

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

FEWER SHEEP ON RESERVE.

Cut of Nearly 2,000 Made in Whitman National Forest.

Pendleton—As a result of the conference between Forest Superintendent Ireland of the Whitman reserve and the advisory board of the wool growers, nearly 2,000 less sheep will be allowed on the forest ranges next year than this. The cut is a graduated one and does not affect the small sheepman, but the large owner suffers considerably.

The cut is as follows: The man who owns 1,200 or less will not be subjected to a cut; owners of between 1,200 and 2,000 will be cut 10 per cent, providing the cut does not bring his allotment below 1,200; owners of between 2,000 and 3,000 will be cut 15 per cent, providing it does not reduce the number below 2,000, and owners of more than 3,000 will be cut 20 per cent, providing it does not bring his number below 3,000. The total number of sheep allowed on the reserve is reduced from 183,000 to 165,000.

IRRIGATION IN KLAMATH.

Nearly 40,000 Acres Now Under Successful Cultivation.

Klamath Falls—During the past 12 months between 30,000 and 40,000 acres of land have been placed under irrigation ditches in this section, while the population of the irrigated districts has more than doubled. Unirrigated lands have advanced from \$5 to \$20 an acre, and it is certain that values will go much higher with the approach of the Oregon Trunk line, which, in its articles of incorporation, makes Klamath Falls its terminal.

About 100 homes have been built in Klamath Falls, while the country round about has made a wonderful development. The arrival of the railroad last spring brought no boom, but there has been a steady movement in farm lands.

Raw Land Brings \$16,000.

Hood River—A big land sale took place at Hood River a few days ago, when Charles and J. E. Hall, local capitalists, bought 160 acres of undeveloped fruit land from W. H. Marshall, of Dee, for \$16,000. The property formerly belonged to the Veighth family, of Portland. It is said to be the intention of the purchasers to clear and set the land to fruit immediately. Extension of the Mount Hood railroad, which has just been completed, is causing considerable activity in upper valley real estate.

Factory for Creswell.

Eugene—The recently incorporated city of Creswell, Lane county, is soon to have an ax handle factory, L. R. Rush, recently from McMinnville, having erected a frame building 20x24 feet there, and will install the machinery as soon as it arrives from Portland. He will employ several men, and will use oak timber in making ax handles as well as handles for hoes, rakes, shovels, forks, peevies and other implements.

Hope for Artesian Water.

Paisley—The settlers in Christmas Lake valley have raised \$3,700 with which to pay expenses of boring for artesian water. It is the plan to put down a well 2,000 feet, if necessary. The boring plant was received at Bend last week, and is expected to arrive on the ground within a day or two. The site chosen for the well is near the Phelps place, in the west end of the valley, about 30 miles north of Paisley.

Record Price for Land.

Central Point—Bert Anderson has sold 180 acres of his farm two miles from this place for \$27,500. R. D. Hoke, recently from Florida, is the new owner. Mr. Hoke was formerly extensively engaged in the growing of pineapples and grape fruit on the west coast of Florida, but has sold out his holdings there and will become a fixture in Southern Oregon.

1200 Sacks of Onions on 3 Acres.

Milton—J. J. Williams, who resides on the interurban line three miles north of Milton, this week completed harvesting his large onion crop. The yield this year was a record-breaker, more than 1200 sacks, averaging 2 1/4 bushels to the sack, being taken from three acres. Two years ago \$547 an acre, net, was taken from the same field.

Packing Many Prunes.

Salem—Six million pounds of prunes are passing in a steady stream through the Tillson packing house. The packing, facing and shipping will continue well into the new year. Already 38 cars have been shipped out, several of which have gone to make up European shipments.

Onions Yield Well.

Freewater—J. J. Williams has just finished marketing 1,203 sacks of onions taken from three acres of land three miles north of Freewater. The onions were sold at \$1 per sack. A few years ago the land was considered worthless. It is now worth \$900 per acre.

Wallowa Sawmill Ready.

Wallowa—The Nibley-Minnaugh Lumber company's band mill, having a capacity of 50,000 feet per day, is completed. This mill, with nine smaller mills, will produce 30,000,000 feet of lumber annually, all of which will be marketed from this city.

Top Price for Farm.

Creswell—J. W. Stone has sold to G. L. Guyer of South Dakota 240 acres of his farm for \$10,000. Mr. Guyer has gone back home to bring his family and they will take possession. Mr. Stone will move to the residence he owns in Creswell.

Traveler Will Have Orchard.

Medford—C. W. Cotton has bought 23 acres from Anderson & Green for \$900. Mr. Cotton is a traveling man. He will establish a large orchard on the land.

