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ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montelieu. Lady Grace was sitting there, too. She kissed them both. "You bring the outer air in with you, my child," said the old French lady; "you are as fresh as a new picked rose."

"We have had a good counter across the common, dear madame—it makes one feel fresh." "Did you both have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I find you have got the ponies into such order that they are as quiet as lambs. At least Evans gives you all the credit."

"He wants to see you drive them in the park," resumed Lady Grace, "and you with a new set of harness, and you in the front seat, there would not be a more elegant turnout in London."

"Fancy such honor and state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half grave, half ironical.

Lady Grace took her hand and drew her toward herself. "What all you to-day?"

"My dear, what all you to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you say these things before. Has Mr. Hastings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever offend you?"

"Offend me? Lady Grace—how should he? He was far above me when we met before."

But her voice trembled, and she hurried toward the room.

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know if anything ever passed between them that should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"

"Madame de Montelieu hesitated. "I should not feel justified in telling this to anyone else; but you have her interest as much at heart as I have. The summer before last, when his first came home, they met by accident. He was handsome and fascinating, and, I believe, the first man of ton and breeding she ever met with. No wonder, then, that the poor creature fell in love with him. Somehow they met again, and he made an excuse to call at the farm, and she was at home alone. I dare say he took a fancy to her, large-eyed, graceful child as she was, and flattered and talked to her as men of the world will. She took it for love—for a romantic devotion, no doubt; and as her foolish little brain had conceived might be possible between a great gentleman like the master of Hazel Court, and her own humble self, I warned her—I wanted to spare her the heartache of Montelieu's hesitations. A dejection might cause her to treat her poor first husband as a man of straw. She could not believe the man she worshipped as a hero could be capable of what she deemed baseness, and at last, by a cruel lesson—I am not at liberty to tell you how she found that, while he was feigning love for her, he was in truth developing his real attention to her cousin Flora. It was a grievous blow. Perhaps his presence brought back a bitter remembrance, and she involuntarily resented what she deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."

"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace said. "Twice to-day I saw him kiss her as if I should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet—you may be right, for I remember fancying there was a tinge of regret in his expression."

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Harold Erskine had never been to stay at Hazel Court and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—it kept the nephew whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed heavily as she laid it down. Winifred understood what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they were alone and said:

"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me."

"I do not think my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that he fears his presence might make you uneasy?"

"Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "why should you—why should he think of me? Am I not here from your kindness and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me; but he will have forgotten me now, and why should he not meet me, as if such a thing had never happened?"

"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and she wrote him that very day, begging him to come.

The next day he arrived, to his aunt's great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected. The restraint wore off, and they relapsed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.

Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Errol Hastings was to see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.

"I shall most like sleep at the Court tonight, aunt, and we will ride together tomorrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"

"Of course, my dear," and Lord Harold Winifred after he had gone. She trembled before Lord Harold again, particularly when he had been mentioned between the two men, and if so, what he would say about her. Mr. Hastings' Clayton's unpleasant recollection of Mr. Hastings with Lord Harold Erskine, and present golden opportunity, and Lord Harold remembered uneasily that some time before he had been seen together in the hazel woods. By common consent, then, he and the two men had plenty of other

topics for conversation, until the next day. The following morning Lord Harold brought himself calling on the Champion, and Mr. Hastings volunteered to accompany him. They found Lord Hastings and his sister playing croquet with Flora and Reginald Champion, and on invitation joined in the game. It was curious that, although Flora looked handsome and nice, she was aware that she had bargained with her own interests for an inadequate value and that she almost, if not quite, hated the man whose name she bore.

During the time that Winifred stayed at the Cedars, she had plenty of opportunity of observing how this ill-assorted couple lived. Francis Clayton's manner to his wife was in itself an offense, almost every word he addressed to her contained a covert sneer, and he seemed to find no greater pleasure than in thwarting her wishes and contradicting her orders.

Winifred detested him, and was systematically cold and repellent to her mistress toward him. He saw it, and laughed secretly to himself.

