Springing to His Feet He Drew His Revolver.

The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. Weil

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Smith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Behind her the door closed softly; and there followed a thud as a bolt was shot. An instant later Anisty caught her by the arm and, roughly now and without wasting speech, hurried her into the next room. Then, releasing her, he turned up the lights and, passing to the windows, threw two or three of them wide; for the air in the room was stale and lifeless.

"And now," said the criminal in a tone of satisfaction, "now we can talk business, my dear."

He removed his overcoat and hat, throwing them over the back of a convenient chair, drew his fingers thoughtfully across his chin, and, standing at a little distance, regarded the girl with a shadow of a saturnine smile softening the hard line of his lips.

She stood where he had left her, as if volition was no longer hers. Her arms hung slack at her sides and she was swaying a trifle, her face vacant, eyes blank; very near the breaking-down point.

The man was not without perception; and recognized her state—one in which, he felt assured, he could get very little out of her. She must be strengthened and revived before she would or could respond to the direct catechism he had in store for her. In his own interest, therefore, more than through any yielding to motives of pity and compassion, he piloted her to a chair by a window and brought her a glass of clear cold water from the filter in the adjoining room.

The cold, fresh breeze blowing in her face proved wonderfully invigorating. She let her head sink back upon the cushions of the easy, comfortable leather chair and drank in the clean air in great deep draughts, with a sense of renewing vigor, both bodily and spiritual. The water helped, too; she dabbled the tip of a ridiculously small handkerchief in it and bathed her throbbing temples. The while, Anisty stood over her, waiting with discrimination if with scant patience.

What was to come she neither knew nor greatly cared; but, with an instinctive desire to postpone the inevitable moment of trial, she simulated deadly languor for some moments after becoming conscious of her position; and lay passive, long lashes all but touching her cheeks—in which now a faint color was growing—gaze wandering at random out over a dreary wilderness of flat rectangular roofs, livid in the moonlight, broken by long, straight clefts of darkness in whose depths lights gleamed faintly. Far in the south the sky came down purple and black to the horizon, where a silver spark glittered like a low-hung star—the torch of Liberty.

"I think," Anisty's clear-cut tones, incisive as a razor edge, crossed the listless trend of her thoughts, "I think we will now get down to business, my lady!"

She lifted her lashes, meeting his masterful stare with a look of calm inquiry. "Well?"

"So you're better now? Possibly it was a mistake to give you that rest, my lady. Still, when one's a gentleman-cracksman—!" He chuckled unpleasantly, not troubling to finish his sentence.

"Well?" he mocked, seating himself easily upon an adjacent table. "We're here at last, where we'll suffer no interruptions to our little council of war. Beyond the watchman, there's probably not another soul in the building; and from that window there it is a straight drop of 24 stories to Broadway, while I'm between you and the door. So you may be resigned to stay here until I get ready to let you go. If you scream for help, no one will hear you."

"Very well," she assented mechanically, turning her head away with a shiver of disgust. "What is it you want?"

"The jewels," he said, bluntly. "You might have guessed that."

"I did—"

"And have saved yourself and me considerable trouble by speaking ten minutes ago."

"Yes," she agreed, abstractedly.

"Now," he continued, with a hint of anger in his voice, "you are going to tell."

She shook her head slightly.

"Oh, but you are, my lady." And his tone rasped, quickened with the latent brutality of the natural criminal. "And I know that you'll not force me to extreme measures. It wouldn't be pleasant for you, you know; and I promise you I shall stop at nothing whatever to make you speak."

No answer; in absolute indifference, she felt, lay her strongest weapon. She must keep calm and self-possessed, refusing to be terrified into a quick and thoughtless answer.

"This afternoon," he said, harshly, "you stole from me the Maitland jewels. Where are they?"

"I shall not tell."

He bent swiftly forward and took one of her hands in his. Instinctively she clenched it; and he wrapped his strong hard fingers around the small white fist, then deliberately inserted a hard finger joint between her second and third knuckles, slowly increasing the pressure. And watched with absolute indifference the lines of agony grave themselves upon her smooth unwrinkled forehead, and the color leave her cheeks, as the pain grew too exquisite. Then, suddenly discontinuing the pressure, but retaining her hand, he laughed shortly.

"Will you speak, my lady, or will you have more?"

"Don't," she gasped, "please—"

"Where are the jewels? Will you?"

"No."

"Have you given them to Maitland?"

"No."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know."

