THE OREGON MIST.

VOL. XVIII. ST. HELENS, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1901. NO. 37.

The Convict's Daughter.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

To-morrow care—and Mrs. Westerfield's faithful James justified her confidence in him.

She drew her chair near to him when he called her by her Christian name for the first time.

"When Westerfield was courting me," she said, "his brother was a bachelor. A lady—if one can call such a creature a lady!—was living under his protection. He told Westerfield he was very fond of her, and he hated the idea of getting married. 'If your wife's first child turns out to be a son,' he said, 'there's an heir to the title and estates, and I may go on as I am now.' We were married a month afterward—and when my first child was born it was a girl. I leave you to judge what the disappointment was. My lord ran the risk of waiting another year, and a year afterward, rather than be married. Through all that time, I had no other child or prospect of a child. His lordship was daily driven into taking a wife. Ah, how I hate her! Their first child was a boy—a big, bouncing, healthy brute of a boy. And six months afterward, my poor little fellow was born. Only think of it. And tell me, Jemmy, don't I deserve to be a happy woman, after suffering such a dreadful disappointment as that? Is it true that you're going back to America?"

"Quite true."

"Take me back with you."

"With a couple of children?"

"No. Only with one. I can dispose of the other in England. Wait a little before you say no. Do you want money?"

"You couldn't help me, if I did."

"Marry me, and I can help you to a fortune."

He eyed her attentively, and saw that she was in earnest. "What do you call a fortune?" he asked.

"Five thousand pounds," she answered.

"Where's the proof of it?" he said, sternly.

She produced her husband's letter. He listened with the closest attention while she read. The question of stealing the diamonds did not trouble either of them. It was a settled question, by tacit consent, on both sides.

They looked at each other. They were made for each other, and they both felt it. At the same time, James kept his own interests steadily in view. He stated the obvious objection to the cipher. Experts had already tried to interpret the signs, and had failed.

"Quite true," she added, "but other people may succeed."

CHAPTER IV.

An advertisement in the newspapers, addressed to persons skilled in the interpretation of ciphers, now represented Mrs. Westerfield's only chance of discovering where the diamonds were hidden. The first answer that she received made some amends for previous disappointment. It offered references to gentlemen, whose names were in themselves a sufficient guarantee. She verified the references nevertheless, and paid a visit to her correspondent on the same day.

His personal appearance was not in his favor—he was old and dirty, infirm and poor. His mean room was littered with shabby books. When Mrs. Westerfield attempted to enter into explanations he rudely interrupted her. "Show me your cipher," he said; "I don't promise to study it unless I find it worth my while."

Mrs. Westerfield was alarmed. "Do you mean that you want a large sum of money?" she asked.

"I mean that I don't waste my time on easy ciphers invented by fools."

She laid the slip of paper on his desk. "Waste your time on that," she said satirically, "and see how you like it!"

He examined it—first with his bleared red-rimmed eyes; then with a magnifying glass. The only expression of opinion that escaped him was indicated by his actions. He shut up his book, and gloated over the signs and characters before him. On a sudden he looked at Mrs. Westerfield. "How did you come by this?" he asked.

"That's no business of yours."

"In other words you have reasons of your own for not answering my question?"

"Yes."

Drawing his own inferences from that reply, he showed his three last-left yellow teeth in a horrid grin.

"Shall you be long in finding out what it means?" she asked.

"Days may pass before I can find the clew; I won't attempt it unless you give me a week."

The week passed. Repeating her visit, Mrs. Westerfield found him still seated at his desk, still surrounded by his books, still careless of the polite attentions that he owed to a lady.

"Well?" she asked, "have you earned your money?"

"I have found the clew."

"What is it?" she burst out. "Tell me the substance, I can't wait to read."

He went on impenetrably with what he had to say. "But there are some minor combinations which I have still to discover to my own satisfaction. My work must be well done or not done at all. This is Saturday, eleventh of the month. We will say the evening of Wednesday next."

Mrs. Westerfield sufficiently controlled herself to be able to review her engagements for the coming week. On Thursday, the day exacted by the marriage license would expire, and the wedding might take place. On Friday, the express train conveyed passengers to Liverpool, to be in time for the departure of the steamer for New York on Saturday morning. Having made these calculations, she asked, with sulky submission, if she was expected to call again on the Wednesday evening.

