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.

Prince Henry has started on his homeward journey.

A compromise on the Cuban reciprocity question is probable in the senate.

A hurricane which struck Omaha, Neb., caused an immense loss of property.

Eight thousand men are on strike at Boston as a result of the freight handlers trouble.

The British have suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Boers. General Methuen was captured.

Seretary of the Navy Long has resigned. He will be succeeded by Representative W. H. Moody, of Massachusetts.

The American cup defender Columbia will cross the ocean to race if any yacht can be found on the other side whose owner is willing to make a match.

The postal bill has been passed by the house. By this measure carriers are not only continued under the salary system, but the maximum wage is increased.

Prince Henry sent a wreath to be placed on Genreal Grants' tomb.

The president has signed the Philippine tariff bill.

A message is expected from the president on the Cuban question.

All arrangements are completed for the homeward journey of Prince Henry.

Russia has taken advantage of the bandit trouble in China and sent troops there.

England will reorganize her army and place it on the same plan as that of the United States.

Two boats collided on the Canton river and 150 Chinese drowned.

Queen Alexandra launched an English battleship.

Taft says that in two years, at the most, the Filipinos will be able to maintain a permanent government of their own.

The revolutionary movement in Russia is spreading.

Prince Henry visited the military academy at West Point.

Fifteen persons were killed and many injured in a train wreck in Texas.

The Spanish regency may be prolonged, owing to the incapacity of King Alfonso.

The president will not permit his daughter to attend the coronation of King Edward.

Five men were killed and several injured in a coal mine explosion in Pennsylvania.

The steamer on which Prince Henry will return home is being fitted up for the royal party.

Six firemen were seriously injured by coming in contact with live wires at a fire in Beatrice, Neb.

The street car strike at Norfolk, Va., remains unbroken.

The Eastern states are in the midst of another snow storm.

A candy trust, with a capital of $5,000,000, is the latest combine.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will go to Cuba to visit General and Mrs. Wood.

Boer envoys called on the president, but were told by him that he was unable to help them.

Canada will pass a Chinese exclusion law similar to that before the United States senate at present.

The house is considering a bill authorizing the purchase of the Giant Tree tract in California for a national park.

Rear Admiral J. A. Howell will be retired the 16th inst. Next to Admiral Dewey, he is the ranking officer of the navy.

Prince Henry visited Niagara Falls and crossed over to the Canadian side, where he was welcomed by representatives of Lord Minto.

A number of the leaders in the Barcelona, Spain, riots have been executed.

Thomas J. Humes, Republican, was elected to succeed himself as mayor of Seattle.

Santos-Dumont will visit the United States and give an exhibition of his flying machine.

The difficulties between the National Cash Register Company and its employes have been settled.

William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, has been mentioned as a successor for Secretary of the Navy Long.

The pope told an American visitor that there are 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States.

Prince Ching says the Chinese government will protect rights of Americans in the Canton-Hankow railroad concession.

Colonel John A. Polk, aged 82 years, a cousin of President James K. Polk and doorkeeper of the house during President Cleveland's first administration, died at Kansas City.

Garfield Todd, a rough rider, has become an evangelist to fulfill the vow made in a San Juan fight.

Small, Maynard & Co., book publishers, of Boston, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors.

The first American blast furnace in Germany with an automatic charging apparatus has been started in Silesia.

King Edward held a levee at St. James palace and revived the custom of permitting favored subjects to kiss his hand.

8,000 MEN GO ON STRIKE.

Boston Freight Handlers Making Hard Fight for Unionism.

Boston, March 12.—War between the organized teamsters, freight and express handlers of Boston and two great railroad corporations, the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the New York Central & Hudson River Railroads, the latter locally known as the Boston & Albany, broke out today. The strike, which is a sympathetic one, already involves 8,000 men in and about Boston.

Stopping work because of the discharge of union men who have refused to handle non-union moved freight, the various organizations now on strike made every effort today to extend their sphere of influence to affiliated bodies, while the corporations energetically tried to fill the strikers' places and to receive and dispatch goods offered them. Both met with some measure of success. Tomorrow the local employes of the great express companies, the Adams and the New York & Boston, two companies which handle practically all of the fast freight in Southern New England, will refuse to work, while several smaller bodies of organized labor, such as the brewery teamsters and the piano movers, as well as freight handlers in East Boston, will be idle. On the other hand, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, after succeeding today in moving considerable freight by Italian labor, will augument the force tomorrow, and the Boston & Albany expects to have a large number of men at work in its freight sheds.

