

DAYTON HERALD.

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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 Interest Our Many Readers.

An oil tank containing 1,000 gallons of oil exploded in Pittsburg. No one was injured.

Germany is highly pleased with the reception Prince Henry is receiving in the United States.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Tillman and McLaurin, the South Carolina senators, have practically been suspended from the senate. It will probably be for 30 days. The senate has passed the Philippine tariff bill.

Cortez, a leading Filipino rebel, has been captured.

Miss Stone, the American missionary, has been released.

Secretary Hitchcock is expected to leave the cabinet soon.

Nineteen lives were lost in the Park Avenue hotel fire in New York.

The Philippine Commission favors modifying the Chinese exclusion order.

The provinces of Laguna and Batangas have been entirely cleared of insurgents.

Barcelona, Spain, rioters continue their depredations upon the stores and factories.

A severe sleet storm that prevailed on the Atlantic coast tied up all traffic for a time.

Senators Tillman and McLaurin, of South Carolina, engaged in a fist fight and were required to apologize to the senate.

Fire in Portland destroyed \$94,000 worth of property and for a time threatened to get beyond all control of the firemen.

Prince Henry and staff arrived in New York one day late. They were delayed on account of a severe storm off the Atlantic coast.

Twenty lives were lost in a \$2,000,000 hotel fire at New York.

A tidal wave on the Salvadorian coast caused the loss of more than 50 lives.

The riots continue at Barcelona and other Spanish cities. Almost the entire nation has been placed under martial law.

The house committee on territories unanimously voted to report bills for the admission of the territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma.

The Hay-Panchoff treaty, giving England's assent to the construction of a canal across Central America by the United States, has been ratified.

Hundreds of forged Bank of England notes have been put in circulation in London during the past few days. They are hard to tell from the genuine.

A financial crisis is about to occur in Chile.

Germany will abolish the bounties on sugar.

Rich gold and copper discoveries have been made in Africa.

Organized laborers to the number of 7,000 are employed by the diamond dealers and jewelers of Amsterdam.

The Tyrol, following the example of Norway, is trying to encourage the winter tourist business by offering better facilities for winter sports.

Valletta, Malta, being midway in the Mediterranean, between Gibraltar and Port Said, imports more than half a million tons of coal for the use of passing vessels.

Halifax policemen have each been provided with a packet of salt, with which to sprinkle ice slides.

Porto Rico, borrowing an idea from Connecticut, has begun to raise tobacco under chesecloth tents, which keep off the insects and temper the wind, rain and sun.

Owing to the great number of crimes committed by wandering gypsies, the Romanian minister of the interior has drafted a bill providing that every tribe must settle in the locality in which it may happen to be on the day the new law comes into force.

LAUNCH OF THE METEOR.

German Emperor's New Yacht Slides Into the Water at Shooter's Island.

New York, Feb. 26.—Sunshine was the only thing needed to make complete the otherwise successfully carried out and brilliant program arranged for yesterday when the announced purpose of the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to this country, as the representative of his brother, Emperor William, was accomplished here and the Kaiser's yacht Meteor was launched and christened by Miss Alice Roosevelt, attended by her father, the president.

The launching on Shooter's island, took place in the morning, and the program, carried out without a hitch, took up something less than an hour.

All evidence of smallpox at Roseburg has disappeared. The public schools have reopened.

A new postoffice has been established at Timon, Coos county, on the route from Roseburg to Parkersburg.

The breaking up of the ice in Powder river was attended with considerable damage to the flumes, roads and bridges. Large bridge timbers were seen in the stream and the iron flume of the Howell ditch was swept away.

At a school meeting in Ontario the taxpayers voted to bond the district in the sum of \$5,000 for the purpose of building four more rooms to the public school building, to apply the increasing demand for more room and adding higher grades to the school.

Colonel N. B. Knight, a prominent Oregon attorney, of Salem, is dead.

The Polk county Republican central committee will meet in Dallas March 1.

The Red Boy and Concord mines in Eastern Oregon have been consolidated.

A gray eagle, measuring 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip was shot a few days ago near Astoria.

The fish lake irrigation ditch in Southern Oregon will be completed by May 1. The ditch is 65 miles long.

As a result of the recent cold snap in Unatulla county, about 25 per cent of the grain sowed last fall must be re-sowed.

Two Jacksonville prisoners, who were being held for burglary broke jail a few nights ago in some mysterious manner and escaped.

The mill dam across Long Tom river at Monroe, which furnished power for the large roller mills there, has been washed out by the high water.

At the recent teachers' examination in Douglas county, five applicants received state papers. For county certificates there were 32 applicants, 20 of whom passed.

