

HILL PLANS NEW SCHEME FOR COAST.

Two Blows Aimed at Harriman System in California and Oregon Field.

Oregon Journal. The impression is rapidly gaining strength that the Oregon Coast & Eastern railroad will become the coast line of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, and that it will be one of the two great transportation javelins that Jim Hill is sending into the heart of Harriman's cherished Pacific coast territory.

No official announcement, nor the slightest admission, can be secured. All mouths are sealed on the subject of the backing of the Oregon Coast & Eastern, as well as the Oregon Trunk Line, both of which are being silently pushed along by the men who have been placed in the forefront of these projects. They pay their bills, ignore newspaper assaults, smile at charges of being the promoters of "paper railroads," and say the time is not far off when the public may know more about their plans—but not now.

Rumors Fly Thick.

Rumors have been flying thick for months that Jim Hill has planned a sweeping invasion of the Harriman territory on the Pacific coast. No definite statement has been wrung from anyone on the inside, and all that has been printed was based on the nature of known affiliations of the men openly connected with these projects.

In the period that Mr. Wilsey has carried on the operations he has surveyed about 380 miles of railroad and spent about \$50,000. A close investigation fails to show any debts left behind these operations. The work has been clean and well considered. It is certain that Wilsey is not spending money for amusement, nor are his backers, Baker & Crabtree, of St. Louis, furnishing it merely for the purpose of keeping men employed.

Other Significant Facts.

It is also significant that E. E. Lytle, president of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, who inherited the Hillsboro-Nehalem project from H. L. Pittock of the Oregonian and associates, is making a determined fight for territory sought by Mr. Wilsey in Tillamook county. Mr. Lytle's railroad is supposed to have been financed by Harriman interests at San Francisco, and it is said the Harriman people have for some months been aware of the Hill plans for coastwise and interior routes into Oregon and California.

riman camp toward securing advantageous routes and rights of way in advance of the threatened invasion.

Two Routes Surveyed.

Mr. Wilsey, asked about the routes that have been surveyed by his engineers, and the financial backing of the project, said: "We have surveyed two routes between Portland and the coast. It remains to be decided which one will be taken. I am not the man to tell the story. I will say this, however, we have surveyed nearly 380 miles, we have secured grades that are not in excess of 2 per cent, and it has cost us about \$50,000. If anyone can find a man to whom we owe a dollar I would be glad to secure his name."

The routes surveyed extend from Cornelius pass and also from Sheridan pass westward to the coast and south to Coos bay. About 10 miles South of Coos bay the survey ends, but the route to Eureka has been practically selected. From the mouth of the Siuslaw river a route has been surveyed through the Coast range, past Eugene and following the McKenzie river over the Cascade mountains via McKenzie pass to a point near Prineville, at this place intersecting the Oregon Trunk line, which has been surveyed by W. F. Nelson from the mouth of the Deschutes southward via Madras, Bend, Prineville, Lakeview and west of Goose lake to the Pitt river. A dispatch to The Journal from San Francisco last week stated that Harriman's engineers, learning of the presence of Hill surveyors in the Pitt river country, promptly started two surveying crews northward out of Oroville to contest the ground with the invaders.

Dunham Makes Denial.

In an article in this morning's issue of the Oregonian, supposedly inspired by former or present relations between Mr. Pittock and the coast project of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Co., a vicious assault was made on the Wilsey project, and attributed its story to alleged statements by Secretary Dunham, when asked concerning the Oregonian's story, said:

"There is no foundation for it. I have made no such statement to any reporter and have no intentions of doing so. The facts are that yesterday, while I was in the office of E. F. Cannon, in the McKay building, an Oregonian reporter came to me and asked me to give the status of relations between the Oregon Coast & Eastern railway and eastern people. I replied in the presence of two witnesses, Mr. Woodworth and Mrs. Cannon, that I had nothing whatever to say, and that if he wanted information he must go to Mr. Wilsey for it. That is all that was said."

Arrivals at Allen House.