"Little fool!" he thought, contemptuously, "she assumes these airs of virtuous indignation with huge propriety. Perhaps the simplest thing that I am in love with her now."

He redoubled his attentions on seeing that they annoyed her. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of my voice, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."

"My dear Miss Eyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I am afraid your temper is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's example; mine has suffered already from her baneful influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long," Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them. ("It is continued.")

MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA.

They Are Many and Active, and One Is a Monster in Size.

"You may talk about your mosquitoes up here in the North," said a resident of Bayou Sara, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bayous you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture."

There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noisome swamp bayous, and no matter which kind samples you will wish it had been some other kind, for it will seem that no other kind could bite quite so bad as that one. There are gray mosquitoes—long, gaunt, wolfish-looking fellows—reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is the one we call a gallinipper down here, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spread of wing an inch wide, and a left in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.

This fearfully equipped insect monster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and a suction pump. As he can bore through your foot and puncture your foot with ease and dispatch, you may well imagine how much protection clothing or gloves are against his assaults. Fortunately, though, this giant mosquito isn't poisonous. The damage he does to your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for days.

"All the remaining eight varieties are full of venom and vim to get it where it will do the greatest harm to the greatest number, but the worst of all is the smallest one of the lot. This is a gray mosquito, not more than an eighth of an inch long, but every place that he sinks his stinger in on you will instantly rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn red as fire and pain like a hornet's sting. As the reservoir containing that insect's venom cannot possibly be larger than a fly speck, the violence of it may be imagined.

"The experienced person never goes fishing in those mosquito-infested bayous," continued the Louisiana, according to the New York Times, "unless he has his head and face incased in netting, fixed on a light steel frame, and with thick gloves on his hands. Gloves, though, are no bar to the big gallinipper mosquito's kit of tools."

"Why does any one go fishing in those noisome places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bayous of Louisiana. Perch, bass, jackfish, as the pickerel is called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark, sluggish, root-tangled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his hook and line."

Pleasantly in Passing.

"Well, I declare," remarked the thin man, who was being uncomfortably crowded by a very stout person, "the trolley company ought to charge passengers by weight."

"Think so?" retorted the stout person. "At that rate it wouldn't be worth their while to take you on at all."—Philadelphia Press.

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.

CONFERENCE ENDS

MEETING OF RUSSIAN OFFICIALS AT PORT ARTHUR OVER.

Excitation Over Increasing Power in Manchuria the Dominant Note in the Gathering—Possibility of Taking Any Backward Step Scoffed at—More Troops are Being Sent In.

Port Arthur, Manchuria, July 17.—The conference of prominent Russian officials has ended. Excitation over Russia's increasing power in Manchuria was the dominant note in the gathering. The possibility of taking any backward step is scoffed at if mentioned by outsiders. It was admitted that the war possibility was discussed, but it was denied that was the object of the conference.

Evidences of warlike preparations since the arrival of General Kropotkin, the minister of war, and of the intention to bring more troops to Manchuria are abundant. Orders were given to Port Arthur contractors last week for an immediate supply of building materials for building barracks to accommodate 20,000 soldiers to be shipped to Harbin.

The officials explained that Russia's opposition to opening Manchuria to foreigners was not based upon opposition to foreigners, whose trade is desired and who would in due time be invited into the country. But Russia objected, they explained, to having consuls accredited to the Chinese government in towns which are practically under Russian control, which would give the subjects of countries so represented enjoyment of extra rights.

They asserted that such arrangements would be certain to result in great friction, such as occurred in Niu Chwang.

SIX KOB A CAR.

Daring Hold-Up in Outskirts of Portland—One Man Wounded.

Portland, July 15.—Robbing Fred Day, whom they mortally wounded with a needless shot, taking \$300 in money, watches and jewelry from 40 passengers on a Sellwood car, then robbing a lone pedestrian as they left, six desperate highwaymen last night made their escape and now bid defiance to the police.

On the crossing of the Southern Pacific at East Eleventh and Division streets, but half a mile from the business center of East Portland, the hold-up was committed a few minutes before midnight.

