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Table with columns: DAILY, READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP, DAILY.

All trains make close connections at Goble with Northern Pacific trains to and from the East and south points. At Portland with all trains leaving Union depot. At Astoria with I. R. & N. Co.'s boat and rail line and steamer T. J. Foster to and from Lewis and North Beach points.

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BRIGHT'S DISEASE. The largest sum ever paid for a prescription changed hands in San Francisco, August 30, 1901. The transfer is involved in coin and stock \$112,500.00, and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

When June said her promised visit to Madge next day, she felt rather perturbed and uncomfortable in her mind. Madge would of course expect to hear that she had vanquished Tom in single combat, and had come to take her back in triumph to the Hall, from which yesterday she had been so ignominiously turned away. But June was painfully conscious that it was she who had been vanquished, for, fearful of any rupture of their new-born harmony, she had not mentioned the name of either cousin to Tom. She knew instinctively that he would not give in, if he made any amende to Madge, it would only be on condition of his wife doing the same to Agnes.

Her ladyship, therefore, was forced to answer Madge's eager cross-questioning somewhat lamely and haltingly, and gradually there came into that shrewd young lady's face an expression of profound disappointment.

"Then," she said, in a mortified tone, "you did not take my part, and you have not been even with Tom!" "My dear child," replied June, desperately, "if you are married to a man, it is impossible to live in a state of strife and quarreling with him, unless you want to break your own heart. What is to be gained by my being on bad terms with Tom?" "Well," replied Madge, "I don't understand. I should have thought you, who are fifty times cleverer and have fifty times more spirit than Tom, would have turned him round your finger. Why, any child could do it."

Two days passed, and though Sir Thomas and Lady Nevill were apparently on the best of terms, neither was really at ease. June missed Madge and wanted to have her back at the Hall, but was afraid to broach the subject, and Tom knew that she missed her cousin, and felt vexed about the misunderstanding, but was convinced that he would be doing wrong to Agnes and conniving at an injustice if Madge returned to her old relations at the house while Agnes was left out in the cold.

On the third day, June, feeling the hopelessness of the situation, said, in a matter-of-fact voice at luncheon, in the presence of the servants: "Shall we ask them all at the rectory to come up and dine to-morrow?" And Tom responded most heartily, and with an enormous sense of relief: "Ay, my dear, do." Her ladyship was the more disposed to make the concession in that her husband had met her wishes about taking a house in London in the kindest manner. That he did not like the idea was evident, but so far from combating the proposal, he had given in to it at once, and agreed that his mother should take a house and make all necessary preparations. He would not give any ground about going up much himself, but if June came down every week he and the boy would manage to get along for the rest of the time. Lady Nevill wrote an affectionate note to Mrs. Bryan asking them all to dine the



CHAPTER XXII. "I do not suspect you of anything," said June, with a quiver in her voice, "but I know that hateful woman has got some dreadful influence over you, and is always plotting to cause unhappiness between us. Here I have been away and was coming back happy and delighted to see you, and I am made wretched the instant I set foot in the house, and all through her!" "No, no," said Tom. "Be just. Put the saddle on the right horse. All through Madge. If she hadn't come sneaking and spying up here this morning she wouldn't have got my back up and made me say what I did, and which she most richly deserved. As for the other poor girl, no one was ever more mistaken in this world than you are about her. Why, she speaks of you in the kindest way."

"And," proceeded June, working herself up more and more, and tears again rushing to her eyes, "now you have deprived me of my only friend here, and the only person I have to amuse me, I hope you will be happy." At this last she, given merely in jest, in a reflection of temper, Tom rose, mightily grieved and wrathful. He never said anything he did not mean merely for the momentary pleasure of wounding, but, on the other hand, he rarely could be brought to retract anything he had once said.

"Then," he said, "if that is the case, heaven help your husband and child!" And, with that, he strode from the room, leaving June with a sickening sense of general misery. June had some sound good sense when it was not obscured by temper, as the sky is blue though the clouds hide its color. And presently she told herself that this state of things must be stopped, and stopped at once. So, suddenly she rose, and fled downstairs to Tom's room. He was sitting staring gloomily at the window. She sat down on his knee, took the pipe from which she had been indulging upstairs, but he had a refuge and resource which she had not—his pipe. June had not come to argue, to fight, the quarrel over again, and possibly to make a worse ending than before; she had brought a flag of truce, and left all explanations for a future time. She sat on his knee, put her pretty arms round his neck and her red lips to his, and said, with a faltering voice: "My darling, don't let us have any more misunderstandings!"

