

MUSKELLUNGE WHIPS A SHARK TWICE HIS SIZE

Case, a muskellunge, age indefinite, weight, 24 pounds 2 ounces, is believed at present to be terrorizing the fish of the Pacific ocean from Santa Monica down to San Diego, meeting all comers at his weight and proving himself master of all the finny fighters of the salty sea. Even Californians, who scout the idea that Case is to blame, admit that suddenly, shortly after the first of the year, the yellow tail, the surf fish, the soles, the great sea bass, and the proud tuna have grown scarce, and that fishermen all along the coast are bewailing the fact. They admit that the famous fishing clubs of Santa Catalina have been forced to abandon their midwinter tournaments because even sharks are scarce.

And George Howard Sneed of Wisconsin declares, asserts and swears loudly that Case has driven every fish miles to sea, and upheld the honor of fresh water and above all of Wisconsin.

Suddenly Sneed is just finishing celebrating the victory of Case in one of the strangest battles ever fought, and loudly proclaims that if California thinks it can tie Wisconsin in anything or at any game, he will take the other end of the bet.

Lumber King in California.

Sneed is a lumberman from upper Wisconsin, which proves that he has money. He was raised in the woods and lived all his life along the wonderful trout streams and muskellunge lakes of upper Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan. Late last fall he caught cold by tipping out of a canoe in the Manitowish while fishing, and although he has fallen out of canoes dozens of times before and escaped without even a chill, this time it was different. Perhaps the fact that he kept on fishing in wet clothes all afternoon, walked three or four miles through the woods to camp, took off his boots, stuck his feet to the wood fire, and then played hearts until daylight with out changing raincoat, may have something to do with it. At any rate he caught a deep cold. He did not let the cold stop his fishing. Five days later they brought him out of the woods to a hospital at Hurley, and there he lingered between life and death for weeks with pneumonia.

Sneed was angry about it when he began to recover. That he should have had pneumonia seemed beyond understanding. Besides, he was angry because his fishing trip had been spoiled. He was angrier still when the doctor told him he would have to get out of Wisconsin for the winter and urged him to go to California. Sneed absolutely refused to go until after the deer hunting season was over. He started deer hunting November 1, and two days later he was carried out of the woods again and stayed two weeks more in the hospital. Then he surrendered and agreed to go to California. The fact that the doctor brought him a book telling about the wonderful fishing off the California coast proved a stronger argument than the health seeking one.

Tired of the Endless Bragging.

The Wisconsin man, heralded as a "multi-millionaire lumber king," arrived at Los Angeles in December. The crop of multi-millionaire lumbering tourists was short, and much attention was paid to him by real estate men, mining claim promoters and others.

For weeks he heard nothing but the praises of California. He heard of its wealth, its beauty, its prosperity, its perpetual sunshine, its 365 days of flowers, its orange groves and snow-capped peaks, its great hunting and fishing.

For the first few weeks he stood pretty well. Being a Wisconsin man he knew something of state pride, but when the Californians began to make odious comparisons he began to lose his temper. Besides, he had poured most of the time during his stay, the streets were running rivers of mud and water, fog and cloud hid everything beautiful. He made acquaintances with the sporting resorts of the state, attended a few prize fights, went to the races, and picked up in health.

About Christmas time he began to lose his temper every time he heard Californians boasting about their state. If he modestly remarked about Wisconsin's great timber lands some Californian would say, "Wait!—you wait until you see our

redwoods." If he spoke of the beauty of Wisconsin's lakes they called his attention to the surprising loveliness of theirs. These things irritated him.

Fishing at Santa Catalina.

Just before Christmas the rain stopped for a few days, the sun came out, and Sneed hungry for a chance at some of the wonderful fish about which he had been told, and outfitted under the direction of a native sportsman he had met, went to Avalon, on Santa Catalina, and fished for three days for bass and tuna. He caught some.

Now it happened that on the evening of the third day the entire party of sportsmen adjourned over to Long Beach on the mainland and indulged in a little social session. During the evening when everybody was feeling pretty good and telling fish stories Sneed tried to tell about some good catches he had made in Wisconsin and the upper peninsula.

He never got to finish even one story. Nobody paid any attention, and all were bored. Finally one said: "O, that's all right, Sneed. It's all right for fresh water fishing, but it isn't really fishing."

This was too much. Sneed arose in wrath and said:

"By the big log jam in the Flambeau, I've listened to you Californians brag until I'm tired. I've stood for your sunshine through weeks of pouring rain, your big trees, when I was freezing for want of wood, your flowers when roses cost \$6 a dozen, your oranges when every one I buy is too darned sour to eat, but I'll be blamed if I'll stand for your fish. I'll bet a healthy muskellunge could lick any fish of twice its weight you have got, and I'll be damned if I bar sharks."

Wager of \$500 is Made.

Sneed was mad. He was so mad that he was ready to back up all his statements with cash. Most of the fellows tried to smooth over the situation, but in the party was Ron Jackson, one of the best rod and reel fishermen along the coast, a rich man, and an inveterate better.

