

# KLAMATH REPUBLICAN.

VOL. VIII.

KLAMATH FALLS, KLAMATH COUNTY, OREGON, MAY 21, 1903.

NO. 7

## White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

### CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

For some moments after this recital, not a word was spoken, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the sobs of the marquis. "Let it be such a foul mockery stand!" at length said St. Denis, in agony. "Let it be torn in sunder and cast aside. By no law of justice or right can—"

"Hold!" interrupted Lohois, who had now nerved himself up to the conflict. "You but make a useless disturbance when you thus give thought to the idea of annulling the bond of marriage between my wife and myself. Ere I took the final step I consulted with the governor, and he bade me go on, and I have his pledge of sustaining me. You have heard my wife's story. That I used stratagem to gain her hand, I admit, for I saw an interloper was about to snatch the prize from me. And now you know all. Henceforth I trust nothing may occur to mar the harmony of our social intercourse. Turning to St. Denis, he added, a triumphant look settling on his sharp features: "And as for you, sir, I trust you will see the necessity of removing yourself from the society of those who can only be made unhappy by your presence. If you have the common sense I suppose you have, you will see the necessity of this and if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will not hesitate."

Goupard raised his clasped hands towards heaven, exclaiming: "Has it come to this? Must all my hopes thus fall back upon my broken heart, and the sweet dream of years end in black despair? Louise, beloved of my soul, lost, but still cherished one—"

His words failed him, and he bowed his head in a passionate burst of tears. In a moment more he heard a low cry of hopeful tone, and a pair of arms were twined about his neck. He looked up, but it was not Louise. It was the flowing eyes of White Hand that met his own, and darkly stained arms were entwined about his neck. A voice of thanksgiving next fell on his ear, and he saw the Indian girl on her knees, with her hands clasped, her streaming eyes raised heavenward, and giving thanks to the Great Spirit. St. Denis started as he gazed into the deep blue eyes fastened on him. A moment more, he heard his name pronounced in a tone sweet and familiar, that made his heart beat wildly in his bosom.

"This scene has progressed far enough," now spoke the one Simon believed to be his wife. "Simon Lohois, your wickedness has come to a climax, and back on your own head shall fall the terrible consequences of your machinations."

"Ha—ha, Louise, you have gone too far now," Lohois interceded, confidently. "If you imagined your marriage was but a jest, you were mistaken. You'll find the knot too strongly tied to be cast off at will."

"Poor fool! Cannot you open your eyes? Simon Lohois, did you think Louise St. Denis would have married you while life remained? Did you think she would have stooped to mate with you when the grave was open to her?"

Are you not my wife?"

"I think you'll find me a hard one to manage; for at this very moment, were you not beneath my notice, I would challenge you to mortal combat, and I'd serve you worse than Goupard did. Look, Simon! Don't you see that Indian youth resting in Goupard's arms? How I have longed for this moment! Up—up, my father! Thy children are safe, and if they have returned to their exchanged guises, be assured they left thee in the same way!"

"How?" gasped Simon, starting back and turning pale. "You—you—"

"Why, I am your wife, Simon, if you say so; but if you keep me, you shall fight with me every morning, and we'll alternate till one of us falls; first morning, pistols—next morning, swords. You have seen me shoot some."

At this juncture the truth had forced itself to the old marquis' mind.

"It must be!" he whispered, seizing his noble son by the hand. "It must be my own noble Louise! Assure me I do not dream."

"You do not, father, for I am your own Louise. But see—here comes Louise. Don't cast her off because her skin is dusky!"

"Is it possible?" gasped Lohois, as he saw Louise slink on her father's bosom.

"There's been some foul witchery here—some deep, infernal machination! Louise!—Louise! The son is the daughter, and the daughter is the son! There's a foul plot here!"

"Ay!" cried Louise, tearing the rich gown he wore from his body, and revealing the light dress of a French officer, "there has been a foul plot, and you can well explain it!"

"Me—explain?" stammered the villain, gazing first at the youth and then at the maiden, who yet wore her Indian dress.

"Who are you?" he gasped, starting towards the seeming Indian, and seizing the dusky arm. "Speak! Who are you?"

"I am one whom you once sought for a wife!"