"No. Leave me your name and address. I will send you the cipher, interpreted, at eight o'clock."

While waiting to hear from the expert, Mrs. Westerfield made her arrangements for the desertion of poor little Syd.

The person on whose assistance she could rely was an unmarried elder sister, distinguished as proprietor of a cheap girls' school in one of the suburbs of London. This lady—known to local fame as Miss Wigger—had already proposed to take Syd into training as a pupil teacher. "I'll force the child on," Miss Wigger promised, "till she can earn her board and lodging by taking my lowest class. When she gets older she will replace my regular governess, and I shall save the salary."

As the hour of eight drew near on Wednesday evening, Mrs. Westerfield's anxiety forced her to find relief in action of some kind. She opened the door of her sitting room, and listened on the stairs. It still wanted a few minutes to eight o'clock when there was a ring at the house bell. She ran down to open the door. The servant happened to be in the hall and answered the bell. The next moment the door was suddenly closed again.

"Anybody there?" Mrs. Westerfield asked.

"No, ma'am."

This seemed strange. Had the old wretch deceived her, after all? "Look in the letter box," she called out. The servant obeyed, and found a letter. Mrs. Westerfield tore it open, standing on the stairs. It contained half a sheet of common note paper. The interpretation of the cipher was written on it in these words:

"Remember, No. 12, Purbeck Road, St. John's Wood. Go to the summer house in the back garden. Count to the fourth plank in the floor, reckoning from the side wall on the right as you enter the summer house. Pry up the plank. Look under the mold and rubbish. Find the diamonds."

Mrs. Marshfield was on the point of sending for a cab and driving to his lodgings, when James came in, eager to know if the interpretation had arrived.

Keeping her suspicions to herself, she merely informed him that the interpretation was in her hands. "Put a chisel in your pocket when we go to church tomorrow morning," was the one hint she gave him.

At eleven o'clock the next morning they were united in the bonds of wedlock. On leaving the church door, the married pair began their honeymoon by driving to St. John's Wood.

A dirty printed notice in a broken window announced that the house was to let; and a sour-tempered woman informed them that they were free to look at the rooms.

The bride was in the best of humor. She set the bridegroom the example of keeping up appearances by examining the dilapidated house first. This done, she said sweetly to the person in charge: "May we look at the garden?"

"The woman made a strange answer to this request. "That's curious," she said.

James interfered for the first time. "What's curious?" he asked, roughly.

"Among all the idle people who have come here, at one time or another, to see this house," the woman said, "only two have wanted to look at the garden."

James turned on his heel and made for the summer house, leaving it to his wife to pursue the subject or not as she pleased. She did pursue the subject.

"I am one of the persons, of course," she said. "Who is the other?"

"An old man came on Monday."

The bride's pleasant smile vanished.

"What sort of person was he?" she asked.

The sour-tempered woman became sourer than ever. "Oh, how can I tell? A brute! There!"

"A brute!" The very words which the new Mrs. Bellbridge had herself used when the expert had irritated her. With serious misgivings, she, too, turned her steps in the direction of the garden.

James had already followed her instructions and used his chisel. The plank lay loose on the floor. With both his big hands he rapidly cleared away the mold and the rubbish. In a few minutes the hiding place was laid bare.

They looked into it. They looked at each other. There was the empty hole, telling its own story. The diamonds were gone.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Bellbridge eyed her husband, prepared for a furious outbreak of rage. He stood silent, staring stupidly straight before him. The shock that had fallen on his dull brain had stunned it. She took his arm and led him out to the cab that was waiting at the door.

The driver, helping him to get in, noticed a piece of paper lying on the front seat. He was about to throw it away when Mrs. Bellbridge took it out of his hand. "It isn't print," she said, "it's writing." A closer examination showed that the writing was addressed to herself.

This was what she read: "Don't trouble yourself, madam, about the diamonds. You have made a mistake—you have employed the wrong man."

Those words—and no more. Enough, surely, to justify the conclusion that he had stolen the diamonds. Was it worth while to drive to his lodgings? They tried the experiment. The expert had gone away on business—nobody knew where.