Daring and cold blooded, the highwaymen boarded an out bound car at 11:45, shot Fred Day in the back without provocation, and as he fell in their arms apparently lifeless, held him up until they could rifle his pockets, then let him drop in a pool of his own blood and turned their attention to the rest of the passengers.

At least 40 people were on the car, and every passenger was robbed of money and jewelry. Rings were jerked violently from women's fingers, and watches snatched quickly and thrust into the pockets of the highwaymen.

Nor did this content them. Not nervous in the least over their bloody deed, they stopped in their flight long enough to hold up and rob O. N. Bitter on Milwaukee street.

POWER WANING.

Age Gradually Saps the Strength of Pope Leo.

Rome, July 15.—Another remarkable rally in Pope Leo's condition occurred yesterday afternoon, after a morning in the course of which his halcyon sufferings spells of delirium and at times his strength sank to the lowest ebb, and now he lies in no worse condition than he was on Monday evening, except for the steady diminution of his strength.

Yesterday's rally was characteristically opposed to every medical theory and consisted in getting out of bed, on which two hours previously the pope himself had made all preparations for death. Unsatisfied with this show of vitality, he transacted considerable business and had an interview with four cardinals, with whom he talked in an animated way.

According to the physicians the pontiff may die at any moment, even in the midst of one of those extraordinary intervals.

Stock Train Falls in River.

St. Louis, July 16.—A special to the Post Dispatch from Poplar Bluff, Mo., says: A freight wreck occurred on the Iron Mountain railroad today between Rouden and Gurdon, Ark., south of this city. Two brakemen, negro, tramp and 35 carloads of horses and mules were killed. A boxcar jumped the track just as the train ran on the little Missouri river bridge, with such force as to wreck the bridge and allow the 35 cars of stock and men killed to fall into the stream below, a distance of 40 feet.

Last Attempt to Reclaim Dead.

Hanna, Wyo., July 16.—Preparations are being made to resume the work of opening the coal mine here and rescuing the dead bodies of the victims of the disaster of June 30. A party of miners arrived last night from Rock Springs and others are en route from Diamondville, Cumberland and Spring Valley. These men have had years of experience in fighting mine fires, and they will make a herculean effort to extinguish the flames and reach the bodies.

Crown Prince Travels Inco.

Victoria, B. C., July 15.—The steamship Empress of India, which arrived today from the Orient, had among her passengers Crown Prince Rupprecht Marie Luitpold Ferdinand of Bavaria and the crown princess, who have been making an enforced tour of the world on account of a scandal attaching to the crown prince which agitated Bavaria.

WOOLEN MILLS DESTROYED.

Fire at Oregon City Throws Three Hundred Out of Work.

Oregon City, July 15.—Fire last night destroyed property of the Oregon City manufacturing company valued at between \$75,000 and \$100,000. The loss is covered by insurance. Spontaneous combustion in a carbonizer in the pulpery building is given as the origin of the fire, which destroyed the wool room, dye room and boiler room of the woolen mills. The company will immediately replace the burned buildings, but the blaze will necessitate suspension of mill operations for at least three months and the throwing out of employment for that period of about 300 people.

The flames were discovered issuing from the roof of the wool house at 9 o'clock but the building was already doomed, and the adjoining frame structures were soon ablaze. A general alarm was responded to by the fire department and citizens, who fought heroically. The main woolen mill building was on fire several times, but under the direction of Fire Chief Runich the structure was saved, although the interior was damaged somewhat by water.

Vigorous and timely action alone saved the property of the Portland flouring mills company. The large warehouse of this company was aflame a number of times, but by brave work the building and adjoining mill were saved. The warehouse of the O. R. & N. Co. narrowly escaped burning.

With a stiff breeze from the north-east it is considered remarkable that the Portland flouring mills were not burned. The firemen did most effective work.

COLUMBIA COUNTY FILLING UP.

Recent County Seat Election Shows Large Increase of Voters.

