

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

But Betty now tried her wiles on Meta. English, her smattering of French and a base maccaroni of German were hurled at the black girl's ears. Meta pretended to understand nothing Betty said to her. Tyoga was absent, Le Malheureux apparently had disappeared into thin air, and Betty was like a caged lioness. She was permitted to wander through the garden for such the edifice proved to be, but with Meta ever at her side. The architecture of the castle was of non-descript type, and it was rudely fashioned of granite, moss and vine grown and surrounded by parked gardens filled with tropical foliage and flowers. At the end of the gardens was a misanthropic river, thickly green and vile of odor, filled with rank reptiles and nauseous water plants. Beyond the river stretched the desert, yellow and hard. All this you could see from the upper windows of the castle, farther than a radius of fifty yards around the porticos Betty nor her handmaiden was not allowed to set foot. Within the castle was a small sandpaved court with an ornate fountain and heat-bringing plants. There Betty and Meta sat and Betty read the few books that were available, tried to teach Meta to dance and learned dances of her in return; tried, too, to learn Meta's guttural speech and failed sadly in teaching English to Meta. Which, along with certain other occurrences that happened as time went on, made Betty fairly certain that Meta already spoke English, or else understood it so perfectly that the girl was under instruction to betray no family secret to the foreign tongue. A favorite game of these two girls became a variation of lawn tennis, a native game, which they played seated, hurling over a low net celluloid balls of light weight and gay colors.

The evening of the third day Betty grew overwhelmed with such an uncontrollable loneliness that she could not help crying. Meta, who had just brought her supper of cocoonut, freshly cut, mixed with pineapples and guavas, a trussed pigeon, figs, dates, and fell sobbing, too, and tried intricately to find out what she wanted.

"Tyoga, Tyoga!" wailed Betty. Her nerves were at breaking point and the Jackal who howled in the hills to the north was crazing her with his yowling, and she was sick, or sick, of all, of the mystery, the silence, the loneliness.

Meta hesitated and then ran away like a deer. She came back troubled after an absence of a quarter of an hour or so, bearing in her hand a wax tablet on which was written in an old-fashioned shorthand.

"Tyoga cannot come to you yet. Will you be patient but a little longer? She is very busy. She will try and come in a few mornings."

Betty took the tablet to bed with her, tending herself that she was getting positively foolish.

Meta went along, caressing her as much as she dared. Betty began to lose sight of the fact that Meta's skin was black. She had already done this with Tyoga. As Meta aided Betty to disrobe the little girl caught the slender chain of the little gold locket that Betty wore always round her throat, and snapped its links asunder. The chain fell to the floor, and as it hit the tiling the locket flew open, disclosing Larry Morris' face. Meta picked it up, blushed, and, as if a girl-like, scented the trouble. She gazed intently at Larry's counterfeit presentment, studying it closely. Then she nodded her approval and shook an accusing finger at Betty, which, moved Betty to tears again.

Meta laughed, and with much slinking began to finger around with the capacious founces of her striped kilt. With much perspiration, and with what might have been blushes on a fairer skin she finally produced an odd little handkerchief carved from ivory with inlaid nails and a veil of gold. She held this high for Betty to gaze at, then pointed alternately to herself and Larry Morris' picture with Betty immediately estimated that the ivory hand was the roth sign of a girl, and of a somewhere dusky-bellied. Tyoga was three days in coming. Then she was much distraught and looked like a ragged edition of her once buxom self. First she called Meta aside and spoke with her long and earnestly—Betty would have vowed it was in French. Then Tyoga came to Betty.

"You are in danger of your life," she said, simply. "We all are. We are sorry for this, Miss Lancy, we had not expected it. We had thought all dangers were well guarded against, that all precautions had been taken. You and Meta must be left alone here in the castle for weeks. But be not afraid. Besides the secret entrance which none know but Meta, there is no approach to the castle save from that river on the south and to cross that river she shuddered—"to cross that is to swallow death. I have promised you a safe return to your people, and I go now to make that assurance doubly sure. Le Malheureux sends you his best wishes, and is sorry he cannot come in person, and now, farewell!"