"Louise St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Duped—befooled! But—there's a plot!"

A few moments more he gazed upon the two metamorphosed ones, and then, utterly powerless from mad delirium, he sank down.

But Simon Lohois was not the only one in the dark. The old man and St. Denis were lost in amazement. The latter had clasped his own loved one to his ear, and she had whispered into his ear the sweet promise of love once more, yet he could not understand it.

"I see you are astonished," said Louise, "and I will tell you what I know about this funny affair. So sit down and listen; sit down—all of you."

And down they sat, Coqualla keeping close by her companion's side, and seeming as happy as the rest of the happy ones.

"Now listen," commenced Louise. "You

remember on that night when we played 'hide and find me' in the yard, Louise and I went off into the house before we had planned to have some sport with Goupard. Louise and I never realized how much we resembled each other until we exchanged garbs. When I saw her in my clothes, she looked just like my own self in a mirror; and when I had put on her dress, which had to be let out but very little, she assured me I was her counterpart, and when I looked in the mirror, I could have sworn she stood before me. We had reached the corner of the barn, and I was showing Louise where to hide, intending then to have gone myself to the stable, when a party of Indians rushed and seized upon us, and having gagged us, hurried out through the postern. Away they took us, and all night they kept on through the deep forest. One of them spoke to me in the Chickasaw tongue, and I was upon the point of answering him, when the thought struck me that he only wished to try if I knew the language; so I pretended to know nothing of it. You know I learned a great deal of it from old Oakhook. After I had listened to their conversation, and I found that I—the girl—was to be carried to New Orleans, while the boy was to be taken up to the Natchez. Of course, I then knew that Simon Lohois had a hand in this, for he had gone to New Orleans, where he meant to have Louise taken, and there force her to marry him, while I was carried off another way, perhaps to be killed—and thus he would have all our father's wealth. Before morning, we came to the place where we were to separate. I did once feel like giving battle to the whole pack; but I was wholly unarmed, and the thought was dropped. I begged to be allowed to speak a few parting words with my companion, and they granted my request. I told Louise what I had heard. "Now," said I, "they don't mistrust the change we've made. I will tell them still that I am the girl, and thus you will be free of Simon; while, if you go to the Natchez, still retaining your male disguise, you can at any moment save yourself from death by revealing yourself." At all events, we both concluded that it would be best for each of us to continue the deception, and we did so. And now for Louise's story."

"Thus called upon, Louise commenced. She told how she was taken to the village of the White Apple, by Stung Serpent; how they meant to kill her, and for what strange purpose; how Coqualla interceded for her, and how it was arranged that she should marry the princess.

"Here I was puzzled," said Louise; "but I determined to throw myself upon Coqualla's friendship. I told her the secret of my sex, and asked her to save me. She threw her arms about my neck and promised to keep my secret, and be to me a sister, while she passed for my wife. So my secret was safe. Only she told her father when he was on his deathbed, and thus he was led to absolve me from my promise to remain with them."

"CHAPTER XXIII.

Louise went on and told her starting story, and as she spoke, more than one bright look of holy gratitude was cast upon the beautiful Coqualla.

"And now," said she, in conclusion, "I am able to give you some clue to the great mystery which underlies the whole. When Stung Serpent was upon his deathbed, he sent for me, and he told me all, and he gave me this paper in token of his truth. Read it, father, and know what will come to you have kept beneath your room."

As Louise handed her father the paper, Simon Lohois started to his feet.

"Back!" shouted Louise, springing forward and pushing him back into his chair. "Tony, watch this man, and see that he does not leave the room."

Old Tony, who had stood by and heard all, now moved to Simon's side, and as the villain gazed upon the huge bulk of the negro, he uttered a stifled groan, and settled back.

The marquis read the paper aloud. It was as follows:

"This is my bond, that I will pay to Stung Serpent one hundred large pieces of gold, in French coin, when he shall have removed Louise and Louise St. Julien from their home, and he, on his part, promises that said Louise shall be killed, and that Louise shall be sent safely to the middle trail on Lake Pontchartrain."

SIMON LOHOIS.

"That was enough," Simon denied it all, then swore, then drew his sword, and then—Tony knocked him down; and ere long afterwards he was taken from the room.