And, with that, Tom clasped her passionately to his heart, and a sob rose in his throat, and for the moment they forgot everything but that they loved each other. When June said her promised visit to Madge next day, she felt rather perturbed and uncomfortable in her mind. Madge would of course expect to hear that she had vanquished Tom in single combat, and had come to take her back in triumph to the Hall, from which yesterday she had been so ignominiously turned away.

CHAPTER XXIII. Mrs. Ellesmere and Dallas arrived together for the first time, at the moment that he to say, three-quarters of an hour before dinner, in time to exchange greetings, to have five minutes' chat, and then to go off and dress for dinner. The dinner was of the merriest. June was in the highest spirits—Dallas the same—Mrs. Ellesmere in her very best mood. The dinner was perfection, and conversation never flagged for a moment. Tom's perceptions were not particularly quick, but they must have been slow indeed had he not observed the transformation in his wife. She had been so quiet lately, and dinner had been rather a solemn performance, not enlivened by any very brilliant conversation. But to-night her ladyship's charming face was dimpled by smiles, her eyes were full of light. He supposed she wore a different sort of gown, for she looked somehow, even prettier and more elegant than usual. Dallas had the odd manner which Tom had been wont half to admire, half to be amused at. His mother was a good talker, and the three seemed to have topics of interest and amusement which were Greek to Tom. The talk was chiefly of people, mutual friends, and it was evident that they found it immensely engaging and absorbing, and all took equal pleasure in it.

The two following days there were more guests at the Hall, for June took the opportunity of Mrs. Ellesmere's visit to give dinners to their country neighbors, and some who came from a distance stayed in the house. Dallas was invaluable in helping to entertain them, and Madge brought her services from the rectory. But Dallas confided to his hostess that he was perfectly delighted when they were all gone, and expressed a hope, conched in deferential though emphatic terms, that she would never consider it necessary to ask any one there for his benefit, as it only prevented his enjoying the society of the lady from whose presence he derived the most pleasure.

It was now the fourth day after his arrival. The amoules had departed with the last batch of guests; the morning was wet, and they were wondering how they should amuse themselves, when her ladyship had a happy inspiration. Battledore and shuttle-cock. These were found after a search; the battledores were dried by the hall fire, and the shuttle-cocks had their feathers rearranged, and Dallas and June began their game. Now, to thoroughly experienced players, there is not very much excitement in the game of battledore; the players stand still in the same place and the shuttle-cock takes its flight regularly and unbrokenly between them; but to beginners it involves a great deal of rushing and tearing about, violent dashes forward and backward, and is provocative of a great amount of laughter. At the moment when the game was at its height, and peals of mirth were issuing from the lips of Dallas and June, Agnes, arrayed in her waterproof, arrived at the hall door, and the same instant Tom happened to issue from his den, and proceeded to let her in.

"Is that June's voice?" she asked, putting on the most surprised and shocked expression her parsimonious face was capable of. "What is she doing?" "She and Dal are playing battledore," answered Tom, and then, for the first time, the idea occurred to him, or rather was forced upon him by Agnes' face, that their mirth was rather exuberant. "Oh!" she uttered, putting a volume of expression into the word. June had just sunk, breathless from laughing and running, into a chair, and Dallas leaned against the wall in much the same condition. Both their faces were becomingly flushed from excitement and exercise, and, to unjaundiced eyes, they would have seemed the picture of two handsome, happy and innocently amused young people. But not to the evasive eyes of Agnes, and she allowed them to express to June how very much scandalized she was by such levity. In a moment June read her cousin's face, and a thrill of anger and defiance shot through her breast, which the previous moment had been a harbor of peace and happiness.

ed. Would you like to have a turn with Tom?" "No, I thank you," replied Agnes, frigidly. "I did not know it was a game grown-up people played."

"Did you not?" said June, lightly. "Ah, that comes of living in the country. One sees and knows so little." "Perhaps one is the better for that," returned Agnes, in her most schoolmistress-like manner. "I doubt it," retorted June. "Now, Dal, I have recovered my breath. Shall we go on?" It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name, and she would not have done it now but that Agnes had inspired her with a furious desire to do something that would give her cousin cause to be shocked.