"Stop that nonsense unless— Where did you leave them?"

"I won't tell—I won't. Ah, please, please!"

"Tell me!"

"Never. Ah-h!"

An abrupt and resounding hammering at the outer door forced him to leave off. He dropped her hand with an oath and springing to his feet drew his revolver; then, with a glance at the girl, who was silently weeping, tears of pain rolling down her cheeks, mouth set in a thin pale line of determination, strode out and shut the door after him.

As it closed the girl leaped to her feet, maddened with torture, wild eyes casting about the room for a weapon of some sort, of offense or defense; for she could not have endured the torture an instant longer. If forced to it, to fight, fight she would. If only she had something, a stick of wood, to defend herself with. But there was nothing, nothing at all.

The room was a typical office, well but severely furnished. The rug that covered the tile floor was of rich quality and rare design. The neutral-tinted walls were bare, but for a couple of steel engravings in heavy wooden frames. There were three heavily upholstered leather arm-chairs and one revolving desk-chair; a roll-top desk, against the partition wall, a waste-paper basket, and a flat-topped desk, or table. And that was all.

Or not quite all, else the office equipment had not been complete. There was the telephone!

But he would hear! Or was the partition sound-proof?

As if in contradiction of the suggestion, there came to her ears very clearly the sound of the hall door creaking on its hinges, and then a man's voice, shrill with anger and anxiety.

"You fool! Do you want to ruin us both? What do you mean—"

The door crashed to, interrupting the protest and drowning Anisty's reply.

"I was passing," the new voice took up its plaintive remonstrance, "and the watchman called me in and said that you were telephoning for me—"

"Damn the interfering fool!" interrupted Anisty.

"But what's this insanity, Anisty? What's this about a woman? What—" The new-comer's tones ascended a high scale of fright and rage.

"Lower your voice, you ass!" the burglar responded, sternly. "And—"

He took his own advice; and for a little time the conference was conducted in guarded tones that did not penetrate the dividing wall save as a deep rumbling alternating with an impassioned squeak.

But long ere this had come to pass the girl was risking all at the telephone. Receiver to ear she was imploring central to connect her with Ninety-eight-nine Madison. If only she might get Maitland, tell him where the jewels were hidden, warn him to remove them—then she could escape further suffering by open confession.

"What number?" came central's languid query, after a space. "Did you say nine-ought-nine-eight?"

"No, no, central. Nine-o-eight-nine Madison, please, and hurry—hurry!"

"Ah, I'm ringin' 'em. They ain't answered yet. Gimme time. There they are. Go ahead."

"Hello, hello!"

"Pwhat is ut?"

Her heart sank; O'Hagan's voice meant that Maitland was out.

"O'Hagan—is that you? Tell Mr. Maitland—"

"He's gawn out for the noight an'—"

"Tell him, please—"

"But he's out. Ring up in the marnin'."

"But can't you take this message for him? Please—"

The door was suddenly jerked open and Anisty leaped into the room, face white with passion. Terrified, the girl sprang from the desk, carrying the instrument with her, placing the revolving chair between her and her enemy.

"The brass bowl, please—tell him that," she cried clearly into the receiver.

And Anisty was upon her, striking the telephone from her grasp with one swift blow and seizing her savagely by the wrist. As the instrument clattered and pounded on the floor she was sent reeling and staggering halfway across the room.

As she brought up against the flat-topped desk, catching its edge and saving herself a fall, the burglar caught up the telephone.

"Who is that?" he shouted, imperatively, into the transmitter.

Whatever the reply, it seemed to please him. His brows cleared, the wrath that had made his face almost unrecognizable subsided; he even smiled. And the girl trembled, knowing that he had solved her secret; for she had hoped against hope that the only words he could have heard her speak would have had too cryptic a significance for his comprehension.

As, slowly and composedly, he replaced the receiver on its hook and returned the instrument to the desk, a short and rotund figure of a man, in rumpled evening dress and wearing a wilted collar, hopped excitedly into the room, cast at the girl one terrified glance out of eyes that glittered with excitement like black diamonds, set in a face the hue of yeast, and clutched the burglar's arm.

"Oh, Anisty, Anisty!" he cried, piteously. "What is it? What is it? Tell me!"

"It's all right," returned the burglar. "Don't you worry, little man. Pull yourself together." And laughed.

"But what—what—" stammered the other.