The newspaper came as usual on Friday morning. To Mrs. Bellbridge's amazement it set the question of the theft at rest, on the highest authority. An article appeared in a conspicuous position, thus expressed:

"Another of the many proofs that truth is stranger than fiction has just occurred at Liverpool. A highly respected firm of ship owners in that city received a strange letter at the beginning of the present week. Promising that he had some remarkable circumstances to communicate, the writer of the letter entered abruptly on the narrative which follows. A friend of his connected with literature had, it appeared, noticed a lady's visiting card left on his desk, and had been reminded by it of a criminal case which had excited considerable public interest at the time—the trial of Captain Westerfield for willfully casting away a ship under his command. Never having heard of the trial, the writer, at his friend's suggestion, consulted a file of newspapers—discovered the report—and became aware for the first time that a collection of Brazilian diamonds, consigned to the Liverpool firm, was missing from the wreck. A vessel when she had been boarded by the salvage party, and had not been found since. Events which it was impossible for him to mention had revealed to his knowledge a hiding place in which these same diamonds—in all probability—were concealed. This circumstance had left him no alternative, as an honest man, but to be beforehand with the persons, who contemplated stealing the precious stones. He had accordingly taken them under his protection until they were identified and claimed by the rightful owners. In now appealing to these gentlemen, he stipulated that the claim should be set forth in writing, addressed to him under initials at a postoffice in London. If the lost property was identified to his satisfaction he would meet—at a specified place, and on a certain day and hour—a person accredited by the firm, and would personally restore the diamonds, without claiming a reward. The conditions being complied with, this remarkable interview took place; the writer of the letter, described as an infirm old man very poorly dressed, fulfilled his engagement, took his receipt, and walked away without even waiting to be thanked. It is only an act of justice to add that the diamonds were afterward counted, and not one of them was missing."

Miserable, deservedly miserable, married pair! The stolen fortune, on which they had counted, had slipped through their fingers. The berths in the steamer for New York had been taken and paid for. James had married a woman, with nothing besides herself to bestow on him, except an incumbrance in the shape of a boy.

By a refinement of cruelty, not one word had been said to prepare little Syd for the dreary change that was now close at hand in her young life. The poor child had seen the preparations for departure, and tried to imitate her mother in packing up. She had collected her few morsels of darned and ragged clothing, and had gone upstairs to put them into one of the dilapidated old trunks in the great playground, when the servant was sent to bring her back to the sitting room. There, enthroned in an easy chair, sat a strange lady; and there, hiding behind the chair in undisguised dislike of the visitor, was her little brother Roderick. Syd looked timidly at her mother and her mother said:

"Here is your aunt."

"Make your courtesy, child," said Miss Wigger. Nature had so toned her voice as to make it worthy of the terrors of her face. But for her petticoats, it would have been certainly taken for the voice of a man.

The child obeyed, trembling.

"You are to go away with me," the school mistress proceeded, "and to be taught to make yourself useful under my roof."

Syd seemed to be incapable of understanding the fate that was in store for her. She sheltered herself behind her merciless mother. "I'm going away with you, mamma," she said—"with you and Rick."

Her mother took her by the shoulders and pushed her across the room to her aunt.

"You belong to me," said Miss Wigger, "and I have come to take you away." At those dreadful words, terror shook little Syd from head to foot. She fell on her knees with a cry of misery that might have melted the heart of a savage. "Oh, mamma, mamma, don't leave me behind! What have I done to deserve it? Oh, pray, pray, pray have some pity on me!"

Her mother was as selfish and as cruel a woman as ever lived. But even her hard heart felt faintly the influence of the most intimate and most sacred of all human relationships. Her florid cheeks turned pale. She hesitated.

Miss Wigger marked that moment of maternal indecision—and saw that it was time to assert her experience as an instructress of youth.

"Leave it to me," she said to her sister. "You never did know, and you never will know, how to manage children."

She advanced. The child threw herself shrieking on the floor. Miss Wigger's long arms caught her up—held her—shook her. "Be quiet, you imp!" It was needless to tell her to be quiet. Syd's little curly head sank on the school mistress' shoulder. She was carried into exile without a word or a cry—she had fainted.

