TERMS:

One copy, one year, in advance

Address,

T. L. DUGGER.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Western Union telegraph building of New York city burned on the 18th, creating a money loss of several hundred thousand dollars, and disarranging things in the news line at a great rate. In fact the suspension of telegraph facilities had a worse effect than the blizzard of 1888. The fire destroyed, in addition to instruments, typewriters and furrecords, dating from 1845, and a valuable reference library—an irreparable loss. All the material for the history of the growth of the press in America, contained in letters, books and files, were burned and can never be replaced. The building was supposed to be fireproof. The first five floors were filled with offices, occupied by some of the greatest railroad magnates in the world, among them Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Dr. Noryin Green and others, famous throughout the land. It is su posed the fire was caused by two electric wires becoming crossed and setting fire to the floors.

The population of several of the cities in Eastern Oregon, according to the new enumeration, is given as follows: Heppner, 700; Union, 600; Milton 534; Athlena, 503; Arlington,

A Trademark .- She-Who is that distinguished looking man across the way-the one in a light suit? He-He is a butcher, of course. Don't you notice his mutton chop whiskers?

Hon. John P. Buchanan, president of the State Farmers' Alliance, was nominated for Governor of Tennessee by the Democratic convention on the 18th, at Nashville.

In northwestern and central Russia the crops are not promising, owing to rain and exceedingly hot weather.

POLITICAL NEWS.

In the contested election cases the House committee has decided in favor of Goodrich whose seat from Florida was contested by Bell; and in favor of McGinnis, of West Virginia, whose seat was contested by Alder-

Russell Seeley, of Massachusetts, as sistant secretary of the navy; A. B. Nettleton and O. L. Spaulding, as-M. M. Somerville, Alabama, Lewis crat, Stackpole, Massachusetts, and Ferdinand M. Shurtleff, of Portland, Oregon, general appraisers of merchandise; Chris, W. Craig, register of land office at Independence, Cal.

The amendment to the sundry civil bill, repealing the withdrawal act of 1888, has passed the Senate, and such an overwhelming sentiment against the scheme has been created that it is believed the House will be compelled to accept the amendment or the bill will fail. Senator Dolph made a strong speech showing that the withdrawal of twothirds of the State of Oregon from settlement was a great injustice. He asserted that the withdrawal of the lands was simply and wholly in the interest of the railroads traversing the lands so withdrawn, and they now hold all the available lands which the inteding settler could acquire. In the course of his speech he defied any man to point to a single act of his which could be construed to be in the interest of corporations and against the settler or general government. Senator Allen, of Washington, made a strong speech in favor of the repeal of the withdrawal act. In fact all the Senators from the newly admitted States worked in harmony in favor of the repeal.

Senator Pierce, of North Dakota, has prepared an amendment to the tariff bill, which provides that after one year from the passage of the bill, the President may, in his discretion, direct that the duties imposed on sugar by the laws now in force, be re-imposed as against any nation or country failing to enter into adequate reciprocal relations with the United States regarding her agricultural products, and the president is directed and empowered to secure, by treaty or otherwise, the unrestricted entry of the agricultural products of the United States into any such country.

Senator Aldrich, of the finance committee, has prepared a similar amendment to the above, only it has a wider reach, as it were, as it relates not only to sugar but to other articles placed upon the free list by the Mc-Kinley bill, and articles placed upon the free list by former acts, covering tea, coffee, hides and other products now admitted free. It will impower the president to impose a certain per cent. of the duties or the whole duties now imposed. The intention is to prevent other countries from discriminating against American standing them in a hot stove. products by allowing the President to use retaliatory measures where out American goods.