Thursday.—S. A. Smith, D. P. Clark, N. D. Miller, D. Jackson, Portland. Saturday.—R. Cross, Woods; J. N. Tilden, St. John; J. O. Bozorth, Bay City. Sunday.—Miss M. Dant, Reedville, Ore.; M. Carl, Ollie Cur, A. S. Ayer, Blaine; W. F. Miser, Trask. Monday.—Theo. Loukamp, W. Miller, B. Weissenfah, Portland; F. F. Hobson and wife, Hobsonville; A. B. Beatty, Hemlock; W. V. Wiley, C. E. Lytle, Hillsboro; W. A. Rogers, E. K. Bales, Balm; J. C. Creevy, J. J. Hollett, Blaine. Tuesday.—E. G. Hunt, J. T. Fulton, Aberdeen, Wash.; C. R. Lund and wife, steamer Coquille River; L. N. Sanday and wife, John Brady, Beaver; R. S. McLean, Portland; E. M. Porter, Hobsonville; J. H. McNamee, Forest Grove; Mrs. J. Nicklaus, Mrs. A. Poland, Blaine. Wednesday.—J. T. Thatcher, H. F. Kerron, Frank Hill, David Martiny, Portland; N. Chamberlain, North Washburn. Thursday.—J. D. Edwards, A. L. Johnson, Portland; H. G. Van Dusen, Astoria.

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Social Dance at the Opera House. Saturday Oct. 27. Good time assured.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS

Sensible Recommendations made by the Port of Tillamook Commission.

The following letter has been sent to Colonel S. W. Roessler, corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, by Mr. Claude Thayer, secretary of the Port of Tillamook Commission:

Sir,—In answer to a suggestion contained in your letter of the 5th inst. to this body, the Port of Tillamook Commission begs leave to submit: The commerce of the port of Tillamook Bay has increased since the year 1880 as follows: In 1880 one schooner, the Alpha, of 26 tons burden, made monthly trips during the summer months and carried all the freight in and out of the bay. In 1900 it was 4,800 tons. During the present year 1906 the gross tonnage amounted to 10,200 tons. During the year the Hadley Lumber Co. has been idle several months placing new machinery. Its capacity is now seventy-five thousand feet per day.

During almost the entire year the Tillamook Lumber Co. plant at this city has been unable to ship because of lack of bottoms which could be successfully brought to Tillamook City. Three-fourths of the general tonnage of the country is shipped at or to Tillamook City via Hoquation Slough. Two railroads are now in process of construction to Tillamook Bay and City, an electric road is also being surveyed and located. The work of construction involves the

shipment of an immense amount of freight by sea.

The construction of the roads will inevitably be followed by the building of sawmills, which will require shipping facilities far in excess of anything heretofore required on the bay. The improvements desired are, the construction of jetties at the entrance of the bay, in accordance with plans heretofore outlined by your department; and the continuation of the present work in the way of dredging and deepening the bay and the Hoquation slough.

To render the Hoquation slough accessible to the class of lumber and freight vessels used on this coast, a minimum depth of 12 feet at extreme low tide should be secured, and a small amount of straightening of the slough is required.

The report of your engineer, Mr. Grant, indicates these points that must be cut off, as well as the places in the channel which will require work in the way of dredging.

When this work is accomplished vessels drawing eighteen feet and of a length of 140 feet may come to the city. All along the line of the channel are sites for sawmills and factories.

These are highly desirable as there are abundant tide sloughs for the holding of logs, solid ground and fresh water, while there are no agencies that destroy the wharves and piling.

We ask, therefore, that you will recommend the adoption of a plan for jetty work at the bar, and that the channel from the inside of the bar to Tillamook City shall be made of a depth not less than 12 feet as above indicated.

THE CONQUEST OF MRS. VIVIAN.

By CHARLES KENNETH BURROW.

THE BRISTOWE garden party was a deadly dull affair. I tried to convince myself that I went from a sense of duty, but when a rapid survey failed to reveal the slight figure and delicious irresponsibility of Jack Vivian, the sense of duty theory collapsed. Mrs. Vivian, I thought, had been inclined to treat me somewhat coldly, and I wondered, rather angrily, how she came to have such a daughter as Jack. There was a certain vague semblance between them, certainly, but nothing could convince me that Mrs. Vivian had ever been slight, and my imagination was not strong enough even to suggest that she had ever been irresponsible.

