

THE OREGON MIST.

VOL. XVIII.

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NO. 31.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

PORTLAND-ASTORIA ROUTE.

STEAMER "TAHOMA."

Daily Round Trips Except Sunday.

TIME CARD.

The Dalles-Portland Route.

STR. "BAILEY GATZERT."

DAILY ROUND TRIP EXCEPT MONDAY.

CASCADE LOCKS, HOOD RIVER, WHITE SALMON AND THE DALLES.

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MEALS THE VERY BEST.

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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.

For more than an hour there had been unbroken silence. In the dingy old law office of Mr. Worthington, where Henry Lincoln and William Bendor still remained, the one as a practicing lawyer and junior partner of the firm, and the other as a student still, for he had not yet dared to offer himself for examination. Study was something which Henry particularly disliked, and as his mother had trained him with the idea that labor for him was wholly unnecessary, he had never bestowed a thought on the future, or made an exertion of any kind. Now, however, a different phase of affairs was appearing. His father's fortune was threatened with ruin; and he sat in the office with his heels upon the window sill, debating the all-important question whether it were better to marry Ella Campbell for the money which would save him from poverty, or to rouse himself to action for the sake of Mary Howard, whom he really fancied he loved.

Frequently since the party had met her, each time becoming more and more convinced of her superiority over the other young ladies of her acquaintance. He was undoubtedly greatly assisted in this decision by the manner with which she was received by the fashionable set of Boston; but aside from that, as far as he was capable of doing so, he liked her, and was now making up his mind whether to tell her so or not.

At last breaking the silence, he exclaimed: "Hang me, if I don't believe she's bewitched me, or else I'm in love. Bendor, how does a chap feel when he's in love?"

"Very foolish, judging from yourself," retorted William, and Henry replied: "I hope you mean nothing personal, for I'm bound to avenge my honor, and 'twould be a deuced scrape for you and me to fight about 'your sister,' as you call her, for 'tis she who has inspired me, or made a fool of me, one or the other."

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?" asked William, a little sarcastical.

"Hanged if I have!" said Henry. "I was interested in her years ago, when she was the ugliest little wren a man ever looked upon, and that's why I loved her so—I don't believe she's handsome now, but she's something, and that something has raised the mischief with me. Come, Bendor, you are better acquainted with her than I am, so tell me honestly if you think I'd better marry her."

With a haughty frown William replied: "You have my permission, sir, to propose as soon as you wish. I rather wish, you would, that you had left the office, while Henry continued his soliloquy as follows:

"I wonder what the old folks would say to a penniless bride. Wouldn't mother and Rose raise a row? I'd soon quiet the old woman, though, by threatening to tell that she was once a factory girl. But if I had smashes up I'll have to work, for I haven't brains enough to earn my living by wit. I guess on the whole I'll go and call on Ella; she's handsome, and besides that has the rhino, too; but how shallow!" and the young man broke the blade of his knife as he stuck it into the hardwood table by way of emphasizing his last words.

Ella chanced to be out, and as Henry was returning he overtook Ida Seiden and Mary Howard, who were taking their accustomed walk. Since her conversation with William a weight seemed lifted from Mary's spirits, and she now was happier far than she ever remembered of having been before. Mary could not find it in her heart to be unkind to Henry, and her manner toward him that morning was so kind and friendly, yet condescending in a way that he was puzzled to understand. When he parted with her at Mr. Seiden's gate he felt quite made up to offer her his hand and heart.

"I shall have to work," thought he, "but for her sake I'll do anything."

An hour later he sat down and wrote to Mary on paper what he could not tell her face to face. Had there been a lingering doubt of her acceptance, he would undoubtedly have waited at least a dozen sheets of the tiny self-edged paper, but as it was one word sufficient, for she would not scrutinize his handwriting—she would not count the blots, or mark the omission of punctuating pauses. An ardent declaration of love was written, sealed and directed.

Restless and uneasy, he sat down to await his answer.

"There's some comfort in that," thought he, "for I wouldn't like to have it known that I have been refused by a poor, unknown girl, and then, as the conviction came over him that she would never be his, he laid his head upon the table and wept such tears as a spoiled child might weep when refused a toy too costly and delicate to be trusted in its tender grasp."