The returns from the late special election indicate that the voting population of Columbia county has increased several hundred since the general state election held a little over a year ago. While it is true that much of this increased vote is due to the employment of an increased number of hands in sawmills and logging camps, many of them single men, it is also evident that there is a considerable increase in the number of families which have become actual residents.

County School Superintendent Copeland has received complete returns from almost every school district in the county, and now estimates that there are 250 more children of school age than were shown by the census of last year. Reports from every section of the county indicate that newcomers from the East are arriving, and the majority of them expect to become permanent residents.

Heavy Sales of Live Stock.

The sale of sheep, cattle and horses from the Oregon ranges this fall will be the heaviest in years. This is the opinion of C. J. Mills, who has charge of the stock department of the O. R. & N. Co. He has seen a large portion of the ranges and reports that feed will be scarce this fall. Large shipments of cattle were made from this district last spring and Mr. Mills expects that still larger shipments will be made this fall. He says a large amount of stock will have to be sent out of the country in order to prevent the shortage of the feed crop. The shortage of feed in some parts is probably due to a lack of rain.

Wool Prices are Climbing.

Owing to the shortage of wool in Montana and Utah the prices of wool in Eastern Oregon will be higher than had been anticipated. At the large sale held at Ontario a short time ago wool sold at from 13 to 14 cents. Many did not sell and since that time some have sold at 15 cents. O. R. & N. prices are still going up. Some of the leading sheep and wool men say the range is exceptionally short this season, as there has been scarcely any rain since spring. Everything is dried up. There is lots of stock in the district, and it is feared by the owners there will be large losses this year if a wet season does not start soon.

To Build Big Fish Hatchery.

Within a few days Fish Warden Van Dusen will call for bids for the construction at Ontario on the Snake river of one of the largest fish hatcheries in the world. Plans have been drafted in Portland for the building, which will be 275x600. It will be equipped with all the latest conveniences. There will be 320 troughs. At first they will be conducted so as to care for 20,000,000 fish, but in case a large number is required 40,000,000 eggs can be hatched without overcrowding. F. C. Brown will be in charge of the institution.

Will Enlarge Baker City Depot.

In response to the crying needs of Baker City the O. R. & N. Company has decided to enlarge and improve the passenger and freight depot in that city. Material for the improvements is now on the ground and just as soon as the carpenters can be relieved from the Heppner branch the work will be commenced. The improvement will consist in the enlargement of the depot building, so as to permit of the addition of a separate waiting room for ladies.

Great Boon to Ontario.

The contract for building the new steel bridge across the Malheur river, near where it empties into Snake river, about two miles below Ontario, has been let. The price is \$4100. This bridge will supply a long-felt need. It gives an opportunity for the people living on Dead Ox Flat of coming to Ontario to do their trading without going about ten miles above Ontario to the Halliday bridge.

Surveying Soil of Baker County.

Charles A. Jensen, of the department of agriculture, bureau of soils, has been sent out to make a survey of the soils of Baker county. He has established his headquarters at Haines, and is now actively engaged in the work. It is thought this is one of the preliminary steps to government-aided irrigation.

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

CLACKAMAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Old Records Give Interesting Figures on Wages and Assessments.

In rummaging about his office a few days ago County Clerk Sleight unearthed some official statistics which contain some interesting statistics with reference to Clackamas county in the early '50s. They consist of some statistics compiled by Joseph T. Meek, who was then territorial marshal for Clackamas county in June, 1850. In that year the assessable value of property in this county was \$1,020,344, classified as follows: Real estate, \$326,650; personal, \$183,694. The schedule of wages paid at that time was remarkable. The average monthly wage to farm hands, including board, was \$80; the average wages paid day laborers with board was \$4, without board \$6; average daily wages for carpenters, \$12; board per week for laboring men cost \$8.

There were published in the county at that time two weekly papers, namely, Oregon Spectator, Territorial and Western Star, Multnomah. An idea of the value and profit in the lumber business at that early date may be gathered from the statistics which show that Benjamin Simson from 400 logs, for which he paid \$3 each, manufactured 100,000 feet of lumber, which had a salable value of \$75 per thousand.

