

...LIGHT AND SHADE...

NINETTE'S eyes bespoke an approaching storm. "A fair woman again!" she muttered half audibly as she gathered up the cards impatiently to throw for the last time which should decide if she were right to doubt Cecil's loyalty. Fearing to learn the worst, yet determined to know the truth at any cost, Ninette, the dark-eyed artist's model, spread out the fortune-telling cards on the pedestal before her, while she awaited the coming of Cecil Thorne, master of the studio and of her heart.

"Ah! This is better"—with a smile of satisfaction—"why, here is good luck again! Perhaps, after all, Cecil is true. If I could only understand their language! But he never speaks to her in French. Courage, Ninette! The last cards tell your story. Is it a fair lady or a dark girl who is loved by Cecil? Dieu!"

The "fair lady's card" had turned again, and Ninette burst into a fresh deluge of tears just as the false Cecil swung open the studio door and, without observing the crouching figure of Ninette, began to whistle a merry air. "How can you whistle when I am so miserable?" said Ninette between her sobs.

"Why, bless my soul, Ninette, I never saw you!"

"You have no eyes for me. You would have seen another if she had been here."

"Another would not have kept so silent, perhaps—and tears, too! Now this is tiresome, when I have had such a turn of good luck. Listen, Ninette, and dry your eyes. My picture—"

"Of me?"

"No, no—the great one, 'The Dawn,' will be exhibited. Then if luck comes



THE GREAT ONE, "THE DAWN."

our way, as is sure to happen, we can be—you know what!"

Cecil drew Ninette to him in affectionate embrace, too elated with his own hope of prosperity to question further the cause of tears. Ninette's doubts vanished somewhat as the tender avowals of love fell from the lips of her lover. She could not believe him quite false, and yet—why did he not exhibit her portrait in the salon. Could not "Dawn" have black hair as well as golden, and surely the fair lady was not otherwise more beautiful than she.

Cecil interrupted the unpleasant reverie with, "Ninette, do you know I believe my love for you has made me a better painter! M. de Thales was here this morning and said the warmth and soul of 'The Dawn' were extraordinary."

The announcement that love for her had aided him in putting warmth and soul into the eyes of another woman was not comforting to Ninette, and she broke from his embrace impatiently. Catching up her broad-brimmed hat, she dashed out of the studio and shut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor.

"The little vixen!" laughed Cecil. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bad breakfast this morning. She did not seem properly pleased with the possibility of your being soon— Ah, Julia! I am glad you have come. The picture is nearly finished—and such good news! De Thales was here this morning and was delighted. Why do you look at the door—are you afraid of ghosts following you in?"

"No, Cecil, but do you know I have a strange feeling of fear sometimes when I see Ninette! She peered at me to-day as I came up the stairs, and her black eyes looked like those of a tigress. Cecil, that girl is dangerous! I hope she isn't fond of you; you know that is easily possible with these French creatures of impulse."

"O, that is just like you women," replied lightly that excellent judge of feminine emotion; "always suspicious of another woman's love. Well, I can tell you one thing, Julia; Ninette's love is less dangerous than her hate, although I should not like to trifle with either. But I, who so thoroughly understand Ninette, shall take care that no danger attends her love for me."

Ninette had crept from her chamber

and was listening at the keyhole of the studio with hot breath and angry eyes. How tender his voice! Almost the only English word that Ninette knew was "dear," and she heard him apply it to Julia—the fair-haired. She felt she could burst with jealous passion, but at this moment she heard familiar voices on the steps and several comrades stood before her.

"Good-morning, Nina!" exclaimed the foremost on beholding the model, whom all knew to be a favorite with Cecil, and, locking his arm familiarly in hers, they entered the studio, followed by the others.

"Hello, Thorne—just heard of your luck, my boy! Give us a shake of the hand, old chap, before you get too high up in the world to recognize old friends. Let's have a holiday now in celebration. Come out of the studio—after to-morrow you will be too grand for frivolities."

Julia arose and smiled assent. "Do, Cecil; you work much too hard. It will do you good. Good-morning, gentlemen; good-by, Cecil—Ninette!" The last was an exclamation, not a greeting.

Ninette was glaring from her dark eyes, and Julia involuntarily shuddered as she lifted her rich silken gown and swept down the stairs.

"O, if I knew how to speak French I would let the little French demon know she must not stare at me so insolently. Poor Ninette! I hope her love for Cecil will not interfere with his work, but I am the last person in the world who ought to blame her for loving him."