Before noon, Louise had contrived, with Coqualla's assistance, to remove the last stain from her skin, and when she stood, all white and pure, she saw a tear on Coqualla's dark cheek.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Ah, tell me the truth. Coqualla will not deceive her sister."

"No," murmured the noble girl, throwing her arms about Louise's neck, and pillow her head upon her bosom.

"But you will forgive me. Coqualla has left her people forever, but she has not left her skin."

"But tell me all, my sister."

"Coqualla loved the White Hand, and she was only a sister. Now Coqualla has seen another with the same beautiful face. But she does not murmur. She is content; only—"

"Go on, my sister. Tell me all."

"If Coqualla was white, she could love; O, my sister does not know how she could have been loved had she not been Coqualla's sister!"

Louise had read the girl's secret, and when she gazed into the soft, mild face of her sister, with all the truth of her soul.

"Coqualla does not need a whiter skin. She is beautiful enough. I know Coqualla's heart, and her face is as pure as that."

The maiden princess blessed her sister, and wiped away her tears, for she heard some one coming.

On the next morning the room where Simon Lohois had been put was found empty, and the slave Peter was also found to be missing; but no search was made for them, for the one was worthless and the other carried guilt enough to punish him with his shame and burden.

And now joy was more in St. Julien's household. Goupard and Louise wandered about together, and for a while Louise was left alone, for the only other young person with whom he could associate seemed to shun him. One day Louise drew her brother one side, and whispered with him, for she had that

morning found Coqualla to tears, and the poor princess had murmured the thought of going back to the homes of her fathers to lie down by their graves. But what Louise said, to her brother may not be known—only, an hour later, Louise and Coqualla walked away later in the garden.

At length the old cure, Father Languet, made his visit to the chateau, and there was work for him to do. Goupard and Louise were made one for life, and the time the blushing girl was fastened.

But the work ended not here. Louis St. Julien had spent many hours with Coqualla, for he had become her teacher, and he had opened to her mind the riches of the Great Book. And while she had studied that, he had studied her. At first he was surprised at the wondrous depth of her mind, but he was less awed by its sublime purity and grandeur of heart, to his inward depths, and he found it as noble and pure as it was generous and loving. Ere he knew it, he had loved her, and almost unconsciously the story of his love dropped from his lips.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "thou didst love my sister for her face. Mine is like it. Love me, then, and be mine for life. I love thee, for thou art all in love and purity to me."

And Coqualla placed one of her soft hands in his, and then rested her head upon his bosom, and as her dark tresses fell over his shoulders, kissing her face and the tears that shone there, she answered him:

"Coqualla can give thee all her heart, and he to thee a slave for life. But if you make her your wife, O, be sure you will never regret it; for Coqualla's heart will break if you loved her no more!"

For a long time the panic caused by the fearful plot of the Indians lasted among the colonists, but they gradually waded out of the danger, though their way was through much blood. The Natchez had sealed their own doom, and a few short years sufficed to sweep them from the list of Indian tribes, and the once powerful nation was known no more on earth but in name and the history of the past. Simon Lohois joined the French force, having received a lieutenant's commission from Perier, and he fell at the siege of one of the Natchez forts. So a Natchez bullet found the life of him who had thought to barter away the life of another through the hands of the Natchez.

Troubles came now thick and fast upon the hardy settlers, and once the marquis told his children that if they wished, he would sell out and return to France. But they did not wish it. St. Denis was happy enough where he was, for Louise was a sufficient shield against every ill from within, and his own bravery and fortitude swept away all other fear. And Louise found himself in possession of a treasure the intrinsic merits of which were every day developing themselves to his understanding; and after a few short months of wedded life, all doubts vanished from Coqualla's mind, for she was assured that a love like her husband's could never grow cold while she remained true and faithful.

"No," said St. Denis, "we will not return, for in this colony, now surrounded by dangers and gloom, I can see the germ of a nation. A soil so productive, with resources and natural advantages so mighty, must one day be reclaimed to civilization of the highest order. There is no reason why the great valley of the Father of Waters should not, at no very distant time, become literally the Garden of the World. And," he added, while his dark eye burned, and his bosom swelled with deep emotion, "may not those who have already subdued the wilderness in the East, at some time meet us of the West, and as one family in the New World, bidding adieu to the throned Old, raise the standard of a united nation, with a government commensurate with the grandeur of the result, and with a perpetuity of purpose worthy the memory of those noble pioneers who first grappled the dark terrors of the wilderness, and opened the way to the architects of a new and more glorious realm?"

