THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

A STORY of vast scope and power, beginning with the weird experience of a struggling soul among the working classes of the moonshiners and the old aristocracy of the reconstructed South—this is the locale of the wonderful serial now presented.

"The Quickening" is truly a remarkable literary production. Its main motive is in touch and sympathy with those complex questions of sectional prejudices and new industrial progress which are interesting every thinker in the country.

It will be a life-like experience to the reader to trace the career of Thomas Jefferson Gordon, the hero, from an humble beginning through the grades of mental development to a point where all the sentient elements of his nature are called upon to meet a climax such as tries the souls of great men.

It will be a pleasing revelation to study the destiny of the peerless Ardea, the heroine of this sterling romance, whose love is the guiding star of "the Young Captain of Industry."

There are scenes of strife, plotting and peril that are more than interesting—they are thrilling in their details and educational as demonstrating the power and fervor of men fighting for principle and right.

Not many recent stories have even approximated the intense interest, the inherent merit of theme and purpose shown in "The Quickening."

CHAPTER I.

The revival in Paradise Valley, conducted by the Reverand Silas Crafts, of South Tredegar, was in the middle of its second week, and the field—to use Brother Crafts' own word—was white to the harvest.

Little Zoar, the square, weather-tinged wooden church at the head of the valley, built upon land donated to the denomination in times long past by an impenitent but generous Major Dabney, stood a little way back from the pike in a grove of young pines. By half-past six of the June evening the revivalist's congregation had begun to assemble.

Those who came farthest were first on the ground; and by the time 12-year-old Thomas Jefferson, spatting barefooted up the dusty pike, had reached the church-house with the key, there was a goodly sprinkling of unhitched teams in the grove, the horses champing their feed noisily in the wagon-boxes, and the people gathering in little neighborhood knots to discuss gravely the one topic uppermost in all minds—the present outpouring of grace on Paradise Valley and the region roundabout.

"D'ye reckon the Elder'll make it this time with his brother-in-law?" asked a tall, flat-chested mountaineer from the Pine Knob uplands.

"Samantha Parkins, she allows that Caleb has done sinned away his day o' grace," said another Pine Knobber, "but I ain't goin' that far. Caleb's a sight like the iron he makes in that old furnace o' his'n—honest and even-grained, and just as good for plow-points and the like as it is for soap-kettles. But hot 'r cold, it's just the same, ye cayn't change hit, and ye cayn't change him."

"That's about right," said a third. "It looks to me like Caleb done sot his stakes where he's goin' to run the furrow. If livin' a dozen years and mo' with such a sancterfied woman as Martha Gordon won't make out to toll a man up to the pearly gates, I allow the' ain't no preacher goin' to do it."

"Well, now; maybe that's the reason," drawled Japheth Pettigrass, the only unmarried man in the small circle of listeners; but he was promptly put down by the tall mountaineer.

"Hold on thar, Japhe Pettigrass! I allow th' ain't no dyed-in-the-wool hawss-trader like you goin' to stand up and say anything ag'inst Marthy Gordon while I'm a-listenin'. I'm recollectin' right now the time when she sot up day and night for more 'n a week with my Malviny."

Thomas Jefferson had opened the church-house doors and windows and was out among the unhitched teams looking for Scrap Pendry, who had been one of a score to go forward for prayers the night before. So it happened that he overheard the flat-chested mountaineer's tribute to his mother. It warmed him generously; but there was a boyish scowl for Japheth Pettigrass. What had the horse-trader been saying to make it needful for Bill Layne to speak up as his mother's defender? Thomas Jefferson recorded a black mark against Pettigrass' name, and went on to search for Scrap.

"What you hiding for?" he demanded, when the newly-made convert was discovered skulking in the dusky shadows of the pines beyond the farthest outlying wagon.

"I ain't hidin'," was the half-defiant answer.

"Come on out where the folks are," urged Thomas Jefferson. "Sim Cantrell and the other fellows are allowin' you're afeard."

"I ain't afeard," denied the convert.

"No; but you're sort o' 'shamed, and that's about the same thing, I reckon. Come on out; I'll go 'long with you."

Then spake the new-born love in the heart of the big, rough, country boy. "I cayn't onderstand how you can hold out, Tom-Jeff. I've cobe thoo', praise the Lord! but I jest natchelly got to have stars for my crown. You say you'll go 'long with me, Tom-Jeff: say it ag'in, and mean it."

