

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Tyoga hesitated. Then, "Alright," she said shortly, and led the way down the hallway to the laboratory where Betty had regained consciousness that first remembered morning. Since then Betty had never been there. She had a doll-baby suite of rooms well furnished, hardly tenable for one so tall and athletic as Betty. While most of her time, even on stormy weather, was spent on deck, still many of her meals were served in the tiny sitting room, all gay with blue and gold—blue the color of Betty's eyes, and gold like the sun in June weather.

Betty stumbled along the unfamiliar passageway. Tyoga knocked twice at a bolted door and after a little wait the portal swung inward and Tyoga thrust Betty within.

"She wanted to see you," she announced, brusquely. "I've got to get dinner."

Le Malheureux bowed low. "I'm glad of your company," he said. "I have a lonely life, and such an interruption is a pleasant one."

"Well, if you appreciate my coming so much, show your appreciation," suggested Betty. "Do tell me why I am here, and who you are?"

"I will do neither," answered Le Malheureux. "Do not ask me. I dislike to be compelled to be so discourteous as to refuse you, but I must be returning to you, and when you return home you will think of this journey only as a pleasant dream. You have had no cause to complain of your treatment here, save you?"

"No," faltered Betty. "Only I'm accustomed to knowing why and wherefore, that's all."

"That's all," you say," said Le Malheureux. "Don't you know that 'Why' and 'wherefore' are the sum total of existence? Don't ask me about them. Ask me anything else."

"Then I shall promulgate a 'who,' changed Betty, desperately. "Tell me, do you know who murdered Cerise Wayne?"

She was unprepared for the reply, yet intuitively knew that it was what she had anticipated.

"Yes," assented Le Malheureux. "What is more," he continued, watching a swift question form on Betty's lips, "I saw the deed when it was done!"

Betty shrank from him with eyes dilated, mouth agape.

"Then you—," she began.

"I did not," promptly retorted Le Malheureux. "I did not kill her. It would have saved her if I could. But it was impossible. The tragedy was inevitable, it was foreordained and had to happen. Nobody can ever clinch with Destiny. The first few days you were aboard this boat you tried it, my dear Miss Lancey. The result? You nearly had a second attack of fever and nervous prostration. When you resigned yourself to events as they course, you commenced to feel better, as you must admit. To dismiss the unattainable, and to welcome what may come, is the right doctrine of living. Why do you worry with what you cannot affect?"

"But since you, whoever you are, have hauled me off in this high-handed fashion, I consider there's some largess coming to me. If you knew who murdered Cerise Wayne, why don't you tell me? That is, unless you're in danger to protect the murderer? Come, tell me."

"What benefit would that be to you?" questioned Le Malheureux.

"You forget I'm a newspaper woman," argued Betty, "and I draw salary for gathering the news and turning it in to my city editor from your city editor, aren't you?" suggested Le Malheureux.

"Well, couldn't I send my paper a wireless?" flashed Betty. "You've an instrument here?"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Le Malheureux. "So that's what you wanted to come into my laboratory for? If you heard the clicking, recognized it, and thought if you dared enough you might communicate with your friends. A great idea, that! And I must confess you are a plucky girl, Miss Betty, but I warn you, if you tamper with these instruments in here, you'll tamper with eternity, and I'd advise you to let these apparatus alone."

"Bah! I'm not afraid," sneered Betty.

"Neither has any troublemaker ever been afraid of the trouble she started with plants and their souls. Some day I shall uncover the human soul itself, not only the physically corporeal, but those that ride, as Omar says, 'naked on the air of heaven.'"

Betty looked into the globe he held out before her. Within she saw a pulpy green substance, throwing out dozens of the most minute of antennae. These writhed and fluttered most weirdly.

"Oh, I can't stand this," she declared, "nor the air in here. Tyoga! Tyoga! Come and take me upstairs."

When the old negro had led her back to her staid seat on deck Betty Lancey sat and scanned the offering for a sail, and wondered how she could get word to Larry Morris where she was, and how in the world she could send the news she had to the "Inquirer" office.

Now her hunger for Larry was far worse than her desire to satisfy the newspaper appetite of delivering her portion of the solution to the

difficult; but Meta will sleep here on a pallet by your side. Good-night. Be unfraid." She stooped low and kissed Betty's hand, and Betty could have sworn a tear fell upon it.