Before the argument was ended the strangest match in the history of the sporting world was arranged. Jackson and Sneed wagered \$500 and a banquet for the crowd, and made the following agreement:

Sneed was to produce a live, healthy muskellunge, of any weight he chose, at Venice, Cal.

Jackson agreed to produce a fish from the Pacific Ocean, caught within twelve miles of land off the California coast on rod and reel, double the weight of the muskellunge from Wisconsin, and they were to be permitted to fight to a finish, or until one fled from the other.

The crowd regarded all as a great joke, but not so with Sneed. He began wiring East that night, and the next day continued to send telegrams. His messages created some excitement at Fife, Wis. After their purport was fully understood Abe Wiley, who keeps the hotel, and who received the messages, set out word to some guides and then telephoned out to Pike Lake to see if Uncle Dan McDermott was there.

Sends to Wisconsin for Muskellunge. "George Sneed wants the biggest live muskellunge we can catch" was the word he sent around.

Everything was under snow, but if George Sneed wants anything in that part of the country he can have it. So Uncle Dan and Jack the Ripper and Fergy went across the woods and lakes on snowshoes from Pike into the Springstead region, and through the ice on Stone Lake, the best muskellunge lake in the region, they dragged Case, after catching several smaller muskies. The next day, carrying the gigantic fish in a half barrel of water lashed to a sled, they came down the river to Fife, and Case started westward in charge of Leon Greuber in an extemporized aquarium.

January 20, Sneed sent out word that he had his fish at Venice awaiting the coming of any Pacific Ocean fish weighing 48 pounds that any one wanted to bring. Ron Jackson acknowledged the receipt of the note and two days later appeared at Venice with the unknown.

Word was sent out to the crowd that the battle would take place in the beautiful marble pool in the bathhouse at Venice on the following Friday afternoon.

Sign Articles for Fight.

Jackson and Sneed discussed the articles of agreement, and after some

talk they decided that the temperature of the water should be at 56. Sneed he'd out for fresh water, and Jackson for salt, and finally they agreed to use half sea water and half fresh water, as being the nearest possible to fairness to both fish.

Meantime Sneed was training Case for the battle. On the way out in an express car the big muskie had been fed liberally, but after arrival he was placed in a metal lined tank on the pier. Sneed fed him but little, giving him a few scraps of bacon rind, a piece of clam, and a few soft shelly sand crabs each day. He tried Case carefully in salt water. The big muskie plainly was distressed. He thrashed and fought as if in agony. Then he tried diluting the salt water and found that sea water diluted to half strength seemed to have no ill effects on him.

For three days before the battle the big muskellunge practically got nothing to eat and was kept in water about 65 degrees in temperature. He was sluggish and slow, but the flash of speed he showed when food was dropped into the zinc-lined tank showed how hungry he was, and how ready to battle for food.

Contest in Venetian Baths.

On the afternoon of the battle fourteen men all fishermen, gathered in the big swimming room of the beautiful Venetian baths. The water had been prepared, and its temperature was exactly according to the conditions. The water was limpid and against the white bottom of the pool even a pin could be seen. The fish were brought in in their tanks. Nobody, except Jackson, knew what kind of a finny champion he would produce until the helpers prepared to weight the contestants. A cloth attached to a hanging scale was placed under the body of the big muskie, and he was lifted clear of the tank, the judge announcing his weight as 24 pounds 2 ounces.

The announcer jestingly pronounced him champion of the fresh waters of America and heavyweight champion of Wisconsin. Then the scales were moved to the opposite corner, and the cloth passed under the occupant of the other tank. When the cloth was raised there was struggle, a fierce lunge, and the sportsman saw a hideous shark squirming in the cloth. The judges consulted and announced the weight of the shark at 62 pounds 10 ounces.

Jackson's champion was overweight. The judges offered to let Sneed withdraw his bet, but he refused and agreed to give the salt water champion 4 pounds 6 ounces.

Battle Between Shark and Muskellunge.

At the word from the referee the tanks were overturned in the big swimming tank, and after the bubbles subsided the crowd saw the antagonists. The big muskie was standing almost still, slowly moving his fins as he sank lower and lower in the water. Eighty feet away, at the opposite side of the tank, the shark was swimming slowly, in a small circle, around and around. For perhaps half a minute not a move was made.

Then, like two flashes of lightning rushing together the fish tore through the water. The white belly of the shark showed for a trice, and above him the water broke as the superb body of the champion of Wisconsin flashed through the sunlight that streamed through the glass sides and top of the inclosure.

Before the spectators could realize it the antagonists rushed each other again. Again the shark turned, again the muskie broke water and arched back, diving deep, and, like a flash, shooting up under his foe as he turned. A trace of blood showed in the clear water, and the shark, with a scratch showing deep on his side, circled around.

Wisconsin Fish Wins Easily.

