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DAYTON, OREGON.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

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.

Scurvy is prevalent at Nome. The gales on the Atlantic coast are abating.

The loss by the Waterbury, Conn., fire will exceed \$3,000,000.

Philippine tariff bill is causing some spirited debate in the senate.

A strong call has been made for airing the Nomo judicial scandals.

The house committee on ways and means reports for repeal of war taxes.

Incendiarism is now suspected in connection with the great fire at Waterbury, Conn.

A plot to assassinate the dowager empress of China and the entire court has been discovered.

Trains are delayed and many telegraph wires down throughout the East as a result of severe storms raging.

The German emperor's new yacht is all ready to be launched as soon as Prince Henry arrives in this country.

Gales and storms in Europe have caused great loss of life.

Forty persons were drowned in shipwrecks on the Italian coast.

Eighty-five miners were killed by an explosion in a Mexican mine.

Waterbury, Conn., was damaged to the extent of \$2,000,000 by fire.

The murderer of a San Francisco policeman has been captured in Portland.

Manila is intensely interested in proposed legislation by congress for the islands.

The dowager empress of China gave a remarkable reception to the minister's wives.

An indecisive naval engagement was fought in Colombian waters.

Chicago drainage canal contractors offer to build an isthmian canal.

The first meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie institution has been held.

A parliamentary commission is considering the question of depopulation of France.

The ways and means committee will frame a bill for reduction of the war revenue taxes.

A new gold district has been discovered near Dawson which is claimed to be the richest yet found.

Admiral Schley's appeal to the president asking for a review of the court of inquiry, has been made public.

Eight lives were lost in a Boston fire.

The Boers have made peace proposals through Holland.

There were 10,000 people present at a hanging in Pennsylvania.

The house committee voted in favor of a government owned Pacific cable.

A substitute for the Nicaragua canal bill has been introduced in the senate.

The general outlook in Batangas province, Philippine islands, is favorable.

A train wreck on a New York railroad resulted in the death of the engineer.

Four vessels are now on the Pacific searching for the missing English warship Condor.

A discharged soldier in San Francisco planned to go to New York in a box, but was discovered and turned over to the police.

Two prospectors in Montana have found a mine of almost pure silver. The average assay is 18,000 ounces, which gives it a value of nearly \$8,000 to the ton.

Empress William has celebrated his 43d birthday.

River navigation has been suspended above the Cascade Locks.

Two Negroes in Louisiana, who had murdered a white man, were lynched.

A train in South Carolina was held up and the express car rifled of its contents.

Governor Shaw, of Iowa, will assume the duties of secretary of the treasury February 1.

Liberals defeated the Conservative forces of Colombia in three successive engagements.

United Mineworkers will levy an assessment to help strikers fight battle with operators to the end.

The delay of the committee in reporting the canal bill to the senate means a saving of much time later.

The treaty for the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States calls for the payment of \$5,000,000.

The cotton crop of the United States now almost equals in value its wheat crop.

BAD STORM IN THE EAST.

High Wind and Low Temperature at New York City.

New York, Feb. 5.—A storm that has been prevalent all day in this section of the country made itself manifest in this city and suburbs, to the great discomfort of all people who ventured out of doors.

On top of a heavy fall of snow came rain, which turned the snow into slush and made examples of low lying ground.

In the early afternoon the rain turned to snow, and a little later this condition disappeared, in the face of a decided drop in the temperature.

This was accompanied by a gale, which in exposed quarters, broke branches of trees, blew away insecure boarding, tangled up wires and sent store signs flying to the streets.

One fatality from a falling sign was reported here in the early evening. Tonight the temperature continues to drop.

The signal bureau predicts a fall to 10 degrees above before the lowest mark is reached.

Since sundown a gale has been blowing continuously at Sandy Hook, at times the wind reaching the rate of 90 miles an hour.

The sea outside and in the New York lower bay is extremely rough. The steam pilot boat New York, which is used to any kind of weather, came in and anchored under the lee of the Highlands.

The electric lighted buoys marking Gedney channel and the Southwest spit were extinguished tonight, owing to the heavy sea grounding the cables.

On account of their interruption the French line steamer L'Agulha, from Havre, and the Hamburg-American line steamer Phoenix, from Hamburg and Boulogne, each carrying many passengers, were forced to anchor outside of the Sandy Hook bar, where they are having a rough ride tonight.

The big new freighter Drechenfeld, bound to Savannah, was forced to anchor in Sandy Hook Bay.

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The gold mines of Mysore, India, are worked by American electrical devices, the power being from the melting Himalayan snow.