It was admitted on all sides that Brother Crafts was a powerful preacher. Other men had wrestled mightily in Zoar, but none to such heart-shaking purpose. When he expatiated on the ineffable glories of Heaven and the joys of the redeemed, which was not too often, the reflection of the celestial effulgences could be seen rippling like sunshine on the sea of faces spreading away from the shore of the pulpit steps. When he spoke of hell and its terrors, which was frequently and with thrilling descriptive, even so hardened a scoffer as Japheth Pettigrass was wont to declare that you could hear the crackling of the flames and the cries of the doomed.

The hush that remained unbroken till he announced his text in a voice that rang like an alarm-bell pealed in the dead of night. There are voices and voices, but only now and then one which is pitched in the key of the spheral harmonies. When the Reverend Silas hurled out the Baptist's words, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand! the responsive thrill from the packed benches was like the sympathetic vibration of harpstrings answering a trumpet blast.

He passed from pleading to denunciation. The setting of The Great White Throne and the awful terrors of the Judgment Day were depicted in words that fell from the thin lips like the sentence of an inexorable judge.

"'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!'" he thundered, and a shudder ran through the crowded church as if an earthquake had shaken the valley. "There is your end, impenitent soul; and, alas! for you, it is only the beginning of a fearful eternity! Think of it, you who have time to think of everything but the salvation of your souls, your sins, and the awful doom which is awaiting you! Think of it, you who are throwing your lives away in the pleasures of this world; you who have broken God's commands; you who have stolen when you thought no eye was on you; you who have so often committed murder in your hating hearts! Think not that you will be suffered to escape! Every servant of the most high God who has ever declared His message to you will be there to denounce you: I, Silas Crafts, will meet you at the judgment-seat of Christ to bear my witness against you!"

A man, red-faced and with the demon of the cup of trembling peering from under his shaggy eyebrows, rose unsteadily from his seat on the bench nearest the door.

"'Sh! he's fotched Tike Bryerson!" flew the whisper from lip to ear; but the man with the trembling madness in his eyes was backing toward the door. Suddenly he stooped and rose again with a backwoodsman's rifle in his hands, and his voice sheared the breathless silence like the snarl of a wild beast at bay.

"No, by jacks, ye won't witness ag'inst me, Silas Crafts; ye'll be dead!"

The crack of the rifle went with the words, and at the flash of the piece the man sprang backward through the doorway and was gone. Happily, he had been too drunk or too tremulous to shoot straight. The preacher was unhurt, and he was quick to quell the rising tumult and to turn the incident to good account.

"There went the arrow of conviction quivering to the heart of a murderer!" he cried, dominating the commotion with his marvelous voice. "Come back here, Japheth Pettigrass; and you, William Layne: God Almighty will deal with that poor sinner in His own way. For him, for every impenitent soul here to-night, the hour has struck. 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' While we are singing, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' let the doors of divine mercy stand opened wide, and let every hard heart be softened. Come, ye disconsolate; come forward to the mercy-seat as we sing."

The old, soul-moving, revival hymn was lifted in a triumphant burst of sound, and Thomas Jefferson's heart began to pound like a trip-hammer. Was this his call—his one last chance to enter the ark of safety? Just there was the pinch. A saying of Japheth Pettigrass', overheard in Hargis' store on the first day of the meetings, flicked into his mind and stuck there: "Hit's scare, first, last, and all the time, with Brother Silas. He knows mighty well that a good bunch o' hickories, that'll bring the blood every cut, beats a sugar kittle out o' sight when it comes to fillin' the anxious seat." Was it really his call? Or was he only scared?

The 12-year-old brain grappled hardily with the problem which has thrown many an older wrestler. This he knew: that while he had been listening with outward ears to the restless champing and stamping of the horses among the pines, but with his inmost soul to the burning words of his uncle, the preacher, a great fear had laid hold of him—a fear mightier than desire or shame, or love or hatred, or any spring of action known to him. It was lifting him to his feet; it was edging him past the others on the bench and out into the aisle with the mourners who were crowding the space in front of the pulpit platform. At the turn he heard his mother's low-murmured "I thank Thee, O God!" and saw the grim, set smile on his father's face. Then he fell on his knees on the rough-hewn floor, with the tall countaineer called William Layne on his right, and on his left a young girl from the choir who was sobbing softly in her handkerchief.