(The End.)

His Bluff Did Not Work.

Stories of Yankee shrewdness have always been widely circulated, but when one gets ahead of a Yankee there is very little said about it, especially on the part of the man from the North.

Several days ago a hotelkeeper at a small station on one of the roads running out of Memphis put the laugh on a drummer from the North in a very good way, and the traveling man was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The drummer arrived at the hotel about 8 o'clock in the evening, and fearing that he would not be able to get any supper he asked the landlord what he could get to eat.

"My friend," said the hotelkeeper, "I can give you anything from a pickled elephant to a broiled canary bird's tongue for supper to-night."

The drummer looked at the man, and thinking that he was jesting, decided to call his bluff.

"All right, my friend," said the drummer; "I'll take some pickled elephant."

"Very well," said the host; "I'll go and get it."

He was gone about five minutes, and when he returned said:

"All right, sir; supper will be ready in a moment. You'll have to take a whole one, as we don't carve them there dark."

The drummer decided that he was as very hungry, and took some cheese sandwiches.—Memphis Scimitar.

Tale of Tender Heart.

The boy in tears naturally attracted the attention of the sympathetic man.

"What's happened, my boy?" the latter asked. "Perhaps I can help you."

"I lost a quarter," answered the boy, "and when I go home I'll get licked for it."

"Oh, well, don't cry," returned the sympathetic man. "Here's another quarter. How did you lose the first one?"

"Matching," promptly replied the boy.—Chicago Evening Post.

## EVENTS OF THE DAY

### GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the well known poet, is dead.

F. W. Hollis declines to act as umpire in the Venezuelan dispute.

Armenians are again on the march and more massacres are expected.

The United States may reopen negotiations to secure the Nicaragua canal route.

Forest fires in Pennsylvania are destroying thousands of dollars worth of fine timber.

The recent British victories add 100,000 square miles of territory to King Edward's possessions.

A committee from the Lick observatory in California has selected a site for an observatory near Santiago de Chile.

Work on the new \$20,000,000 terminal grounds of the New York Central will be begun June 12, and 100 adjacent New York residences will be vacated by that time.

The Cuban senate is considering a proposition for a government lottery as a substitute for the taxes levied on sugar, tobacco, etc., under the new "soldiers' pay" law.

Union men in Omaha have secured a sweeping injunction over the business men. They are prevented from declaring boycotts, meeting to conspire against strikers or from discriminating against dealers selling their goods.

The powers have warned Turkey not to molest Bulgaria.

Employees of the Great Northern railway have voted to strike.

China has broken off discussion with America of treaty opening Manchurian ports.

Suit for \$1,000,000 back taxes has been filed against the Southern Pacific by the state of Kentucky.

Scarlet fever has broken out among the 12,000 men on the receiving ship Columbia at the New York navy yard.

Two persons were killed and one seriously injured at Hartford, Conn., by an explosion resulting from the boiling over of whale oil.

The monitor Arkansas will be unable to proceed on her trip down the Mississippi until next spring, unless there is an unexpected rise in the river.

The secretary of agriculture has raised the stock quarantine, declared for foot and mouth disease, which has been in effect since November 27.

St. Peter's Catholic church, at Lowell, Mass., 12 years in building, has been dedicated. It is one of the most magnificent churches in the state.

The largest contract ever undertaken to prevent the pollution of New York's city watershed is now under way, and consists of removing more than 10,000 bodies from three cemeteries.

The situation in the Balkan states grows more serious.

Admiral Cervera, of Spain, has been gassed in a life senator.

The Wisconsin assembly has passed a bill to prohibit bucket shops in that state.

A diplomatic rupture between the United States and Turkey has been narrowly averted.

Owing to the discovery of bubonic plague at Callao, the principal markets of Lima have been closed.

Twenty-seven letters from William Penn's voluminous correspondence sold at auction brought \$2,882.50.