The negroes turned and left the two girls together, Betty terror-stricken, homesick, unnerved, Meta stolid, immobile as the castle itself.

For several weeks the weather was fine, almost supernatural in its beauty and glow. Betty trod the castle over for hint or trace of any electrical apparatus, but none did she find. There were dozens of chambers similar to the one she occupied, what might be a throne room, a great dining hall, a mammoth kitchen, and one big room that possibly was an observatory, but which was most securely bolted, barred and cemented shut. Even American powder dared not tamper with such solidity of masonry.

Meta and Betty had finally accomplished a species of pigeon dialect that like Crusoe and his man Friday permitted them to signify their wants and dislikes. He prohibited the dangerous conversation of confidence and personal communications with which

women are so prone to fall! Betty had given up the idea of the note in a bottle, the sensational wireless message and such like methods of communication with the loved ones at home, and those of the newspaper fraternity in particular ever since she caught sight of the pigeons. She surreptitiously carved this message, "Betty Lancy, Africa," on the wing of many a poor suffering bird and vainly tried to shove it briskly away in the direction that she thought housed civilized people. This carving was a work of perspiring labor but it diverted Betty more successfully than anything else might have done. This occupation amused and exhilarated because it revolved around the constantly diminishing germ of hope that so was near to dying in Betty's bosom.

First of all, she had nothing to scratch with but a hairpin. And with a tropical sun, and sea voyaging, hairpins had become scarce enough to be valuable. Second, Meta was always watching, and thirdly, you never could finish a bird at one sitting and it was terrible to try to catch any of the birds, and worse yet to get hold twice in succession of the same bird you had been working on last. Frequently there would be as many as three dozen birds, half bedecked with Betty's carvings, hopping around at one time. Betty held the thought that if one of these birds should perchance be picked up it might show people within a continent of finding her.

There was something romantic about living in this desert and swamp-bound castle until the rains came on. Then it was more aggravating than anything Betty could ever have imagined.

"Worse than any city editor I know starting out to play wrecking crew with an entire office," she commented, grimly.

For an African rain in the central part of that shadowy continent is not a rainstorm as we know it. The lakes, the rivers, the sea itself seem to have risen and to be descending in flat layers and sheets of the wettest wet that ever mortal knew. Lightning in more varieties than Betty had dreamed might ever have been patented broke round the grim old castle, and the two lonely young girls loved the goat harder than ever.

Later they had an addition to their family. A decrepit old lion, a beast so many, worn, eaten and toothless that one longed in pity to kill him then and there, crept in from the jungle one cold, rain-pelted night. He frightened Betty and she fled to death at first sight, then they both laughed heartily at sight of his infirmities and took him in and made him royally welcome. He expressed his gratification in croopy ruffs that caused Betty to long to feed him hard and sugar, the same as her mother had given her when she was a croopy, wheezy kiddie.

But as a burglar alarm those roars were the best of all inventions, as Betty expressed it in the journal she was pretending to keep.

"As a perfectly proper property lion, City Editor Burton is a peach."

Betty had named the lion "City Editor Burton" after the one being in the inquiry office whose very voice was calculated to instantly remove the scalp of any cub reporter whoever sharpened a pencil in a newspaper office.

Between City Editor Burton and the pigeons Betty found less opportunity for worry than did Meta. Perhaps that was because Tyoga had not told Betty the same tale she had whispered that hot morning into the awe-struck ears of Meta. The black girl knew of the danger threatening, and feared in silence.

So strong had grown the attachment between Meta and Betty that the young Nubian, who, truth to tell, spoke English with rare perfection, had much ado to keep up their face of pigeon English and to refrain from outpouring her soul to the white-skinned, but now sadly-tanned Betty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Johnny Johnson and Larry Morris arrived in Algiers early in August. It was hot and the dust was equalled only by the flies. Larry spoke a little French, Johnny nothing but English. They were both searick and both tired of the task they had set themselves upon. In Chicago darkest Africa had looked to them rather a small and unimportant province, a shrunken Rhode Island. In Algiers darkest Africa overlapped every continent on the globe. The apparent fatality of the undertaking weighed them down.