There were not more than half a dozen people whom I knew, and of them not more than two whom I cared to talk to. Most of the men seemed to have got together in the middle of the tennis lawn, the ladies were languishing in the shade of the beeches; only one or two couples seemed to be engaged in occupation for which, surely, garden parties alone were invented. Mrs. Bristowe, my hostess, seemed very much depressed.

"Why don't things move faster, Mr. Mildmay?" she asked, plaintively. "Why don't those wretched men do something?"

"My dear lady," I said, "they never do at these affairs. I don't know why it is; perhaps there's too much daylight for them."

"But one must give garden parties," she said.

"I think Providence I have no garden," I said. "I might manage a little dance, a very little one, in my studio, but a bachelor can't do that kind of thing, you know."

"I wish you'd go and talk to Mrs. Vivian," she said; "she's sitting all alone there, and thinking of nasty things to say afterward."

I wanted to talk to Mrs. Vivian, so I went. The fact is, I knew that Jack had a great talent for drawing and wanted to cultivate it, and I had a vague idea that I might induce Mrs. Vivian to allow me to give her daughter lessons, particularly as it would cost her nothing. It was a wild notion, but worth trying, and Jack agreed with me. I therefore strolled up to Mrs. Vivian and sat down by her in a casual way.

"The parties here are always so slow, aren't they?" she asked. "Are they slower here than anywhere else?"

"I trust ours are not so dull," she snapped. "Ah, but you have a genius for social organization," I said, unobtrusively; "and so few people have even talent. I do not wish to depreciate Mrs. Vivian, but her love of flattery was as great as her capacity for small and totally unnecessary lying. She condescended to smile upon me. 'People are so different,' she said."

"You would notice that all the more after your stay in the country," I said. "How charming the coast is at Penquite, and what glorious sketching ground? I suppose Miss Vivian did some work there?"

"She ignored the last part of my question. 'Do you know that part of the world?' she asked. 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'perfectly. 'That reminds me,' she said, smiling again. 'that I met a Col. Mildmay at my cousin's house. It did not occur to me that he might be a relative of yours. Is he?'"

"He's my uncle, and a dear old boy, too; but I don't see much of him now." Her manner instantly thawed; I believe she had an idea that an artist must necessarily be the son of a fraudulent bankrupt or a fourth-rate actor, or something of that sort. Then she condescended to answer my previous question.

"Indeed, how strange that we should meet in that way! Phoebe painted a good deal while she was there."

I wondered, for a moment, who Phoebe was—I had called her Jack for quite three months.

I felt that I was getting on famously, and was just arranging in my mind how to make the next step when Mrs. Vivian spoke again.

"What a charming place Lord St. Alleyn has at Polgarth," she said. "Very," I answered, eyeing her furtively.

"And what a delightful man he is," she said; "we dined there twice."

"He's an old chum of mine," I said; "we were up at Oxford together." I saw her wince, and her manner relaxed even further. I felt profoundly sorry for Jack.

"How interesting," she said. "I see almost more of him than of any of the old set." I said, "We used to get into glorious scrapes together. He never did any work."

"And I suppose you did?" she suggested. "A little," I admitted. "Oh, you young men," she laughed, and wagged her false old head. "I have not, as a rule, been a particularly lucky man, but certainly that afternoon the fates were on my side. As I turned to see what had become of Mrs. Bristowe I beheld the familiar figure of my old friend St. Alleyn come round from the west side of the house. He was strolling along in his usual dreamy, casual way, very well dressed, perfectly at ease, apparently thinking of nothing. I knew the attitude well; it meant that he was in tune for any kind of fun."

Happily he turned into the pathway which ran before the seat on which Mrs. Vivian and I were sitting. He passed for five minutes to talk with Mrs. Bristowe, and then, sighting me,

he bore slowly down upon us. I made a sudden move in his direction, which caused my companion's eyes to follow me.

"Who is that very distinguished-looking man?" she asked. "Presumably had indeed delivered Mrs. Vivian into my hands! I engaged her eye as I replied, without any show of surprise at the question: 'That is Lord St. Alleyn.'"