The action of the express men in joining the freight handlers will quickly affect the freight business with nearby business centers like Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Providence, Fall River and New Bedford.

LONG STEPS OUT.

Secretary of the Navy Hands His Resignation to the President.

Washington, March 12.—The third change in the cabinet of President Roosevelt occurred when Secretary Long submitted his resignation in a beautiful letter, it being accompanied by one equally felicitous by the president. The change was made complete by the selection of Representative William Henry Moody, of the Sixth congressional district of Massachusetts, as Mr. Long's successor in the navy department.

This change has been expected for a long time. Mr. Long had intended to retire at the beginning of the late President McKinley's second term, but he consented to remain until certain lines of policy in which he was involved were more satisfactorily arranged. Then when President Roosevelt succeeded, though anxious to return to private life—for Secretary Long will never again enter public life—a strong feeling of loyalty toward Mr. Roosevelt induced the secretary to defer his retirement until it was convenient for the president to make a change. Recently Mr. Long has been in Massachusetts making arrangements with his old legal connections to re-enter the practice of law, and he has had his house at Hingham put in order for his occupaton. When Mr. Long entered the cabinet originally he was an active member of the firm of Hemingway & Long, a well known legal firm of Boston. He has always maintained a silent connection with the concern, and will again become an active partner.

DANGER TO SHIPPING.

Immense Ice Floes Reported Off the Coast of Japan—Early Spring in the North.

Port Townsend, Wash., March 12.—The British ship Bann, the last of the storm-bound fleet off the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, has arrived, 98 days from Iquique, 34 days of which she was storm-bound off the straits. Seven times the Bann got inside of Cape Flattery, and as no tug was there to pick her up, she was compelled to put back to sea. The Bann reports no other vessels off the Cape.

The British steamship Oceano reports to the local United States hydrographic office as having encountered an immense ice floe about 200 miles off the Japanese coast, abreast the entrance to Sugar straits. So extensive was the ice floe that the steamer was compelled to change her course and steam for several hours to avoid coming in collision with the ice. The ice floe is in the direct path of vessels sailing to the Orient, and as it is quite extensive, it is dangerous to navigation. The captain of the Oceano says the ice is from four to six feet out of the water, and some of the bergs are many feet across, and cannot be seen until the vessel is among them. This is the first time ice has been seen off the Japanese coast in that vicinity. It is thought that the floe came from Behring Straits and the Arctic ocean, and that through some unknown cause the ice pack in the Arctic has broken earlier and that it indicates an early spring in the north.

Large Fire at Paris.

Paris, March 12.—The biggest blaze seen in Paris since the burning of the Opera Comique, in 1897, broke out last night in the corner of a block of warehouses in the Rue Montmartre. The warenouses were occupied by 10 firms, and the lower floors of the building were filled with silk, velvet and woolen goods. These materials caused the fire to rage furiously and the flames spread rapidly to the upper portions of the buildings, used as residences.

Preparing for a War.

London, March 12.—In a dispatch dated Shanghai, the correspondent of the Standard says that Chinese merchants coming from Port Arthur declare they were ordered to remove their families from Port Arthur because preparations were being made there for a war with Japan.

Russian Butcher Dismissed.

London, March 12.—A dispatch to the Daily Chronicle from Berlin says that the Russian general, Gribski, who was responsble for the massacre at Blagovestchenski, has been dismissed.

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.

Agitation has been started in La Grande for a $25,000 public building.

The first ticket in the field in Coos county was that of the Socialist party.

Twenty-six homestead entries were filed at the Oregon City land office during February.

The Clackamas county Socialists held their convention in Oregon City March 8 and nominated a full ticket.

From six to twelve contracts for 1902 hops are filed in Salem every day. Prices range from 11½ to 12½ cents.

Forty thousand pounds of hops, owned by G. W. Perkins, of North Yamhill, sold at 14½ cents per pound a few days ago.

The Sumpter city conucil has passed an ordinance authorizing the mayor and recorder to borrow money for the city to pay its outstanding indebtedness and to issue warrants therefor.

Since the Washington county tax rolls opened March 1, the sheriff has collected $40,000 of the $100,000 levy. Everybody wants to get the benefit of the 3 per cent rebate for prompt payment.

