

# HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

## APPLE PROFITS GREAT.

Former Mail Carrier Extols Life of Up-to-Date Frustrator.

Portland—One of the most interesting addresses delivered before Portland Apple Growers' association was given by I. A. Mason, a prominent Hood River orchardist. The subject was "The Apple from Start to Finish," the speaker giving the large audience present a clear, concise story of apple production from the practical standpoint. Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Mason's address was that in which he gave exact figures on the proceeds from an Oregon apple orchard. In his Hood River orchard he has just two varieties, Newtown Pippin and Spitzenberg. In 1906 his receipts from the Spitzenbergs were \$835 an acre, and from the Newtowns \$750 an acre. This was the only year, he said, in which the Spitzenbergs brought larger returns than the other variety. In 1907 the average returns were \$250 an acre; in 1908, \$1,200 an acre, and in 1909, \$500 an acre. This year his trees are 13 years old.

"These figures are exact and not colored in any way," said Mr. Mason. "It will be seen that my orchard has brought me in gross receipts of \$700 an acre as an average for five years. All expense of maintenance amounted to about \$200 an acre, leaving a net profit of \$500 an acre."

"This, of course, is paying 10 per cent on a valuation of \$5,000 an acre. It looks big, but it is nothing more than any young man who gets hold of a good piece of Oregon apple land can do. It can be done in the Willamette valley. If you will only select the right land, plant the best varieties and give them proper attention."

"You will notice that my orchard brought in only \$500 an acre last year. This, I believe, was because the crop was so heavy the year before. The extraordinary cold snap of last winter also contributed to it. But I want to say right now that this year gives every indication of being one of the best that Hood River has ever experienced. I believe confidently that my orchard will again bring in at least \$1,200 an acre."

"In raising apples it must be borne in mind that it takes time before the trees begin to pay. You will get a small crop in five years, and a better yield each subsequent year. But all that time you have been paying out with nothing coming in. It will take the crops of the seventh and eighth years to bring you out even. Then you are in clover. It's all velvet after that."

Mr. Mason advocated planting not more than three varieties in one orchard, and said two are better, if the right two are selected. He also declared that in Oregon he does not consider the slope of the ground as making a great deal of difference, just so the soil is of the right quality.

## Say Eugene-Coos Bay Road Assured

Eugene—F. B. Kidder, one of the promoters of the railroad from Eugene to Coos Bay, via Siuslaw, has returned to this city from Minneapolis, where he has been conferring with people who are backing him. He will be followed in a few days by J. H. Thomas, a civil engineer, who has built several lines in the Middle West, and John Baird, another railroad man, who will be associated with Mr. Kidder in this enterprise. All have left good positions in Minneapolis to take up this new work, and will make Eugene their home with their families.

They say that as soon as the survey and right of way are secured a large railroad corporation is ready and willing to build the road. A fund to complete this work is now being subscribed and the promoters say it can be raised in a few days.

These men have come here at the instance of the Lane County Asset company, a body of local business men, who have worked hard on the proposition for the past year, and who now believe that their work has begun to show fruit.

## To Establish Paper Mill

Hood River—It is possible that Hood River will be the place selected for a paper mill. William Goodnow, who has a farm in Hood River, and who is an experienced paper mill man, met with the board of directors of the Commercial club recently and outlined his plans, and the matter was further taken up at a mass meeting. Mr. Goodnow believes that Hood River would afford an ideal site for a mill of this character.

## \$10,000 Ranch in Union County.

Elgin—The Bloodworth ranch four miles Northeast of Elgin, owned by J. O. Fisher, was sold this week to Harry Hug for the sum of \$10,000. The ranch contained 200 acres of farm land and 40 acres of timber land. Fisher came here last fall from Washington. He bought the place from John Bloodworth, who homesteaded it in 1875.

## New Company at Halfway

Baker City—Articles of incorporation have been filed for the Pine Mercantile company to do business at Halfway, Or., with a capital stock of \$100,000. The company will also handle real estate. J. B. Wood, Isaac McMullen, J. R. Hunsacker and Frank Clark are incorporators.