Ever long there was a knock at the door and hastily wiping away all traces of his emotion, Henry admitted his father, who had come to talk of their future prospects, which were even worse than he had feared. But he did not reproach his wayward son, nor hint that his reckless extravagance had hastened the calamity which otherwise might have been avoided. Calmly he stated the extent to which they were involved, adding that though an entire failure might be prevented a short time, it would come at last; and that an honorable payment of his debts would leave them beggars.

"For myself I do not care," said the wretched man, pressing hard his aching temples, where the gray hairs had thickened within a few short weeks. "For myself I do not care, but for my wife and children—for Rose, and that she must miss her accustomed comforts, is the keenest pang of all."

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Santos-Dumont's airship trial at Paris was not successful.

The Perry monument was unveiled at Kurihama, Japan.

The fall of the Bastille was celebrated throughout France.

Lamont is slated to succeed Mellen as president of the Northern Pacific.

The excess of exports over imports last year was the greatest in our history.

A general strike has been ordered in sheet steel, steel hoop and tin plate mills.

There is no prospect of immediate relief from the drought in the middle west.

Kitchener may be succeeded in South Africa by General Sir Bindon Blood.

Attempt to shoot a judge is the climax of fishermen's strike on Fraser river, B. C.

Washington bicycle tax law declared illegal by Superior Judge Miller, at Vancouver.

Stein, ex-president of the Free State, narrowly escaped capture by Broadwood's brigade.

Thirteen Polish students are on trial at Posen, charged with belonging to revolutionary societies.

The Congregational church at Forest Grove, Or., which was built in 1853, was burned. Incendiarism is suspected.

A proclamation withdrawing about 500,000 acres from Olympic reserve, Washington, has been sent to President McKinley.

Turkey pays the American claims of \$95,000.

Registering for Oklahoma lands has begun.

Ohio Democrats have nominated James Kilbourne for governor.

The salmon combine will be incorporated in New Jersey with \$32,000,000 capital.

Fraser river, B. C., fishermen say they will fight before they will give in to the Japanese.

The government has chartered the steamship Palatinia to load at Portland for the Philippines.

Sixteen persons are dead and 30 injured as a result of a collision on the Chicago & Alton near Kansas City.

Treasurer Hollander, of Porto Rico, has resigned.

There is an increased demand for Oregon cherries.

Cubans are ready for the adoption of a constitution.

Chinese court still shows great honor for dead Boxers.

BUTTE HOTEL FIRE.

Landings Mysteriously Burned—Firemen Were Unable to Locate Fire.

Butte, Mont., July 16.—At 2:40 this morning a still alarm was turned in from the Butte Hotel, a four-story structure on Broadway. When the firemen reached the scene the building was enveloped in smoke, which appeared to pour from every open window. The firemen were unable to locate the fire for 30 minutes, and the greatest confusion prevailed. A number of guests on the lower floors succeeded in groping their way down stairs in the smoke, escaping with nothing but their night clothes. Scores of others were rescued from the upper windows, where the panic-stricken guests shrieked for succor and threatened to jump to the sidewalk below.

At 4 o'clock the fire was completely under control and the hotel management state that, to the best of their knowledge, all the guests and help have been accounted for. "We were five injured. The loss will amount to \$25,000."

COVERING UP WAR MARKS.

Making the Chinese Emperor's Entry into Peking Pleasant.

Peking, July 16.—The Chinese officials are making elaborate preparations for the emperor's entry into Peking. All evidence of the destruction wrought by the war along the streets to be traveled by the emperor will be temporarily disguised. Great pagodas will be erected. The Chen Men gate, which was nearly demolished by the bombardment, will be repaired with wood and plaster, painted to resemble stone, and the damage to the walls and outer buildings will be similarly masked.

Li Hung Chang has deferred the withdrawal of the foreign troops from the temples and palaces not later than August 15. The ministers of the powers have acquiesced and have notified the various commanders of their decision. The Americans and British will probably camp near the summer residences of the legations in the western hills until their barracks are completed.

Guards of honor of Americans, Germans, Italians and Japanese escorted General Gaselee, the British commander, to the railway station on his departure. The members of the United States legation awaited him at the station, together with representatives of all the other legations, except the Russians.

Through the efforts of Mr. Edwin Stone, manager of the C. & E. railroad company, 10,000 young eastern brook trout will be shipped to Albany within a few days, to be planted in the tributaries of the Santiam.