"Only that she's given herself away," chuckled Anisty; "beautifully and completely. 'The brass bowl,' says she—thinking I never saw one on Maitland's desk!—and 'O'Hagan, and who the divvle are you?' says the man on the other end of the wire, when I ask who he is."

"And? And?" pleaded the little man, dancing with worry.

"And it means that my lady here returned the jewels to Maitland by hiding them under a brass ash-receiver on his desk—ass that I was not to know! You are 'cute, my lady!" with an ironic salute to the girl, "but you've met your match in Anisty."

"And," demanded the other as the burglar snatched up his hat and coat, "what will you do, Anisty?"

"Do?" — contemptuously. "Why, what is there to do but go and get them? We've risked too much and made New York too hot for the two of us, my dear sir, to get out of the game without the profits."

"But I beg of you—"

"You needn't"—grimly. "It won't bring you in any money."

"But Maitland—"

"Is out. O'Hagan answered the 'phone. Don't you understand?"

"But he may return!"

"That's his lookout. I'm sorry for him if he does." Anisty produced the revolver from his pocket, and twirled the cylinder significantly. "I owe Mr. Maitland something," he said, nodding to the white-faced girl by the table, "and I shouldn't be sorry to—"

"And what," broke in the new-comer, "what am I going to do meanwhile?"

"Devil the bit I care! Stay here and keep this impetuous female from calling up police headquarters, for a good guess. Speaking of which, I think we had best settle this telephone business once and for all."

The burglar turned again to the desk and began to work over the instrument with a small screw-driver which he produced from his coat pocket, talking the while.

"Our best plan, my dear Bannerman, is for you to come with me, at least as far as the nearest corner. You can wait there, if you're too cowardly to go the limit, like a man. I'll get the loot and join you, and we can make a swift hike for the first train that goes farthest out of town. A pity, for we've done pretty well, you and I, old boy; you with your social entree and bump of locality to locate the spoils, me with my courage and skill to lift 'em, and an equitable division. Oh, don't worry about her, Bannerman! She's as deep in it as either of us, only she happens to be sentimental, and an outsider on this deal. She won't blab. Besides, you're ruined anyway, as far as New York's concerned. Come along. That's finished; she won't send any important messages over that wire to-night, I guess.

"My dear young lady!" Rising and throwing the overcoat over his arm, he waved his hat at her in sardonic courtesy. "I can't say it has been a pleasure to know you, but—you have made it interesting, I admit. And I bid you a very good night. The charwoman will let you out when she comes to clean up in the morning. Adieu, my dear!"

The little man bustled after him, bleating and fidgeting; and the lock clicked.

She was alone—utterly and forlornly alone—and had lost—lost all, all that she had prized and hoped to win, even—even him.

She raised fluttering, impotent white hands to her temples, trying to collect herself.

In the outer room a clock was ticking. Unconsciously she moved to the doorway and stood looking for a time at the white, expressionless dial. It was some time—a minute or two—before she deciphered the hour.

Ten minutes past two! Ah, the lifetime she had lived in the past 70 minutes! And the futility of it all!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL BORE THEIR TRADEMARKS

Occupations or Vacationists an Open Book to This Man.

Sherlock Holmes, seated on the boardwalk, languidly injected a pint of cocaine into his sunburnt arm.

"My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vacationists. In their cheap white flannels they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!

"There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down.

"The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for live ones.

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation of the rich fumes of food in her kitchen that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?

"The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a grocer. All grocers are small and bow-legged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown.

"Do you see, my dear Watson, the stately man whose overtures the girl in white just repulsed? Well, he is an actor. The muscles of his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop face muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher."

Late Hours for Rising in England.

There is one signal disadvantage in London—and, indeed, in English life, for the practice apparently embraces the entire country—and this is the appallingly late hours for rising. Everywhere is nine o'clock the breakfast hour; nothing, so to speak, is open till ten o'clock, and this absolute loss of all the morning makes a great difference if one has anything to do. On the continent one may always have breakfast by seven o'clock, as in our own country; but the universal late breakfast here, with luncheon at from 1:30 to two and dinner at eight or nine o'clock, makes conditions difficult for those accustomed to earlier hours.

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.

The sugar trust will be investigated next by a congressional committee.

Mexican Socialist rebels in Lower California receive many recruits and will continue the war.

The annual report of the Christian Science mother church shows a great increase in membership.

San Francisco police judges have decided that auto speeders shall serve jail sentences upon their third conviction.

A. G. Rushlight was elected mayor or Portland, Or., by about 3,000 majority over Simon, the present incumbent.

John Dillon, Nationalist member of parliament from East Mayo, is near death as the result of an automobile accident.