Night fell. Then followed stars and a subdued rumble of the city life for a brief and restful interlude. Later the mirth and ribaldry of the cafes—Algiers at her worst.

This, a woman. Had enough on the coast. But to ship for the island! It was an impossibility. They sought forgetfulness in the cafes. Before one in particular the crowds were swarming like flies over molasses. Within a woman, she looked and full-figured, slung an atrocious French song with an even more atrocious Maine accent. Between verses she mingled the cakewalk.

"Let's get out of this," said Larry. "John, look at the negro over there. Did you ever see such a Colossus in your life?"

More than the two newspaper men were watching the negro in question. He was nearly seven feet high, magnificent in his proportions, and dressed in immaculate white duck. His features were typically African, but he had the bearing of ancient kings and high intelligence lurked in his eyes. And was planted at the corners of his mouth and in the lines along his nostrils.

Standing in the corner close to the stage, he was regarding the pitiful thing that gambled there with the same impassive pity that a man watches a butcher kill a little squealing pig. The pig is not worth much in the aesthetic scale as life goes, but through him life may be sustained. One pig more or less to feed the masses benefits the masses, and is very good for the pig. It lets him out of

being a pig, and provides for his transmigration into another shape.

As the two Americans turned to look at the negro he was leaving the cafe. All eyes turned from the dancer to his coal-black pulchritude. The dancer, noting this waver of allegiance, lurched forward and kicked into the air with deft aim. One gaudy red sat slipper flew directly through the crowd and grazed the giant on the back, falling within a foot or two of the two Americans.

"That was a good shot!" ejaculated Johnny. "Larry Morris was watching the muscles working in the African's face as he stopped to pick up the slipper.

"Because I'm black," he heard the man mutter, in pure English. "Because I'm black."

Straight through the crowd strode the black man, and up to the stage, overturning half of the tables in his way as he went. At the footlights he leaned over, held out the shoe and beckoned for the dancer to place her foot within it. But the women, with the whimsicality of her sex, turned her head away and smote the African twice across the cheek.

The black man straightened himself up like a steel bar, uncurred in a white hot furnace. He took the shoe and flung it at the dancer, lightly but accurately. It struck her across her painted mouth, and the steel plate on the heel tore the gentle skin of her full lip. The blood streamed down in a tiny thread over her chin and dropper on her white shoulders.

The habits of the cafe could not endure this treatment of their favorite. Pandemonium was loosed. Bottles, lamps, glasses, even chairs, they hurled at the retreating figure of the African. He was cut and slashed in a dozen places and almost overcome, for the strength of a Hercules could not have resisted such onslaughts. Johnson and Morris had gone out of the door when the riot began, and were turning down the street when the black burst out, winded, panting, and closely pursued.

By the curb stood an automobile—a great touring car; it belonged to a lawyer, the Associated Press man at Algiers. A weak, dissipated little fellow, Sulvester was at that moment the foremost in consoling the dancer.

Larry Morris thought quickly. He knew Sulvester well; they had worked together in the States, and the negro interested him.

"Crank her, Johnny," he cried, pointing to the automobile, "and while Johnny cranked the machine, Morris hustled the black within the car, threw from his perch the dazed chauffeur and in three minutes the black, Larry Morris and Johnson, in Sulvester's car, were headed for the desert with the mob howling hyena-like behind them.

"All right, old fellow; we'll help you," Larry had whispered in the black's ear as he hurried him towards the motor. Larry had had to do it, for downed as he was, the black instantly made a dash for freedom towards anything that smacked of captivity.

(To be continued.)

STUNTS OF THE COWBOY.

Australian Whip Cracking and Lasso Throwing in America.

The stock whip in the skillful hands of the Australian is not only an article of the greatest utility, but also a formidable weapon. Owing to its great length—the lash varies from twelve to thirty feet—and the shortness of the butt, which measures only eighteen inches, it is an extremely difficult and awkward thing to wield, and the beginner is apt to hurt himself if he does not exercise care when practicing.

