

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

By A. C. Howlett

John Higgenbotham and his father-in-law, John McKee of Big Butte, were pleasant callers last week.

There has been so much rain during the past week that there has been quite a number of the men that have had to quit work on the P. & E. railroad but in spite of the rain and snow there is enough to keep the work moving right along and if nothing more happens to deter them from work the people of Butte Falls will soon hear the sound of the whistle in that section.

Mrs. Brainard and her two children from Washington arrived and Henry Edmondson of Butte Falls met her here and took her to that place where her husband is engaged in remodeling to mill and getting it ready for business.

On Wednesday of last week there was to have been a meeting of the waterusers of the Butte creek section to take steps toward testing the constitutionality of the new law governing the water in the streams in Oregon, but for some reason their attorney, A. E. Reames, could not come out and the result was that they were compelled to come back again on Friday and then the state officers were to be here on Saturday and the result was that quite a number of them remained from Wednesday until Sunday.

There was quite a number who filed claims for water and some were in favor of letting the law take its course and others said no, but fight it out, so there was no definite understanding. They are to meet here again on the 18th inst. and see what can be done. There seemed to be an idea that there was a trick in the law to take the water from the small holder and give it to the corporations, but we will see later on. From present appearances the case will be taken to the highest courts.

Last week there was for a short time a break in the P. & E. railroad that caused some annoyance to the passengers. The company found it necessary to lower the track on the north end of the desert and for a short time it was necessary to have the passengers walk for a short distance and the baggage could not be delivered on time, so as to cause some delay with parties who were going on further than Eagle Point.

Mr. Riggins and his men have been putting up the wire for the telephone between here and Butte Falls and the people in that city will soon be in communication with the rest of the world.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas, December 1st, an eight pound boy.

J. C. Brown, land agent, came out last week and brought with him Mr. E. W. Bromley of Chicago who was here last August and bought a tract of land off the Stoddard tract and he is now here to put it out to fruit.

He also has charge of the tracts of land that were bought some time ago by Mr. J. C. Smith, Mr. Earl and Mr. Roberts, all of Chicago. They all together embrace a tract of land of one hundred acres that they expect to put out to fruit this winter.

This neighborhood is regretting that they are to lose Ex-sheiff Rader from this community, as he is one of our best citizens, having lived among us for the most of his life. Such is life in the far west. Men will sell and move and new ones take their places.

S. B. Holmes and J. Frank Brown have had the surveyors out to run the lines around the land they have recently purchased and are getting ready for the rush that is coming in the spring.

Mrs. Steve Meskimen and D. N. McCurny of Ashland were here last week looking over the situation, looking for homes.

Fred Bellows of Ashland moved his family to our town last Tuesday. Mrs. Wilson of Dudley was a pleasant caller one night last week. She reports everything in that section flourishing.

Mr. Quailley of Ashland sojourned here for a short time. He also is looking for a home among us.

Mrs. Adams and her daughter, Miss Nellie, arrived here last Monday from Denver, Colo., and was met by her brother, Dr. Bonner of Derby, he having secured a rig at the Sunnyside stable. They left for his home in the Big Butte country.

Rev. Mark C. Davis, the Sunday school missionary, preached for us twice last Sunday at this place.

Dr. Conroy of Medford came out last Tuesday and procured a saddle horse at the Sunnyside stable, took a trip over the right of way of the P. & E. railroad, returning at night, stopping over night with us. He was making arrangements to care for the sick and wounded in the employ of the P. & E. railroad company.

Last Wednesday morning your correspondent was called on to take three passengers to Trail and he found that the high waters of the Rogue had done considerable damage along the road, in one place completely blocking the way so I had to hunt a new crossing of a prominent slough just above the John Black place, now owned by Grant Mathews. The road is in a frightful condition in many places. The horses would sink to their bellies in the mud. I learned while at Trail that the snow was unusually deep in the high hills and at Briscoe's sawmill on Trail creek the snow was three feet deep and a short distance above it four feet and up. The ne weonty road above Trail was badly washed by the last freshet, and fears are entertained that this snow will go off with a warm rain and the results will be another flood.

Dr. Jordan of St. Paul, Minn., arrived at his father's last Tuesday night, his family having preceded him several weeks and his arrival has been looked for by the friends of the family for some time.

upon stilts is not such an everyday sight. This particular kind of watch boy is Norwegian, the scene of his labors being the shores of some fjord of his native land.