Salmon are scarce this year in the rivers of Wallawalla county.

Indications are good for a record breaking prune crop in Benton county.

A sheep herder of Clark's creek killed an eight foot cougar with a 22 caliber rifle.

The Roaring Gintlet placer mine, near Gold Hill, frequently takes out \$50 to the pan.

Many good prospects are being developed in the Calapoosia side of the Blue river district.

Ten car loads of horses were recently shipped from Elgin, Union county, to the Kansas City market.

Some fine asphalt croppings have been found on Lost Creek in Crook county. Hopes of oil are also entertained.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 57c per bushel; bluestem, 58c; valley, nominal.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.00@3.40 per barrel; Graham, \$2.60.

Oats—White, \$1.32 1/2@1.35; gray, \$1.30@1.32 1/2 per cental.

Barley—Feed, \$17@17.50; brewing, \$17@17.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$21.50; shorts, \$20; chop, \$16.

Hay—Timothy, \$12.50@14; clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon willow hay, \$6@7 per ton.

Butter—Creamery creamery, 15@17c; dairy, 13@14c; store, 10@12c per pound.

Eggs—17@17c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12@12c; Young America, 13@13c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.75@3.50; hens, \$3.25@4.00; dressed, 9@10c per pound; springs, \$2.00@4.00 per dozen; ducks, \$3 for old; \$2.50@3.00 for young; geese, \$4 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12c per pound.

Mutton—Lamb, 3c; gross; dressed, 6@7c per pound; sheep, \$3.25, gross; dressed, 6@6c per lb.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$5.75@6; light, \$4.75@5; dressed, 6 1/2@7c per pound.

Veal—Small, 7c@8c; large, 6c@7c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, \$4.00@4.25; cows and heifers, \$3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6 1/2@7c per pound.

Hops—12@14c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@13c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12c; mohair, 20@25c per pound.

Potatoes—\$1.25 per sack; new potatoes, 1 1/2@1 3/4c per sack.

The town of Natick, Mass., on July 4th celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that place.

Oklahoma fruit growers have begun the annual shipment of peaches to the northern markets. The crop is estimated at 750,000 bushels.

The circulation per capita in the United States is now the largest in the country's history, amounting to \$23.18. One year ago it was \$20.71.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

From one of the luxuriously furnished chambers of her father's elegant mansion Jenny Lincoln looked mournfully out upon the thick, angry clouds which, the previous day, had obscured the winter sky. Dreamily for a while she listened to the patter of the rain as it fell upon the deserted pavement below, and then, with a long, deep sigh, she turned away and wept. Poor Jenny! the day was rainy and dark and dreary, but darker far were the shadows stealing over her pathway. Turn which way she would there was not one ray of sunshine which even her buoyant spirits could gather from the surrounding gloom. Her only sister, who slowly but surely was drifting away from her thought of this felt that if Rose could only live she'd try and bear the rest; try to forget how much she loved William Bendor, who that morning had honorably and manfully asked her of her parents, and been spurned with contempt—not by her father, for could he have followed the dictates of his better judgment he would willingly have given his daughter to the care of one who he knew would carefully shield her from the storms of life. It was not he, but the cold, proud mother, who so haughtily refused William's request, accusing him of taking underhand means to win her daughter's affections.

"I had rather see you dead!" said the stony-hearted woman when Jenny knelt at her feet and pleaded for her to take away the words she had spoken. "I had rather see you dead than married to such a man. I mean what I have said, and you will never be his."

Jenny knew William too well to think he would ever sanction an act of disobedience to her mother, and her heart grew faint and her eyes grew dim with tears, as she thought of conquering the love which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. There was another reason, too, why Jenny should weep as she sat alone in her room. From her father she had heard of all that was to happen. The luxuries to which all her life she had been accustomed were to be hers no longer. The pleasant country house in Clatskanie, dearer far than her city home, must be sold, and no place in the wide world was there a place for them to rest.

Mr. Lincoln entered his daughter's room, and bending affectionately over her pillow said, "How is my darling to-day?"

"Better, better—almost well," returned Rose, raising herself in bed to prove what she had said. "I shall be out in a few days, and then you'll buy me one of those elegant black silks, won't you? All the girls are wearing them, and I haven't had a new dress this winter, and here 'tis almost March."