APPLES SELL HIGH.

Fancy Hood River Spitzbergs Bring \$3.50 Per Box.

Hood River—The apple picking has come to an end in Hood River valley for the year 1909, and several crews are busy at present packing the fruit for market. A number of the larger growers have concluded their packing and their fruit has been hauled to the cold storage plant in the city, awaiting shipment to New York. The union is sending out several cars each day, consigned to Steinhart & Kelly, who purchased the entire crop of fancy stock. The fancy Spitzbergs were sold to the New York firm for \$3.35 per box, and since this deal was made the Davidson Fruit company of this city has paid as high as \$3.50 per box for fancy Spitzbergs. The fruit in Hood River valley this season has been of a higher standard than any marketed in previous years. There has been a noticeable decrease in rust and other infections that mitigate in producing a lower grade of apples. The season's profit is very satisfactory, notwithstanding the fact that the crop was cut a little short.

Experiment Farm for Sherman.

Wasco—Realizing that something must be done to conserve the native fertility of their soil and knowing that the continuous cropping to wheat will eventually rob the soil of the active principles promotive of vegetable life, the farmers of Sherman county have secured the assistance of the federal government and of the state experiment station in an effort to establish an experimental farm for Eastern Oregon in Sherman county. They have purchased 240 acres of average land near Moro, the county seat, and H. J. C. Umberger, an expert in dry farming methods, has been appointed to take charge of the farm.

Railroad Improves Line.

Dee—The big steam shovel of the Mount Hood railway is digging ballast for the new track from Dee to Parkdale, a distance of six miles. When the work is completed passenger and logging trains can be run. The new line extends well up toward Mount Hood and through an excellent body of fir timber. The contract for the extension of the telephone line from this point to Parkdale was let to Harry Bailey of Hood River. The Home Telephone company of Hood River is the owner of the line.

Largest Wheat Acreage in History.

Athens—The number of acres being seeded this fall in this district will surpass by far the record for previous years. This has been an unusually dry fall up to the past two weeks, which has put the farmers late in killing the weeds and seeding the extra acreage. Every hand and team available are at work, and with another week of fair weather the busy season will be over. Blue stem is growing very popular with the farmers.

Asylum Bids Awarded.

Salem—The board of trustees of the Oregon State Insane Asylum has awarded to the Northwest Bridge works of Portland the general contract for the new receiving ward building at the hospital for the insane.

High Price for Land.

Irving—C. J. Fassett has sold his 30-acre ranch west of town to G. Tenike of Iowa, the price paid being \$110 an acre. Mr. Fassett has moved to Eugene, having bought property and will build a modern home.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.07; club, 96c; red Russian, 94c; Valley, 95c@96c; Fife, 95c; Turkey red, 96c; 40-fold, 98c.
Barley—Feed, \$27.50; brewing, \$28 per ton.
Corn—Whole, \$33; cracked, \$34 per ton.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$29 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, \$14@17 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18@20; alfalfa, \$15@16; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13@14.50; grain hay, \$14@15.
Butter—City creamery extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 33 1/2@36c per lb.; store, 22 1/2@24c. (Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices).
Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 42 1/2@45c per dozen; Eastern, 39@34c per dozen.
Poultry—Hens, 13 1/2@14 1/2c; springs, 15@16 1/2c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 15@15 1/2c; geese, 10 1/2c; turkeys, live, 16@18c; dressed, 20@22c; squabs, 15@22c per dozen.
Pork—Fancy, 9@9 1/2c per pound.
Veal—Extras, 10@10 1/2c per pound.
Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 box; pears, \$1@1.50; grapes, \$1@1.50 per crate, 12 1/2@15c per basket; quinces, \$1.25@1.50 per box; cranberries, 49@50c per barrel; persimmons, \$1.50 per box.
Potatoes—50@60c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1 1/4@2c per pound.
Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dozen; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, 5@1c; cauliflower, 90c@1.25 per dozen; celery, 50@85c; horseradish, 9@10c; peas, 10c per pound; peppers, 1.50 per box; pumpkins, 1@1 1/4c; radishes, 15c per dozen; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, \$1@1.10; tomatoes, 75c@81c; turnips, 75c@81c; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; rutabagas, \$1.10; parsnips, \$1.25; onions, \$1.25@1.50 per sack.
Hops—1909 crop, 22@24 1/2c; 1908 crop, 20c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c lb.; Mohair, Choice, 24c.
Cattle—Best steers, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$3.85@4; medium and feeders, \$3.50@3.75; best cows, \$3.50@3.65; medium, \$3.50@3.25; commons to medium, \$2.50@2.75; bulls, \$2@2.50; stags, \$2.50@3.50; calves, light, \$5.25@5.50; heavy, \$4@4.75.
Hogs—Best, \$7.95@8; medium, \$7.50@7.75; stockers, \$4@4.75.
Sheep—Best wethers, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$3.75@4; best ewes, \$3.75@4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; lambs, \$5@5.35.