Swiss papers record a decline in the export of wood carvings, and attribute it to the lack of variety in the carvings, the subjects being monotonously repeated.

Bulgaria is shipping more than \$1,000,000 worth of eggs to Belgium annually. Italy for years had almost a monopoly of this trade.

Botanists of the New York department of agriculture have found 70 new varieties of flora in one mountain in St. Christopher, W. I.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS 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.

A chair factory is the latest of Albany's manufacturing industries.

A proposition has been made to the citizens of Salem to put in a flax mill.

The Brown-Lucas Lumber company has been organized at Falls City, with \$60,000 capital.

Burglars entered a Drain merchandise store and secured \$100 worth of goods. No clue has been found.

There will be 33 graduates from the Salem public schools at the February commencement and 40 more in June.

A very successful rabbit drive was held near Pendleton the first of the week. Several thousand of the pests were killed.

John Diamond, an Oregon pioneer of 1847, after whom Diamond Peak was named, is dead at his home in Coburg, aged 98 years.

Crystal Spring Mining company, with headquarters at Grants Pass, has filed articles of incorporation. Capital, \$200,000.

The snow in Eastern Oregon comes as a blessing to the farmers, who had begun to fear their fall and winter wheat would be seriously injured.

Fruitgrowers of the Willamette valley are pleased with the cold snap, as it will set the fruit trees back. In some cases the buds were far advanced for the season.

Business men of Grants Pass have organized a board of trade.

Some trouble is being experienced with the Indians on Umatilla reservation.

The postoffice at Spilkenard, Jackson county, has been moved one mile north-east.

A number of sales of hops have been reported from Dayton at 12 1/2 cents per pound.

The site of a yet to be moved a short Douglas conifer postoffice at Anlauf, distance to the westward.

Mrs. Martha Proctor Spencer, who came to Oregon in 1852, died at her home in Hillsboro, a few days ago.

Two lumber schooners left Tillamook a few days ago for California points, carrying 1,750,000 lbs. of Oregon fir.

Oregon insane asylum trustees have renewed the contract with Alaska, whereby this state will for another year care for the demented of the far north.

A number of prominent mining men are taking active steps toward putting in a smelter in Southern Oregon. At a meeting held by them, Merlin was decided to be the best location.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Quiet. Walla Walla, 63¢; bluestem, 64¢; 64 1/2¢; Valley, 63 1/2¢.

Barley—Feed, 19¢; 20¢; brewing, 20¢; 21¢ per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, 11¢; 1.25; gray, 11¢; 1.15.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.50; 3.40 per barrel; Graham, \$2.50; 2.80.

Millets—Bran, \$18 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$20.50; chop, \$17.

Hay—Timothy, 11¢; 12¢; clover, 9¢; 7.50; Oregon wild hay, 8¢; 6¢ per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 90¢; 81.25 per cental; ordinary, 70¢; 85¢ per cental. Growers' prices; sweets, 1.75¢; 2¢ per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25¢; 27 1/2¢; dairy, 18¢; 20¢; store, 11¢; 13¢.

Eggs—20¢; 21 1/2¢ for fresh Oregon. Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13¢; 13 1/2¢; Young America, 14¢; 15¢; factory prices, 10¢; 11¢.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 83¢; 85.00; hens, 14¢; 4.25 per dozen, 8¢; 10¢ per pound, 33¢; 35¢ per dozen; ducks, 85¢; 97.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11¢; 12 1/2¢; dressed, 14¢; 15¢ per pound.

Mutton—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢; 7 1/2¢ per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5¢; dressed, 6 1/2¢; 7¢ per pound.

Veal—3¢; 3¢ per pound, dressed. Beef—Gross, cows, 23¢; 24¢; steers, 24¢; 24¢; dressed, 6 1/2¢; 7 1/2¢ per pound. Hops—11¢; 12 1/2¢ per pound.

Wool—Nominal. Valley, 18¢; 15¢; eastern Oregon, 8¢; 12 1/2¢; mohair, 21¢; 21 1/2¢ per pound.

The largest towboat ever made for American waters will soon be launched for use on the Mississippi. Over 1,200 tons of steel will be used and 4,800 horse power will be furnished. The boat is 275 feet long and 63 feet wide.

Great Britain loses more than 10,000,000 pounds worth of property annually by fire.

Hazing has been made a criminal offense by the Illinois legislature, and offenders may be fined \$500 and sent to jail for six months.

The development of dry goods companies with large capital is one of the latest features in the great dry goods distributing centers. The smaller wholesalers are being driven out.