The Democratic state convention will be held in Portland April 10. The Democratic convention for the Second congressional district will be held at the same time and place.

The price of land in general is advancing in Benton county. Farms which a few years ago could have been held at \$20 to \$25 an acre are now held at \$20 to \$25 an acre. Many new families are seeking homes in that section.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 65¢@65½¢; bluestem, 66¢@66½¢; Valley, 64¢@65¢.

Barley—Feed, 19¢@19.50¢; brewing, 20¢@20.50¢ per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, 1.15¢@1.25¢; gray, 1.10¢@1.20¢.

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

Millet—Bran, \$1.90 per ton; middlings, \$2.10; shorts, \$2.15¢; chop, \$1.75.

Hay—Timothy, \$12@13; clover, \$7.50@8; Oregon wild hay, \$5.00 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, \$1.10@1.35 per cwt.; ordinary, 75¢@85¢ per cwt.; growers' prices; sweet, \$2.50 per cwt.

Butter—Creamery, 25¢@27¢; dairy, 18¢@20¢; store, 13¢@15¢.

Eggs—22¢@25¢ for Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twin, 13¢@14¢; Young America, 14¢@15¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢ less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.50@4.50; hens, \$4.50@5.50 per dozen, 10¢@12¢ per pound; springs, 11¢ per pound, \$3.40 per dozen; ducks, \$5.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12¢@13¢; dressed, 15¢@16¢ per pound; geese, \$6.00 per dozen.

Mutton—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢@7½¢ per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5¢¢; dressed, 6¢@7¢ per pound.

Veal—8¢@8½¢ for small; 7¢@7½¢ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¢@4¢; steers, 4¢@4½¢; dressed, 6¢@7¢ per pound.

Hops—11¢@13¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley, 13¢@15¢; Eastern Oregon, 12¢@15¢; mohair, 21¢@21½¢ per pound.

Millions of acres in Louisiana, California and Texas are offered to homesteaders by railroads.

A St. Louis judge ruled in a damage case against a street railway company that "smooth" nickels must be accepted at their face value.

Greenland and Iceland have the better of us in the way of trade. Last year we imported goods from those two countries to the value of \$82,533, and sold them only \$520 worth in return.

Less than 900 white people reside in English West African colonies.

Germany, at the end of 1902, will have a standing army of 495,500 men.

The territory devoted to rice in Louisiana for the present year will aggregate 225,000 acres, with a crop of 2,000,000 sacks of rough rice, or 200,000,000 pounds of the cleaned grain.

The Bohemian chamber of physicians has recommended the enactment of a law that everyone before marriage must be provided with a physician's certificate of bodily and mental health.

Eleven thousand join the Boers.

London, Feb. 27.—The Daily Mail, in a dispatch from Johannesburg, presents tables showing that 11,000 rebels joined the Boers from Cape Colony during the war.

Sickness at Manila Decreasing.

Washington, Feb. 27.—Surgeon General Sternberg has received a private letter from Colonel L. Maus, commissioner of public health in Manila, in which he says that sickness among soldiers in the Philippines appears to be decreasing.

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.

Columbia county Republican convention will meet in St. Helena March 22.

Harrisburg citizens have raised a \$400 bonus to erect an excelsior factory.

Marion county Democratic convention has been called to meet in Salem April 5.

The prohibitionists of Linn county met in Albany February 22 and nominated a ticket.

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CHAPTER XII.

Griseida, starting homeward through the twilight garden, after another stolen meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathlessly, sinking into a seat and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said good-bye to him forever!"

"What did he say? Was he very much upset?" by burning interest.

"He said he'd manage to see me in some way or other," says Griseida, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetting the prudential side of her sister's grief.

"He seems from all I have heard from you—a sort of a person who would be difficult to baffle. I think I should put faith in that declaration of his if I were you."

"Oh, he said more than that," cries Griseida. "Why, it appears that Tom—Mr. Peyton—knows Seaton quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says that he, Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Riverdale's."

For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singularly pale. No doubt the surprise is great.

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory father."

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.

"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the threshold.

"The master wishes to see you, Miss Dyrast, in the library." There is an expression of malignant amusement in the woman's eyes as she says this.

Vera had gone into the library with a low tone, but when one peep still came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look of passion of every feature not to be subdued.

She might perhaps have given way to the blessed relief of tears if she had had time to escape Griseida; but as she finds herself looking at Seaton Dyrast, who has at this moment entered the room, leading to the room she has just left, all her being seems to stiffen into a cold horror of contempt.

She stops short and fixes her heavy eyes on his.

"So you betrayed me!" she says, in a low tone that vibrates with scorn.