His little sentry box is made of wood and perched high upon posts. Here the lad sits, gazing out across the arm of the sea, using his keen eyes for the benefit of the farmers who are depending upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish shall appear. They work contentedly enough in their fields, secure in the belief that their watch boy will let them know when it is time to reap a harvest from the sea instead of from the land.

When the signal is given they leave their work, throw their big nets over their shoulders and hurry off to their boats. Sentinel boxes similar to those employed in Norway were in use among the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is supposed that the idea that has been put in practice ever since.—Youth's Companion.

Analysis. There was once a young man who was paying court to three different beautiful dancers. Each was fair, each was sweet, each was charming. So much of a triplicate similarity did they have that he did not know how to choose between them. So he went to a wise old man and laid his troubles before him.

"Is there a clock at each house?" asked the wise old man. "There is."

"And what does Esmeralda say when the clock strikes 11?" "She says the clock is slow."

"What does Eunille say?" "She says the clock is just right."

"And what does Evangeline say?" "She always says the clock is fast."

"My son, there is no need for further evidence. Evangeline is the one that really loves you."—Judge.

Asia. Asia comprises 32 per cent of the total land surface of the globe and has a population of 820,000,000.

The Riverman

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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Chapter 21

THE winter months were spent at Monrovia, where Orde and his wife lived for a time at the hotel.

Carroll soon became acquainted with the life of the place. Monrovia consisted of an upper stratum of mill owners and lumber operators, possessed of considerable wealth and some cultivation; a gawky middle estate of storekeepers and the lumber mill operatives. The class first mentioned comprised a small coterie, among whom Carroll soon found two or three congenials—Edith Fuller, wife of the bank cashier; Valerie Cathcart, whose husband had been killed in the civil war; Clara Taylor, wife of the leading lawyer of the village, and, strangely enough, Mina Heinzman, the sixteen-year-old daughter of old Heinzman, the tumberman.

Though later the old German and Orde locked in serious struggle on the river, they continued to meet socially quite as usual, and the daughter of one and the wife of the other never suspected anything out of the ordinary.

Newmark received the news of his partner's marriage without surprise, but with a sardonic gleam in his eye. He called promptly, conversed politely for a half hour and then took his leave.

"How do you like him?" asked Orde. "He's a very shrewd man."

Orde laughed. "I don't dislike him," said Carroll. "I've not a thing against him. But we could never be in the slightest degree sympathetic. He and I don't—"

"Don't jibe," Orde finished for her. "I didn't think you would. Joe's not much of a society boy."

Newmark had rented a small one story house situated just off Main street. Into this he retired as a snail into its shell. At first he took his meals at the hotel, but later he imported an impassive, secretive manservant, who took charge of him com-



"Goodby," she said.

pletely. Neither master nor man made any friends. Carroll and Orde, out for a walk, passed this quaint little place.

"Jack," she begged, "I want a little house like that for our very own."

"We can't afford it, sweetheart."

"Not to own," she explained, "just to rent. It will be next best to having a home of our own."

"We'd have to have a girl, dear," said Orde. "and we can't even afford that yet."

"A girl!" she cried indignantly. "You couldn't do the housework and the cooking," said Orde. "You've never done such a thing in your life, and I won't have my little girl slaving."

"It won't be slaving; it will be fun, just like playing housekeeping," protested Carroll. "And I've got to learn some time. I was brought up most absurdly, and I realize it now."

"We'll see," said Orde vaguely.

Later Carroll brought the subject up again, armed with sheets of paper covered with figures showing how much cheaper it would be to keep house than to board.

"You certainly make out a strong case—on paper," laughed Orde. "If you buy a rooster and a hen and she raises two broods, at the end of a year you'll have twenty-six, and if they all breed, even allowing half roosters, you'll have over 300, and if they all breed you'll have about 3,500, and if—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Carroll, covering her ears.

"All right," agreed Orde equably, "but that's the way it figures. Funny the earth isn't overrun with chickens, isn't it?"

Two days later Orde took her one block up the street to look at a tiny little house tucked on a fifty foot lot beneath the shadow of the church.

"It's mighty little," said he. "I'll have to go out in the hall to change my color."