"May I go and see darling boy?" said Agnes to Tom, with a glance of deepest commiseration, and he replied cheerily that he would go with her. "The game no longer had any charm for June; she felt as though the serpent had entered paradise, and, after five minutes, she declared she was tired. "I must go and write some letters," she said, and Dallas pleaded that he might be allowed to occupy himself in the same way in her company. So they took themselves to her ladyship's boudoir, where she supplied him with the requisite materials, and then sat down to her writing-table.

Dallas had come for the inside of a week, and sorely sorry was his hostess to see him depart on the Saturday morning. It was like sunshine going out of the house. June went to the door to see her guest off, and returned to her room with a decided sinking at her heart, knowing that his bright face and voice would make themselves terribly missed, and suddenly burst into a fit of crying. Agnes passed the window, and stopped for a moment to look in. As she reached the hall door, Tom was coming round from the stables. "Oh, Tom," she said, with well-feigned anxiety, "there is nothing the matter with darling boy, is there?" "No," he answered, startled—"certainly not. But why?"

"Why, I just came round past the morning room," returned Agnes, innocently, "and I saw poor June crying so dreadfully that I thought—I was afraid—"

"June crying!" exclaimed Tom; and then he paused abruptly, as a most unpleasant thought smote him. Dinner that night was a very different sort of function from what it had been of late. A gloom seemed to have fallen on the party.

"How silent we all are!" observed Mrs. Ellesmere, as it was drawing to a close, "and how dreadfully I miss that dear boy! Don't you, my dear?" to June. "Yes," answered June, and at that moment she caught Tom's eye fixed on her in a manner she neither liked nor understood, and was deeply mortified to find herself growing crimson.

(To be continued.) THE GREAT AUK. Bones of a Fine Specimen Recently Found in Ireland. Slowly but surely a number of creatures are disappearing from the fauna of the world, and the process has become more rapid during the last hundred years. Among these lost or moribund species is the great auk, which is now only known from specimens in collections, or from the occasional discovery of its bones in circumstances which in themselves often help to explain the cause of its disappearance. It has just been announced that some bones of the great auk have been found in a kitchen midden in the north of Ireland. The phrase is indirectly an epithet: "Killed and eaten by man" was the end of this bird. A kitchen midden is nothing more nor less than a primeval refuse-heap. The term is the translation of the Scandinavian name, for, as it happens, these refuse-heaps are particularly large and abundant on some parts of the Danish coast. Practically, they are shell-mounds. Primal man, when he lived upon the sea coast, made full use of the food which he found ready to hand. To be a fisherman requires some skill; but to gather mussels from the rocks may be done by the lowest savage. So "the first oyster" was an experiment of such a remote antiquity that we know not by what manner of men it was made. Perhaps they had not even gotten so far as to chip flints into shape; at any rate, in all probability their handicraft was very primitive, their notions of dress rudimentary. In Denmark, on the eastern coast, heaps of shells, of which the contents have been eaten, are by no means rare. Sir John Lubbock describes, in his "Pre-historic Times," one of the largest, at Mellgard, in northeast Jutland, as a great flatland mound, about ten feet thick in the middle, composed almost entirely of shells. These usually belong to four species—the oyster, the cockle, the mussel and the periwinkle, the first being the commonest at that particular place. All, it will be noticed, are still eaten, though the oyster, from an ordinary article of food, has become a luxury. Besides these, as might be expected in a refuse heap which, no doubt, was formed close to a settlement, other odds and ends are found, though much more rarely, such as bones of various beasts and birds, chipped flints or other stone implements, and fragments of a very coarse pottery. These relics belong to the Neolithic age—that is, to a time when men were sufficiently advanced to have acquired the art of making weapons of polished stone, though they were ignorant of the use of metals. Such refuse heaps are met with in other countries, more especially on the coasts of Wales, Scotland and Ireland, though they are usually smaller in size than those of Denmark. In them, more than once, the bones of the great auk have been found. Time has brought about its revenges. In those days the bird was, no doubt, valued, but simply because it was good to eat, and there was plenty of it. A hundred years ago sailors took exactly the same view as man in the Stone Age. Now it is difficult to imagine what price a specimen in the flesh would command; for in April, 1856, a bird of 350 guineas was refused for a skin, and at the same time an egg sold for 180 guineas.