The yacht America, the first winner of the America's cup, is to be broken up because she is no longer seaworthy. She was built in 1851.

## SAD FLIGHT OF COLOMBIA.

### She Finds Herself in a State of Practical Bankruptcy from Rebellion.

Washington, May 15.—A gloomy picture of the terrible plight in which Colombia finds herself as the result of the exhausting four years of rebellion is contained in a communication which has reached this city from a source of unquestionable reliability. These advices state that on March 1 last the government gave notice that it had stopped the issue of paper money that was flooding the country and had turned the lithographic plates, from which it was made, over to a committee composed of prominent members of different political parties. Consequently the government early in April was almost entirely without funds. It had not enough to pay running expenses, to say nothing of foreign claims and demands. Not a cent of interest had been paid on the national debt since the war commenced in 1899. The claims growing out of the recent revolution were assuming tremendous proportions, and as there were no other means of relief it was apparent that the government must again have recourse to the lithographic stones and start the presses running again. Moreover, it was the general opinion that even the small measure of relief which might follow the receipt of the \$10,000,000 from the United States on account of the Panama canal could not be obtained, as it was not expected that congress would ratify the treaty.

At one time last year the exchange on New York was 22,000; that is to say, 22,000 Colombian dollars were required to purchase \$1 worth of goods in the United States. It was feared that the rate would go even higher this summer, for there was over \$1,000,000 worth of this paper money afloat, and it was expected that \$500,000,000 more would be issued immediately to pay war expenses. The foreign debt of 1896 amounted to \$12,700,000, on which the interest rate was first 2½, and then three per cent, but this interest has not been paid for several years. It was the general opinion, according to the report, that the Colombian government could not pay its debts, and apprehension was expressed as to what might happen in case the foreign creditors pushed for a final settlement of their claims.

FLOODS IN FLORIDA.

Jacksonville Streets Navigable and Railroad Traffic Blocked.

Jacksonville, Fla., May 15.—A heavy northeastern has been blowing for the past few days, accompanied by driving rains. Last night and this morning it was unusually heavy. Reports from the state say that much damage has been done to turpentine camps and phosphate plants.

Big tides and heavy rains have flooded the lower portions of Jacksonville, and boats are being used on several streets. The terminal station and all approaches are three to five feet under water. In the railroad yards the waters are rushing through at six miles an hour. The total rainfall for the past 24 hours was 8.4 inches.

No trains have arrived today. Reports from the state say all railroads are in bad shape from the flooding of tracks. The storm is the worst for years. Many houses in the negro section were washed away.

The city is in total darkness tonight, the water being a foot deep in the electric light power house. Many bridges in the country were washed away. The total loss will probably not be less than \$100,000.

Smallpox Under Control.

For some time past the board of health of the county of Crook and city of Prineville have been issuing bulletins daily giving the facts in regard to the persons affected with smallpox in that city. Now all those having it are practically well of the disease. It has been concluded by the board that no necessity exists for the further issuance of the bulletins. The board fully believes that the town is now entirely free from the disease, having had no new cases since April 27, although there are now several cases in quarantine who were exposed prior to that time, and a few of them may yet be stricken down.

Dredges for Oregon Rivers.

The war department has awarded to the Featherstone foundry and machine company, of Chicago, a contract for building two dredges for use in Oregon rivers. They will build one dredge for the Upper Willamette and Yamhill rivers for \$25,000, and another for the Upper Columbia and Snake to cost \$22,500. Both dredges are to be ready for use within six months.

Preparing for Log-Rolling.

The Woodmen of the World are preparing to have a big log rolling in La Grande May 18 and 19. One hundred and twenty-five candidates will be initiated into the order at that time. The program comprises a parade of fraternal societies, competitive drill for a trophy, log chopping and sawing contest. Reduced rates have been secured on the railroads.

Brick Yard at Weston Rushed.

The Weston brickyard is working its full capacity, turning out 40,000 brick per day, with more orders than it can fill this summer and fall. Lumber and all kinds of building material is short in this section on account of the unusual number of new houses being built at Walla Walla, Pendleton and towns in this section of Umatilla county.

Union Depot Exhibit.