REFORESTATION IS EASY.

(Concluded from last week.)

I am told that Germany spends several million marks annually to raise trees, and receives annually more than twice as much money from the sale of timber than she expends.

I would also advocate the imposing upon all logged-off lands a basic tax sufficiently high to insure their reverting naturally to the state for a reasonable compensation, the lands to be utilized in raising trees for future generations; the levying of this tax to be suspended in case private owners should wish to set aside their logged-off lands for the purpose of raising timber under state regulations; this timber to pay a cutting tax at the time it is cut.

The details of such a tax and the setting aside of logged-off lands for the raising of timber by private owners are matters that can be worked out; the interests of the people protected; the revenue which the timber and lumber interests should rightfully pay the state provided, but collected in such a manner as will help conserve our forests instead of encouraging owners to cut and waste them, as under our present system of taxation. I am firmly of the opinion that if our forests are to be conserved and new forests grown, the first step necessary is the revision or evolutionizing of our system of taxation.

The following table shows a list of trees under observation, with age, diameter, and estimated number of feet, upon which data the accompanying article is based:

Red Fir.

Diameter (Inches)	Estimated No. of Stumps
26	1200
24	1000
22	700
20	650
18	200
15	500
14	400
13	250
12	150
11	200
10	175
9	400
8	900
7	1000
6	800
5	400
4	650
3	150
2	200
1	100
120	2400
122	2000
124	2600
126	1800
128	1500
130	4500
132	1500
134	1800
136	1800
138	400
140	1500
142	1500
144	7000
146	7500
148	7500
150	4500
152	1200
154	2000
156	2400
158	3000
160	400
162	1000
164	1100
166	650
168	1800
170	2400
172	4250
174	650
176	650
178	800
180	400
182	800
184	22
40	19
40	18
40	17
40	21
40	23
40	22
40	25
40	24
40	19
40	30
40	36
40	3300
40	1800
40	32
40	2400
40	34
490	82
410	84

Hemlock.

Diameter (Inches)	Estimated No. of Stumps
19	500
18	400
17	325
16	700
15	900
14	800
13	1100
12	1000
11	500
10	1800
9	3300
8	1800
7	2400
6	2800

Yellow Fir.

Diameter (Inches)	Estimated No. of Stumps
82	400
84	400

My conclusions regarding the growth of timber are as follows: Red fir will attain an average diameter of 16 to 18 inches in 40 years; hemlock a diameter of 18 to 20 inches in the same length of time. The growth of the timber examined by me is about two inches in diameter during the past 10 years for trees 40 to 50 years old, and one inch in diameter for trees 125 to 250 years old. The growth on trees 400 years old is hard to read without a glass.—The Timberman.

Taft for Fighting Navy.

Norfolk, Va., Nov. 22.—"The navy should not only be worth securing, but should be able to fight." President Taft aroused enthusiasm today by making this statement in an address before the Atlantic Deeper-Waterways association convention. The president declared Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay should be protected by an island fort erected midway between the Virginia capes. Mr. Taft regarded the Norfolk navy yard as probably the most important base in the country and Hampton Roads as the greatest point of naval rendezvous.

Has Rate Bill in View.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 22.—Modification of the interstate commerce act to obtain reasonable bases of rates to all and fairness of practices in the operation of interstate railways was suggested by Attorney General George W. Wickersham in an address tonight at the annual banquet of the Commercial club, given in commemoration of the signing of the John Day commercial treaty. Mr. Wickersham responded to the toast, "The Interstate Commerce Commission."

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mons' Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER VII.

Richard Saville was not a favorite with his mother, though he had never given her the least trouble. He was a tall, slight young man, but there was no dignity in his height, for it was neutralized by a stoop conveying the impression that he had not strength enough to hold himself upright. His manners were cold, though gentle, and he gave a general impression of languid circulation and extreme correctness. He had inherited something of the Saville indifference to everything save his own peculiar tastes or fancies, and a good deal of his uncle Everton's obtuseness as regarded personal distinction. His keen-sighted mother soon perceived that her first-born would never fulfill her ambitious aspirations, and this contributed to her strong preference for her younger son, on whose career she had built her hopes, though his choice of a profession had greatly annoyed her. Hugh had inherited all the plebeian energy which made his maternal grandfather a wealthy and useful member of the community, and he cared little for any personal distinction not earned by himself. Nature intended him for a radical, and the accidents of birth and early association gave him certain aristocratic leanings, which made him a tolerably round-minded man.