To his new young life after that it seemed but a step to June, the queen of the months in the valleys of Tennessee. The revival converts of Little Zoar had the pick and choice of all the Sundays of the year for the day of their baptizing.

The font was of great nature's own providing, as was the mighty temple housing it—a clear pool in the creek, with the green-walled aisles in the June forest leading down to it, and the blue arch of the flawless June sky for a dome resplendent.

All Paradise was there to see and hear and bear witness, as a matter of course; and there were not wanting farm-wagon loads from the great valley and from the Pine Knob highlands. Major Dabney was among the onlookers, sitting his clean-limbed Hambletonian, and twisting his huge white moustaches until they stood out like strange and fierce-looking horns. Also, in the outer ranks of skepticism, Major Dabney's foreman and horse-trader, Japheth Pettigrass, found a place. On the opposite bank of the stream were the few negroes owning Major Dabney now as "Majah Boss," as some of them—most of them, in fact—had once owned him as "Mawstuh Majah"; and mingling freely with them were the laborers, white and black, from the Gordon iron-furnace.

Thomas Jefferson brought up memories from that solemn rite administered so simply and yet so impressively under the June sky, with the many-pointing forest spires to lift the soul to heights ecstatic. One was the singing of the choir, minimized and made celestially sweet by the lack of bounding walls and roof. Another was the sight of his father's face, with the grim smile gone, and the steadfast eyes gravely tolerant as he—Thomas Jefferson—was going down into the water. A third—and this might easily become the most lasting of all—was the memory of how his mother clasped him in her arms as he came up out of the water, all wet and dripping as he was, and sobbed over him as if her heart would break.

(To be continued.)

DIAMONDS AND PROSPERITY.

Phenomenon of Raising Prices for an Imperishable Product.

Among the most important of the world's diamond mines are those of the Premier Diamond Company in the Pretoria district of the Transvaal. A comparison of the sales of that company is not a bad guide to the world's prosperity. In 1906 the diamonds sold realized £1,277,739. In 1907 there was a drop of nearly 17 per cent in the sales to £1,064,595. There was some recovery in the following year, but in the year ended Oct. 30, 1909, the sales had risen to £1,412,928. No doubt we were the buyers of a good many of these ornaments, the Wall Street Journal says, but there seems to have been a fairly world-wide demand.

The figures show how instantly the luxury market felt the crisis and also how little disposed we are to save, even with so recent a lesson in mind. The figures before us give not the slightest indication of any desire to curb extravagance. The diamond producers are selling us more of their preposterously useless product than they were in the boom year 1906. The diamond is the actor's strongbox, the bookmaker's savings bank. It is a channel for investment as well as adornment, as most people acquainted with the seamy side of life are well aware. A good deal of value can be stored in a very small compass and a taste which is intellectually not essentially higher than the Zulu bead bangle or the Papuan nosering has some sort of excuse.

It will be remembered that in 1907 we saw some important failures in Maiden lane; but even these arose not from insolvency so much as from inability to realize stock for which the market had suddenly become very contracted. The market for diamonds is one of the miracles of human affairs. The price is sustained in defiance of all the reasoning of the economist. People who bought diamonds ten years ago, mocking the counsel of the wise, have a demoralizing profit on their investment. And apparently nothing produced could have a market position more unsound. The diamonds offered for sale are not only competing with the rest of the current year's output, but with all the diamonds that have ever been found. They are imperishable, and, strictly speaking, there is no consumption.

It is impossible to estimate how long an apparently impossible condition can last. It is rendered doubly absurd from the fact that the output of the mines is strictly limited by agreement between the diamond companies, while the quantity of diamond clay in sight seems illimitable. All these considerations and more would make a conservative man feel that if the diamond itself were imperishable its value might crumble away in a night. Apparently our people do not think so, for there is no indication so far that 1910 will see any reduction in the demand.

A Unique Speech.

"The speech of that departing senator is said to have been unique, almost unparalleled in the annals of the senate."

"I heard it," remarked Senator Wombat. "It was unique. He didn't want anything."—Pittsburg Post.

No Time to Spare.

"Yes, I do most of my work at night now."

"What's the reason?"