CHAPTER VI.

Time's march moves slowly where weary lives languish in dull places. Dating from one unkept and unacknowledged birthday to another, Sydney Westerfield had attained the sixth year of her martyrdom at school. In that long interval no news of her mother, her brother, or her stepfather had reached England. Roderick Westerfield's daughter was, in the saddest sense of the word, alone in the world.

The hands of the ugly old clock in the school room were approaching the time when the studies in the morning would come to an end. Wearily waiting for their release, the scholars saw an event happen which was a novelty in their domestic experience. The maid-of-all-work put her head in at the door, and interrupted Miss Wigger conducting the education of the first class.

"If you please, miss, there's a gentleman in the drawing room," she said. "And here's his card."

Being a mortal creature, the school mistress was accessible to the promptings of curiosity. She snatched the card out of the girl's hand.

Mr. Herbert Linley, Mount Morven, Perthshire. "I don't know this person," Miss Wigger declared. "You wretch, have you let a thief into the house?"

"A gentleman, if ever I see one yet," the servant retorted.

Miss Wigger referred to the card again, and discovered (faintly traced in pencil) these words: "To see Miss S. W."

The school mistress instantly looked at Miss Westerfield. Miss Westerfield rose from her place at the head of her class.

At a loss to understand the audacity of her teacher in rising before the class was dismissed, Miss Wigger began by asserting her authority. She did in two words: "Sit down!"

"I wish to explain, ma'am.

"Sydney Westerfield, you are setting the worst possible example to your class. I shall see this man myself. Will you sit down?"

Pale already, Sydney turned paler still. She obeyed the word of command—to the high delight of the girls of her class.

Miss Wigger entered her drawing room. With the slightest possible inclination of her head, she eyed the stranger through her green spectacles. The servant's estimate of him was beyond dispute. Mr. Herbert Linley's good breeding was even capable of suppressing all outward expression of the dismay that he felt on finding himself face to face with the formidable person who had received him.

"What is your business, if you please?" Miss Wigger began.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he said, "in answer to an advertisement." He paused and took a newspaper from the pocket of his overcoat. He opened it and pointed to the advertisement.

"A young lady wishes to be employed in the education of a little girl. Possessing but few accomplishments, and having been only a junior teacher at a school, she offers her services on trial, leaving it to her employer to pay whatever salary she may be considered to deserve."

"Most impertinent!" said Miss Wigger

Mr. Linley looked astonished.

"I say, most impertinent!" Miss Wigger repeated. "One of my teachers has issued an advertisement, and has referred to my address, without first consulting me. Have I made myself understood, sir?" She looked at the carriage when she called him "sir."

But just here the door was opened; a young lady entered the room.

Was this the writer of the advertisement? He felt sure of it, for no better reason than this: The moment he looked at her she interested him.

"What do you mean by coming here?" Miss Wigger inquired.

"I wish to know," she said, "if this gentleman desires to see me, on the subject of my advertisement?"

"Your advertisement?" Miss Wigger repeated. "Miss Westerfield, how dare you beg for employment in a newspaper, without asking my leave?"

"I only waited to tell you what I had done, till I knew whether my advertisement would be answered or not."

She spoke as calmly as before, still submitting to the insolent authority of the school mistress with a steady fortitude, very remarkable in any girl—and especially in a girl whose face revealed a sensitive nature. Linley approached her, and said his few kind words before Miss Wigger could assert herself for the third time.

"I am afraid I have taken a liberty in answering you personally, when I ought to have answered by letter. My only excuse is that I have no time to arrange for an interview, in London, by correspondence. I live in Scotland, and I am obliged to return by the mail to-night."

He paused. She was looking at him. Did she understand him?

She understood him only too well. For the first time, poor soul, in the miserable years of her school life, she saw eyes that rested on her with the sympathy that is too truly felt to be uttered in words. Her head sank; her wasted figure trembled; a few tears dropped slowly on the bosom of her shabby dress. She tried, desperately tried, to control herself. "I beg your pardon, sir," was all she could say; "I am not very well."

(To be continued.)

Sold Tickets on Him.