He and his brother were excellent friends, in spite of the low estimate each had of the other's tastes.

The arrival of Richard was, on the whole, an agreeable change in the routine of life at Ingfield. He soon discovered that Hope Desmond was a sympathetic listener; he therefore confided to her the great scheme he had conceived of compiling a book to contain all the English phrases and proverbs that were distinctly derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and he soon grew sufficiently familiar to ask if Miss Desmond would be so good as to assist him in his work, whenever his mother could spare her.

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Saville," she returned, in her frank, fearless way. "But you must ask your mother's permission, and before me. She is a person not to be trifled with."

"I know that," he said, hastily, "and I will do so on the first opportunity."

Which he did, in a nervous, hesitating way.

"Who cares for Saxon phrases?" replied Mrs. Saville, contemptuously. "Miss Desmond would be more usefully employed making flannel petticoats for my poor old women. However, if she chooses to bestow some of her spare half-hours on your investigation of such a dust-heap, I am sure she has my consent."

Hope Desmond's time was pretty well occupied, for she had come to be secretary as well as companion to her active employer; still, she gave Richard Saville what parings of time she could, and, if occasionally bored, was not a little amused at the profound importance he attached to his work.

But Richard Saville's presence entailed other changes. Captain Lumley found it suited him to ride over very often to luncheon, and sometimes to dinner, staying the night, almost without a distinct invitation from the hostess, who seemed to think two such faglings beneath her notice. Young Lumley did his best to attract Hope's notice, and flattered himself that she smiled upon him.

"So you have really managed to survive—how long?—five weeks under my aunt's jurisdiction?" he said, having discovered Hope with a book in her hand in one of the shady nooks of the garden one day after luncheon.

"I have, and without any difficulty," she returned, making room for him on the seat beside her, as she greeted him with a kindly smile. He readily accepted the place, thinking he had already made an impression. "Mrs. Saville has been very nice and pleasant. If she were not I would not stay."

"Pleasant! Come, that's a little too much. She is an uncommon bright woman, I know, but it's in the flash-lighting style, and lightning sometimes kills, you know."

"Well, she hasn't killed me."

"No, I fancy you take a great deal of killing. Perhaps that's because you are so killing yourself."

"Oh, Captain Lumley! that is a style of compliment you might offer to a barmaid. It is not worthy of a gallant—what are you—hussar?" said Hope, laughing good-humoredly.

"You have taken a leaf out of Mrs. Saville's book," cried Lumley, while he thought, "What teeth she has—regular pearls!"

"If you are as hard on me as she is," he continued, aloud, "I shall not be able to live here."

"I suppose you are not obliged to stay?"

"Well, no; but I do not like to go away."

"Then you must strike a balance," said Hope, and rose up as if to return to the house.

"What! Are you going in? It is

ever so much nicer here. May I come?"

"Oh, yes, if you like."

"So you are going to help my cousin Richard with his—dictionary—what do you call it?"

"I really do not know what its name is to be. Yes; if I can find time I will do some writing for him."

"Richard has more sense than I thought."

"At all events he is desperately in earnest, and that is always respectable."

"Exactly; that is just what he is. Miss Dacre is coming to dinner, and the vicar and vicereas."

"Oh, indeed?" said Hope.

"Miss Dacre is rather pretty for a heiress, and rather a jolly girl. You'll like her."

"Very probable, were I to meet her; but I shall not dine with you."

"No? What a shame!"

"I do not see that it is. It would give me no particular pleasure to join your company, and I shall have that precious time to myself."

"Well the dinner will be all the duller. My aunt will be as black as thunder. You know she wanted to marry Hugh, her second son, to Mary Dacre. You never met Hugh?"

"Why, I am not yet two months in Mrs. Saville's service."

"What a very unvarnished way of putting it!" said Lumley, laughing.

"I never object to the truth," returned Miss Desmond. "Why should I not serve Mrs. Saville for the time being?"

"I am sure I don't know. Well, Hugh is a capital fellow, but awfully headstrong; so, after he was sent ashore last time, he went wandering about the Continent, and fell in love with a charming girl, or a girl he thought charming, without asking leave. Rather imprudent, eh?"

"It was more," said Hope, looking dreamily far away. "It was wrong. A good mother has a right to be consulted."