"Why, I'm a Wileyite and cook my food four hours, and being a Fletcherite it takes me three hours to eat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A patent has been granted a Minnesota man on a sleigh provided with wheels that can be lowered so as to raise the runners from the ground should its driver find a road bare of snow.

He who knows mankind humors them; he who has not that knowledge thwarts them; it is wise to humor and not thwart mankind.—Scudera.

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.

Encouraging weather reports indicate that crops will be better than had been expected.

President Taft receives visitors three days a week only, reserving the others for recreation and rest.

United States has protested against injury to American property in Nicaragua by Madriz soldiers.

The famous Best & Belcher mine, one of the famous Comstock group, of Nevada, was destroyed by fire.

Trouble between the Catholic church and Spanish government has been temporarily averted and permanent peace overtures are being made.

Officers of a Jap warship in the harbor of Shimidz, Japan, refused to aid an American steamer in distress, and who had asked for assistance.

A San Francisco man paid $2,065 for a special car from New York to San Francisco in order that his pet dog might ride with him instead of in the baggage car.

Over 40,000 Knights Templar were in the parade of that order in Chicago. One was caught between street cars and killed, and another badly injured by being thrown and dragged by his horse.

A 150-pound sturgeon in Niagara river leaped at the headlight of a motor boat and landed in the boat, where his struggles disabled the engine, and the launch narrowly escaped going over the falls.

Spain fears the Carlists and Clericals are working together.

Taft has ordered a vigorous fight to reclaim title to valuable Indian lands.

It is said that Taft and Roosevelt are in perfect accord on the question of direct primaries.

Over 30 society men and women were arrested in a raid on a gambling house at Narragansett Pier.

A second venire of 100 men has been exhausted in the Lorimer bribery case without securing a single jurior.

Thirteen were killed and many injured in a head-on collision between a fast passenger and a work train in California.

A deer swimming the Columbia river was lassoed from a launch and captured, and will be presented to the Portland city park.

Stevedores, cleaners and painters of the Hamburg-American steamship line will go on strike. Eight thousand mechanics of the company are already out.

John D. Rockefeller was summoned to appear in a police court for speeding his auto. After accepting service of the warrant he sent the constable home in a carriage.

A horse fell hind feet first into a large manhole of an underground conduit in Cincinnati, and his struggles short-circuited electric wires to such an extent as to stop down-town traffic.

The captain of a lumber schooner in the Everglades swamps in Florida was forced to leave his vessel to escape the swarms of mosquitoes. His negro crew did not mind them and staid by the boat.

Cuba faces a crisis in her political affairs.

Chinese and Portuguese forces have captured the pirate city of Colowan, island of Macao.

Mine "tailings" worth $1 to the ton in gold have been used to lay cement walks in Jacksonville, Ore.

A Missouri convict says he can solve all numerical equations by logarithms, and demands a pardon for his discovery.

A 5-year-old boy in Chicago was badly injured by a thoroughbred game rooster. He was unconscious when rescued.

Nine persons were injured, two of them perhaps fatally, in a runaway of a picnic wagon near Oswego, Ore.

The royal family of Italy has consented to the marriage of the Duke of Abruzzi to Miss Catherine Elkins, daugher of Senator Elkins.

A spontaneous explosion in a corn products manufacturing plant at Granite City, Ill., wrecked the building and killed two men and badly injured seven others.

The lighthouse keeper at a point above Vancouver, B. C., by making three trips in his lifeboat, saved the passengers and crew of a small excursion boat which went on the rocks in a fog.

The American Federation of Labor has endorsed the platform of Socialism at a meeting held in Chicago.

A noted Japanese historian predicts war with America as absolutely certain.

A pleasure yacht at Santa Cruz, Cal., is missing with 20 young people on board.

Government agents find evidence of wholesale liquor traffic with Indians on Selitz reservation.

Ex-President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, is held to be an active supporter of the revolutionary movement.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma, claims he was offered $25,000 to $50,000 to put certain legislation through congress.

The Japanese expedition to the South Pole, which was to have started this month, has been postponed for lack of funds.

A Montana stage driver is under arrest for horse stealing and his wife is driving in his place, so as not to delay the mails.

APPLES $100,000,000 A YEAR.

Western Men Make Big Predictions for Northwest Country.