Every established local newspaper receives subscriptions from large cities which puzzle the publisher to account for, but the New York Times ately threw some light upon this matter: "A wholesale grocer in this city, who has become rich at the business, says his rule is that when he sells a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead and invariably went for the debtor." Said he: "The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business. The withdrawal of an advertisement is evidence of a weakness that business men are not slow niture, all the books, papers, and to act upon. There's nothing like

The bitter feeling between England and France engendered by the Newfoundland question, threatens to at least unsettle the Anglo-German agreement. If France really can get her back up stiff enough she will unite with Russia in calling the legality of Anglo-German agreement into question and demand its reference to a court of European powers holding colonial possessions. Spain, which dreads England in Morocco, Denmark, which is deeply stirred over the Germanization of its ancie: t possession, Heligolad, and Belgium, which dislikes the prospect of being neighbor with Germany on the Congo frontier, are expected to stand in with France and Russia in support of their demand.

The great, politically, anniversary of the citizens of Japan, will hereafter be on July 1st, as on that day five millions of Japs voted, for the first time, for members of a national legislature. The results of this new departure in the political progress of Japan will be watched with interest by Americans, at least. The Japanese islands, geographically, occupy very much the same position on the Pacific as the British isles do in Europe. The advancement made in civilization by the Japanese in the last few years, mark them as the Saxon race of Asia, and it may be that as grand a future awaits them.

Charles H. Hewitt, murdered by Charles Belgrade, at Sellwood, last week, came to Albany, Oregon, in 1876; was admitted to prac tice in the Supreme Court the same year; was elected to the Legislature in 1878; city attorney in 1881; removed to Portland in the fall or winter of the same year. Soon after his The Senate has confirmed James arrival in Albany his wife appeared, breaking off a marriage he had con tracted with another woman. He was divorced in 1881. These facts sistant secretaries of the treasury; are collated from the Albany Demo-

> The Argentine Republic is passing through a great financial cricis. She has borrowed from England over \$500,000,000, while her total wealth is put down at \$1,600,000,000 in 1880; her total home and foreign debt aggregates at least one-half the present wealth of the entire country. "The republic seems to be hopelessly debtridden; her public works are at a standstill and thousands of laborers are out of employment. As a last resort the government is trying to sell 50,000 square leagues of land in Europe at \$1 25 an acre."

Mrs. Charles Gould is in jail in Murphy, N. C., charged with murdering her husband. She says the murder was unintentional; that her husband was a loving husband when sober; when drunk a beast. He came home from a hunt drunk, began to abuse his wife and struck her with a riding whip; in the struggle which ensued she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him blindly and furiously until she killed him. Heart-broken she lies in jail awaiting trial.

The Myrtle Creek Consolidated Gold Mining Company, of Eugene, now has a large force of men at work on their new ditch, which they expect to complete this fall. The ditch will be twenty four miles long, carry 3,000 inches of water, and give them a piping head of over 800 feet. The company has located and purchased 2,000 acres of pay dirt, and expect to be able to clean up very large profits when they get to running.

About two years ago, at Buffalo, Ma Belle Hamlen trotted a half-mile, over the Buffalo track, in 1:21, or at the rate of 2:41 for the mile. On the 12th she trotted an eighth of a mile in 143 seconds, which was at the rate of 1:58 for one mile. Her driver gave her her head and allowed her to go as fast as she wanted to, without the least urging or touch of whip. This has never been equaled by a trotting horse.

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Coffee boiled longer than one minute is coffee spoiled.

Boil clothespins in clean water once a month, and they will be much more durable.

Warm dishes for the table by emersing them in hot water, not by

Open canned fruit an hour or two before it is needed for use. It is far foreign countries attempt to keep richer when the oxygen is restored

on another man's back and he in turn was victimized by them. 'I'll send an officer with you to the

hotel," said the judge. Just then the angel appeared. It was the young widow whom Lawrence had met in the park up-town. She was in court with Mrs. Bowers, assisting that charitable lady in her work and at the same time keeping an eye open for her thieving maid, who might be expected to turn up at any time among the pris-



HIS NAME WAS JONES.

oners. During the examination of Lawrence and the impostor she had been busy with Mrs. Bowers in another part of the room, and so had not heard a word of the case. It takes an acute ear to detect any thing that goes on in a New York court, even when one stands beside the judge himself. The young lady had chanced to see Mr. Drane's tace, and in spite of the great improvement effected on it by the barber and the radical change in his garb, she recognized him. It was not immediate. and she was not altogether sure. She whispered excitedly to Mrs. Bowers:

"See! is not that the gentleman who assisted me the other morning?" Mrs. Bowers had recourse to her glasses.