Tyoga spoke truly. Meta brought the milk as deliciously warm and fragrant as if roses had been steeped within its limpid depths. The cool linen garment the slave wrapped around Betty rested her fevered skin, and the pillows were magic wings that bore her away to Forgetfulness Land. Sleep came, just sleep, no dreams, and the sun was topping the heavens when blue-eyed Betty awakened. Tyoga was not yet returned, but Meta, faithful and silent, stood by the couch gently waving a huge palm branch.

"A modern Cleopatra; but where is my Antony?" smiled Betty to herself, smuggling comfortably back to her nest. She stretched her feet luxuriously back and forth under the silken coverlet, then roused to full consciousness from malignant attack of brain fever, was beginning to discover that a woman is a weakling after all, and that when she needs a strong arm to lean on, she wants it sadly. And in the mist and mirage of the life from which she had so suddenly been taken away, Betty saw a splendid sailor. She possessed the exuberance of youth and all of a newspaper woman's curiosity for the what is to happen next. Le Malheureux, though extremely repulsive, was also decidedly interesting, and their conversations and intimacy grew with the day.

Le Malheureux was well read, courteous, a polished gentleman, gracious, and a delightful companion when he so chose. But he never saw her for more than an hour a day, and was reticent about himself and his people. Betty gathered that he had long lived in Africa, though he had been educated in England, France and Germany. By education he was a physician, by fortune independent, and by occupation a research worker in the extensive fields of electro-therapy. But there were three things he never did—he never removed or shifted any of his somber drapings, his hands were always gloved, and the thick veil of full green was never lifted from his face.

CHAPTER XII.

At the close of a long, hot day, the enchanted yacht sighted land—a blur of gray and green to the left. As the night deepened this verged into a sparkling tropic green, washed with a sapphire blue. Betty begged to be allowed to step on deck to watch this dawn of beauty, and Tyoga, muffled in a long white cloak, stood beside her. As they approached the harbor, Betty saw it was the jetting mouth of a bay, and that the bay was fringed with palm trees, springing from a matted growth of reeds, entwined vines, rushes and lush grass. Straight up the river they went in the moonlight, through a current so slow that the stream appeared stagnant. No sign of habitation met the eye, and the jungles to either side were still as death save for the occasional roar of a lion, or snarl of some angered panther.

The river verged into a lake, black and forbidding, with bleak beaches of yellow sand. From these they rushed into another river broad with entangled trees through which filtered a blood-red sunrise. All day they followed this river, plimbed at intervals with lakes, small or large, and clear or muddy. The white heron and the egret watched them unobtrusively. A crocodile or two sidled after them, and at intervals some huge snake, untwining from a long hanging bough, would stretch its slimy length across the snowy deck. Twice they passed a herd of elephants coming down to drink, and often sent an affrighted lioness tearing back from the water's edge to her mewling kittens. The purple lotus spread itself despairingly over some of the silmiest pools as if to patch up the hideousness with perfect beauty. All this tropical splendor finally wore itself out, and Betty's eyes, and she clung gratefully to Tyoga's arm as the negro said: "We are at our journey's end." And with it had come the night.

The yacht had swung through an archway, and shot into a roofed passage, water dripping from the stones and moss above them, and a raven cawed as they stopped at a stubby wharf, from which led a dizzy flight of dimly lighted granite steps.

The stairs ended in a vaulted corridor hung with a few antique brass lamps. Placed at intervals along the sides were low stone couches covered with leopard skins.

To one of these Tyoga motioned Betty, and then pursuing her thick black lips she emitted a peculiar whistle. Instantly three darted forward from one of the dusk-hung niches a comely young negro girl, her glistening body, satiny as ebony, nude save for a kilt of striped silk, and a short tunic of gauze.

She bowed low before Tyoga, who addressed to her a few half audible remarks in a strange dialect.

The girl nodded her head in the affirmative, stealing occasional surreptitious glances at Betty, and then taking up one of the smoking brass lamps she led the way toward the end of the long hall. Here more steps, two flights of them, of time-harried stone, moss-grown in the corners, greeted them. There were more corridors and more stairs in a dizzying never-ending sequence, till then came upon a hall longer, lighter and lower than the rest. A hundred archways with tapestry hangings opened upon this hallway and in the center arch the slave girl bowed low again and, pushing aside the draperies, stood apart for them to enter.

The room was furnished in skins, ivory, ebony and gold. The couch of ebony had no springs, but to Betty's later surprise the down cushions and skins piled upon it made it the softest bed she had ever rested upon. There were stone stools, chairs of oddly twisted tropic woods, and a great mirror of ebony, ivory and gold, studded with hundreds of precious stones. Swinging from the ceiling was an ornate lamp of filigree and jewels, and this burned low and dull.