"Perhaps so; but if a fellow is very much in love he is apt to forget these things. Anyhow, Hugh has been chivied away from the maternal roof. It seems my uncle Lord Everton introduced Hugh to the fair one and her father, so he has been tabooed, too; but he is a remarkably plucky old boy, so he came down here to plead Hugh's cause, and caught it pretty hard, I fancy."

"Yes, I saw him, and I imagine he had a trying time of it. Pray do you mean your special family—talk of each other to every one in this candid fashion?"

"I do; and why should I not? I say nothing that every one doesn't know and talk about."

"Poor Lord Everton!" said Hope, with a laugh, as if she enjoyed the recollection. "He did look as if he were being led to execution when he was leaving the room."

"Oh, he did, did he? He's no end of fun."

"I can imagine he is. Good-morning, Captain Lumley."

"Must you go?"

"I must. I do not know whether Mrs. Saville may want me, and I have no business to wander about the grounds with you."

"Perhaps you may be at dinner, after all."

"It is not probable. If Lord Everton were to be of the party I might wish to intrude myself. As it is—good-bye for the present."

"With a pleasant nod and smile, Miss Desmond turned into a path which led directly to the house, and left the gallant hussar lamenting.

"She is handsomer than I thought," he mused. "What eyes!—and such a smile! She has rather taken to me, I can see that, but there is something unflatteringly self-possessed and frank about her. Treats me as if I were a mere boy. I must be very civil to the heiress. If my father thinks I am making any running there, I dare say he will pay some of my debts."

Lumley's wishes were fulfilled, for Mrs. Saville, shortly before the dressing-bell rang, commanded Miss Desmond's presence at dinner. That young lady hesitated, and said, with her usual good-humored frankness, "You are always so good to me, that you may possibly ask me to dine as a civility, but I assure you I would prefer the evening to myself."

"You are quite mistaken. I wish you to dine with us to-day. Why, is it of no consequence. I may not always ask you, but when I do, be sure I mean it."

"Oh, very well. I am glad you have made matters clear."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a small party, and not very lively. Richard Saville was not an animated host. Mrs. Saville was not talkative. The vicar was a pleasant, well-bred man, and with the help of Lumley, who was always ready to talk, kept the party from stagnating.

Lumley had brought with him, by his aunt's invitation, a young subaltern, the son of an acquaintance, who made the eighth and balanced the second. This youth fell to Hope Desmond's lot much to her satisfaction, for she managed to make him talk, and talked to him easily and naturally, confessing her ignorance of hunting, shooting, fishing, and sport of every kind, rather to his amazement. However, she atoned for her deficiencies by listening with much interest to his descriptions and explanations. At last he suggested giving her riding-lessons, at which she held up her hands in dismay. Miss Dacre interested her more than any one else. She had never been in the society of a great heiress, a prospective peeress in her own right. "What a tremendous position for a young girl!" thought Hope, with a curious sort of pity. The young girl was, notwithstanding, quite girlish, not pretty, but far from plain. She was very dark, with small, sparkling black eyes, curly black hair, and a high collar. She had a neat figure, and carried herself well, yet she lacked distinction.

"She might be a very pleasant companion," mused Hope, as she gazed at her while her cavalier was explaining the difference between a snaffle and a curb, "and, considering her gifts, I am not surprised that Mrs. Saville would have liked her for a daughter-in-law. How much, according to her estimate, her son appears to have thrown away!"

Miss Dacre naturally fell into Hope Desmond's care.

"How charming the conservatory looks!" she said. "Shall we walk round it?" Hope assented, not aware of the curiosity she excited in the future Baroness Castleton. That Mrs. Saville should institute a companion was one source of astonishment; that any one so chosen should survive nearly two months and present a cheerful, self-possessed, composed aspect was another.

"And how nice she looks in that pretty soft black Grenadine and lace! How snobby white her throat and hands are! I suppose she is in mourning. Girls never want to be companions unless all their people die. Poor thing! I think I would rather be a housemaid; at least one might flirt with the footman; but a companion—"

"I don't think I ever met you here before," she said, aloud.

"No; I am not quite two months with Mrs. Saville."

"Poor Mrs. Saville! she is looking so ill. They say she is rather a terrific woman. I always found her very nice."

"She is a strong woman, but there is a certain grandeur in her character."

"Yes, and I fancy one must be pretty strong to get on with her," said Miss Dacre, and she gave a knowing little nod to her companion. "Then she is so awfully put out about Hugh. You came after he had gone."

Hope bent her head as an affirmative.