It is good to be a celebrity, and it is sometimes profitable merely to recognize one. While Chauncey M. Depew was at the Omaha exposition, says the New York Times, he and President Callaway of the New York Central chanced to go into a booth on the Midway Plaisance.

It was a tame entertainment and there was only a meagre attendance when Mr. Depew and Mr. Callaway entered. Their stay would have been very brief except for the fact that they had scarcely taken their seats before there began a steady inpouring of people, which continued until the small auditorium was crowded.

Taking this extraordinary increase of spectators as an indication that something of an interesting nature was about to be disclosed, the two New-Yorkers concluded to sit it out. Half an hour's waiting failed to reward their patient expectancy, however, and Mr. Callaway suggested that they move on.

Just then ex-Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton pushed his way through the crowd, and extending his hand to Mr. Depew exclaimed:

"Well, Doctor Depew, so you are really here! I thought that 'barker' was lying."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Depew.

"Why, the 'barker' for this show is standing outside and inviting the crowd to 'step up lively' and pay ten cents for the privilege of seeing the 'great and only Chauncey M. Depew.'"

Ingenuity.

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out-of-school activities of young people of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself. In describing the ingenuity of boys, a writer in the Atlantic Monthly gives the following:

One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with but a few hints and out of the most meagre material.

I know boys who have belt-lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets; and a boy who, last year, was the despair of his teachers, now deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a most ingenious electrical boat.

An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenuity or the natural history specimens that they have collected will result in an exhibition which, in variety and quality, will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

Question of Price.

"That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine."

"What did she say?"

"She said I ought to make it 10 cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."

No Argument.

"I beg your pardon!" said the patient in a haughty way; "it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!"

And he went out to look for another physician.

Bilkins—"Who was it wrote 'Actions speak louder than words?'" Harper—"I don't know, but I'll bet the thought occurred to him while he was trying to sneak upstairs at three o'clock in the morning."—Chicago News.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which Is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The United States gunboat Machias is at Colon.

A large sugar beet crop is expected is Southern Washington.

Michael Berry, a noted Colorado burglar has been arrested.

Relations are still disturbed between France and Turkey.

Two men were killed while trying to shut off a new Texas oil gusher.

Colombians generally expect the revolutionary movement to succeed.

Shaffer says the move to settle the steel strike is without official sanction.

Englishmen are confident that Sir Thomas Lipton is going to win the America's cup.

Howard, who deserted the Americans to become a Filipino leader, has been captured.

Cardinal Gibbons was given a royal welcome on his return to Baltimore from Europe.

By the explosion of a bomb in New Jersey three men were seriously injured and several women and children slightly.

A vessel was stolen from a dock in Maryland and the thieves tried to escape with her. They were overtaken later.

Department of justice upholds the secretary of the navy in withholding the royalty on the Harvey steel-hardening patent.

The overhauling to which the various royal palaces of King Edward is being subjected, has disclosed vast treasures that have been hidden for years.

Lord Kitchener reports that a column sent into Cape Colony was attacked by the Boers and three officers and 65 men captured. One man was killed and four wounded.

Boers resumed activity in Cape Colony.

A German steamer and eight sailors were lost.

A gale wrecked a number of buildings in Jersey City.

A Tennessee Negro murderer was burned at the stake.

Turkey will not buy the quays of the French company.

Steel workers are willing to make concessions to end strike.

United States Attorney Evans, of Minnesota, died suddenly.

Nogales, Ariz., officials are implicated in a smuggling plot.

Striking machinists in Chicago ignore an order against picketing.

One hundred Filipino insurgents surrendered during the past week.

San Francisco iron workers' strike was settled in favor of the laborers.

The military force at Manila will be increased to prevent a possible uprising.

A movement is on foot for a general shut down of all shingle mills in Washington.

Venezuela will lay its case before the state department in order to ward off intervention.

Castle Rock, on the Columbia river has been scaled by a party of climbers from Portland.

Sir Thomas Lipton has arrived in New York.

The navy department has denied a request from Schley.

A coast survey observatory will be established at Sitka, Alasak.

Two men were arrested for passing the bills of a defunct New Jersey bank.

Fifteen persons were drowned by the capsizing of a French coasting vessel.