Careless and free as are only the pleasure-loving American artists who alternate the study of art with that of "La Vie" in the Eden of both, Cecil Thorne and his companions made the cafes in the Latin quarter of Paris ring with their merriment until a late hour, when Cecil returned to his lodging, intoxicated with the thought of the morrow. He spent a half hour or so in his studio, and after making a few final arrangements started for his attic bedroom. As he passed the door of Ninette's apartments he wondered if she slept. Then, at a sudden recollection of his hopes and all they meant to him, he broke into a merry whistle and mounted light-heartedly to his own door. His burst of merriment was the last straw.

"To-morrow," she thought. "I will not forget that I have helped you to put warmth and soul into her eyes! You think you shall find fame to-morrow, and that the fair-haired, cold-hearted girl will help you to rejoice; but you do not know Ninette!"

Springing from her couch, she felt for matches, but could find none. "No matter," she said. "I know the easel well. Have I not watched him bending over it as though he loved the canvas itself? Dieu! you should have exhibited Ninette." Noiselessly, vindictively, she groped her way along the dark passage into the studio. Not even a moonbeam to assist her feet over the cold stone floor. "Ha—the easel!"—she gave a little cry of pain as her tender foot came in contact with the sharp edge. Then, seizing a wet brush, with delicious joy she drew it again and again across the picture, smearing beyond recognition every corner of the canvas. "There!" she said as she threw down the brush and started to leave the studio. "There! Mlle. Yellow Hair—I hate golden hair—at least, I should hate it if Cecil had not golden hair."

The thought of Cecil's fair hair, which she had so often covered with ardent kisses, recalled her to a moment of sudden reproach. What had she done? She, who pretended to love Cecil, had destroyed the result of a whole half-year's toil and his hope of fortune, and perhaps—yes, that selfish "perhaps" swept over her with overwhelming force, and the little criminal crept back to her chamber, threw herself upon her couch, and there remained till her restless slumber was disturbed by the sound of Cecil's footstep entering the studio.

She awoke with a start. He was walking towards the easel. She dared not go to him; she would wait till the first outburst of his passion had passed. For a long time there was absolute silence in the studio. At last, unable to bear the suspense, she timidly opened the studio door and looked in. All trace of the defiant insolence which made her so bewitching had vanished, and she paused submissively, awaiting the volley of reproof which she so richly deserved. Instead of this, Cecil smiled at beholding her and advanced to meet her, and she felt half afraid.

"Ah, there you are, ma chere. Come and see what some villainous hand has done."

"No, no," answered Ninette, still questioning his sanity. "I cannot look upon it, O, Cecil, you have driven me mad with jealousy!"

"Jealousy, ma chere? What on earth are you talking about? Do you not

believe that I love you fondly—devotedly—"

"Stop! You call her 'dear.' Cecil, answer me this—do you love the fair Julia who sits for 'The Dawn'?"

"Love her—of course I do—but not as I love you."

"There, you confess! I will not share your love with her. I was sorry I did it, but now I am glad—glad! You would be famous with her portrait and she would be glad with you. Is it not so? You dare not deny it!"

"Why, Ninette, how strangely you talk! Would she not be an unnatural woman not to be glad of her brother's success?"

"Brother!" almost shrieked Ninette. "Brother? She is your sister, Cecil?"

"My dear child, do you mean to tell me you have not known that?"

"Why have you never told me that before?"

"Why, Ninette, I never dreamed that you did not know it. Every one else knows it, and you have never spoken of this before."

"No, I could not bear to speak of her, and I heard nothing of your talk—I do not understand your English talk. And now—O, Cecil! Cecil! the picture—the villainous hand—"

"O, yes! to be sure; I nearly forgot the picture with your wild talk. I say, Ninette, what a good thing 'The Dawn' had been removed from the easel!"

Ninette burst into a loud laugh. "Removed? Say it again, Cecil! It was removed, and it was not her picture that I—O, what would you have done?"

Then the painter realized for the first time what she had intended to do.

"You little vixen!" he said seriously. "You do it, and did you mean to spoil 'The Dawn'? Ah, Ninette, you are really too bad!"

But she was not listening. She knew how to make her peace with him.—Chicago Tribune.

FAMINE IN TIMBER TREES.

Growing Scarcity of Wood Suitable for Manufacturing Purposes.

It will be but a few years before durable timber becomes very much dearer than it is at present. Good chestnut and white oak posts are worth now fifteen cents each, and red cedar posts twenty cents apiece, undressed, and are hard to get at that. Ten years from now the supply will be much less. No more profitable use of land can be made than to plant walnut, chestnut, oak, hickory, spruce, ash, maple, poplar, willow, locust and other trees that have a value in the arts for their timber. Plant the rough land to trees. The eucalypts are now grown in the southwestern portion of our country more extensively than any other exotic forest tree.