Lieutenant Bogue, a French aeronaut, is believed to have been lost at sea while attempting to fly from Nice to the island of Corsica.

Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, a prominent society woman of Newport, R. I., has started for Africa with a large retinue of servants to hunt big game.

Madero meets with great ovations at every town through which he passes en route to Mexico City, where a great reception hs been prepared for him.

Maderoists captured and executed 28 alleged "liberal" insurrectos who had refused to recognize the authority of Madero and were continuing the war on their own responsibility.

While eleven ministers of Ross, Cal., were taking a complimentary ride on a new automobile fire engine the machine skidded into the curb, killing one minister and badly injuring four others.

Portland's Rose Festival opened with a grand naval parade and the arrival of the king Monday.

A brilliant rainbow was seen for more than half an hour at Winnipeg, Manitoba, about midnight Monday night, and the Indian residents are in mortal terror, believing it forebodes some great calamity.

E. H. Gary promises the steel trust committee that he will tell all he knows about the big monopoly.

Deposits in the Astoria postal savings bank averaged $70 each the first month the bank was in operation.

Mayor Simon of Portand, has appointed a committee of 15 to draft a commission rule charter for the city.

Prices of nearly all food products went up in Chicago on June 1, instead of being reduced as many had expected.

San Francisco customs officers seized 900 five-tael tins of opium, worth $27,000, being smuggled into this country on a Japanese steamer.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Track prices: Bluestem, 95c; club, 85@86c; Russian, 84c; valley, 86c; 40-fold, 85@86c.

Barley—Choice feed, $28@28.50.

Millstuffs — Bran, $24.50@25 per ton; middlings, $31; shorts, $25.50@26; rolled barley, $29.50@30.50.

Corn—Whole, $29; cracked, $30 ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $28.50@29.50.

Hay—Timothy, Eastern Oregon, No. 1, $21@22; light mixed, $19@20; heavy mixed, $17.50@18.50; alfalfa, $13@13.50; clover, $12.50@13; grain hay, $13.50@14.50.

Fresh Fruits — Strawberries, Oregon, $2@3.75 per crate; California, $1.50@1.75 per crate, gooseberries, 5@6c per pound; apples, $1@3 per box; cherries, $1.50 per box.

Vegetables — Asparagus, 60 @ 75c per dozen; garlic, 10@12c per pound; lettuce, 30@35c per dozen; hothouse lettuce, $1.25@1.75 per box; peas, 5½c per pound; radishes, 12½c per dozen; rhubarb, 1½@2c per pound; new carrots, $2 per sack; turnips, $2; beets, $2.

Potatoes—Oregon and Eastern, $2.25 per hundred, new California, 7c per pound.

Onions—Crystal wax, $2.50; yellow, $2.25; red, $3 per hundred.

Poultry—Hens, 16@17c; broilers, 22½@25c; ducks, young, 25c; geese, nominal; turkeys, 20c; dressed, choice, 25c.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 21c per dozen; case count, 20c per dozen.

Butter—City creamery, extra, 1 and 2-pound prints, in boxes, 24c per pound; less than box lots, cartons and delivery extra.

Pork—Fancy, 10@11c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 10@11c per pound.

Hams—10 to 20 pounds, 16@17c.

Hops — 1911 contracts, 25c per pound; 1910 crop, 22c; 1909 crop, 15@15½c; olds, 8@10c.

Wool — Eastern Oregon, 8½@14½c per pound; valley, 14@15c; mohair, choice, 36@37½c.

Cattle—Prime grain-fed steers, $6@6.35; prime hay-fed steers, $6@6.25; choice steers, $5.75@6; fair, $5.50@5.75; common, $5.25 @ 5.50; prime cows, $5.75@6.25; good, $5@5.25; fair, $4.75@5; poor, $4.50@4.75; choice heifers, $5.50 @ 5.75; choice bulls, $4.75@5.25; good, $4.25@4.75; choice light calves, $7@7.25; good, $6.75@7; choice heavy calves, $5@5.50; choice stags, $5.75@6.25; good, $5.25@5.75.

Hogs — Choice, $6.50@6.85; good, $6.25@6.50; choice heavy, $6@6.50; common, $5@6; stock, $6.75@7.50.