"I should think so," she replied, 'from his clothes. I shouldn't be likely to forget them." "No, no; I mean the other one. I

must go up and see." Mrs. Bowers disapproved of this heartily, but the yourg widow took her own way, and presently Mr. Drane felt a light hand laid on his arm. It was at the point where the imposter had asked

to be allowed to go to his hotel. Law-rence turne, and with a joyfully leap-ir herritary the companion of his adyenture have park. He was never so glad to see anybody now re, and forgetting his situation he cried: "I am perfectly delighted to see you

She was about to reply when the judge interposed.

"You must not speak to the prisoner, madam, but you may come up here and tell me what you know about this man. You may be able to clear sup this mat-

The young lady, blushing rosily and smiling at the thought of being able to give some assistance to her benefactor, stepped before the judge and was sworn. She gave her name, but in spite of all attention Lawrence missed it in the confusion attendant upon the bringing in of several new arrests. He began to see the end of his difficulties, and joy possessed him as the judge listened with evident belief to the young lady's account of the park episode.

"And what is the gentleman's name?" asked the judge when she had finished her little story.
"Mr. Thomas Jones," replied the

widow promptly. It was the name she had heard Lawrence give at the police

groaned audibly. The impostor's face was lighted by a triumphant smile and the judge frowned. lady saw that something had gone awry and she exclaimed hysterically: "Oh, dear! Have I done any thing

wrong?" "Nothing whatever, madam," said the judge. "You may step down. Now. Mr. Thomas Jones, you told me emphatically but a few days ago that your name was Jones. Have you any thing more to say?"

"Your honor," and Lawrence's voice was ragged with emotion as he spoke: "I see that I have been continually be set with my own blunders. I blundered in lying about my name, which is really Drane; since then I have blundered at every step until I committed the last in declining to explain myself. I will gladly pay the expense of telegraphing to Kansas City. My friends there will reply to your satisfaction."

'We will let you do that, Jones," said the judge, "but meantime I shall hold you, and if a reply does not come before we adjourn you will have to remain." There was nothing for Lawrence to do

but acquiesce and write his telegram as fast as possible. This, after some judicial editing, read as follows:

SANFORD DRANE-I am held in court on suspicion of stealing my own clothes and my name. Please wire the court at once a full description of my appearance and history. L. D. Then his own statement of his ad-

ventures was taken down. If this should correspond to the account to be telegraphed he would be free. Confident of the result he followed an officer to the prison, leaving the pretty widow sitting on a front seat tearfully listening to a whispered lecture from that expert character reader, Mrs. Bowers.

The impostor, anxious to establish his case before a reply to Mr. Drane's telegram should arrive, hurried from the court accompanied by an officer They went to a Broadway hotel and marched straight up to the pompous

"Do you know this man?" asked the policeman.

"Know him?" returned the clerk, scornfully, "I should hope not!" "But you remember," cried the impostor, "that I came here this morning and took a room, don't you? I am Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City. You'll find my name on the register.

The clerk examined the big book. "There's a Mr. Drane here," he said; "I remember him. He was a welldressed man, and you-why, he wouldn't let you in at the door if you didn't come with a policeman. Besides, this Mr Drane came from New Haven."

"Oh, Lord! I forgot that!" exclaimed the impostor; "you see, I came down from New Haven on an early train. Why, I was married in New Haven yes-

The clerk turned away with a sniff of disgust. 'Come now, whatever your name is," said the officer, "don't waste any more

time. March back to court." So back he went, regretting at every step that his sudden prosperity had so enlivened his respect for cleanliness that he had ventured to take a bath.

"First I've taken for years," he muttered, "and it serves me right. Got on well enough without before."

