

RICH GOLD MINE

Northern Indians Guard Alaska Blue Bucket Mines

(Special correspondence.)
 Seattle, July 31.—The management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be at Seattle in 1909, proposes to reproduce at the exposition several of the former mines of the north that made dozens of millionaires during 1898 and 1900. But the richest mine that the north has will not be reproduced for the simple reason that no white man has ever seen it, and lived to tell the tale.
 In the early days of the camp a certain tribe of Indians from the north arrived in Dawson for the first time. To the astonishment of the few that first saw the tribe every member had several ornaments carved from great nuggets of virgin gold. The tribe had never met the white men before and to breathless inquiries the tribesmen told how near where they lived was a stream in which the yellow metal could be picked up in chunks as big as one's fist. Near by, they said, was a cliff in which the metal stood out like moss on a mountain side.
 The Indians soon learned the value of their ornaments and shrewdly refused to tell where they got it. Nevertheless several prospectors tried to follow the tribe on the return to the northern village, but the wily red men easily succeeded in losing the less agile paleface. Since then there have been several more or less secret and always unsuccessful expeditions to find the lost gold of the Indians.

Must Give Five Day's Notice.
 Governor Hughes of New York has signed the marriage license bill which was passed by the legislature in the closing day of the session, and the new law is hailed with satisfaction. It goes into effect at the expiration of thirty days.

The Tribune says concerning it: "At last New York State is to be rid of secret marriages and their attendant evils. In signing the Cobb marriage license bill, Governor Hughes has taken a final step in long delayed legislation against young fools and old scoundrels. Juvenile elopers and battle-scarred divorcees in this state have always been able to find some unscrupulous man to help out their plans."
 The Telegraph makes the following remarks: "The private restaurant dining-room as a Gretna Green will never more be popular in New York. A parson cannot be ordered between the courses like an extra bottle of wine or a hansom cab, and it is well."
 Other papers also express gratification and mention Rev. Harry Marsh Warren's exploits in the matrimonial line. The bill provides that five days' notice must be given by applicant before a marriage license can be issued.

Just the Same.
 "The faith cure theory has nothing in common with medical science."
 "Oh, yes it has."
 "What is it?"
 "The bills for treatment."—Baltimore American.

Golden Measure.
 "In Australia," bragged the native of that country, "you can pick up gold by the plat."
 "It comes in quarts in America," retorted the quick-witted nephew of Uncle Sam.—Pittsburg Post.

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TRIED TO WIN HIS BET

Hanged Himself With a Shoestring to Prove He Was Not Afraid

Ernest Isberg, German, 66 years old, who told the police he has no home, had nearly succeeded in hanging himself with a shoe string to satisfy a bet, when Patrolman Ehmson cut him down just in time this morning from a limb of a tree near the river bank in Sellwood. Isberg reproached the officer for saving him. He was taken to the police station with the shoe string as evidence.
 Ehmson was patrolling his beat in Sellwood at 8 o'clock when a little girl, in great excitement, sent him to Spokane avenue and the river. There the policeman saw Isberg hanging by his neck. He had looped two leather-shoe strings together, hitched one end over the limb, then inserted his head into the lower end and thrown his weight on it.
 At the station, Isberg told the police he met a man in a saloon last night who wanted to bet him he was afraid to commit suicide. The old man swore he was not. After fortifying himself with what courage liquor engenders, he tried to fulfill his part of the bargain.
 "My head was coming off, so I tied the string about it to keep it in place," he told Captain Moore. Isberg is a former soldier in the German army, and has a wooden leg.

AN EASY WAY TO ADVERTISE THE STATE.
 And Tell Our Eastern Friends All About the Superior Opportunities We Possess.