"You will be glad to rest, I know," said Tyoga. "Meta there will bring you a glass of warm milk, and then you must rest. Rest the sweetest you have ever done, my lady. To-night I shall not be with you; I have other

duties; but Meta will sleep here on a pallet by your side. Good-night. Be unfraid." She stooped low and kissed Betty's hand, and Betty could have sworn a tear fell upon it.

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CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Joings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

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

Charles H. Treat, ex-treasurer of the United States, died of apoplexy.

Four principal British colonies in south Africa have formed a union.

A tidal wave swept the Oregon coast at Tillamook, damaging the tramway of the life-saving station.

Hudson Maxim, the great gun inventor and manufacturer, predicts aerial warfare within 100 years.

Twenty-five Western railroads were enjoined from putting into force on June 1, a general advance in freight rates.

Spokane police have arrested four boys, the oldest aged 18, who have robbed 25 houses and tents in the suburbs during the past month.

A band of 48 Eastern Oregon caymans en route to Tillamook stampeded in Portland and spread terror in downtown streets for several hours.

A rich New York Chinaman, about to embark for China, was arrested in San Francisco for the murder of another Chinaman in Sacramento four years ago.

Dirt from the excavation for a bank building in Placerville, Cal., yields \$100 to the pan. At that rate enough gold could be taken from the excavation to pay for the building.

An effort is being made to bring about a conference of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Japan and Russia with a view of agreeing on the terms of a treaty for the protection of fur seals in the North Pacific ocean.

The thermometer reached 90 degrees at San Francisco and three persons were prostrated in one day.

It is alleged that only a beginning was made in the legislative scandal in Illinois and the big sensations are yet to come.

The body of Alma Kellner, aged 8 years, who disappeared at St. Louis last December, was found buried in the bottom of an unused cistern.

About 75 Woodmen gathered in Tacoma on Memorial Day and built a house for the widow of one of their members. They nearly finished the house in one day.

A Wisconsin man who has served two years in prison for being implicated in the robbery of a bank and murder of one of the directors, is now found to be innocent.

A fire sale in a big department store in Chicago ended in a riot, several women being knocked down and injured, the windows of the store smashed and the interior wrecked.

Edwin Gould Jr., grandson of the late Jay Gould, ran away from school, lived on 15-cent meals, spent a night on a board at the station house and was finally returned to his home by the police.

Rabies among coyotes in Central Idaho is causing great alarm. The animals come into the towns and attack dogs and live stock, as well as people, and seem to have no fear. Several persons have been bitten.

Arguments have been concluded in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy.

Trouble is brewing over German invasion of the financial field in Persia.

British politicians are much worked up over proposed changes in the coronation oath.

The bond issue to build the Lake Washington canal at Seattle has been declared invalid.

A great grand-daughter of the great Kentucky hunter, Daniel Boone, died at Tualatin, Oregon.

A jealous dog in San Francisco nearly killed his mistress when he saw her petting a sick chicken.

A Newport, Ore., man committed suicide by allowing the tide to carry him out to sea on a small raft.

Chinese are protesting against the acceptance of foreign railway loans by communications written in their own blood.

About 250 persons in Fort Collins, Wyoming, were made sick by ptomaine poisoning from eating ice cream at a banquet.

Business men in Georgia offer to pay the president's traveling expenses on his Southern trip, over which congress is wrangling.

State Senator D. W. Holtzlaw, of Illinois, has confessed that Senator Broderick paid him \$2,500 to vote for Lorimer for U. S. senator.

James A. Patton lost about \$1,200,000 in one day speculating in wheat.

Census figures show the average salary of ministers to be about \$663 per year.

A Colorado cowboy carried his wounded partner 37 miles on horseback to receive medical attention.

Thieves have stolen the Minnesota coat of arms from the noted Hill statue in the exposition grounds at Seattle.

A French submarine was accidentally sunk by colliding with a warship and her entire crew of 27 men were drowned.

Deposed Alaska officials claim their removal was due to the Guggenheim interests, because of activity in prosecuting grafters.

Two young women have gone into camp near Middletown, Cal., and begun peeling tan bark. They do nearly as much work as the men and say it is better than idleness.

FLY THOUANDS OF MILES.

Prizes Offered for Long Distance Flights in United States.

New York, June 1.—Aerial flights from New York to St. Louis and from New York to Chicago will next be attempted, substantial money prizes for the accomplishments of both feats having been offered.