The Oregon Library commission will be glad to loan program material to teachers for Lincoln's and Washington's birthday. The only charge will be postage. Address Oregon Library commission, Salem.

## START BIG PRUNE ORCHARD

Syndicate Will Plant Big Tract Near Capital City.

Salem—One hundred and sixty-five acres of raw land have been purchased by a syndicate of Salem business men in the center of one of the best fruit districts in the vicinity of Salem, the Rosedale district, and it will be set out at once with Italian prunes. The trees have been ordered for 50 acres of the purchase, and they will be planted at once.

The land is located seven or eight miles south of Salem, and will be traversed by the Oregon Electric when that line is extended on to Albany. The purchase was made of Arthur Edwards by Charles McNary, Dr. T. C. Smith, Harry E. Albert and Frank Durbin, an attorney, a dentist, a banker and a hop grower and buyer. It is the first time that a group of men have entered the prune business in so systematic a way in this vicinity.

The whole tract is not to be set out at once. The best methods will be adopted and studied with a view to making money. Other improvements will be put on the tract, including a unique summer home, which may be occupied from time to time by one or more of the families of the men who are the proprietors of the model orchard. It will be a plantation for farmers and prune growers in Marion and Polk counties to emulate, and as an educational feature alone it will be a valuable asset to the prune growing industry in those counties.

## Weather Bureau Discontinued.

Baker City—The weather bureau which has been maintained here since July 1, 1889, will be discontinued, for the present at least, according to information received by D. C. Grunow, the observer, from headquarters at Washington. All the instruments and records of the station were destroyed in the fire which wiped out the whole quarter block, and there is not any money available at present for the establishment of another bureau.

## Potato Rate Reduced.

Salem—An order has been issued reducing the rates on potatoes and onions to the same general level as the grain rates on the Southern Pacific road, which is one of the few roads in the Northwest that has charged more for the transportation of potatoes and onions than for grain and mill feed. The railroad commission has decided that these charges of the Southern Pacific are unreasonable.

## New Car Shops at La Grande.

La Grande—The Oregon Railroad & Navigation company has unofficially announced that new shops are to be built here during the coming summer. The plans are all completed and drawings and details are ready for the beginning of the work as soon as possible in the spring.

## Tides Uncover Agates.

Newport—The recent high tides have uncovered here large areas of agate bearing gravel, and when the weather permits large crowds may be seen on the beaches searching for the agates, which have made Newport famous.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices—Bluestem, \$1.16; club, \$1.06; red Russian, \$1.04; valley, \$1.06; 40 fold, \$1.10.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$28.50 @29 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$31.50@32 ton.

Hay—Track prices—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$21@22; alfalfa, \$17@18; clover, \$16; grain hay, \$16@17.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 37@39c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 35@37c; store, 20@22½c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 31@32c; Eastern, 17½@22c.

Pork—Fancy, 11c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 16½@17c; springs, 16½@17c; ducks, 21@22½c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, live, 22@25c; dressed, 22½@30c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Veal—Extras, 12@12½c per pound.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 per box; pears, \$1@1.50; cranberries, \$8 @9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 70@90c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2½@2½c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$1.75@2 per hundred; pumpkins, 1¼@1½c per pound; squash, 2c; tomatoes, \$1.50@2.25 per box; turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1.25; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack.

Hope—1909 crop, prime and choice, 20@22½c per pound; 1908, 17½@19; 1907, 11½c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c.

Cascara bark, 1½c per pound.

Hides—Dry, 18@18½c per pound; dry kip, 18@18½c; dry calfskin, 19@21c; salted hides, 10@10½c; salted calfskins, 15c; green, 1c less.

Cattle—Best, steers, \$5; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; strictly good cows, \$3.75@4; fair to good cows, \$3@3.50; light calves, \$5@5.50; heavy calves, \$4@4.50; bulls, \$3.50@3.75; stags, \$3@4.