A well-trained stockman, however, can hit a cent every time at ten paces' distance, and with the dreaded lash in his hand, cracking like pistol shots, can keep a mob of wild cattle in check. If used with full force it will cut through skin and flesh like a knife, says Wide World, but unless a beast shows distinct vice the stock man uses it more for the purpose of instilling fear than of causing pain.

It can also be used as a bolas—a Patagonian form of the lasso—and an adept can catch and hold a beast by causing the lash to curl around its legs.

The skill of the Australian with the stock whip is more than equalled by American cowboys with the lasso. One of the gaudy by the name of Welch has a pretty trick called the crinoline, in which the rope is kept whirling around the body in concentric rings like a huge and very animated hoop skirt. The trick looks ridiculously easy, but the beginner will find that, like many simple-looking feats, it cannot be learned in a day; he will also probably discover that a manila rope is painfully hard when it comes in contact with the head.

Mr. Welch will undertake to throw this lasso around any portion of a horse or its rider as he passes at a gallop, and the skillful manner in which he gets his rope about a horse's legs as the animal lifts them from the ground for an instant, in the act of cantering, is nothing short of marvelous. He can also completely tie a man up from a distance of thirty feet by throwing a succession of half-hitches over him with astonishing accuracy.

Millet and "The Angelus."

It was only after long years of struggle and dire poverty, through which Millet was consoled and supported by his wife, that the peasant painter was able to take the three-roomed cottage at Barbizon and "try to do something really good." It was then that he began to paint that most beautiful "poem of poverty," "The Angelus," which is today one of the most valuable pictures in the world. Again and again he threw aside the picture in despair of ever finishing it to his satisfaction, and as often his wife replaced it on the easel and induced him to continue.

On one occasion he was so incensed at not being able to produce a certain effect that he seized a knife and would have destroyed the canvas and ended the matter once for all had not his wife fortunately seized his hand and induced him to give the picture another trial. Thus it was that at last "The Angelus" found a place on the walls of the Louvre. The success it won encouraged Millet to paint many more pictures and thus place himself among the immortals in art.

He loves his country best who strives to make it best.—Ingersoll

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.

Coreans are planning a revolt against Japanese land-grabbing.

L. K. Bernard prophesies that in two years flying will be as common as motoring.

A consolidated band of 112 pieces formed one of the attractions at the Portland Rose Festival.

Roosevelt made a speech in a historical hall at Oxford, England, and expressed optimism as to the world's future.

Seattle citizens are aroused against the colored regiment of U. S. troops stationed at Fort Lawton, and will request their removal to Alaska.

A Milwaukee judge says Sunday closing in that city cannot be enforced, because an overwhelming majority of public sentiment is against it.

A stepladder at El Paso, Texas, fell 75 feet from a smokestack which he was painting and escaped with a dislocated wrist and a broken rib.

Madriz warned that if he fires a single shot at any vessel carrying the American flag, his forces will be annihilated by United States gunboats.

William D. Crum, colored, of Charleston, S. C., has been appointed minister to Liberia. He has held the office of collector of the port at Charleston.

A department of public health and fewer medical colleges were the chief points urged in the opening address of Dr. William H. Welch, of Baltimore, president of the American Medical association, at St. Louis.

Two San Jose women were found dead beneath their over-turned auto.

The International Horse Show is open in London, and King Edward is badly missed.

Maya Indians in Yucatan have rebelled against Mexico and sacked the town of Valladolid.

Railroads have agreed to withdraw all proposed rate increases, pending a general conference.

Congress has authorized Oregon and Washington to fix the boundaries between the two states.

Chairman Nelson, of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation commission, says conservation has run riot.

The Illinois Central railroad has been bailed about \$2,000,000 by crooked officials and big shippers in collusion.

Lightning struck the spectators at a ball game in Pony, Montana, badly injuring many and tearing off one woman's corset and shoes.

The corruption fund which defeated the fisheries bill in the Illinois legislature has been traced to its source, and it seems certain that the bribe-giver will be convicted.