Murderer Nordstrom of Washington, has given up all hope of escaping the gallows.

A Colombian gunboat sank immediately after leaving Savanilla for Cartagena.

A change of one point in the course of the steamer Islander caused her to strike the iceberg.

The cable between Nome and St. Michaels is broken in several places and cannot be repaired.

An explosion in the tunnel being bored in Lake Erie for Cleveland's water works system, cost five lives.

The census bureau gives St. Joseph, Mo., as the healthiest city in the United States, and Portland, Oregon, as the second healthiest.

Winters, who stole the $330,000 in gold bullion from the Selby Smelting Co., of Vallejo, Cal., was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment.

Birtish public expenses are running nearly $2,000,000 per week beyond last year.

A New York judge decides that insurance companies cannot be compelled to make good damages resulting from explosions.

Henry B. Dean, of St. Louis, claims to have found the secret of perpetual motion. He has been working on this great problem for 12 years.

BOLD ACT OF AN AMERICAN.

Captured a Deserter Who Was a Filippino Leader.

Manila, Aug. 28.—Pilcher's first dispatch from Mindoro tells how Lieutenant Hazzard, of the Third artillery, commanding a troop of Macabebe scouts, captured the American deserter, Howard, who, as leader of the Filipinos, had been annoying the Americans for many months. Ferguson, one of Lieutenant Hazzard's civilian scouts, disguised as an insurgent, with eight Macabebes, penetrated into the camp of Colonel Atienza, commanding 240 riflemen and 200 bolomen, at night, located Howard, bound and gagged him and carried him away without disturbing the camp.

Insurgent Forces Captured.

Manila, Aug. 28.—Captain Harold L. Jackson, of the First infantry recently surprised General Lukban at Pampubiken in the mountains of the island of Samar. Three of the general's guards were killed, and Lukban was wounded, but escaped. His family was captured. A captain and a lieutenant were also made prisoners.

Ovation for Governor Taft.

Manila, Aug. 28.—Civil Governor Taft received at Aparri, province of Cagayan, the greatest ovation of his trip. He announced that Aparri would be a port of entry, and receive a large appropriation for the improvement of the harbor and Cagayan river.

BOERS IN CAPE COLONY.

Town of Oudschern Threated — Delarney's Counter Proclamation.

London, Aug. 28.—South African dispatches show that the Boers continue active in Cape Colony. Sharp skirmishing has occurred near Uniondale, a day's ride from the sea, while Commandant's Schepp's commando is threatening the important town of Oudschern, 30 miles from the Indian ocean.

In Brussels it is asserted that Commandant General Botha has ordered the Boer commanders in the future to retain all captured British as hostages in case Lord Kitchener carries out the threats of his latest proclamation.

The war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener dated at Pretroia today;:

"Delarey has issued a counter proclamation, warning all Boers against my latest proclamation, declaring that they will continue struggling."

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Military Forces at Manila Will Be Increased to Guard Against Uprising.

Manila, Aug. 28. — Word was received that the insurgent colonel, Loreel, with 17 officers and 13 men, surrendered yesterday to Captain Brown, of the Fourth Infantry, at Talisa. The surrender of numerous other small contingents during the week brings the total up to more than 100.

In the city of Manila there are now less than 1,000 effective soldiers, and it has been decided to increase this number by four companies of infantry. The official reason for the increase is that the guard duty is too heavy for the present force. As a matter of fact, however, there is a feeling that, although there is no apparent prospect of trouble, nevertheless, in the event of an uprising in the future, such as is always possible among the Malays, it would be better to have a sufficient body of troops available.

Another Touch of Summer.

Topeka, Kansas, Aug. 28. — Kansas was given another touch of summer today after three weeks of very moderate weather, accompanied by cool nights and occasional rains. The temperature in some places was recorded at 106, and at Topeka the mercury hovered around the 105 mark. The rise in the temperature was not predicted, and came wholly unexpected. Wichita recorded 104; Salina 105; Atchison 102. At Leavenworth there were several prostrations.

The Danish Antilles.

Copenhagen, Aug. 27.—A prominent politician in the counsels of the ministry today told a representative of the Associated Press that a sale of the Danish West Indies, it was confidently expected, would be consummated before the close of the present year.