THE LEGISLATURE

WHAT THE LAWMAKERS OF OREGON ARE DOING AT SALEM.

Bills of Importance That are Being Introduced and Acted Upon in Both Houses—Measures Signed by the Governor—Progress of the Balloting for United States Senator.

Friday. Final ballot—Fulton 46, Geer 3, Wood 17, Scott 21, scattering and absent 3. The senate—To appropriate \$100,000 for Indian war veterans, passed. To make taxes payable in the fall, passed. To require that the polls at general election be kept open until 7 P. M., passed.

The House—For bureau of mines, passed. To provide great seal for the state, passed. To provide for licensing of plumbers, passed.

Thursday. The vote—Fulton 33, Geer 27, Wood 17, Williams 6, scattering 5, absent 2. The Senate—To repeal scalp bounty law, passed. To change name of Reform school to Industrial school, passed. To create a bureau of labor, passed.

The House—To change boundaries of Washington and Columbia counties, reconsidered and passed. To fix salary of state printer, passed. To extend terms of assessors to four years, passed.

Wednesday. The vote—Fulton 32, Geer 27, Wood 16, scattering 10, absent and paired 5. The Senate—To put initiative and referendum into effect, passed. For creation of a bureau of mines, passed. To appropriate \$10,000 per year for state fair, passed. For the construction of a bridge across the Willamette at Portland, passed.

The House—A resolution was adopted allowing the widows of the three penalized guards killed by Tracy \$1,000 each was adopted. To fix boundary of Washington county, failed. To compensate Indian war veterans with \$100,000, passed.

Both houses adopted a resolution to adjourn Friday night at midnight. Tuesday. The vote—Fulton 33, Geer 25, Wood 15, Williams 6, scattering 6, paired 5. The Senate—To create office of state examiner of public records, passed. To authorize Indian war veterans to bring suit against the state upon their claims, passed. To repeal law exempting public officers from garnishment proceedings, passed. The senate adopted a resolution to adjourn Friday, February 20, at 12 o'clock P. M.

The House—To provide for flat salary, passed. To change name of Reform school to Industrial school, passed. To fix boundary of Willowa county, passed. For new bridge across Willamette at Portland, passed.

Clackamas county school teachers will hold an institute at Oregon City February 28. Labor unions of Oregon City blame Senator Brownell for the failure of the eight hour bill to pass.

The monument to the Second Oregon dead has been placed in position at Riverview cemetery, Portland. Work on the Lewis and Clark fair grounds has commenced. Professor James M. Martindale, president of the Weston normal school, died last Sunday after a protracted illness. Another rich strike has been made in the old Virtue mine, near Baker City, a pocket being found which will yield thousands of dollars.

The Marion county tax roll for 1902 has been placed in the hands of the sheriff for collection. The roll represents a total of \$22,604.69. PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Valley Walla, 75@77c; bluestem, 88c; walla, 78@80c. Barley—Food, 42.50 per ton; brewing, 42. Flour—Best grade, 44.30@4.85; Graham, 43.45@3.85. Millstuffs—Bran, 18@19 per ton; middlings, 23@24; shorts, 19@20, chop, 18. Oats—No. 1 white, 11.15 @ 1.20; gray, 11.12 1/2 @ 1.15 per cental. Hay—Timothy, 11@12; clover, 8@9; cheat, 9@10 per ton. Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 60@75c per sack; ordinary, 40@50c per cental, growers' prices; Merced sweets, 22 @ 2.25 per cental. Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 12 1/2c; young, 11@12c; hens, 12c; turkeys, live, 15@16c; dressed, 18@20c; ducks, 7@7.50 per dozen; geese, 7@8.50. Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16 1/2 @ 17c; Young America, 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2c; factory prices, 1@1 1/2c less. Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@32c per pound; extras, 30c; dairy, 20 @ 22 1/2c; store, 18@18c. Eggs—23 1/2 @ 24 per dozen. Hops—Choice, 22@27c per pound. Wool—Valley, 12 1/2 @ 15c; Eastern Oregon, 8@14 1/2c; mohair, 26@28c. Beef—Gross, cows, 3@3 1/2c per pound; steers, 4@4 1/2c; dressed, 7 1/2c. Veal—7 1/2 @ 8 1/2c. Mutton—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7 1/2c. Lamb—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7 1/2c. Hogs—Gross, 6 1/2c per pound; dressed, 7@7 1/2c.