While swinging by his arm from the limb of a tree, in Dillon, Mont., Frank Harkness, aged 12, struck the point of a pair of sheep shears, hung on a nail in the tree with the blades outwards, the steel piercing the boy's heart and instantly killing him.

When George Cooke, paymaster for the Hans Rees Sons' Tannery, Asheville, N. C., reached the company's office, after drawing \$5,000 out of the bank to meet payroll, he found his utter astonishment that the money was not in the safe where he had placed it. He believes he was a victim of a shrewd broad daylight robbery.

It is believed that sentiment in the South is turning against prohibition.

President Taft views the increase of Socialism with considerable apprehension.

King George has called a conference of party leaders to settle the house of lords dispute.

An equestrian statue of General Custer has been unveiled at Monroe, Michigan, Custer's home.

James M. Lynch has been re-elected president of the International Typographical union by 22,000 majority.

A wealthy man of Ottawa, Ill., has bequeathed \$50,000 to aid worthy young men, provided they do not study theology.

Mrs. Helen Flagg Young, superintendent of schools of Chicago, was given a reception by five thousand teachers of that city.

A suit for \$100,000 damages for false imprisonment has been begun by a Los Angeles man against the Burns & Sheridan Detective agency.

It is reported that Madriz has lost all his artillery and 400 prisoners.

A banker of Minneapolis has been fined \$5,000 for smuggling two pearl necklaces at Hoboken, N. J.

Taft would appoint Roosevelt chairman of a commission to tour the world in the interest of universal peace.

BAD QUAKE IN ITALY.

Large Area Badly Shaken—Dead Number About 50.

Rome, June 8.—Great apprehension has been caused again by seismic disturbances showing that the zone affected by the earthquake shocks today is a vast one, embracing practically the whole of Southern Italy, as well as a portion of Tuscany and Venetia to the north.

Some reports estimate the number of dead at 50, and of injured at several hundred. It is feared that many are buried in the ruins of buildings thrown down at Calitri. It is said that in this town half the buildings have been wrecked and the number of dead is above 35.

From many other towns and villages come stories of fallen homes, death and suffering. At San Sole, in the province of Potenza, six persons were killed and five injured. The convicts in the prison at Bonavento became panic-stricken and tried to force their way past the guards, but were overpowered by troops.

The district in which the most serious damage occurred extends for only about 50 miles about Mount Vulture, in the province of Avellino.

This region has suffered much in the past from earthquake shocks and in 1851 800 persons were killed.

The government has taken hold of the situation with promptitude and although the earthquake occurred during the night military and civil authorities were soon hard at work giving aid to the injured, preparing shelter for the homeless and bending their energies to the re-establishment of order.

WORK IS ORDERED RESUMED.

New York Central President Much Pleased With Settlement.

Washington, June 8.—President Brown, of the New York Central, is so pleased at the way in which President Taft treated the railroads in the present controversy over rates that he said tonight he would order the resumption of all work on the Central which he ordered suspended last Friday.

This work, it was said at that time, would require an expenditure of about \$5,000,000. It had to do with the improving of stations, building new ones, laying additional tracks, making yard and roadbed improvements. The Central also will permit the Pressed Steel Car company, Standard Steel Car company and American Steel Car company, all of Pittsburgh, to go ahead with orders given them some time ago for 3,000 new freight cars which he estimated would cost about \$1,000 each.

The orders for these cars were cancelled Friday also.

Commenting on the agreement reached with the administration today, President Brown said: "It was just as good an arrangement as could have been made."

JAPAN AFTER SOUTH POLE.

Expedition Hurries to Goal of Antarctic Exploration.

Victoria, June 8.—Japan is hurrying an expedition under Lieutenant Shirase to the South Pole before other explorers could reach there.

Some Japanese professors are to accompany the expedition, which will be restricted to Japanese. The diet has voted money for the enterprise, and when the River Clyde left, Lieutenant Shirase was at Sendai preparing for the voyage to the Antarctic. He said he would plant the Rising Sun flag at the South Pole before other explorers could reach there.