I never saw terror sit more palpably upon a face; then, without a word said, the terror changed to beseeching. I really felt sorry for Mrs. Vivian at that moment, but I thought of Jack and hardened my heart.

"Allow me to present you to him," I said. Before she had time to reply I had advanced half a dozen steps to meet him.

"I want to introduce you to Mrs. Vivian," I said. "You know all about my love affair."

"Which one?" he asked. "The one," I said. He thought carefully for a minute. "Do you mean Jack?" he asked. "Of course I do."

"Mrs. Vivian is Jack's mother." I glanced across the lawn and saw Jack herself, alone, shining white against some dark laurels. My mind was instantly made up.

"Well?" he said, again. "I want you to talk to her for ten minutes. And, like a dear old chap, say all the nice things you can about me, will you?"

"You want me to bamboozle her, do you?" "I want to marry Jack," I said. "All my friends are marrying," St. Alleyn murmured; "they'll soon be all gone. I'm always doing them good turns, and they never do anything for me."

"I'll do anything you like for you if you'll only manage this," I said. As I turned he caught me by the arm. "Look here," he said, "what am I to talk about—rising artist, increasing popularity and all that kind of thing?"

"I leave it to you. But for heaven's sake don't give me away." He smiled tenderly.

"As if I could," he said. "I saw that Mrs. Vivian's face flamed as I presented him. I had never seen her blush before; but at the same time there was a kind of feeble triumph in her expression that made me sick. St. Alleyn dropped languidly at her side and I sped across the lawn. Mrs. Vivian was at liberty to look as much as she liked; I could trust my friend to hold her."

Jack saw me coming and turned away towards the rose garden; I blessed both her and her acuteness as I followed. She paused when we seemed fairly alone.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" "Talking to Mrs. Vivian." "Oh!" she said, "was it interesting?" "Very. And you?"

"I've been waiting for you." "Well, I'm here now. . . . Jack!" "Yes," she said. "You want to marry me, don't you, Jack?"

"You silly boy," she said. "I took her hand and held it so that no one could see."

"You know you do," I said; "you told me so once." "Did I?" she asked, closing her fingers tightly over mine. "Yes; and I'm going to marry you." "You dear boy!" she said. "But how can you? Mamma will never consent. I thought I detected a hint of tears in her eyes."

"But if I gain her consent, and this very afternoon?" "She looked at me with all her youth on fire. I leaped towards her suddenly and she kissed me; the thing was inevitable. If the world had been looking on I believe she would have kissed me then."

"My dearest Phil," she said, "I'll marry you whenever you like." She stooped above a rose bush and plucked a blossom; I bent over her shoulder, and my lips brushed her ear and cheek deliciously.

"Phil, Phil!" she cried. "I followed her glance, and there was Mrs. Vivian sailing towards us, leaning heavily on St. Alleyn's arm!"

I felt convinced, by the indifference of St. Alleyn's manner, that he had been doing his duty to me. He left Mrs. Vivian with me, saying: "I'll see you later, old chap," and he added, in a whisper: "Strike now."

I did strike, and I won that afternoon. The feeble objections that Mrs. Vivian offered were easily overcome; I attacked them all triumphantly and gained her consent; it was not given grudgingly, either, and although Jack could not understand it, I could.

I walked home with St. Alleyn afterwards. "I had an awful quarter-of-an-hour with that woman," he said; "you really should have more consideration for a man."

"I'm your eternal debtor," I said. "What did you talk about?" "You," he said. "Did that tire you?"

"Horribly," he murmured. "What do you think of Mrs. Vivian?" I asked. He waved his arm despairingly. "Don't!" he said. "I wouldn't marry into that family to have all my debts paid; not that they worry me much," he added, thoughtfully.

"All you beggars are getting married," he said. "What the deuce am I going to do?" "Marry Mrs. Vivian." "Laid: 'she's a widow, you know, and would jump at you.' He paused on the steps of his club to think about it.

"It would be rather fun, wouldn't it? If I were younger I wouldn't mind, but I'm almost 30, you see. No, Phil, it won't do. It's a beastly thing to be growing old." He sighed mournfully. "I suppose you don't want any dinner? Not I thought not. There's one thing . . . say how—I can always

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