The board of trade of Dallas has taken steps to collect material for an exhibit to be forwarded to the Oregon information bureau at the Union depot in Portland. The board has contributed a good sum of money for the purpose, and the county court has contributed \$50 for the purpose of acting in concert with the board of trade.

Offers Fine Library Building.

The ladies of the Grants Pass woman's club have succeeded in getting Mr. Carnegie to change the amount of his proposed donation for a library in that city from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The citizens felt that they would rather erect a creditable building, even though the cost of maintaining the library is greater.

## HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

### FRUIT PROSPECTS IN LINN.

Prunes Will Yield Big, but Peaches and Pears are Blighted.

Fruit men report that the prune yield in Linn county this year will exceed that of any previous season. The numerous large orchards around Albany have been covered with blossoms, and now the fruit has set successfully. The weather has been just the kind needed, and nothing but a freeze could now destroy it. The young fruit is too far advanced to be injured by frosts, unless they were very heavy and continued for some time.

There will be no peaches around here. Of the fruits which may be considered a crop the yield in pears will probably be the lightest. Early in the season the trees were covered with blossoms, but just about the time for the fruit to set the blossoms withered and died. It does not look like the work of frost, but is pronounced blight by orchardists.

Nothing but prolonged cold weather can prevent the largest fruit yield in the history of Linn county.

HEADED TOWARDS BURNS.

Surveyors for Electric Road Start Out from Baker City.

A surveying party of 12 people under Chief Engineer Howe started from Baker city recently to survey a route for an electric railway from that place to the John Day valley and Prairie city. Major J. W. Bonta is having the survey made in the interest of the Oregon Wonder mine. The promoters say that the road will eventually penetrate Harney county as far as Burns.

Automobile Line at Union.

The preliminary work is being done at Union looking to the establishment of an automobile omnibus line between that city and the Hot Lake, a distance of about four miles. The patronage of the Hot Lake is being rapidly increased, and as Union is a most delightful place in summer for those seeking rest, recreation and health, it is believed the line would be well patronized, and be of mutual benefit to the two places.

Farm Hands Wanted.

Farm hands in Eastern Oregon are scarce and farmers are applying to employment agencies at Portland for men. There will be steady employment throughout the wheat and fruit belt for a great many more men than are there now, until after the crops are garnered.

Marion Crops Look Well.

A heavy shower of warm rain fell in Marion county last Saturday and great good will result to all growing crops. Farmers report crops generally in an excellent condition.

Wood Supply is Short.

There is a very serious shortage in the supply of firewood in Salem, and prices are certain to be high this summer and next winter. There is a possibility of what may almost be a wood famine, for the amount of wood that has been cut is far short of the quantity that will be needed for home use. As a consequence of this condition of affairs there will be good money in the wood business for farmers who have timber they can cut.

Eastern Oregon Normal Graduates.

The graduating class of the Weston state normal school next month will consist of 12 young ladies and gentlemen. Extensive preparations are being made for the commencement exercises. The Weston college is one of the largest, most imposing and complete school plants in the state. President French will spend his vacation campaigning for an increased scholarship for next term.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70¢71¢; valley, 75¢76¢.

Barley—Food, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$23.

Flour—Best grades, \$3.95@4.25; Graham, \$3.45@3.85.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$19 per ton; middlings, \$24; shorts, \$19.50@20; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.51@1.20; gray, \$1.23@1.15 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@13.50; clover, \$10@11; chest, \$11@12 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50¢ per sack; ordinary, 25¢@40¢ per cental; growers' prices; Merced sweets, \$3@3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11¢@12¢; young, 13¢@14¢; hens, 12¢; turkeys, live, 16¢@17¢; dressed, 20¢@22¢; ducks, \$7.00@7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6@6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16¢@17¢; Young America, 17¢@17½¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢; less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 22¢ per pound; extra, 21¢; dairy, 20¢@22¢; store, 16¢@18¢.

Eggs—16¢@17¢ per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18¢@20¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley 12½¢@15¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@14¢; mohair, 35¢@36¢.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¼¢@4¢ per pound; steers, 4¼¢@5¢; dressed, 7¼¢.

Veal—8¢@8½¢.