"Betrayed you?" echoes he, starting. There is that in her face not to be mistaken, and a presentiment of coming evil sends a hot flush to his brow.

"You are mad, and you are saying, with a pale smile; 'you change color, at a crisis; you have still a last grain of honesty left in you. You should see to that; kill it quickly, it spoils your otherwise perfect work.'"

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," says he, with a frown. "I am, however, at a loss to know what you mean."

"Oh, are you ashamed to keep it up—the deception? cries she with a sudden outburst of wrath. "Oh, how could you do it?"

"Great heaven! how can I convince you that I have done nothing?" exclaims he, gray with grief.

"There was no one awake, however, was there?" he asks, with a look that was no one to see me, says she, trying to stifle her agitation. "What, then, tell me that you were the one to tell that untruthful lie to my night when I was locked out in the garden?"

"He has heard that?" Seaton, as if thunderstruck, looks blankly at her.

"Why do you compel me to tell you what you already know?" she asks, with a little irrepressible stamp of her foot.

"If you will listen to what is already no news to you, learn that your father sent for me just now—a long time ago, hours ago, I think," putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way, "and accused me of having sent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden."

"I don't think," with a condemnatory glance. "As I told you before, I know your father has innocently accused me of an act which, but even if I had stayed in the garden with you that night, of my own free will, I cannot see where would lie the disgrace he connects with it."

"You are right, no one could see disgrace here," says Seaton, calmly. "My father is an old man, he is old enough to know how to insult a woman," coldly, "when," with a terrible glance at him, "she won the way. Oh, yes, I think," putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way, "and accused me of having sent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden."

"I should say it again," says Dyrast, "a hundred times again. Come," he says, and leads her back again to the library she has just quitted.

Gregory Dyrast sits still in his usual chair, his arms on the elbows of it, his face is set, as though death had laid its seal on it, save for the marvellously horrible youthful eyes, so full of fire and life.

"You will be so good as to explain to Vera at once," begins Seaton, in a damnable tone, "why you leagued off her being in the garden the other night?"

"What night? She may have been out every night, for aught I know; she tells me she is fond of moonlight," replies the old man, with a shrug.

"You understand perfectly the night of which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low but fierce voice.

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dyrast, shortly, "something in his son's face warned him not to go further."

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to Vera. "It was Grunch who betrayed you. You are satisfied now?"

"Oh that point, I suppose I should offer you an apology," says she, icily. "But," with a swift glance at his father, "how can I be satisfied when—"

"Sit," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have

you deliberately insulted your brother's child?"

"There was no insult. I may have told her that if she chooses to do such things as society disapproves of, she must only submit to the consequences and consider herself ostracized."

"Compromised," you said."

"Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the word far from him, "let us have more of such petty scandal. You forget, sternly, 'that when you seek to compromise Vera, you condemn me, your son.'"

Dyrast shrugged his shoulders.

"The man is here in fact; so your word rules," says he, lightly.

"You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You still say that?"

"I say that, and more," replied the old man, undaunted, a very demon of obstinacy having now taken possession of his breast. "I feel even bold enough to suggest to her the advisability of an immediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that is sure to arise out of her imprudence."

"Oh, Vera! leave the room," says Seaton, with great emotion.

"Why should she go? It seems to me you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dyrast, looking from one to the other with a satirical friendly glance. "Let her rather stay and discuss with us your marriage with her."

If he had been so foolishly blind as to hope by this bold move to force Vera into an engagement, his expectations are now on the instant destroyed by his son.

"Understand me, once for all, that I shall not marry Vera," says he, white with anger, and some strong feeling that he is almost powerless to suppress. "Were she to come to me this moment and lay her hand in mine, and say she was willing so far to sacrifice herself, I should refuse to listen to her."

Vera for the first time since her entrance, lifts her head to look at him. Was he thinking of Miss Butler? Was he true to his last word? A little bitter smile curls her lip.

"I thank you," she says, with a slight inclination of her head toward her cousin, and with a swift step leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four long days have crept languidly into the past, four of the dulllest days Griseida Dyrast has ever yet endured, as she is compelled to acknowledge even to herself. Slowly, with aimless steps, she wanders about the rooms below, and which she has been making a fruitless effort to read, and looks out upon the sunless pleasure-ground beneath her window. She becomes suddenly aware of an unfamiliar figure that, kneeling on the grass before one of the beds, seems to be weeding away for its dear life.

It is certainly the new gardener. Poor creature, whoever he is, what could have induced him to come here? Uncle Gregory had evidently found no difficulty in replacing his former employee. Had he not been this new gardener on the old terms? Unhappy creature, and poverty indeed must have been his guest before he and his clothes came to such a sorry