They ended by renting the little house, and Carroll took charge of it delightedly. What difficulties she overcame and what laughable and crystal mistakes she made only those who have encountered a like situation could realize.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it?" said he.

It?" said he. "Kind of," she admitted, nodding gravely.

The business of the firm was now in shape. Boom arrangements had been made, the tugs were in the water, supplies and equipments were stored away, the foremen of the crews engaged and the crews themselves pretty well picked out. Almost before they knew it January and February had flown.

"We must pack up, sweetheart," said Orde.

"It's only yesterday that we came," she cried regretfully.

At Redding they explored together for three days the delights of the old fashioned house. Then Orde assumed his woods clothes and marched off down the street, carrying his bag on his back.

"He looks like a conqueror of wildernesses," cried Carroll, straining her eyes after his vanishing figure. Suddenly she darted after him. She clasped him by the shoulders.

"Goodby," she said. "You'll take better care of my sweetheart than you ever did of Jack Orde, won't you, dear?"

Orde had made his dispositions as the general disposos of his army. At this point five men could keep the river clear, at that rapid it would require twenty, and yet an emergency might call for thirty. Those thirty must not be beyond reach. Among the remoter wildernesses every section must have its driving camp. The crews of each would be expected to keep clear and running their own "beats" on the river. As fast as the rear crew should overtake these divisions either it would absorb them or the members of them would be thrown forward beyond the lowestmost boat, to take charge of a new division downstream. A walking boss would trudge the river trail or ride the logs holding the correlation of these many units. Orde himself would drive up and down the river, overseeing the whole campaign.

Orde found himself rather short handed. He had counted on three hundred men for his crews, but scrape and scratch as he would he was un-

able to gather over 250. However, later, when the woods camps should break up, he would pick up more men.

"They won't be rivermen like my old crew, though," said Orde regretfully to Tom North, the walking boss.

Until the logs should be well adrift Orde had resolved to boss the rear crew himself.

The rear crew being farthest up stream, Orde had taken the contract to break the railroads belonging to Carlin, which would be piled on the bank. Thus he could get to work immediately at the breakup and with out waiting for some one else. The lumber in Carlin's drive would keep the men below busy until the other owners should also have put their seasons' cut afloat.

The ice went out early. When the river ran clear in its lower reaches he took his rear crew to Carlin's railroads. This crew was forty in number, a hard bitten, tough band of veterans, weather beaten, scarred in numerous fights or by the backwoods scourge of smallpox, compact, muscular, fearless, loyal, outspoken and free to criticism—in short, men to do great things under a strong leader. The breaking of the railroads began. The logs had been hauled to the river, where they were banked in piles twenty and even thirty feet in height. The bed of the stream itself was filled with them for a mile, save in a narrow channel left down through the middle to allow for some flow of water; the banks were piled with them, side on, ready to roll down at the urging of the men.

First the entire crew by means of its peavies rolled the lower logs into the current to be rapidly borne away. Success tiers would be stuck together by ice and considerable prying and heaving were necessary in order to crack them apart. But forty men soon had the river full. Orde detailed some six or eight to drop below in order that the river might run clear to the next section, where the next crew would take up the task. These men walked to the edges of the railway, rolled a log apiece into the water, stepped aboard, leaned against their peavies and were swept away by the swift current. The logs on which they stood whirled in the eddies, carried against other timbers, slackened speed, shot away. Never did the riders alter their poses of easy equilibrium.

The evening of the second day Orde received a visit from Jim Denning, foreman of the next section below, bringing with him Charlie, the cook of Dan's last year's drive.

"This fellow drifted in tonight two days late after a drunk, and he tells a mighty queer story," said Denning. "He says a crew of sixty had men from the Saginaw have been sent in-

by Heinzman just to fight and annoy us."

"Well, where are they?" "Don't know."

"Bring him over and let's hear the story," said Orde.

"It's straight, Mr. Orde," said the cook, approaching. "There's a big crew brought in from the Saginaw waters to do you up. They're supposed to be over here to run his drive, but really they're gonn' to fight and raise hell, for why would he want sixty men to break out them little railroads of his'n up at the headwaters? He only owns a 'forty' up there, and it ain't more'n half cut anyway."

"I didn't know he owned any."

"Yes, sir. He bought that little Johnson piece last winter."

"Is he breaking out his railroads below?" Orde asked Denning.