There were a lot of late arrivals at Jefferson market that day, and it was six o'clock before the court was ready to adjourn. Mrs. Bowers and the fair widow were still there, the former staying against her will at the earnest solic itation of the latter. She was sadly disturbed at having failed so signally to aid her benefactor, and was anxious to learn the result of the inquiry. Just in the nick of time, as it seemed to her, a messenger boy crawled into the room and demanded with amazing indiffer-

The judge relieved the boy of his dispatch and addressed a remark to him which sent him out of court several thousand times faster than he came in The two claimants to the name of Drane were already at the bar. The judge read the telegram silently, coughed, read it again and remarked: "This does not seem to help matters

for either of you." Then he read the dispatch aloud: "THE JUDGE, Jefferson Market Court, New York-If Lawrence Drane is in your charge please hold him. He is un-

doubtedly insane. "SANFORD DRANE." "There is a vile conspiracy back of this!" cried the real Drane. "Oh, I give it up! I'm not Drane at

all," shouted the imposter.

Thumpity-bag! said the judge's gavel, angrily, and the judge himself added: "The court believes you are both demented. I shall commit you both to an asylum for examination and treat-

CHAPTER VII.

JENKINS' RETREAT. Amid the sorrows in which Drane was again involved, he had one consolation -the young woman with thirteen millions evidently felt almost as badly as he did. He heard her tell Mrs. Bowers that the judicial blacksmith on the bench was "simply dreadful."

But this was not the best of it; he heard Mrs. Bowers' reply. Only two words, indeed, and as irrelevant as are most feminine utterances in times of emergency: "Why, Bessie!" was all she said, or at least all that Drane heard, but he was more than rejoiced. Her name was Bessie! At last he had something to call her in his thoughts. It was the first hint on the subject. In his joy at this discovery he forgot to regret that he didn't know the other half of her name. He watched her pour her woes into Mrs. Bowers' ear, and was satisfied.

Such a spectacle is always entertaining, for when a woman has embarrassed a man by making a blunder, if she is not too stupid to see it, nor too proud to acknowledge it, nor too nervous to know what she is about, she will sometimes pity him divinely, if he is reasonably good-looking. And if she has begun to feel a little tenderly toward him, she will often accuse herself unjustly, in order that she may have the luxury of telling herself how sorry she is that she has put him into a difficulty.

That was why Bessie now gazed at Drane with such angelic sympathy depicted upon her beautiful countenance She said in her heart that her testimony had somehow helped to prove that he was insane. It was a question of the heart, and in such cases a woman never allows an appeal to the higher tribunal of the mind. So Bessie acted upon her first impulse and implored Mrs. Bowers to do something, no matter what it was With Mrs. Bowers it was a question neither of the heart nor of the mind, but of the conscience. Therefore she de

cided to be merciless, but just. It was her plain duty to protect Bessie from impostors, fortune hunters and lunatics; so she frowned at Drane in a way that gave him a chill to supplement the fever which Bessie's tender glances had put into his blood.

'Where will they send him now?" asked Bessie, shuddering.
"Probably to Ward's Island, temporarily," replied Mrs. Bowers.

'Will they be good to him there?" "He will be cared for," said Mrs. Bowers, sternly: "and fed-to a certain ex-

"Oh, my!" cried Bessie, tearfully "Can't we take him home with us? Yo have been so kind to me that I lool upon your house as home now, you

"I couldn't think of such a thing, Mrs. Bowers said, firmly. "I can not have a lunatic in my house. It is all that I can do to look out for you.' At the thought that Drane would be

sent, partly on her account, to an island where there might be neither pudding nor tea. Bessie developed symptoms of hysteria which touched Mrs. Bowers

"Perhaps I could get him committed to Jenkins' Retreat," she said, relenting. "Where is that?" asked Bessie, catch ing at a straw.

"It is a private asylum up-town," said Mrs. Bowers, "where they care for mild but hopeless lunatics. I will speak to the judge about it."