LOG BOOM ON NORTH UMPQUA.

Franchise Granted for Extensive Improvements by County Court.

One of the most important steps made in the development of the lumbering industry in Douglas county was taken when the county court voted to grant a franchise to the Oregon Boom & Timber Company for cleaning out the obstructions in the North Umpqua river and preparing that stream for the floating of logs and timber. This franchise gives the company the right to use that stream in the manner mentioned in the west boundary line of the Cascade forest reserve to the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad at Winchester, five miles north of Roseburg. After the improvements are made the company is given the right to collect a maximum toll of 50 cents per thousand feet for floating logs for other persons in compensation for the outlay in improving the stream. The estimated cost of the improvements is \$200,000.

Besides improving the stream, the company expects to erect a sawmill of 100,000 feet daily capacity at Winchester, to be ready for use as soon as logs can be floated, and other parties also expect to erect sawmills and woodworking plants at the same place. New York capitalists are backing the enterprise, their representative, F. J. Blakely, having been here most of the time for the past two years.

PUBLIC LAND STILL OPEN.

Nearly 600,000 Acres Remain in Oregon City District.

The annual report of the United States land office at Oregon City has been completed. Fourteen counties are embraced in the Oregon City district and the report gives the following statistics as to area in acres unappropriated and unsurveyed: Surveyed, 455,048; unsurveyed, 141,100; total, 596,148 as against 527,279 surveyed; 161,190 unsurveyed; 395,469 total, as shown in the report a year ago. The 14 counties constituting the Oregon City land district are: Benton, Clackamas, Clatsop, Columbia, Crook, Lincoln, Linn, Marion, Multnomah, Polk, Tillamook, Wasco, Yamhill and Washington. The total area of the land surface of these counties is 7,468,250 acres. The area in acres appropriated last year was 5,675,115, while the acreage under the same classification this year is 5,629,846.

Map of State Institutions.

Secretary of State Dunbar is having a map made showing the location of the state institutions at Salem. Blue prints of the map will be kept at each of the institutions and the original will be kept in the Secretary's office. Although located "at Salem," the institutions are a long distance apart. Visitors can get but a vague idea of their location by such directions as are usually given, but by referring to the map they will see all the roads and distances, a stranger would immediately understand the direction to take in going to any one of the institutions.

Outlook for County Seat Fight.

County Judge J. B. Doan, whose home is at Rainier, says that St. Helens will have to receive over 1000 votes at the second special election, the first Monday in August to retain the county seat, as it is evident that 2000 votes will be polled as the outcome of the vague idea of opinion that Marshal and Oak Point vote to Clatskanie, at the first special election, will go solid for Rainier.

Union County Cherry Crop.

The cherry crop is just coming on in Union county. There were reports early in the season that this crop would be very short, but, as with the other products of this county, the prospects get brighter as harvest time approaches. The indications now are that the yield will not be far below the average. There will probably be about 15,000 boxes of the fruit handled there this season.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70¢@74¢; valley, 77¢.

Barley—Feed, \$20.00 per ton; brewing, \$21.

Flour—Best grades, \$3.95 @ 4.30; Graham, \$3.45 @ 3.85.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$23 per ton; middlings, \$27; shorts, \$23; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.10 @ 1.15; gray, \$1.05 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, \$20@21; clover, nominal; chest, \$15 @ 16 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burpanks, 50¢@55¢ per sack; ordinary, 35¢@45¢ per cental, growers' prices; Mercet sweets, \$3 @ 3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10¢@11¢; young, 13¢@14¢; hens, 12¢; turkeys, live, 16¢@17¢; dressed, 20¢@22¢; ducks, \$7.00 @ 7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6.00 @ 6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twine, 15¢ @ 16¢; Young America, 15¢ @ 17¢; factory prices, 1¢ @ 1½¢ less.

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

Eggs—17¢@20¢ per dozen.