Chaun's Illness a Pretext for Delay.

Rome, Aug. 28.—The illness of Prince Chun, brother of the emperor of China, who with a Chinese mission has arrived at Basle, Switzerland, on his way to Berlin to apologize for the assassination of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister at Pekin, is, according to a dispatch received here today from Basle, a pretext for delay, Prince Chun having received orders from Pekin not to proceed, as fresh complications have arisen with reference to the protocol.

Decline in Indian Famine Relief List.

London, Aug. 28.—The Indian office has received the following dispatch from Lord Curzon, viceroy of India: "The rains are irregularly distributed. They are particularly deficient in the rice districts, while excessive rains have caused damage to crops in the northern and central provinces. Prices are generally falling. There is a slight decline in the number of persons on the famine relief list, the total now being 507,000."

NEWS OF THE STATE

TEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The Florence salmon cannery will start up next week.

Prunes are beginning to move in earnest at The Dalles.

The Jacksonville public schools will open September 2.

A race meeting will probably be held in Pendleton this fall.

The Klamath county wheat crop will not be as large as it was last year.

Hopgrowers at Woodburn complain of a scarcity of help to harvest the crop.

The wheat crop of Jackson county is turning out much better than expected.

The Sherman county Horse Fair Association will hold a fair at Wasco some time this fall to encourage the breeding of good horses of all kinds.

The first crop of alfalfa in Klamath has been cut and cared for. The second crop, which will be cut next month, promises to be much larger than the first.

The following schools in Polk county are without teachers, and in each case a good one is wanted: Concord, Lincoln, Bridgeport, and the primary department at Falls City.

The apple crop of the Rogue River valley promises to be a great income-producer during the present year. Not only is the yield a full one, but the quality is finer than usual.

From several sources comes the report that Bartlett pears will be scarce this fall. In many orchards the trees did not bear at all, while in others the trees seem to be drying up.

Owing to the delay in the receipt of the new text books, it has been decided by the board of directors of the Ashland public schools to postpone the opening of the fall term one week, or until September 9.

It is expected that the Southern Oregon district will ship 275 car loads of apples during the present crop year, and the fruit will all be first class. The unusual demand for Oregon apples is created by the partial failure of the crop in the middle states and by the long season of drought in Missouri.

There is every prospect of a fair yield of hops in Polk county.

The Ager-Klamath Falls stage was held up and robbed of the treasure box.

The postoffice at Ruby, Douglas county, will be discontinued on August 31.

The log raft is still stuck at the entrance to the Westport slough, near Astoria.

Eugene has not had such a building boom in years as is at present being experienced.

The Polk county grain crop this year will be the largest harvested in several years.

The committees in charge of the Baker City street carnival, to be held September 3-7, report excellent success.

Portland Markets.

Wheat — Walla Walla, nomina 56½c per bushel; bluestem, 56½@57c; valley, 55½@56.

Flour—best grades, $2.65@3.50 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—Old, $1.10@1.15 per cental.

Barley—Feed, $15@15.50; brewing, $15.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $27 per ton; middlings, $21.50; shorts, $20; chop, $16.

Hay—Timothy, $11@13; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 22½@25c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 11@12c per pound.

Eggs—17@17½c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 11@11½c; Young America, 12½c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.00@3.75; hens, $4.50@5.50; dressed, 10@11c per pound; springs, $2.50@3.50 per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $3.00@3.50 for young; geese, $5@6 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12½c per pound.

Mutton — Lambs, 3½c, gross; dressed, 6@7c per pound; sheep, $3.25, gross; dressed, 6@6½c per lb.

Hogs — Gross, heavy, $5.75@6; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Veal — Small, 8@9c; large, 7@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $3.50@4.00; cows and heifers, $3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@14c per pound.

Wool — Valley, 11@13½c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—$1@$1.10 per sack.

There are 649 1-3 millions of men and 633 2-3 millions of women in this world, giving the men a majority of 15 1-3 millions.

For the first time during his pontificate of 23 years Pope Leo recently entertained eight guests at luncheon in the vatican.

George W. Ranck, one of the best known literary men of Kentucky, was struck and killed by a Louisville & Nashville train at Lexington.