These trees are originally from Australia; they are known there under the name of antifever trees, as by their rapid growth and large amount of foliage they absorb the poisonous gases of the swamps, making the air pure and the climate healthy. In California, Kansas and Indiana tracts of land several thousand acres in area have been planted with seedlings of the eucalyptus rostrata for fuel, railroad ties and for windbreaks. On account of their rapid growth they make desirable shade trees for the dwelling and pasture lots. In many parts of the southwest the eucalypts are utilized to advantage to furnish shade in pastures. If set along the fences and along the irrigating ditches they can be made to protect the cattle in the pasture without at any time interfering with farm work. Seedlings may be had from the nurserymen in 100 lots at five cents each. There are some thirty different varieties, and all of them are said to grow equally well in the middle and southern States. Plant the hillsides in forest trees and farm the low ground.—Baltimore American.

The Finishing Touch.

The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son, a boy of twelve.

He knows little about drawing, says the artist, but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene, and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

He surveyed it for a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said:

"The people are all right, but where's the dog?"

"The dog?" I inquired. "What dog?"

"Any dog," he said, in a tone of pity for my dullness. "Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?"

When I thought it over, I knew he was right, and the dog went in.

We do love to call a girl named Marguerite "Maggie."

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

AUCTION SALES OF STOCK.

A New Feature Planned for the Oregon State Fair.

Auction sales of livestock will be conducted at the Oregon state fair on September 18 and 19. The fair has always afforded an opportunity for farmers and breeders to buy and sell stock, and every year many sales are made. The transactions have always been made by private dickering around the cattle department. This year, the fair management has arranged for the employment of an auctioneer and public sales will be held. A large number of well-known breeders will send stock to the sale, and those who wish to buy can find almost anything they want. While the greatest interest will probably be centered in the sales of cattle, there will also be horses, sheep, goats and hogs sold to the highest bidder.

The sales will begin on Friday, and continue on that day and Saturday. Those who wish to bid will therefore have plenty of time earlier in the week to examine all the stock offered and determine what they wish to bid. This feature of the fair established particularly for the farmers, is likely to prove very popular.

RAINIER IS AWAKENED.

Board of Trade Formed to Further Interests of the Town.

A number of the citizens of Rainier have affected a temporary organization of a board of trade. A committee was appointed to draft by-laws and instructed to report Saturday, August 29, at which time the organization is to be perfected.

The objects of this board of trade are to invite capital for investment and to advertise the resources of the town. The recent county seat fight, while it was not won by Rainier, it has stimulated the citizens to action. Roads are to be built, streets improved, factories to be put in operation, in short where there is only a town of a few hundred inhabitants Rainier expects to be a city of several thousand inhabitants before the close of the Lewis and Clark fair.

Coming Events.

M. A. A. C. carnival, Portland, September 14-26.

Multnomah Fair Association races, Irvington track, September 21-26.

Teachers' Institute, Lostine, August 24-26; Hood River, August 26-28;

Prairie City, September 1-3; Roseburg, September 1-4; Heppner, September 2-4; Bevas, September 7-9;

Salem, September 9-11; Vale, September 10-12; Oregon City, September 15-17; Klamath Falls, September 28-30; Lakeview, October 1-3, and Hillsboro, October 28-30.

Southern Oregon Pioneer re-union, Ashland, September 3.

Labor Day, Portland, September 7.

State convention of mining men, Portland, September 7.

Oregon National Guard encampment, September 3-12; Third Infantry, Gearhart Park; First Battery, Seaside, August 20; separate battalion, Roseburg, September 3-12.

Joint concatenation of Hoo Hoo, Portland, September 9.

Carnival, Oregon City, September 23-27.

State Fair, Salem, September 14-19.

Second Southern Oregon District Fair, Eugene, September 29-October 3.

Harney County Fair, Burns, September 14-20.

Races, Antelope, September 17-19.

Stock exhibit and race meet, Portland, September 21-26.

Second Eastern Oregon District Fair, The Dalles, September 22-26.

Klamath County Fair, Klamath Falls, October 6-9.

Crook County Jockey Club meet, Prineville, October 27-29.

Lincoln County Fair, Toledo, September 10-12.

Race meet, Sumpter, October 1-5.

Price of Hops Raising.

Twenty-two cents has been offered for hops of the crop of 1902. This is information received by Manager Winstanley of the Oregon Hopgrowers' association, from a reliable source. While this price has been offered for one lot of hops, it is not considered the market price, but merely indicates that the market is strong at the figure generally quoted, 20 cents. Few sales, if any, are taking place.

Wheat Low at Pendleton.

Pendleton buyers are offering extremely low prices for wheat, compared to quotations in other places. Two sales have just been made at 70¢ cents. Another small lot has been sold at 71 cents. At Eureka Junction an offer of 76 cents has been made for bluestem. At Walla Walla bluestem is selling in the neighborhood of 75 cents.