Like wrestlers sparring for an opening, the fish circled around and around each other in a ten-foot ring, first slowly, then like flashes. Twice the white of the shark's belly showed, but he made no direct attack. Again slowly they went around and around, and with a maddened rush, the shark shot upward from the deepest part of the pool, turned showing his open mouth and cruel teeth, while the muskellunge broke water like a rainbow flash and again attacked from underneath. This time his teeth tore away a chunk of meat from the shark's side and crippled him.

The shark circled rapidly, rushed as if maddened, and again the teeth of the muskie ripped his body. He turned to flee, but the relentless champion of Wisconsin was after him, and inside of two minutes part of the shark's mangled body rose near the top, while sinking in victory at the bottom, the muskellunge satisfied the hunger born of his fast.

Jackson paid the bet, and there was a grand dinner in Los Angeles that evening at which the Californians drank a toast to Wisconsin,

another to Sneed, and uncrowned ones to the muskellunge.

Sneed announced his intention of taking his champion back to Wisconsin and turning him loose in Stone Lake again, but the attendants at the Venice bathhouse, in renewing the water in the pool, let Case escape through the pipe into the ocean. And now Sneed vows that his champion muskellunge has gone on the warpath and driven all the salt water fish along the California coast out to sea—which may or may not be the true condition, most probably not.

Balked at His Own Medicine.

A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk.

The duke happened to meet him, and said:

"Do you know you're walking on my land?"

"Your land?" said the tramp. "Well I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?"

"I got it from my ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did they get it from?" went on the tramp.

"From their ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did their ancestors get it from?"

"They fought for it."

"Come on, then," said the tramp, fiercely, as he pulled off his coat, "and I'll fight you for it."

But the duke retreating hastily, declined to accept this fair offer.—Washington Star.

Long Live the King!

Is the popular cry throughout European countries; while in America, the cry of the present day is "Long Live Dr. King's New Discovery, King of Throat and Lung Remedies!" of which Mrs. Julia Ryder Paine, Truro, Mass., says: "It never fails to give immediate relief and to quickly cure a cough or cold." Mrs. Paine's opinion is shared by a majority of the inhabitants of this country. New Discovery cures weak lungs and sore throats after all other remedies have failed; for coughs and colds it's the only sure cure. Guaranteed by J. C. Perry, druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

The Watchful Wife.

The agent stepped briskly up to Mr. Howard's desk and laid a small article down close to his busy right hand.

"I have here a new letter opener," he said, "a handsome article, to be put on the table in your library, and—"

"I have the best letter opener and the quickest," interrupted Mr. Howard, without turning his head.

"How long have you had it?" persisted the agent. "You know there are constant improvements."

"There's no need for improving mine," responded the writer. "I've had her about two years—anniversary comes next month."—Youth's Companion.

Excursion Rates.

Round trip tickets between all points on the lines in Oregon, Wednesday and Thursday, July 3 and 4, 1907, at rate of a fare and a third. Tickets must be used for going trip on day of sale. Final limit July 5. Stop-over privileges not included. Minimum rate, 35 cents. Children 5 years of age and under 12, half fare. Inquire for full particulars.

O. L. DARLING, Agent.

Special Eastern Excursion rates.

May 20, 21, June 6, 7, 8, July 3, 4, 5, August 8, 9, 10, September 11, 12, 13. To Chicago and return, \$73.15. St. Louis and return, \$69.15. St. Paul and return, Omaha, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, St. Joe, Kansas City and return \$61.65.

WM. M. MURRAY, Gen. Pas. Agt.

Chance to Prove Himself.

She—I would never marry a man who was a coward.

He—About how brave would it be necessary for him to be in order to win your approval?

She—Well, he'd have to have courage enough to—er—propose.—Chicago News.

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Worry and gloomy thoughts wear on the nerves and injure the digestion. When you feel blue, try to look on the bright side of things, cultivate health-thoughts and correct the system by taking

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Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

Woman intelligent thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true honest medicine of known composition, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

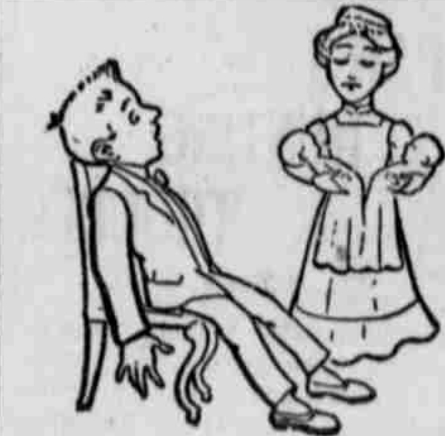
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A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bridge Proceeding Slowly.

That magnificent improvement known as the North Commercial street concrete bridge is proceeding slowly. Chairman Gosner of the Bridge Committee has also been appointed to the most important position in the revision of the Salem city charter. There is not much progress being made on the fills. It is possible that the work may be dragged on till the fall rains and the bridge may yet go out before it is ever used.



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