"Oh! how the father longed to tell his dying child that her next dress would be a shroud, but he could not. He was too weak a man of the world to speak to her back the words without answering her question he said: "Rose, do you think you are able to be moved into the country?"

"What to Clatskanie? that horse, dull place! I thought we were not going there this summer!"

"No, not to Clatskanie, but to your grandmother's in Glenwood. The physician thinks you will be more quiet there, and the pure air will do you good."

Rose looked earnestly in her father's face to see if he meant what he said, and then replied: "I'd rather go anywhere in the world than to Glenwood. You've no idea how I hate to stay there. Grandma is so queer and the things in the house so funny and country—sawdust and fireplaces, and washes in a tin basin, and wipes on a crash towel that hangs on a roller!"

Mr. Lincoln could hardly repress a smile at Rose's reasoning, but perceiving that it must be decided, he said: "We think it best for you to go, and shall accordingly make arrangements to take you in the course of a week or two. Your mother will stay with you, and Jenny, too, will be there a part of the time; then, not wishing to witness the effect of his words, he hastily left the room, pausing in the hall to wipe away the tears which involuntarily came to his eyes as he overheard Rose angrily wonder "why she should be turned out of doors when she 'never can bear the scent of those great tallow candles, never," said she; "and then to think of the coarse sheets and patchwork bedquits—oh, it's dreadful!"

Jenny's heart, too, was well-nigh bursting, but she forced down her own sorrow, while she strove to comfort her sister, telling her how strong and well she was, and at last, as if soothing by the sound of that far-off water, Rose forgot her trouble, and sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

In a few days preparations were commenced for moving Rose to Glenwood, and in the excitement of getting ready she in a measure forgot the tallow candles and patchwork bedquits, the thoughts of which had so much shocked her at first.

"Put in my embroidered merino morning gown," said she to Jenny, who was packing her trunk, "and the blue cashmere one faced with white satin; and don't forget my best cambric skirt, the one with so much work on it, for when George Moreland comes to Glenwood I shall want to look as well as possible; and then, too, I like to see the country folks upon their months and stare at city fashions."

"What makes you think George will come to Glenwood?" asked Jenny.

"I know, and that's enough," answered Rose; "and now, before you forget it, put in my leghorn hat, for it's just what I shall want to; and see how nicely you can fold the dress I wore at Mrs. Russell's party!"

"Why, Rose, what can you possibly want of that?" asked Jenny, and Rose replied: "Oh, I want to show it to grandma, just to hear her groan over my extravagance, and predict that we'll yet come to ruin!"

Jenny thought that if Rose could have seen her father that morning when the bill for the dress and its costly trimmings was presented she would have wished it removed forever from her sight. Early in the winter Mr. Lincoln had seen that all such matters were settled, and of this bill, more recently made, he knew nothing.

"I can't pay it now," said he promptly to the boy who brought it. "Tell Mr. Holton I will see him in a day or two."

The boy took the paper with an insolent grin, for he had heard the fast circulating rumor "that one of the big bugs was about to smash up"; and now, eager to confirm the report, he ran swiftly back to his employer, who muttered, "Just as I expected. I'll draw on him for what I lent him, and that'll tell the story. My daughters can't afford to wear such things, and I'm not going to furnish money for him."

Of all this Rose did not dream, for in her estimation there was no end to her father's wealth, and the possibility of his falling had never entered her mind.

(To be continued.)

Punishment Postponed.

Father (angrily): Now, sir, come with me. I'll teach you to tell the truth, and—

Willie—Pa, do you always tell the truth?

Father—I do.

Willie—Well, pa, the other day you said "the child is father to the man."

Suppose you had that strap over to your father, now—Philadelphia North American.

A Sense of Security.

"Doesn't it worry you to have your husband spend so much time in the corner store talking politics?"

"No," said the woman with the weary look in her eyes. "I know that when he is talking politics, he isn't letting anybody sell him bad mining stocks or gold bricks, or green goods. It keeps his mind occupied, and perhaps it is better so."—Washington Star.

Words of Awful Import.

"What would you do if you were to get convicted of a penitentiary offense?" asked Plodding Pete.

"I'd never serve me term," answered Mendering Mike.

"Maybe you'd have to."

"No. De law would lose its grip on me right dere. As soon as I heard de judge say 'imprisonment wit' hard labor I'd drop dead."—Washington Star.