Hogs—Top, \$9; fair to good, \$8.50@8.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50; fair to good, \$5@5.50; good ewes, \$4.75@5; lambs, \$6@6.50.

## ADJOURN IN DEADLOCK.

Miners and Operators Unable to Reach Agreement.

Toledo, O., Feb. 7.—Unable to effect an organization because of the deadlock on the admission of miners' delegates from Illinois, the joint wage conference of the bituminous coal operators and miners of Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania adjourned tonight sine die.

No provision was made for another meeting. The adjournment, it is declared, does not mean necessarily a suspension of work at the expiration of the present contract, April 1.

This would affect all bituminous districts controlled by the United Mine-workers, as they decreed at their Indianapolis convention that no district should sign a wage scale until the scales for all districts were negotiated. Both sides have declared, however, that they will not recede on the Illinois proposition.

Some plan may be worked out to get the miners and operators together again before April 1. It may be a call for another convention or the selection of a representative scale committee.

A meeting of the executive boards of the miners was called for tomorrow. The night session lasted only a short time.

As no one had anything to say, the futility of continuing the session was expressed by President Lewis. His suggestion for dividing the responsibility for adjournment was followed. A delegate from the miners moved to adjourn and one from the operators seconded it.

A call by states resulted in the only unanimous vote recorded in the meeting.

## REICHSTAG HAS TREATY.

Friendly Spirit to Govern Tariff Administration.

Berlin, Feb. 7.—Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg today sent to the reichstag the following communication regarding the German-American tariff agreement:

"The American government has declared that the livestock question is withdrawn wholly from the negotiations, on the condition that the unlimited enjoyment of Germany's conventional tariff be conceded to the United States."

"It further agrees that the advantages of the American minimum tariff shall be extended unrestrictedly to Germany after March 31."

"That the customs administrative features of the existing tariff arrangement shall remain in force."

"That this extension of the minimum tariff to Germany secures to her treatment in accordance with the most favored nation clause."

"That the American customs administrative regulation shall be applied to German goods in a friendly and conciliatory spirit."

"That the present agreement respecting the labeling of wines shall remain in force; and

"That the customs administrative provisions respecting the marking of goods shall be applied in a friendly and conciliatory spirit."

## Flood Cleanses Paris.

Paris, Feb. 7.—The fall of the river Seine was more rapid today. The appearance of the city is approaching the normal, but the subway system is still inoperative. Water remains in the tubes, which, after they have been emptied, must be cleaned and disinfected. The progress toward the restoration of the lighting, telephone and telegraph lines is slow. The work of disinfection and other precautions against an epidemic of typhoid has been so thorough that some of the newspapers predict that Paris will not only escape contagion but will emerge from the flood cleaner than before.

The superintendent of sewers reports that from the examinations which he has been able to make, few of the sewer mains burst, the ruptures occurring in the branch pipes leading into buildings.

Despite the attempts of some of the opposition papers to make it appear that dissensions prevail among the various relief organizations, investigation indicates that all are co-operating with zeal. Foreign contributions to the relief fund today reached a total of about \$700,000.

## Watch Case Trust Sued.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—A suit for \$375,000 damages has been filed in the District court here by the Dueser Watch Case company against the Keystone Watch Case company, of Philadelphia, and other concerns alleged to be members of an illegal combination within the meaning of the Sherman law. It is alleged that the defendants combined to restrain trade by issuing a circular forbidding dealers handling their goods to sell cases made by others.

## Hens Working Overtime.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—One million eight hundred thousand strictly fresh, new-laid eggs are arriving in Chicago every day from Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Texas, Tennessee and Nebraska. They arrive in cases of 30 dozen each, 50,000 cases being received daily. So there is no immediate danger of an egg famine here. The weather is responsible. It has been so mild and favorable for the production of eggs in the South and Southwest for the last three weeks that hens are fairly working overtime.

To guard against disease germs in the dust, masks have been adopted by the New York street cleaning department for its sweepers.