Sheep—Choice spring lambs, $6.25@6.50; good, $6@6.25; choice yearlings, $4.80@5; good, $4.50@4.75; fair, $4@4.25; choice ewes, $4@4.25; good, $3.75@4; fair, $3.50@3.75; good to choice heavy wethers, $4@4.50; old heavy wethers, $3@4; mixed lots, $4@5.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

UMATILLA CROPS ROSEATE.

Farmers Believe 6,000,000-Bushel Record Will Be Surpassed.

Pendleton—With the wheat in thousands of fields just beginning to head and with the promise of additional showers, Umatilla county farmers are freely predicting the greatest harvest the county ever had. From all sections of the county and regarding all kinds of grain the same reports are being received. All say they never saw the prospects brighter.

It is said that the normal crop of 5,000,000 bushels of wheat will be harvested even though there should be no more rain between now and harvest, while many say that 1907's record yield of 6,000,000 bushels will easily be surpassed if the normal amount of rainfall comes during June.

Prettier stands of fall wheat were never seen than are now to be found in any direction from Pendleton, while the May rains have brought the spring grain out until a good crop is assured. A peculiar feature of this year's fall-sown grain is that it is heading out as early as the barley, which usually precedes it by a week or two. The harvesting of the two crops will therefore probably start simultaneously.

BUYS GYPSUM LAND

St. Louis Company Said to Contemplate Plant in Eastern Baker.

Baker—The Acuma Cement company of St. Louis, Mo., has purchased 3,000 acres of gypsum deposit land near Huntington and will erect a plant of 200 ton daily capacity on the Buchanan spur of the Northwestern railroad. The plant will cost upwards of $100,000 and will employ several hundred men. The land was purchased from Major John H. Aitkin of Portland, J. P. Hannon and H. C. Northey of Huntington and John L. Rand of this city. The St. Louis people were interested in the proposition by Frank Nelson of Boise, Idaho, who negotiated the sale of the property and brought about the closing of the deal.

The gypsum industry is fast becoming important in Baker county, along with others being developed. The big lime and cement plant, on the main line of the O.-W. R. & N. east of this city, is being increased in capacity all the time. The gypsum deposits seem practically inexhaustible and of high quailty.

UMATILLA ALFALFA SHORT.

Mowing to Begin This Week—Later Crops to Be Heavy.

Pendleton—Growers of alfalfa in Umatilla county are preparing to harvest the first crop of the season. The song of the mower will be heard in several fields this week but it will be about ten days yet before the harvest is in full blast.

According to most of the growers in the vicinity of Pendleton, the first crop will be about 25 per cent short this year. This is due to the exceptionally chilly spring which retarded the growth in most sections. The shortage will be more than made up by the increased acreage and by the second and third crops which promise to go above normal.

State School Receives Presents.

Salem—From the result of efforts made by Multmonah Camp, No. 77, Woodmen of the World, and the Artisans of Polk county, a new piano and moving picture machine will be installed at the Oregon state training school. When Governor West was at the Woodmen reunion in Portland and at the Artisan picnic at Rickreall, he called it to the attention of the lodges. The Woodmen immediately raised $50 toward a piano and promised that the balance would be forthcoming. The governor received a telegram from H. S. Hudson, of Portland, supreme master of the Artisans informing him that the picture machine had been purchased and awaits the order of the governor.

Merit System Given Convicts.

Salem—All brick, which the convicts at the penitentiary brickyard make above 16,000 a day will be paid for at the rate of $2.50 a thousand; the convicts to have the use of the money. This arrangement was made by Governor West. The brick will be used at the asylum and the State capitol, and the state will pay the brickyard $5 a thousand for them. This same merit system will be established in the shops in a short time, so that men who work more than a certain number of hours will be given pay.

Farmers Want Own Project.

Grants Pass—George E. Sanders, agent for the Chicago-Rogue River Irrigation company, announces that he has arranged to be ready to start two of the large pumps, recenty installed, on two days' notice, when the farmers and fruitgrowers need water. Farmers however, have filed a petition and published a notice that the district would establish an irrigation project under the state law that permits bonding districts for such purposes.

$300,000 Issue is Legal.

Marshfield—Judge John S. Coke has given a decision in the Port commission case which is of great importance to Coos Bay. The case was a friendly suit started to test the validity of a port bond issue of $300,000.

This case has been decided in favor of the Port commission, and means that the proposed bond issue is legal.

Hood River Strawberries Move.

Hood River—The first carload of strawberries of the season was shipped from this city June 3, by the Applegrowers' Union. The berries were consigned to the Stacy Fruit company, of Fargo, N. D. The berries are ripening fast now and hereafter carload lots will be shipped every day.