"No, sir," struck in Charlie. "he ain't."

"How do you happen to be so wise?" inquired Orde.

"Well," explained Charlie, "when I got back from the woods last week I just sort of happened into McNeill's place. I wasn't drinkin' a drop," he cried virtuously in answer to Orde's smile.

"Of course not," said Orde. "I was just thinking of the last time we were in there together."

"That's just it!" cried Charlie. "They was always sure at you about that. Well, in blew old man Heinzman and McNeill himself. I just lay low and heard their talk. They didn't see me, so they opened her up wide."

"What did you hear?"

"Well, McNeill he agreed to get a gang of bad ones from the Saginaw to run in on the river. And McNeill said, 'That's all right about the cash. Mr. Heinzman, but I been figgerin' on gettin' even with Orde for some myself.' He's payin' them \$4 a day. Now, who'd pay that for just river work?"

Orde nodded at Jim Denning.

"Hold on, Charlie," said he. "Why are you giving all this away if you were working for Heinzman?"

"I'm workin' for you now," replied Charlie with dignity. "And, besides, you helped me out once yourself."

"If that crew's been sent in there it means only one thing at that end of the line," said Orde.

"Sure. They're sent up to waste out the water in the reservoir and hang this end of the drive," replied Denning.

"What would you do?" asked Orde.

"Well," said Denning slowly and with a certain grim joy, "I don't bet those Saginaw river pigs are any more two fisted than the boys on this river. I'd go up and clean 'em out."

"Won't do," negatived Orde briefly.

"In the first place, as you know very well, we're short handed now, and we can't spare the men from the work. In the second place, we'd hang up sure."

"It isn't a fair game. Delay will hang us. Taking men off the work will hang us. I've got to see what can be done by talking to them."

"Talking!" Denning snorted. "You might as well whistle down the draft pipe of hades! They'll kill you, sure!"

"I'm scared. I'm willing to admit it. But I don't see what else to do. Of course he's got no rights, but what good does that do us after our water is gone? And, Jim, my son, if we hang this drive I'll be buried so deep I never will dig myself out. No, I've got to go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE. Members of First Methodist choir: Every member and those who kindly assisted are asked to again help in singing West's anthem, "The Lord Is Exalted" next Sunday evening. On account of Dr. Young's lecture there will be no regular practice this week. FORREST EDMEADES.

Prepaid Railroad Orders.

"Something which is of considerable interest to the public generally and which is perhaps not generally known is in effect between stations of the Southern Pacific company and all points in the United States. By means of this system tickets may be purchased at Medford from any place in the United States and mailed or telegraphed direct to the party wishing to come here. Sleeper accommodations and small amounts of cash in connection with these tickets may also be forwarded at the same time."

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HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.

Victor Hugo's Home While He Was in Exile at Guernsey.

Hauteville House, in St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Victor Hugo's home while in exile, remains exactly as he left it. It is held by his descendants. Victor Hugo's character is written on the walls and ceilings of every room in the house. Each is distinctive and filled with priceless pictures, tapestries and furniture.

The dining room is "papered" with Dutch deit ware, and in a recess is a saltcellar made by a pupil of Michelangelo valued at \$600. The study is a bare and inconvenient room. It commands magnificent views of Sark, Herm, Jethou, Castle Cornet and the harbor and leads into a small room used by the novelist as a rest and sleeping chamber, lined with volumes bearing the marks of his own use.

Not the least interesting of the features are, the correspondent points out, the mottoes and aphorisms written up in unexpected places. "Life is an Exile" is inscribed on the door of the dining room; on the bed prepared for Garibaldi (which was never occupied) one may read, "Nos, Mors, Lux." In the oak gallery are three chairs inscribed "Father," "Mother," "Filius," and underneath "Filius" is written "Amicus Amant."

In the red drawing room and other splendid apartments are tables that belonged to Charles II., a bedstead of Francis I. and a fire screen worked by Mme. Pompadour, a white and gold dessert service once the property of Louis Philippe.—Sunday School Chronicle.

NORWAY WATCH BOYS.

They Sit in Tall Sentry Boxes on the Lookout For Fish.

It is common enough to see a boy watching cattle to keep them from straying, and in days not so very long gone by it was no unusual thing for a boy to be set to keep the birds off the crops. But a watch boy whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish and who sits in a sentry box at