# 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," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Hitherto the place had been so silent, so apparently deserted, that both Hope and her attendant paused and looked anxiously down the road, which made a sharp bend at the point from which they had begun to walk back. The sounds of a deep, rough voice, uttering observations in an unknown tongue which seemed hawked up from the pit of the speaker's stomach, next made themselves heard; presently appeared a tall, thin man, clad in holland overall trousers, a dark-brown knitted waistcoat, and a holland jacket, neither of the lighter garments having lately seen the washtub; a wide-brimmed straw hat, turned up at the back, projected far over his eyes, which, as he looked up, showed black and piercing under bushy grizzled eyebrows. Long lantern jaws, thick untrimmed moustaches, and a skin like wrinkled leather gave him the air of a countrified Pantaloon. Behind him came a broad-chested gray horse, almost white from age, his harness much mended with rope, and a long fore-lock falling into his eyes. He was drawing an old, rusty, ramshackle cabriolet, the hood drawn forward and nodding at every step of the atollage. He was led by an old, thick-set man in a blue blouse and a cloth cap pulled down nearly over his ears. As the first of the curious couple approached them, he raised his straw hat with an air of much elegance to Hope and her companion.

"Well, that is a guy!" exclaimed Jessop. "I am sure he would not do for any one's young man, even in a desert like this. He'd want the Witch of Endor to keep him company, he would."

"I was rather interested by his face," said Hope. "He has a most expressive countenance, and fine eyes."

"Law, miss! I wonder what your young gentleman would say to your taste?"

"And I wonder who he is?" continued Hope.

"I dare say I shall soon find out at the hotel," returned Jessop. "And now we had better stop out; for I am sure my mistress does not like being left too long by herself."

Hope found Mrs. Saville surrounded by pens, ink, and paper; she had evidently been busy with her pen, for a number of freshly-stamped letters lay beside her, and the hearth was cluttered with a large amount of charred fragments. Moreover, Mrs. Saville did not seem aware that Hope had been long absent.

The sunset that evening justified the landlord's eulogium, and Mrs. Saville gazed at it long in deep thought. It was perhaps a contradiction in her rather complicated nature that she enjoyed fine scenery—indeed, beauty in any shape. This she said very little about, as she looked upon such tendencies as indicative of weakness. Suddenly she turned to Hope and said, "I remember just such a sunset over this little bay nearly twenty years ago, when Hugh was a little fellow, and in all those years he was a satisfaction to me till—till he destroyed my hopes forever. We had been travelling, and I wanted to see the old Norman churches. There are some very fine specimens of Gothic in this part of the country. We stopped for a day or two at Caen, when Hugh, who was with me for his holiday-time, showed symptoms of fever. They advised me to take him to Sainte-Croix, where the air was pure and bracing. He was wonderfully happy here. Madame d'Albeville was then at the chateau. I had known her brother in London. He was one of the French attaches. He happened to be at the chateau, too. They found me out, and were wonderfully kind. It is one of the few purely pleasant memories I have, those weeks. The marquise and I never quite lost sight of each other since. When we were in Paris she told me she would be here all July and August. It is a great disappointment not to find her here."

"I can understand that," said Hope, softly. Her lips trembled as she spoke, and her eyes dwelt with a strained, anxious expression on the delicate, strong face of her patroness.