FRUITMEN INDUSTRIOUS.

Lebanon and Brownsville Folk Have Fine Section.

Portland — That Brownsville and Lebanon will build up one of the best fruit districts of the state in regard to growing and preserving small fruits is the belief of J. D. Lee, who visited a meeting at the former place of people interested in the industry.

Mr. Lee went to Brownsville as the representative of the Portland commercial club and made an address encouraging the organization of fruitgrowers' unions in that district.

"This is a very fertile district," said Mr. Lee, "and the future is bright in this industry. Conditions are right for the formation of a fruit union in Brownsville, which probably will combine with the similar organization already in operation at Lebanon.

"Berries, cherries, pears, and in fact all the fruits common to this climate thrive remarkably well in that region. From the earliest time in the state's history the people of that district have had a reputation for being pioneers in progressive work and all that is required at this time is the reincarnation of the old spirit; organization and activity along progressive, modern lines. We had a good audience with a delegation from Lebanon and I think our meeting awakened a greater interest in fruit culture and its preservation."

FRUIT PEST CRUSADE.

Agricultural College Experts Begin Summer Campaign.

Corvallis — The campaign for the eradication of crop pests in Oregon has commenced and will be in full force by July 1, says Dean A. B. Cordley, of the Agricultural college. College experts have made several preliminary trips about the state and Dean Cordley will visit Eugene to make arrangements to establish headquarters there. Professor H. F. Wilson spent the latter part of the past week at Independence and Salem investigating the diseases reported to have been making ravages on the hop and fruit crops of this vicinity. It has been decided to have headquarters at Portland, Salem and Eugene.

Cold Holds Wheat Back.

Condon — Owing to the cold and backward weather in this county this spring, grain crops in this locality are about two weeks behind the average season. While the grain is not suffering from want of moisture in most sections of the county, a hard rain at this time would be a vast benefit and this in particular applies to the north end of the county. Farmers about Condon and south of here claim they have ample moisture and are anxious to see warm weather. Fall grain is doing well and will do well if a good rain is had in June and the fore part of July, which has seldom failed in this county, but spring grain which was sown late should have rain in the next ten days in order to insure a good aveage crop.

Sea Lion Season on Soon.

Marshfield—The season for hunting sea lions on the Curry county coast will begin soon. It is likely that some of the local fishermen who have seagoing boats will hunt for the sea lions. In past years the industry has been carried on quite extensively. There are many sea lions along different points on Curry county and they are valuable for the fat, which is used for oil, and for the hides, which are tanned and used in making belting. The sea lions are shot and picked up by gasoline boats.

Armours Plan Oregon Plant.

Baker — North Powder, 30 miles from this city, has been selected by the Armours as the location for operations of some kind, according to a letter received by the bank from F. D. Armour himself. The letter states that this decision was reached because of the advantages of plenty of water, hay and feed. The tract chosen consists of 1,500 acres along the railroad track. According to A. E. Lambert, who has been in touch with the packers' men since their visit, it is believed options have been secured.

May Wettest in Astoria.

Astoria—According to the records in Weather Observer Gilmore's office the past month has been an exceptionally wet one in Astoria. The total rainfall during May was 6.88 inches, an excess of 3.08 inches over the average for the corresponding month of previous years, which was 3.8 inches. Since 1854, when the first weather records were kept here, there were four months of May in which the rainfall exceeded that of the present month.

Ready for Irrigation.

Lakeview—Fifty men are employed on the Davis Creek orchards dam, which is nearly completed. The company has 60 acres planted to trees and about 200 acres in grain, with an additional 300 acres in alfalfa and timothy. There will be plenty of water for irrigation purposes this year, the reservoir having already been filled to the 12-foot level and then released several times.

Salmon Catch Improved.

Astoria—Since the warmer weather began there has been quite an improvement in the runs of salmon and the gillnetters during the past two or three days have been making fairly good catches. While the season thus far, is regarded generally as a poor one, one of the canners says that the pack to date is fully equal to the amount put up at the corresponding time a year ago.

Peach Orchards Yield Heavy.

Hood River—Athough most of the peach trees of Hood River valley have but little fruit on them this season, C. H. Stranahan reports that the trees of his orchard are overloaded and that he has found it necessary to thin away more than one-half of the fruit. On a twig less than five inches long there are 10 large, well-shaped peaches.