A raid on New York policy shops disclosed the fact that their receipts are \$3,640,000 a year, of which their patrons get back \$800,000.

The hair of a dog, the skin of a snake and the pelt of a black rat are believed by some people to possess medicinal qualities, while the handling of a toad is said to give warts.

The Jamaican government is making great efforts to do away with the "Obeahman," or witch doctor, whose practices among the superstitious blacks, and the laish is inflicted to discourage this kind of quackery.



The Duchess.

CHAPTER VI. The last stroke of eight died out from the old clock in the hall as Seaton Dyrart enters the drawing room. The extreme dimness and gloom of that melancholy apartment sinks into him as he moves rather discontentedly, but with a man's unfeeling instinct, toward the heart-rung.

It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises suddenly from low chair—a girl, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits—and advances about the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him.

"The one, the old face, mean, grinning, suspicious, wicked; the other, cold, honorable, earnest and beautiful. The girl, watching him with distrust in her eyes, reluctantly acknowledged this last fact.

"I'm extremely sorry if I've kept you waiting for dinner," he says, advancing at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty girl in white, and holding out his hand.

"But the girl is dreadfully tired when I arrived, and I'm rather afraid I fell asleep."

"The day is warm," says she, coldly. The likeness to his father seems clearer to her, as she speaks, and kills for her all the charm of his face.

"Very; but I don't fancy my absurd fit of laziness arose from that. Rather from the fact that I haven't had a wink of sleep the last two nights."

"Two nights!" says she with a faint accession of interest. "Toothache? Sick friend?"

"Oh, no. Ball-cards," returns he, coldly.

"Ah!" says she, this time rather thoughtfully.

"You are Griseida, I suppose?" says he, pleasantly.

"Why should you suppose it?" asks she, with a faint smile.

"True," she says, "but I have a laughing, 'Perhaps because,' with a steady look at her. 'I have been told that my cousin Griseida is a person possessed of a considerable amount of—of—character.'"

"By that you mean that you have heard Griseida is self-willed," says she, coldly.

"And as it is evident you think I look the part of you, I should like to meet you—two self-willed cousins—I am not Griseida."

"If she had fancied that this announcement would have put him out, she is undeceived. At a moment's notice, she is dismissed, springs to her feet, and driven half by honest shame and half by impulsion, rushes out of the summer house and runs after Dyrart as he is fast disappearing through the shrubs. Reaching him, panting and pale with agitation, she lays her hand timidly upon his arm.

"I am so grieved," she says, her charming face very pained, her lips white. "There are moments when one hardly knows what one says, and—"

"There are such moments, certainly," says he, interrupting her, somewhat abruptly. "But they can hardly be classed with those in which the calm confidences of one sister are exchanged with the other. And why should you apologise? I assure you, you need not. I do not seek for or desire anything of the kind."

It almost seems to her that he has shaken her hand from his arm. Drawing back she has proceeded upon his way, and then returns to Griseida.

"I really think I hate him," says Vera, vehemently. The recollection of his contemptuous glance, the way in which he had disdained her apology—above all, that slight he had offered her when he had displaced her hand from his arm—all rankle in her breast, and a hot flow of shame renders her usually pale face brilliant.

"There, never mind him. He is not staying long, fortunately, and this episode will bear good fruit of some sort at least. He will not trouble me with his society while you are away. Now hurry, Griseida, do."

Griseida, with a light laugh, drawn irresistibly by the gorgeous loveliness of the light and shadows of the land below, runs down the pathway and is soon lost to view.

When she returns over an hour later she discovers to her amazement, that Vera is still in it, and that she is miserable about that wretched affair of the morning," cries Griseida. "Never mind it. If you will come to dinner I promise you to do all the talking, and it has to be endured. I do not intend to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, yes. There isn't a decent chance of escape," says Vera, wearily.

"So, cries Griseida, softly, putting up her hand to the sound of coming footsteps, slow, deliberate footsteps purpose made heavier, smites upon their ears.

"God heaven! Here he is," says Griseida, and indeed she has barely time to put on a carefully unconscious demeanor, when Seaton Dyrart darkens the door of the summer house, and looks coldly down on them.

"The girl is beautiful," he says, speaking to Vera. "I have come to say good-by."

"But surely you are not going so soon—not before dinner, not to-night!" cries Griseida, thunderstruck by this solution of their difficulty, and a little sorry, too.

