.

Pork—Fancy, 12¢/12½¢ per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 10½¢/11¢ per pound.

Lamb—Fancy, 8¢/10¢ per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 18¢/19¢ per pound; broilers, 27¢/30¢; ducks, 18¢/22¢; geese, 12¢/13¢; turkeys, live, 20¢/22¢; dressed, 25¢; squabs, 3¢ per dozen.

Fresh Fruits—Strawberries, \$1.75@2.75 per crate; apples, \$1.50@3 per box; gooseberries, 8¢ per pound.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 40¢/50¢ per hundred; new California, 2½¢/3¢ per pound; sweet potatoes, 4¢.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60¢/75¢ per dozen; asparagus, \$1.25@2 per box; cabbage, 2½¢/2½¢ per pound; celery, \$3.50@4 per crate; head lettuce, 50¢/60¢ per dozen; hothouse lettuce, 50¢/60¢ per box; green onions, 15¢ per dozen; radishes 15¢/20¢ per dozen; rhubarb, 2½¢/3½¢ per pound; spinach, 8¢/10¢ per pound; rutabagas, \$1.25@1.50 per box; carrots, 8¢/8½¢; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, 75¢/81¢.

Onions—Oregon, 12¢ per hundred; Bermuda, \$1.50@1.75 per crate; red, \$1.75 per sack.

Hops—1909 crop, 12¢/15¢, according to quality; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14¢/17¢ per pound; valley, 16¢/18¢; mohair, choice, 32¢/33¢ per pound.

Cattle—Beef steers, hay fed, good to choice, \$5.75@6.50; fair to medium, \$5@5.50; cows and heifers, good to choice, \$5@5.50; fair to medium, \$4.25@4.75; bulls, \$3.50@4.25; stags, 4.50@5; calves, light, \$6@7; heavy, \$4.50@5.

Hog—Top, \$10.25@10.55; fair to medium, \$9.25@9.55.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good wethers, \$3.50@4; best ewes, \$3.25@3.50; lambs choice \$6@7; fair \$5@6.

## PEACH ORCHARD ON DESERT CLAIM.

Prineville—William Boegli, of the Cove orchard, has taken up a desert claim adjoining his orchard and has set out 1,020 peach trees on a six-acre tract. He says the fruit outlook is good, especially for peaches and apricots. He is also setting out his tomatoes that have become too large for the cold frames. The Cove orchard is situated on Crooked river, near its mouth. The orchard is 1,660 feet above the sea level in a canyon 1,000 feet below the level of the surrounding country. It is 15 miles west of Madras.

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