A prize of \$30,000 was offered tonight by the New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch to the first aviator who flies an aeroplane from New York City to St. Louis or from St. Louis to New York.

The New York Times announced that it has arranged with J. C. Shaffer, of the Chicago Evening Post for an offer of \$25,000 for an aeroplane race between Chicago and New York.

Mayor Gaynor announced the prize for the New York-St. Louis flight at the Hotel Astor tonight, where Glenn H. Curtiss, who on Sunday wrote a new chapter in the history of aviation by making a flight from Albany to Governor's Island, was the guest of the New York World, whose \$10,000 award he won.

Conditions governing the flight will be announced after a conference with aeronautic experts.

A distinguished company gathered to meet the young aviator tonight. At the table the modest Curtiss sat between the mayor and Brigadier General Howe, U. S. A., in command of the department of the East.

A flood of congratulatory cables and telegrams was read. Among them were messages from Bierli, the French aviator; the Aero Club of France; Count Jacques de Lesseps, who recently flew across the English channel; Hart O. Berg, the "father of aviation," and Hubert Latham, the French aviator.

Hudson Maxim, one of the speakers of the evening, said:

"As the warless era, of which we catch glimpses in our dreams of a distant future, is unquestionably yet far away, we must turn our prediction look to the flying machines in use as well as sport and commerce.

"We shall not have to wait 100 years for the staunch, wind-defying machine, with automatic equilibration. Very soon automobiles of the air will be as safe as automobiles upon the earth now is. Neither shall we have to wait 100 years for that spectacular eventuation—a fight between aerial navies, for these are bound to come."

Curtiss was enthusiastic over the new offer, but, in the absence of details as to stops allowed and other conditions, he would not say definitely whether he would enter the contest.

Charles K. Hamilton quickly announced, however, that he would be a contestant. He had planned to enter the New York-Albany race, but Curtiss was too quick for him.

The announcement of the prize offered for the New York-Chicago flight was issued from the Times office late tonight as follows:

"The New York Times announces that it has arranged with J. C. Shaffer, of the Chicago Evening Post, for an offer of \$25,000 for an aeroplane race between Chicago and New York, the details of which will be announced later."

Improve Methods at Cannery.

Astoria—The Sanborn-Cutting Packing company has installed a plant that will revolutionize the packing of salmon on the Columbia river, and will eventually be adopted by all the canneries on the river, as well as on the entire Pacific coast.

This cannery can pack 2,000 cases in 10 hours with less expense than could formerly pack 800 cases, without having a can touched by hand after it is first filled with salmon and inspected.

The primary factor is the Johnson double seamer, which puts the top on the can and by a series of runways the can passes through the testing tanks to the retorts by a gravity system. But one cooking is required, the venting of the can being eliminated altogether, and in this way much of the former loss of the oil is saved and the natural flavor of the fish preserved.

The use of tissue paper in packing around the cans has been done away with and there will simply be a band or label around the sides, the tops and bottoms being polished tin, allowing the can to be opened in the usual way.

Federal Delay Irksome.

Klamath Falls—A movement is on foot among the large tulle land owners on the Lower Klamath and Ewauna lakes and along the Klamath river, looking toward the early draining of much of their lands. These lands have been tied up with the government, under the reclamation service for the past five years.

The plan of the reclamation service was to blast out the ledge of rock at Keno, where the rapids of the Klamath begins, and in this way lower the river, draining thousands of acres.

To Irrigate 1,000 Acres.

Cottage Grove—John F. Spray, who owns a large tract of land two miles east of this city, is digging an irrigation ditch two and a half miles in length from Mendall Falls, and within six weeks will have an abundance of water on a thousand acres of the best land in this section. The new allows one second foot for every 80 acres, and 13 second feet will be taken from the Row river for irrigation purposes on this tract. The cost of the work will be about \$5,000, and the promoter figures that it will be well worth it.

Brick Plant Makes Good Product.

Bend—The first lot of brick made at the local factory has just been taken from the kiln. The clay, which is inexhaustible in quantity, is of high quality and makes an excellent product. The backers of the new enterprise declare that the further down the grade the better becomes the clay, and that their machine made brick will be the equal of those anywhere obtainable, and that a good permanent business will be built up here.

Oakland Livestock Shipped.

Oakland—Livestock shipments from Oakland are well under way. Five cars of lamb and weathers from here and two cars from Wilbur have gone forward to the Portland and Tacoma markets. Total shipments of wethers and lambs for this season to date 8 cars. Cattle shipments will commence in ten days.

Department Store at Fall City.