Settlers Coming Back.

Washington, June 8.—An unusually heavy movement of homeseekers this Spring into various parts of the arid West is indicated by reports that have come to the reclamation service. Train loads of settlers have been pouring into Montana, Oregon and Washington and large numbers have been seeking the milder climate of the Southwest. A cheering feature in connection with the movement is said to be the return of thousands of American citizens from Canada, offsetting in a measure the exodus of others to the Dominion.

Van Cleave Can't Produce.

Rock Island, Ill., June 8.—James B. Van Cleave, ex-state insurance commissioner, failed today to get before the Rock Island county grand jury as a voluntary witness in the fraternity insurance investigation. Van Cleave, who was here last week, claimed to have documentary authority for withdrawing \$57,000 reserve funds of the Fraternal Tribunes from the Chicago Title & Trust company and depositing it in the Lincoln National bank of Springfield, from which it was paid out on alleged bogus death claims.

Marooned Aliner Rescued.

Seward, Alaska, June 8.—John Schmitt, of Los Angeles, had a narrow escape from death late in May while coming down the Susitna river from Talkeetna station. His boat was capsized by floating ice, but Schmitt managed to reach a log and made his way to a ledge of rock, where he was marooned without food until rescued by the river steamer Alice. He was nearly dead of starvation and exposure when found.

Summer Practice Cruise Begins.

Annapolis, Md., June 8.—Bound on the annual summer practice cruise for the instruction of midshipmen, the battleships, Iowa, flagship; Indiana and Massachusetts, with Captain George R. Clark as squadron commandeer, sailed this morning. The cruises this year will include stops at many foreign ports.

Pittston Strike to Be Settled.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 8.—An early settlement of the strike of 12,000 miners in the Pittston district is looked for today. It is possible there may be an adjustment of grievances without the intercession of a conciliation board.

Eugene to Celebrate Fourth.

Eugene—Eugene will celebrate the Fourth of July in an elaborate style this year, the Merchants' Protective association having taken up the matter after the Commercial club had decided not to celebrate. An air ship and other big attractions will be secured for that day.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

RAISE WATER 600 FEET.

Farmers Near Redmond Install Pumping Plant in Deep Canyon.

Redmond—Pumping water from Crooked river to the table lands 600 feet above the river is an experiment being tried here. M. M. Davenport and Neil Christensen have just completed a pumping plant which raises water by means of an overshot water wheel and supplies their homesteads on the peninsula.

The project is a remarkable undertaking. The Deschutes river and its tributary, Crooked river, lie in gorges 500 to 1,000 feet deep, the walls being nearly perpendicular. At the point where the Davenport-Christensen pump is installed it is necessary to raise the water 600 feet over four perpendicular ledges, the highest of which is 75 feet.

The undertaking, when commenced last fall, looked like a mammoth job. The hardest part was to get the necessary materials to the place where the wheel was to be installed. All the material was lowered from the plains 600 feet above to the water's edge. A wheel seven feet in diameter and two feet eight inches across the face was built. The machinery and frame were arranged and securely fastened to the rocks to prevent them from being washed away by high water. Eleven hundred and sixty feet of pipe are used in making the raise of 625 feet. Tests of the plant have proved highly successful.

Lumber Camps Can't Get Men.

Hood River—The strawberry growers are not the only employers of labor who are having their troubles these days. The Oregon Lumber company has almost been forced to close its mill at Dee on account of the scarcity of labor. Manager Charles T. Early says they use three crews—"one coming, one working and one going." The laborers do not seem to stick long at any job and while the yard workers are getting \$2.50 a day they will not stay with their jobs. One morning recently with the aid of Marshal Lewis, Mr. Early rounded up 20 men in the jungles and managed to persuade 13 of them to take the train for Dee and go to work. Eleven were put to work in the yard and two others sent on to the timber camp. At noon the Dee office called up and told Mr. Early they were ready for another round-up, as the 11 men from the yard were beating it down the track. Fortunately these loafers do not stick long in Hood River, as they get thirsty and have to move along to The Dalles or Portland.