She began again in a quiet tone, as if unconscious of Hope's presence: "Poor Hugh! He has earned his own punishment. I am glad I destroyed my last will." And she glanced at the fireplace. Then, suddenly addressing Hope, "You will be glad, too. You seem to have espoused his cause. Mr. Rawson was always devoted to Hugh, and you have caught his enthusiasm. That parcel which came to me before we left Paris from Mr. Rawson's office was my will. I wanted to read it. I thought of adding a codicil, but I could not make up my mind. I have dreamed of that will, and struggled with my heart, my pride. This afternoon, as I sat alone, I seemed to see Hugh, to hear his voice, and the impulse came on me; I thrust the paper but doomed him to poverty into the fire. It is done with." She paused.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The next day Mrs. Saville did not feel equal to write or attend to business. Her head felt heavy and giddy, she said; so she ordered the ramshackle carriage and drove to the chateau, hoping the air would revive her. It did not, however. She said she felt inclined to sleep—that the air was too strong for her, or rather that she had grown too weak for the air—that the place made her melancholy, and she would leave next day. Hope persuaded her to try and rest. She covered her over with wraps; for, though the day was warm, she complained of cold, and shivered a good deal. Hope took her knitting and sat patiently beside her for more than an hour, during which Mrs. Saville slept heavily, sometimes moaning; then she woke suddenly, as if startled, and thought she heard several people enter the room noisily. She was better, and insisted on taking a little walk on the beach. At dinner she could not eat, but complained of great thirst. Feeling severe headache and drowsiness, she went early to bed. Hope felt more uneasy than she cared to confess, and persuaded Mrs. Saville to let her maid sleep in her room.

Then she retired herself, first to write at considerable length, then to seek forgetfulness in her bed. But in vain; her nerves were strained, and an irresistible presentiment of evil weighed her down.

The long, wakeful, restless night wore through. At early dawn Jessop came into Miss Desmond's room with an alarmed look on her face.

"I am afraid Mrs. Saville is very ill, miss. I have never seen her like this. She has been wandering off and on all night about Mr. Hugh and her husband, that no one ever hears her speak about. Just now she is asleep. What will become of us in this poor, miserable place if my lady gets really ill? Why, we couldn't get a doctor; though that queer man we saw on the road yesterday, they tell me, is a very clever doctor, but he lives miles and miles away."

"I shall get up and dress at once," returned Hope, much alarmed. "I will come to Mrs. Saville directly."

She dressed accordingly, little thinking how long it would be before she should again go regularly to bed.

Mrs. Saville seemed quite herself when Hope reached her bedside, except that her hands and skin were dry and burning, her eyes bright and restless. She wanted to get up in order to prepare for her journey to London. She seemed feverishly anxious to be at home once more. Then she began to speak about Mr. Rawson as if he were there, though they both knew he had started with his daughter for Switzerland; also she talked of her will, and her fear that if she died intestate her son Hugh would get as much of her property as his brother.

As soon as she could get away, Hope called the landlord and begged him to dispatch a mounted messenger for the doctor, to whom she hastily wrote a note describing the condition of the sufferer as accurately as she could. This done, there was nothing for it but waiting.

This waiting tried Hope severely. She felt, moreover, what a weight of responsibility lay upon her.

Though Jessop was full of expressions of sympathy and woe, her pale face and nervous manner showed how unfit she was for a sick-nurse.

Hope waited for the doctor's report before she wrote to Mr. Rawson's partner for help and counsel.

Richard Saville was away cruising, nobody knew where; Mr. Rawson was travelling; Lord Everton—who could find him? and she felt, she knew, that

Hope could not speak. "But I am not going to leave him more than a competence; no, he does not deserve that I should give him ease of circumstance; but I have a 'will' form with me, and to-morrow I will fill it up. I have planned what I shall put in it. I will not be harsh; I will be just."

"And you will be ever so much happier, dear Mrs. Saville."

"Happy! Do you know, I doubt if I know what happiness is!"

"That is very extraordinary."

"Is it? Have you known much happiness?"

Hope seemed to think for a moment, then an indescribable sweetness, a sudden light, came into her eyes.

"I have known glimpses of great happiness; of smaller happiness, often; of bitterness and sadness, now and then."

"A varied experience for so young a woman. By the way, I never think of you as a girl; yet you are quite young—I see and feel that. Now let us read the English papers which came this evening. I was glad to see them; for the post at these out-of-the-way places is always uncertain!"

Mrs. Saville was going to be very ill.

At last, after what seemed ages, but really as soon as he could come, the doctor appeared.

Though rusty and dislocated in appearance, he was kindly and intelligent. After examining his patient, he asked Hope if she was her daughter.

"A much attached friend, then?" he said, when she answered in the negative.