"Is it better than that awful island?" "It is a shade more cheerful," Mrs. Bowers admitted, snutting her lips to-

gether firmly. "Then make the judge send him there," cried Bessie. "Tell him that I will give him ten thousand dollars if he

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowers, shocked at the girl's ignorance, "there are only a certain number of judges in New York, and you don't want them

Drane Had observed this conversation, though he could not hear any of it. One can not hear any thing in a New York police court. The testimony of tearful innocence given in such places is heard only in Heaven; which is just as well, perhaps, for it may get some attention up there. However, Drane knew that Bessie had been pleading for him; and when Mrs. Bowers approached the judge, the prisoner realized that some amelioration of his condition might be expected.

Mrs. Bowers talked earnestly with the magistrate, and with such good effect that Drane was consigned to Jenkins' Retreat till his friends from Kansas City should arrive. As for the tramp, he went to be fed-to a certain extent. Mr. Jenkins called his asylum a "retreat," advisedly, because it certainly was not an advance upon any thing looked out at Drane with a cold severity that made his hair curl.

He had come there in charge of a court officer, and had not been allowed to exchange a word with Bessie, whom Mrs. Bowers had dragged away as soon as the question of commitment had been settled. He felt deserted and friendless, and despite the fact that it was a very warm evening, he shivered as he stood in the hall waiting for Jenkins,

of whom the officer had gone in search.

A large number of entertaining and cheerful reflections crowded upon Drane as he stood in the dimly-lighted hall. He wondered, for instance, whether a straight-jacket would be regarded as an

essential of absolutely correct evening dress in Mr. Jenkins' retreat. He also had a curiosity to know how often, on an average, the violent lunatics in the establishment overpowered their keepers and slaughtered the less demented inmates. But, deepest and most important of all, was the question of supper, for the meal which he had appropriated in the bath had ceased to give him satisfactory support, and it might be a long time before he had a chance to steal an-

Jenkins was slow in coming; and Drane got more and more nervous. He had an unusually strong natural horror of lunatics. Not that their presence is particularly agreeable to any body-except a Jenkins at so much a head-but Drane was actually superstitious about it. He had a feeling that the germs of mania were floating in the air around him, and that he might break out with the

disease any minute. He wondered at being left thus alone. A man who had been judicially decided to be crazy should have a keeper. Then he perceived in the shadow of the door a large, ungainly man who seemed to be on watch. He stood in a kind of niche, and had thus escaped Drane's observation when he entered. This man's eye so glared upon him out of the darkness that Drane's nerves began to dance in a manner that threatened to fit him very quickly for permanent occupancy of the retreat. He felt that he must escape from that man's observation or relieve the oppressive silence by a howl.

He compromised the matter by stepping into the parlor. At this, both the ancient and unfortunate ladies assumed an air of modest reserve which was quite frightful to see. Presently one of them drew out her handkerchief and began to weep softly, but with evident determination to do the subject full jus-

tice before she got through.
"Madame," said Drane, gently, "if my presence affects you to tears, I will withdraw."

"Do not do so on my account," she said, "it is not your fault that you have revived a sorrow that has long been buried in my breast.'

Drane regretted having been the cause of such a joyless resurrection, and he ventured to murmur words to that

"It does not matter," she said. "My conduct must seem strange to you. I can hardly explain it without telling you the story of my life. There is a romance in it," and she brightened appreciably. "You shall hear the melansholy narrative."

"Far be it from me to intrude upon our confidence," said Drane, endeavorng to get away. But she fixed him with



her eye and he sank back into his sent. Then she drew a chair near to his and between him and the door.

'You resemble him strongly," said "The same noble features, the same soulful eyes, the same paller, indicative of the same sad fate. Are you a genius? Do you write noems of the so. as he did?"

Drane groaned. "I knew it," she went on. "Listen. We were destined for each other. There was a small matter of property depending upon our union-but never mind. He seemed to avoid me at first, but at length fate threw us together. Returning to his room one morning very early he endeavored to enter the old-fashioned clock at the head of the first flight of stairs under the impression that it was the door of his apartment. It was the absent-mindedness of genius. Ah, well! he and the clock fell down the stairs locked in each other's arms, and when they picked him up one of his limbs was broken. I game to nurse him.

To be continued.

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