Mutton—Gross, 7¢@7½¢ per pound; dressed, 8¢@9¢.

Lamb—Gross, 4¢ per pound dressed, 7½¢.

Hogs—Gross, 7¢@7½¢ per pound; dressed, 8¢@8½¢.

## CROP PROSPECTS GOOD.

### Eastern Oregon Grain Growers and Raisers are Jubilant.

So far the fruit and grain prospects for this season's crop are exceeding good in the eastern part of the state. The backward season has kept the frost back, so that the late frosts have done any serious damage. Grain, especially wheat, is looking fine, save the need of rain, which would be greatly appreciated by the dry land farmers just now.

Fruit growers have late frosts to fear always, in the immediate vicinity of Baker City, but in Pine and Eagle valleys the season is from two to four weeks ahead of the former neighborhood and late frosts, owing to the lower altitude, are not so much to be feared.

Farmers and fruitgrowers, who are prepared to irrigate, are in clover this season, because there never was such an abundance of snow in the mountains as there is this year.

LANE COUNTY'S ROADS.

Much Labor and Money Has Made Them Finest in the State.

The matter of improvement of roads has received more attention in Lane county than in any other county in the state, and the interest which is now manifest in other counties is to a large extent attributable to the results that have attended the efforts in Lane county for years past. Observing visitors have remarked repeatedly about the condition of the Lane county roads as compared with roads in other places, and these remarks have resulted in others taking up with the work that has proven so successful.

Clean-Up on Hydraulic Placers.

Some \$700 in gold dust and nuggets, the regular monthly clean-up of the St. Helens & Galice hydraulic placer mines, of the Galice district, was brought into Grants Pass a few days ago. These placers have enjoyed a fine run this season, and have yet several weeks of work ahead of them before their water gives out. They are building a huge reservoir and enlarging their ditches, with the intention of deriving a water supply whereby their giants can be operated the whole year through.

Contestants are Keen.

The number of contestants over the settlement and proving up of public lands at the Oregon City land office multiples as these government lands become more scarce. Scarcely a day passes but the contest department of the local land office hears one or more contests. Persons filing on lands now find that they must comply in the strictest sense with the provisions of the law under which the filing is made, or they are sure to be involved in contest proceedings.

Wood Supply is Short.

There is a very serious shortage in the supply of firewood in Salem, and prices are certain to be high this summer and next winter. There is a possibility of what may almost be a wood famine, for the amount of wood that has been cut is far short of the quantity that will be needed for home use. As a consequence of this condition of affairs there will be good money in the wood business for farmers who have timber they can cut.

Eastern Oregon Normal Graduates.

The graduating class of the Weston state normal school next month will consist of 12 young ladies and gentlemen. Extensive preparations are being made for the commencement exercises. The Weston college is one of the largest, most imposing and complete school plants in the state. President French will spend his vacation campaigning for an increased scholarship for next term.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70¢71¢; valley, 75¢76¢.

Barley—Food, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$23.

Flour—Best grades, \$3.95@4.25; Graham, \$3.45@3.85.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$19 per ton; middlings, \$24; shorts, \$19.50@20; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.51@1.20; gray, \$1.23@1.15 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@13.50; clover, \$10@11; chest, \$11@12 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50¢ per sack; ordinary, 25¢@40¢ per cental; growers' prices; Merced sweets, \$3@3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11¢@12¢; young, 13¢@14¢; hens, 12¢; turkeys, live, 16¢@17¢; dressed, 20¢@22¢; ducks, \$7.00@7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6@6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16¢@17¢; Young America, 17¢@17½¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢; less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 22¢ per pound; extra, 21¢; dairy, 20¢@22¢; store, 16¢@18¢.

Eggs—16¢@17¢ per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18¢@20¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley 12½¢@15¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@14¢; mohair, 35¢@36¢.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¼¢@4¢ per pound; steers, 4¼¢@5¢; dressed, 7¼¢.

Veal—8¢@8½¢.

Mutton—Gross, 7¢@7½¢ per pound; dressed, 8¢@9¢.

Lamb—Gross, 4¢ per pound dressed, 7½¢.

Hogs—Gross, 7¢@7½¢ per pound; dressed, 8¢@8½¢.