Falls City—N. Siegel, of Myrtle Creek, is preparing to erect a store building 50x80 feet, two stories high. Mr. Siegel will occupy the store room with a general stock. The store will take the place of the one recently destroyed by fire.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

CONVICTS SOLVE PROBLEM.

Hundreds of Men Sent to Penitentiary in Washington Work on Roads.

That convict labor on Oregon roads will solve the problem of building better highways throughout the state is the conviction of A. L. Mills, president of the First National bank of Portland, after seeing the kinds of roads the convicts in Washington are building.

Mr. Mills was a member of a party of business men entertained by Samuel Hill during an inspection of the state roads being built from Vancouver to Walla Walla.

"There were 80 convicts in the camp we saw," said Mr. Mills. "Fifty of them were serving 20-year sentences. But they were quiet and orderly, and they were doing splendid work—better than free labor would or could. All were in charge of Major Bowley. The discipline was perfect. As we passed the convicts were eating. All arose in their places and saluted with a deference that was exceedingly gratifying.

"Washington is building 1,100 miles of roads by convict labor. Men are obtained from the prisons to perform a task that most other laborers turn away from. They are kept constantly under guard and prefer the life of work to the life of inaction in the penitentiary. Every man of them looked healthy. I shall be very glad to see the day when Oregon will use its convicts in building roads. If there is one thing needed by Oregon above all other things it is roads that will make the resources of the state accessible and capable of development."

Agents of Oregon & Western Colonization Co. Go to Inspect Lands.

Vale—W. P. Davidson of the Oregon & Western Colonization company, has acquired 800,000 acres in interior Oregon, accompanied by Curtis L. Mosher and Frank L. Reider, of Portland, left Vale last week in an automobile for Burns and interior Oregon. Curtis L. Mosher stated that they are on a trip across the state to classify the land holdings for the market.

From Burns they way lies by the way of Prineville, Lebanon, Albany and on to Portland, where they expect to arrive within 30 days. Mr. Mosher, who is manager of the company's publicity department, stated that he had already taken 40 views in the Malheur valley, most of which are to be used in the advertising campaign in bringing settlers into Oregon.

Fossil People Will Have Road.

Fossil—A second mass meeting of those interested in the building of a railroad from Condon via Mayville to Fossil was held in Fossil and there was a large and enthusiastic attendance of farmers and business men, who are fully determined to have a railroad in the near future, if they have to build it themselves. The reports of the committees appointed at the last meeting to procure data showed that the proposed road in its first 15 miles out of Condon would pass through a grain belt producing 1,000,000 bushels a year.

Oregon Electric to Coos Bay.

Eugene—Hill is preparing to extend the Oregon Electric railroad to the Coast by way of Eugene, in the opinion of E. C. Roberts, a prominent business man from Coos Bay. "I was shown maps and plans for an extension from Eugene to Florence and from Florence to Coos Bay, by M. Svarvered, president of the Eugene Electric railway," said Mr. Roberts. "Svarvered told me the line was to connect with the Oregon Electric when it reached Eugene."

Wallowa Pork Goes to Seattle.

Enterprise—Five carloads of hogs, weighing 112,000 pounds, were shipped from here to Seattle the other day. This was the largest single shipment of the year. The hogs, 448 in number, were bought by the following names: Cole Brothers, W. B. Fordice, J. H. Fordice, E. B. Carter, G. M. Cannon, Martin & Shurman, and William Murrill.

Express Company Lowers Rate.

Hood River—After a loss of several hundred dollars in express shipments of berries Asta that have gone from Hood River by way of the North Bank line, the American Express company has met the rate of the North Bank road and the berries are now going forward from here direct.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 86 @87c; club, 82@83c; red Russian, 81 @81c; valley, 85c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, 82.50 @22.50 ton.

Corn—Whole, 33c; cracked, 33c ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, 32@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, 22@25; alfalfa, 16.50@17.50; grain hay, 17@18.

Oats—No. 1 white, 26.50@27 ton.

Fresh Fruits—Strawberries, 11.50@2.25 per crate; apples, 14.50@13 per box; cherries, 11@1.50; gooseberries, 6@7c per pound.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 40c per hundred; sweet potatoes, 4c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60@75c per dozen; asparagus, 1.25@2 per box; head lettuce, 50c@60c per dozen; hot-house lettuce, 50c@1 per box; green onions, 15c per dozen; radishes, 15@20c; rhubarb, 2 1/2@3 1/2c per pound; spinach, 8@10c; rutabagas,