Rich Values on Powell's Creek.

Sharp Bros. & Holman, miners of Powell creek, made a quartz discovery of unusually excellent appearance on the headwaters of that stream a few days ago. They have uncovered a ledge four feet in width, samples from which have given values of \$50 to the ton.

Sale of Bohemia Mines.

William Griffith and son, G. E. Griffith, of Oregon City, have sold their Broadway group of mines in the Bohemia district to the Oregon Surety company. It is understood that the consideration was \$36,000.

GOOD CROP IN POOR STRAW.

Plump Berries Fill the Heads of Marion Wheat Stalks.

At the end of a week's work with the threshing machines the reports received are to the effect that the wheat crop in Marion county is turning out much better than was expected. Manager J. G. Graham, of Balfour, Guthrie & Co.'s office in Salem, says that yields are running from 25 to 50 bushels per acre, and even a little better than the last-named amount is reported in some instances. Mr. Graham has heard of no crop that has yielded less than 25 bushels per acre this year. The quality is good.

Farmers were evidently deceived by the looks of the straw this year. The stand of straw was poor, and the farmers looked for only fair yields at best, but it seems that the heads of wheat were filled out from end to end with plump grain and the yield was thus greater than appearances indicated.

WILL WAIT A YEAR.

Prunegrowers' Insurance Company Cannot Begin Business Now.

The directors elected by the recently organized Prunegrowers' mutual insurance company have decided not to begin business this season. An agreement was made with the Oregon mutual fire relief association, of McMinnville, by which that company will extend its work so as to include prune dryers. Under the agreement the Oregon Mutual will fix a rate of assessments on prune dryers which will make the cost of insurance 50 per cent of the rates charged by old line companies.

The prunegrowers may perfect their organization so as to operate a mutual company of their own by the time the next drying season begins. The directors considered it impracticable to get their work started this season.

Big Ore Body Uncovered.

Recent developments at the "Lucky Cuss," the property under development by W. T. Cope and others on Maple Gulch, a tributary of the Applegate, have uncovered an ore body six feet in width, while the distance between walls is 13 feet. The ledge matter outside of the main ore body is carrying streaks and bunches of quartz, indicating that the whole width may come into quartz at a little greater depth. During the whole progress of the tunnel, which is now nearly 300 feet in length, there has been a steady increase, both in the dimensions of the vein and in the quality of the ore. The values are very steady and range from \$8 to \$20 per ton. The mine is easily accessible and the ore can be handled easily and cheaply.

Using New Road Law.

Columbia county is adopting a new system for road work under the new law. The road master, recently appointed, has made a tour of inspection through the lower end of the county and will recommend some radical changes in the building of roads.

Sawmill on Scappoose.

Messrs. Daniels & Hanna, of Hood River, have secured a valuable body of timber on the north fork of the Scappoose, and are putting in a sawmill of large capacity.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 78@79c; bluestem, 80@82c; valley, 80c.

Flour—Valley, \$3.65@3.85 per barrel; hard wheat straight, \$3.60@4.00; hard wheat, patents, \$4.10@4.50; graham, \$3.35@3.75; whole wheat, \$3.55@4.00; rye wheat, \$4.50.

Barley—Feed, \$20.00@21.00 per ton; brewing, \$21; rolled, \$21@21.50.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.07½; gray, \$1.00@1.05 per cental.

Millets—Bran, \$22 per ton; middlings, \$25; shorts, \$22; chop, \$18; linseed dairy food, \$19.

Hay—Timothy, \$14.00 per ton; clover, nominal; grain, \$10; cheat, nominal.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 22½@25c per pound; dairy, 18@20c; store, 15@16c.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 14c; Young America, 15c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11½@12c per pound; spring, 14@14½c; hens, 12@12½c; broilers, \$2.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@12c per pound; dressed, 14@15c; ducks, \$4@4.50 per dozen; geese, \$5@6.50.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 19c.

Potatoes—Oregon, 75@85c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2½c per pound.

Wheat Sacks—in lots of 100, 5½c.

Beef—Gross steers, \$3.75@4.25; dressed, 6@7c per pound.

Veal—8½c per pound.

Mutton—Gross, \$3; dressed, 5@5½c; lamb, gross, \$3.50; dressed, 6c.

Hogs—Gross, \$5.50@5.75; dressed, 8c.

Hops—1902 crop, 20c per pound.

Tallow—Prime, per pound, 4@5c; No. 2 and grease, 2½@3c.

Wool—Valley, 17@18c; Eastern Oregon, 12@15c; mohair, 35@37½c.