Chicago—"While apples are not yet the principal products of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, those who are familiar with the unrivaled climatic and soil and other conditions believe the time is near when the apple yields of the four states will be worth $100,000,000 a year and the culture of the king of fruit will be the chief industry."

H. L. Moody, a member of the chamber of commerce and other organizations in Spokane, Wash., said this in an address on "Apple Culture and Irrigation in the Northwest," at the first meeting of the Chicago Irrigation association at the La Salle hotel in Chicago the evening of July 28. Judge Charles F. Fishback was toastmaster. Mr. Moody added, among other things:

"Federal and state engineers say in reports to their respective departments there are approximately 200,000,000

H. L. MOODY.

acres of undeveloped arable lands in the United States west of the 98th meridian, and men versed in agriculture assert that under proper cultivation this area could be made to produce between 4,000,000,000 and 4,500,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly, or other crops in proportion. The settlement of these lands would mean homes for not less than 20,000,000 population and a source of added food supply, and, as a consequence, permanent prosperity.

"The four Northwestern states contain 253,894,760 acres. Less than 5 per cent of this land is occupied by farms and the total population is not more than 3,000,000, in an area of 397,700 square miles. More than 50,000,000 acres of this land is adapted to irrigation. Planted to apples and properly watered the minimum crop at maturity would be a matter of 20,000,000,000 bushels, or about 40 per cent of the total crop of the United States in 1909, when less than 23,000,000 barrels of apples were harvested.

"I mention these facts merely to show the possibilities of the country as proof that, as gold was the strong magnet which sent the first American across the continent to the California coast in 1849, so today the apple is attracting thousands upon thousands more people from Eastern, Middle Western and Southern states to the great orchard belts of the Northwest.

"The apple is king throughout the vast Northwestern domain, and it is conceded by pomological experts that no district in America stands higher in fruit production. With increased transportation facilities and the steady influx of settlers, the early attempts in the valleys and uplands have become more pretentious and systematic. Irrigation plants have been established by private individuals and corporations, and the United States government is expending enormous sums in reclaiming the volcanic wastes which are so wonderfully rich and fertile and so peculiarly adapted to raising unblemished fruits.

Apples grown in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana are in demand in the Eastern and Middle Western states and in Europe and Australia, and the markets are being extended year by year. Experts in the East who have studied conditions in the Northwest frequently refer to these states as 'the world's fruit basket,' adding there has been established in a comparatively short time a domain where the first foot of soil, properly cultivated and irrigated, is worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico and all the forests from the United States boundary to the Arctic sea."

Italy is After Charlton.

New York—Porter Charlton will not escape returning to Italy to answer for the confessed murder of his wife, Mary Scott Castle Charlton, at Lake Como, without a legal battle. This was made plain by Gustav Dirosa, the Italian vice consul, who told Prosecutor Garvin in Jersey City, where Charlton is in prison, that his government was "going to get Charlton." "He shall not escape trial in Italy if we can help it." The vice consul inquired whether the prosecutor intended to have alienists examine Charlton.

California Gets Two Fairs.

San Diego, Cal.—California is assured of two expositions to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal in 1915. Voters of San Diego, at a municipal election Aguust 9, decided to issue $1,000,000 in bonds for improvement of the city park, already selected as the exposition site, and for the construction of permanent buildings to constitute the nucleus of the fair. This is regarded as a ratification of the agreement reached by representatives of San Francisco and San Diego in conference at Washington last May.

Death Comes With Riches.

Salmon City, Idaho—Crushed to death by a fall of rock, the body of John Doyle was found by a party of prospectors northwest of this city. Doyle was working alone and the fall of rock show that he had just struck a rich lead of gold-copper ore. It is not known how long he had been lying dead among his newly discovered riches, as it was by chance that his body was found. Doyle had been prospecting in this district for many years.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

MUCH INSURANCE WRITTEN.

Report Shows Phenomenal Growth of Insurance Business.

Salem—S. A. Kozer, insurance commissionler has completed his first comprehensive report of all the insurance companies doing busineesss in Oregon. It is the annual report of the department and covers the period between March 1, 1909, and when the office was created, to December 31, 1909. It shows a phenomenal increase of legitimate insurance business in Oregon since the enactment of the law in 1909 creating the office of insurance commissioner.