On April 29th last the Oregonian published a special industrial edition devoted exclusively to the exploitation of Oregon. It probably contained more special and miscellaneous information about Oregon than any one publication that has ever been issued. It is peculiarly useful and valuable to the homeseeker, because it gives the latest and most reliable information about so many different subjects that the homeseeker is naturally interested in. Almost every department of industry is specialized, and both descriptive and statistical information of a highly valuable character is given extensively and in entertaining form.
 Residents of Oregon who know its advantages as compared with the congested and depleted east, and who still have friends back there whom they would like to see here enjoying the good things of this favored state, can aid in a splendid work without cost and very little effort. If you think your friend would be interested in knowing more about Oregon and might eventually become a valuable citizen, send his name and address to the general passenger agent of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company or the Southern Pacific at Portland, and a copy of this special edition, with a complete summary of the several subjects treated, carefully indexed, will be mailed to him promptly. In this manner you may be the means not only of doing your friend a good turn, but of helping to stimulate the growth and prosperity of Oregon.
 Don't forget that commencing September 1st and continuing daily for two months, tickets will be on sale at almost every railroad station in the east to all points in Oregon and the northwest at what has come to be popularly known as "colonist rates." These rates are the cheapest general long distance rates ever established, and enable one to reach Oregon from any part of the United States at but a trifle more than one cent mile. They are the greatest incentive to colonization and progressive home building of any known agency, and if the restless, dissatisfied resident of the East is made to know before-hand the advantages he can enjoy here, the problem is solved, and the star of empire will continue to move steadily westward.
 Now is the time to spread the gospel of Oregon, so that it may be heard and heeded by the time the rates go into effect. Send one name or two, or a dozen, and you will be exerting a worthy influence toward the upbuilding of our state. Send them to your nearest Southern Pacific agent or to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon. St-eod.

Easy.
 "Hello, Jones, how did you enjoy your vacation?"
 "Great! Only had to go half a mile for water this year."—Ex.

A TRUE GHOST STORY

(From List Cipriani's "Stories of a Girl in Italy" in the mid-summer holiday Century.)

My great-grandparents lived at Leghorn, and my mother was their eldest and favorite grandchild. From all she told me herself I deduce that they spoiled her. I never knew either of my grandmothers, and I have always regretted it deeply, because I think that, had they lived, there would have been some one in the world to pet and spoil me.
 My great-grandparents were wealthy, though they lived in simple style. My great-grandmother was an unusually economical woman, for Italians are not as a rule model housekeepers; but she was as thrifty as a New England farmer's wife.
 Part of the year they spent on a large estate, where my mother would remain with them for months. That was the happiest time of her life. Her grandmother excused in her what

soon grow big, and then what will you do?"
 The child evaded the question. She knew she would gain her point if she only kept on coaxing.
 "Please, grandpa, let me have the lamb! Please, grandpa, let me have the lamb! Please, grandpa, let me have the lamb!"
 Her good grandfather gave in at last, and they drove home with a little lamb nestling in my mother's lap.
 But as they neared the villa her grandfather began to have qualms of conscience. He was afraid of what might be said when they reached the house with a new pet, after it had been distinctly understood that such a thing would never happen again. He tried to gain time, and persuaded my mother not to take the lamb in at once, but to let him take it down to the vault, where he was to deposit some money several peasants had paid for rent.
 My great-grandfather's villa was very old; in fact, it came near being a castle. There were subterranean passages and vaults, and in one of these my great-grandfather had a safe in which he used to keep the money paid by the tenants. Sometimes considerable sums were locked away there.

It was well known that my great-grandfather kept money in the vaults, and the sums which he was said to keep there were grossly exaggerated. This served to tempt some unfortunate peasants to break into the vaults and to rob the safe.
 In the middle of the night they came to the villa, thanks to a carefully elaborated plan, actually succeeded in reaching the place where the safe was kept.
 But they had hardly begun to break open the door when they dropped their tools and ran away, for they distinctly heard the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child whose spirits they knew haunted the spot.
 After a little while their courage returned, and they went back. As their steps neared the door, the wailing of the child could be heard again, and they went away. Yet even this time the braver ones thought it mere nonsense.
 But when they tried it the third time, and again began working on the door, the weird wailing was heard so distinctly that the men dropped their tools and fled.
 Next morning, when my great-grandfather came to get the lamb, he found the tools of the robbers, and a jacket which one of them had