"I fear the poor lady is seriously ill. It is rather difficult to foresee how these feverish attacks may turn, and we can only help nature. There is little to be done. I have brought medicines with me, thanks to the description in your note. Sainte-Croix boasts no chemist's shop. You must watch your patient constantly. Give her milk when you can get her to take anything. I will speak to the landlord about a few precautions which it would be as well to take, and I think you had better have a nurse—a sick-nurse—to assist you. It seems to me that Madame has been a healthy woman?"

"Remarkably healthy, I believe."

"That is well. A reserve force of untried strength is the best help in these cases. I will come over very early to-morrow morning, and, if possible, bring a nurse with me."

So Hope was left with a stinking heart to watch the sick-bed, to administer what medicine was ordered, to cool the burning skin by applying a lotion which smelt of camphor, to pray for strength and courage. She sent the courier to the nearest telegraph-station, describing Mrs. Saville's condition, and begging that Mr. Rawson and Richard Saville might be sent for.

Meantime, a note or terror had spread through the household. Some precautions suggested by the doctor gave rise to exaggerated ideas of infection, and Hope soon began to perceive that the arrival of the sick-room was becoming a difficulty.

The doctor was faithful to his word, and returned with a sturdy, broad-faced Sister of Mercy, who was an immense help. Then the sad routine of a sick-room was instituted. Gradually Hope came to know that the enemy with which they had to contend was severe typhus fever. The whole weight of attendance fell on Hope and the Sister. At times Mrs. Saville was wildly excited, striving to get out of bed and wandering deliriously. In her worse state Hope's voice and touch had a certain degree of influence upon her. The weary days, and still wearier nights, dragged their slow length along. Letters came from Mr. Rawson's partner assuring Miss Desmond that he was in hopes a letter would find Mr. Saville in the island of Rugen, where his bankers believed he would make a short stay, and that he had telegraphed to Mr. Rawson, who ought to be at Basle on the 7th; no doubt that gentleman would lose no time in going to Sainte-Croix.

Still the days and nights rolled heavily on, and no one came.

"If all our care fails," thought Hope, "what a terrible position for me! I have done my best; but will Mrs. Saville's people thin? I have! If she dies unreconciled to Hugh, what a tragedy!" What moments Hope could spare from the sufferer she spent in writing, covering the pages rapidly. These letters she sent by the courier to the market-town, that they might escape the uncertainties of the Sainte-Croix post-office.

"Mademoiselle will kill herself," said Sister Marie, the nurse, one morning. "You do the work, the watching, of two. And you are imprudent; you let her hold your hand and lean against you. It is unwise. You must take some rest. Trust me a little."

"I do, dear Sister, I do. But I cannot rest. You do not know how my life seems to depend on hers."

"And you are not her daughter!"

(To be continued.)

## HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

Curious System of Tubes That Run the Length of Their Bodies.

Laudubler animals have lungs and sea creatures have gills. But insects have neither one nor the other. They have a complex system of tubes running throughout the whole length of the body, by means of which air is conveyed to every part of the system. As they are destined to contain nothing but air, they are strongly supported to guard against collapse from pressure.

This support is furnished by means of a fine thread running spirally within the walls of the tube, much in the same way that a garden hose is protected with wire. There are generally two of these tubes which run the whole length of the insect's body.

Many flies, as larvae, live in the water. Arranged along each side of their bodies is a series of exceedingly thin plates, into each of which runs a series of blood vessels. These plates act and absorb the oxygen contained in the water. The tail ends in three featherlike projections. By means of these the larvae causes currents of water to flow over the gills and thus their efficiency is increased.

The gnat also lives in the water as a larva. But it has no gills. Therefore it cannot breathe the oxygen in the water, but must breathe air. This is done by means of a spiracle situated at the tip of its tail. Indeed, the tail is prolonged into a little tube. The larva floats along head downward in the water with this tube just above the surface to enable it to breathe. After some time it is provided with two little tubes which act in the same manner.—Chicago Tribune.

The fur trade of the world makes use of more than 1,000,000 cat skins every year.