The report contains a statement of the total risks written, gross premiums received, premiums returned, losses paid and net premiums for taxation of all authorized companies and associations, both domestic and foreign, for the year ending December 31. It contains a statement showing the aggregate insurance business transacted within the state since 1896 and the amount of taxes and license fees. It also contains a synopsis of the general annual statements of all companies authorized to transact business in this state.

The total fire risks written last year in Oregon, according to this report, equaled $202,897,923, of which $177,192,856 were written by stock companies and $25,705,067 by mutual companies. There were during the period 82 stock fire insurance companies writing risks in Oregon and 12 mutual companies.

POWER DEAL ABOUT CLOSED

J. L. Blaisdell Plans Improvements on Myrtle Creek Plant

Myrtle Creek—Negotiations for the purchase of the electric light and power plant of the Myrtle Creek Water, Light & Milling company by J. L. Blaisdell, of Portland, have been almost completed. Electricity will be supplied to Myrtle Creek and Riddle. This is the beginning of the covering of the entire Umpqua valley with electric transmission lines. Special attention will be paid to the farmers if they wish power for pumping water for irrigation. A 24-hour service will be inaugurated.

This plant will be a temporary one, and will be replaced by a transformer substation. All the small gasoline, steam and water power plants will be eliminated and replaced by transformer substations, which will be supplied by a modern hydro-electric plant which will be located on one of the rivers in the county.

The wires will be strung on high steel towers placed from five to 10 to a mile.

The transmission will be 100,000 volts at the beginning and 150,000 volts when conditions demand. Steps have already been taken towards securing a powersite on one of the rivers. Mr. Blaisdell was at Riddle recently looking over the town.

Ask for Water Right.

Redmond — The Odin Falls Power company at the last meeting of the council, submitted an ordinance asking for a franchise to furnish the city with water, light and power. The company proposes to generate its power at Odin Falls, on the Deschutes river, and transmit the power and pipe the water to this city. The Crook County Water, Light & Power company of this city, has also asked for a franchise to put in water works, light and power. This company has a project at Cline Falls, four miles from the city, that they are developing.

Big Planing Mill Ready.

Klamath Falls—The Savidge Brothers Lumber company has its big planing mill almost completed. This will be in operation within ten days and will be one of the finest mills in the Northwest. This mill is being fitted with twin boilers and the Myers automatic cutoff engine of 100 horse power. This machinery is all set and the attachments are now being made to get it in running order. The planner is one of the latest and best in the city. It will handle lumber for any dimension up to 14 inches thick and 30 wide.

State Treasury Richer.

Salem—Oregon's state treasury will be made $709.87 richer because Charles Scheller died, leaving no heirs and no will. The state will also own a watch valued at $10, this being all the property left in the estate after the payment of expenses. Suit to declare the money and watch escheated to the state was entered in the Circuit court by District Attorney Cameron against R. R. Northrup, administrator. Scheller died on September 1, 1909.

New Industry at Beaverton.

Beaverton—The plant of the Beaverton Clay Manufacturing company has begun operations. The erection of buildings and the placing of machinery has been in progress for several months. The manufacture of tile will begin about the middle of the month. A large force will be employed and the new industry will mean much for Beaverton.

Enterprise Fall Grain Heavy.

Enterprise — Although the spring wheat in Wallowa county is light, owing to the dry season, the fall grain, now being cut in many districts of the county, is good. The Paradise and Flora districts, north of here, it is estimated that fall wheat will go from 40 to 60 bushels an acre.

Forests Burn Near Grants Pass

Grants Pass—Forest fires have raged for several days in the mountains near Grants Pass but without any serious damage to personal property, although one or two ranchers would have lost their homes had not neighbors given timely aid.

NO SMUT IN ATHENA WHEAT

Umatilla Grain Yield Averages 35 to 60 Bushels to Acre.

Athena—Harvest in this vicinity is progressing very rapidly, and with 50 combines and 10 stationary outfits at work in the county, in two more weeks the greater part of the grain will be in the sack. The yield here this year ranges from 35 to 60 bushels per acre. Some wheat is being hauled already into the various warehouses, and according to B. B. Richards, local agent for the Puget Sound warehouse company, the wheat is testing from 60 to 62, and less smut in it than in any previous year.