Last Horse Cars Vanish.

Klamath Falls—The horsecar has vanished from Klamath Falls. The electric car is to replace the ancient means of transportation. The track is to be removed the entire length of Main street and this means that the city will be without streetcar service for two or three months.

The company has applied for a new franchise for Main street. With the granting of this the system will be made thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. New lines will be built on side streets and a belt line is to be built around the town to make a circle from the Upper lake down through Buena Vista addition.

A motor car will be put on the run around town. This is to be a modern passenger car, with a large carrying capacity, and thoroughly equipped.

Berries of High Quality.

Hood River—The strawberries are now coming in in great quantities and the quality this year is very high. The season may reach its height during the coming week if the warm days continue. The Apple Growers' Union has been shipping three carloads a day during this week and the price has been ranging around \$2.50 a crate. With the shipments which are being made by independent shippers five carloads have been going out daily for the past three days. The trouble over express rates has adjusted itself.

Transplant Eastern Oysters.

Astoria—Four hundred and twenty sacks of Eastern oysters for transplanting at Tokeland for the Tokelant Point Oyster company, have been received from Long Island sound. They were not the little sea shells that have been used heretofore and which take about five years to mature sufficient for the market, but about the size of an Olympia oyster and will mature in two years. This is an experiment but the oyster people believe it is feasible.

Farmers Union in Coos.

Marshfield—A local branch of the Farmers' Co-operative and Educational union was formed in this city by Charles A. Hill, the organizer, who has been working in this locality. There are now four or five different branches of the union in the county and they will all be brought together under a county organization. An effort will be made to secure 1,000 members in Coos county.

Creameries Pay Farmers \$385,000.

Coquille—The dairy industry of Coos county last year yielded the farmers \$385,000, and 405 tons of butter was shipped out of the county. The Norway creamery led in point of production of butter, turning out over 100 tons. In the same district 365 tons of cheese was produced.

Marshfield Improves Waterfront.

Marshfield—The Marshfield city council is planning to clear the waterfront of all sheds, bathhouses and buildings, so that it will be possible to have a wide wharf extending the full length of the business section. To do this it will be necessary to condemn some of the buildings.

Eugene to Celebrate Fourth.

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SILETZ BILL IS PASSED.

Hawley's Measure Adopted in House—Will Next Go to Senate.

Washington—Representative Hawley has succeeded in passing through the house his bill directing the patenting of a considerable number of homestead entries in the Siletz reservation. As passed by the house, Hawley's bill provides: "That all pending homestead entries heretofore made within the former Siletz Indian reservation, upon which proofs were made prior to December 31, shall be passed to patent in all cases where they shall appear to the satisfaction of the secretary of the interior that the entry was made for the exclusive use and benefit of the entryman, and that the entryman built a house on the land, entered and otherwise improved the same and actually entered into occupation thereof, and cultivated a portion of said land for the period required by law, and that no part of the land entered has been sold or conveyed or contracted to be sold or conveyed by the entryman, and where no contest or other adverse proceedings was commenced against the entryman, and notice thereof served upon the entryman, prior to the date of submission of the proof thereon, or within two years thereafter, provided, that nothing therein contained shall prevent or forestall any adverse proceedings against any entry upon any charge of fraud, and provided further, that any entryman who may make application for patent under the provisions of this act shall as an additional condition precedent to the issuance of such patent, be required to pay to the United States \$2.50 per acre for land so applied for."

Coos Farmers Favor Good Roads.

Marshfield—Road supervisors in Coos county have received from the Oregon Good Roads association letters asking them to cooperate in the movement for amendment to the constitution providing for the bonding of each county for good wagon roads. The plan is favored generally in Coos county. There is a big movement on in Coos county for better roads. This year there is to be expended about \$110,000 by the county besides money which has been privately subscribed by property owners, who appreciate good roads.

Oil Well Reaches 3,730 Feet.

Ontario—The oil well is down to a depth of 3,730 feet. The drill is working in a harder shale than has been found