"I am going now. Good-by," holding out his hand to her with a determination not to be changed. Griseida takes it and shakes it gently, says warmly, "His humor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquaints the old father of their inability—Anything to propitiate him, she tells herself, will be the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and beams upon him with gentle entreaty in her eye.

"If you must go, do us one service first," she says. "Do you see that rose?"—a rather unmet and straggling specimen of its kind that trails in unadmitted disorder just outside the door. "It has bewitched me many a time, but you are tall, oh, taller than me, will you lift these awkward tendrils, and press them back into shape?"

She is smiling divinely at him, a smile that Tom Peyton would have given several years of his life to possess; but Dyrart is disgustfully unmoved by it, and, refusing to return it, steps outside, and with a decidedly unwilling air, proceeds to lift the drooping tendrils and reduce them to order.

Griseida, naturally a girl of great resource, seizes the opportunity she has herself provided. Catching Vera's arm, she draws her back out of sight.

"Now's your time!" she says. "Say something. Do something. It doesn't matter what, but for heaven's sake smother him down one way or another! If you don't you'll have the old man down upon us like—"

"I can't," gasps Vera, fearfully.

"You must," insists Griseida, sternly. "It's impossible to know what sort of man he is. If revengeful, he can play old Harry with us!"

"Without waiting to explain what particular game this may mean, or the full significance thereof, she steps lightly outside and gazes with undisguised rapture upon Dyrart's work.

Dyrart returns to the summer house with all the manner of one in mad haste to be gone. It is merely a part of an unpleasant whole, he tells himself, that he must first say a chillingly courteous word or two of farewell to the girl who has openly declared toward him such an undying animosity.

"I am afraid," says Vera, speaking with cold precision, as one delivering herself of an unloved lesson, "that you are going away thus abruptly because of what you heard me say this morning."

"You are right. That is why I am going," replies Dyrart, calmly.

"Yes!" in a chilling tone, and with faintly lifted brows. "I regret exceedingly that I should have so unfortunately offended you, but to go for that—all sounds a little trivial, don't you think?"

"Not by going. I think, I don't see how I can do otherwise. Why should I make you uncomfortable? But you may call it trivial if you like, to talk of detesting a man you have only seen for an hour or two, and who in those hours, with pauses, 'Did I make myself so specially objectionable?' demands he, abruptly, turning to her with something that is surely anger, but as surely, retreats, in his eyes.

"As I told you before," indifferently, "one says foolish things now and then."

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, I'm off," says Griseida, poking her pretty head into the summer house, where Vera sits reading. "It is next day, and a very lovely day, too."

"For your rambles," says Vera, laying down her book. "You won't take my advice? Very good. Go on, and you'll see that you won't prosper." Her tone is half gay, half serious. "And don't be angry," entreats Vera, with a sudden rush. "Don't, now. Yes, I'm in a deadly earnest. There's a good girl, all over the place, let loose, as it were, for my discomfort, and if he turns up in this part of the world I suppose I shall have to talk to him."

"What a calamity!" says Griseida, with a little feigned drooping of her mouth. "In this barren wilderness even man's name is regarded with rapture—even Seaton! Better any man than no man, say I."

"So say not I, then," with great spirit. She has leaned forward upon her elbow, and her eyes are brilliant with a little suspicion of anger. "Give me a desert island rather than the society of a man whom I know it will require only time to teach me to detest. And how you can call him so familiarly 'Seaton,' passes my mind."

A pause! An awful pause. Who is it that has turned the corner of the summer house, and is looking in at them with a curious expression round his mouth? Griseida is the first to recover.

"Isn't it absurd?" says she, smiling rather lamely. "But I assure you, Seaton, your sudden appearance quite took away my breath. You should stamp when you come to a house like this. The grass all round is so thick."

"Too thick!" says Dyrart, with the swift glance at Vera, who has lost all her color.

"For the future I shall try to remember. I am sorry I haven't started you," he has addressed himself entirely to Griseida, unless that lightning glance of contemptuous reproach cast at Vera could be counted. "But I was on my way to one of the farms, and this is the nearest path to it. I shall never cease to regret," he says, he steps dead short, and turns his eyes unobtrusively on Vera—"that I did not start the upper one."

He makes both girls a slight bow, and walks swiftly onward on the unlicked path he had chosen.

"Oh, Vera, do something," cries Griseida, in a small agonized contemplation, clasping her hands. Vera, thus admonished, springs to her feet, and driven half by honest shame and half by impulsion, rushes out of the summer house and runs after Dyrart as he is fast disappearing through the shrubs. Reaching him, panting and pale with agitation, she lays her hand timidly upon his arm.

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