dropped in his flight. It served to identify the criminals, who were not professionals, but poor, misguided peasants living on the estate. They confessed at once, saying that the ghost had warned them to give up their undertaking, and they described minutely how they had been able to distinguish between the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child.
 Now, my great-grandfather was a very astute man. He never told that they had heard only the lamb bleating when it heard their footsteps, yearning perhaps for the shepherd who would put it back into the fold. The well-established fact that the ghost had been heard (and after a while, of course, it was said that it was actually seen by the men who attempted to break in) proved a powerful safeguard. It also made it easier for my great-grandfather to tell his wife how the lamb had saved them from being robbed.
 My great-grandmother, who was very thrifty—in fact, so thrifty that

Trees Cannot Be Acclimated

Some people considered together too fond of money

Trees are fixed, almost immovably in their habits. For centuries they have been acclimated to their native soil as long as we have records. Species has kept in its beaten groove, insisting on the same average temperature and refusing to grow where this could not be found; seeking occupying certain kinds of soil, demanding certain amounts of moisture and avoiding situations where these were wanting.
 The latest authorities go so far as to declare that trees can not be acclimated; that is, that even the genuity and perseverance of man is unable to induce trees to change their habits far enough to adopt a new home not closely like their native one. For a time the forester may use artificial devices to surround a tree with artificial conditions by which, to speak, the tree is deluded into staying at home. But as soon as the forester's care is withdrawn in such a case the tree is seized with homesickness and dies of it.
 This fastidiousness in the selection of trees has its good and bad sides. It absolutely limits the forester's choice of trees to grow in a given region. To seek to form a growth in uncongenial conditions is entirely fruitless. But, on the other hand, there is practical certainty of results. If beech or spruce grows where the average warmth and moisture of the growing season from year to year ranges between certain limits, then wherever else, in the northern hemisphere at least, the same average is found, the tree may plant beech or spruce, and it or not they be not already there, confidence that they will flourish.
 The same law works both ways. The forester finds beech or spruce or any other trees growing in a region of which the climatic conditions are not recorded, he knows within narrow limits what the climate is, simply because he knows that the same tree grows in such a climate. In other words, trees, especially of course those which are particularly fastidious, are very satisfactory substitutes for thermometers and barometers so far as the measurement of temperature and moisture conditions during the vegetative season is concerned.
 There is a close relation between a tree's demands upon temperature and its demands upon soil. For the proper temperature, it will grow where the soil is unfriendly, and on the most congenial soil it will grow where the temperature is ideal. The colder and wetter the soil the better it will grow with a relatively high temperature; the drier the soil the better it will grow with a relatively low temperature. Thus, on a northern slope, the forester will often find it difficult to plant trees which would not flourish on the southern slope of the same mountain, because northern slopes are cooler and moister than southern ones, and this difference may be offset to a slight disadvantage by the general temperature of the region.
 There is a wide variation in the requirements of trees as to the range of temperature which they endure. Some, such as the Douglas fir, yellow pine, spruce, or aspen, grow over wide areas from north to south; others, such as Mexican white pine, eucalyptus, or redwood, are more narrowly confined. But it should not be forgotten that only geographic lines can be drawn for the distribution of species. The right temperature conditions may be found outside of the geographic distribution at higher or lower altitudes. A southern species whose home is in the mountains may possess a second home in the northern latitudes of a level country, and a northern lowland species may thrive also on mountains to the south.
 Frequently trees are distributed over a country not continuously, but in isolated groups, like black locust, which occurs in the Sierras, the Cascades, and at sea level in Alaska but not in the lower country between. This is simply because the required temperature, though present in the northern part of a region, is found only in the higher altitudes as one goes farther and farther toward the south.
 The forester, following these basic principles of silviculture, may work in harmony with nature and achieve in every locality the best results with the lowest percentage of failure.

Switched Off.
 "Irate Parent—Here? What is the noise?"
 "Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing trains, and I am the locomotive."
 "Irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll switch you.—Exchange.

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