The best of wheat weather has prevailed in Umatilla county throughout this season. The combine seems to be the favorite reaper. Almost every farmer either has interest in a combine or has one of his own. All the wheatgrowers say they find it saves 50 per cent over the header and thresher.

WALNUT INDUSTRY.

Secretary of McMinnville Club to Make Long Journey.

McMinnville—The walnut industry of Oregon is to be exploited by a series of lectures illustrated by about 60 stereopticon photo slides, by Colonel J. C. Cooper, secretary of the McMinnville Commercial club.

Mr. Cooper will deliver his first illustrated lecture at Eugene, and later in the week will start East under the direction of the Southern Pacific advertising bureau, his first stop after leaving Oregon being at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He will be routed as far East as Washington, D. C., and will visit and lecture at as many of the government experimental stations as can be reached along the course of his travels, with a view to interesting Eastern people with the rapidly growing importance of walnut culture in this section of the state.

Secretary at Umatilla Project.

Hermiston—Edward C. Finney, secretary to the secretary of the interior, was at Hermiston one day this week. He looked over the Umatilla project and conferred with the settlers. The people wish to have the seepage question taken up, also they want the government to give the city the 40 acres west of Hermiston, which is a butte, to be used for a reservoir site and also a cemetery. Mr. Finney seemed well pleased with the Umatilla project and states that he can see where we will soon have a fine country.

Yamhill Fair List Out.

McMinnville—The prize list for the forthcoming Yamhill County School fair, to be held September 20 to 25, has been published by the directors, and comprises liberal cash awards for all classes of agricultural and floral products exhibited by the children, as well as prizes for their mechanical skill, and culinary products and sewing and darning. Sharp competition is also invited between the school districts for the best decorated booths.

Blast Away "Troy Hill."

Enterprise—The "Troy hill," rising from the canyon in which Troy, of this county, is situated, is being blasted out to facilitate travel, the wagon road originally was one of the most difficult of travel in the county. The hill around which the road winds is 1,500 feet high. The road was about three miles in length up this incline, and so narrow in places that teams could not pass.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Bluestem, 96@98c; club, 88@90c; red Russian, 88c; valley, 92c; fortyfold, 92c; Turkey red, 92@93c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, $24.50 per ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, $18@19 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $20@22; alfalfa, new, $13@14.

Corn—Whole, $32; cracked, $33 ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $29@30 per ton.

Green Fruits—Apples, new, 50c@$1.50 per box; apricots, 30c@$1; plums, 75c@$1; pears, $2.25; peaches, 65c@$1.25; blackberries, $1.50 per crate; watermelons, 90c@$1.25 per hundred; cantaloupes, $1@2.25 per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60@75c per dozen; beans, 3@5c per pound; cabbage, 2¼@2½c; cauliflower, $1.50 per dozen; celery, 90c; corn, 25c; cucumbers, 50c per box; egg plant, 12½c per pound; green onions, 15c per dozen; peas, 5c per pound; peppers, 50c per box; radishes, 15@20c per dozen; tomatoes, 65c@$1 per box; carrots, $1@1.25 per sack; beets, $1.50; parsnips, $1@1.25; turnips, $1.

Potatoes—New, $1.15@1.25 per hundred; sweet potatoes, 5c per pound.

Onions — Walla Walla, $2.50 per sack; Oregon, $2@2.25.

Butter—City creamery, solid pack, 34c per pound; butter fat, 34c; country store, 24c.

Eggs—Oregon candled, 26½@27½c per dozen.

Poultry — Hens, 17c per pound; springs, 17c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 10@11½c; turkeys, live, 18@20c; dressed, 22½@25c; squabs, $3 per doz.

Pork—Fancy, 13c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12½c per pound.

Hops—1909 crop, 8@12c; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, 13@13½c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 13@17c per pound; valley, 16@18c; mohair, choice, 32@33c.

Cattle—Beef steers, good to choice, $5.25@5.75; fair to medium, $4.25@4.75; cows and heifers, good to choice, $4.25@4.65; fair to medium, $3.50@4; bulls, $3@3.75; stags, $2.50@4.50; calves, light, $5.75@6.75; heavy, $3.50@5.

Hogs—Top, $10@10.25; fair to medium, $8.60@9.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, $3.75@4.35; fair to good, $3@3.50; best ewes, $3@3.50; lambs, choice, $5.50@6; fair, $4.75@5.25.