The Wasco county Republican convention, held in The Dalles March 8, was one of the sharpest political fights the county has ever known. One hundred and seven delegates were in attendance. The meeting was held in the courthouse and delegates to the state and congressional district conventions and candidates for the various county offices named. The principal issue lay between the two aspirants for congressional honors, Malcom A. Moody, the present incumbent, and State Senator J. N. Williamson. The first ballot showed the Moody forces to be in possession, 70 to 37.

A large cold storage building and ice plant will be erected at The Dalles.

Bandon, in Coos county, has raised its quarantine against places outside of the city.

During February 32,800 acres of state land was sold. Most of it was in the eastern part of the state.

Complete returns from Wasco county Republican primaries show that Moody supporters received 72 votes and Williamson 34.

Fish Warden Van Dusen says the legislature will be obliged to make some provision at its next session for increasing the revenues of the fisheries department if the proposed work in connection with artificial propagation is continued.

The new tax law is having a good effect in Linn county on payment of taxes. There is a universal desire among taxpayers to secure the 3 per cent reduction. A large force in the sheriff's office is kept busy day and night. At the close of the first five days of collections almost $25,000 was taken in.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 65@65½c; bluestem, 66½@67c; Valley, 65@65½c.

Barley—Feed, $20@21.; brewing, $21@21.50 per ton.

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

Flour—Best grades, $2.80@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, $19 per ton; middlings, $21; shorts, $21.50; chop, $17.50.

Hay—Timothy, $12@13; clover, $7.50@8; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, $1.10@1.25 per cental; ordinary, 70@80c per cental, growers' prices; sweets, $2@2.25 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25@30c; dairy, 18@22½c; store, 13@15c.

Eggs—13½@14c for Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½c; Young America, 14@15c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $4.00@4.50; hens, $5.00@5.50 per dozen, 10@12c per pound; springs, 11c per pound $3@4 per dozen; ducks, $5@6 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12@12½c; dressed, 14@15c per pound; geese, $6 per dozen.

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

Hogs—Gross, 5¾c; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal—8@8½ for small; 7@7½ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¾@4c; steers, 4@4½c; dressed, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@13½c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 13@15c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 21@21½c per pound.

Snuff is coming into fashion again, says the London Daily Chronicle, with the early Victorian fashions. Snuff taking increases the size of the nose and keeps it in a state of perpetual irritation.

Australia has, proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 chuches to every 100,000 people, England has 144 churches to every 100,000; Russia only 55 to the same number.

Extension of National Bank Charters.

Washington, March 7.—The house committee on banking and currency today directed a favorable report on the senate bill authorizing the extension of national bank charters for 20 years.

American-Danish Treaty in Riksdag.

Copenhagen, March 7.—The premier, Dr. Dentzer, submitted to the rigsdag today for its approval a resolution affirming the sanction of the house to the American-Danish convention providing for the cession of the Danish West Indian islands.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

That night is still as death itself, and the sparkling brilliance of the slow moving waters contrasts with it in tender fashion. Strangely attracted by it, Vera goes forward, moves down the stone steps that lead to the garden, and with eager footsteps gains the little pathway, steep and sudden, that leads to the beach.

Suddenly she draws in her arms, and a shiver runs through her; she turns her head—to see Dysart.

"You are going to marry Lord Shelton?" he says, his tone more assertive than questioning.

"It is an impertinent question," says Miss Dysart, calmly.

"You are disingenuous. If he has not yet asked you, you know he only waits the opportunity to do so. When he does——" He checks himself abruptly, knowing he has gone too far.

A little flame leaps into Vera's eyes.

"Has it occurred to you that I am very forbearing?" she asks, with a curious smile. "Does it not strike you as very remarkable that I do not on my part question you back again? that I do not ask you whom you are going to marry?"

He looks as if he was about to make her an angry rejoinder, but she checks him.

"No—don't be afraid, I am not going to put the question," she says, coldly; "and after all, why should I?"

"Do you mean," he goes on, "that you know of someone I want to marry?"

"Let there be an end to this hateful hypocrisy," cries she, turning to him with a burst of passionate anger. "You acted your part for Griselda this morning most admirably."

"Vera!" cries he, hoarsely.

She turns as if startled by that impassioned cry, and then, he hardly knows how it is, he hardly dares remember afterward, but somehow she is in his arms, and he is looking down into her frightened eyes with a terrible entreaty in his own.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he says, his miserable voice scarcely above a whisper. "My darling, my soul, have pity!" More closely his arms bind her. He bends his face to hers—nearer, nearer still, and then, suddenly, a great loathing of himself fills him. He draws back with a sharp shudder, and almost pushes her from him. "Go!" he says, vehemently; and in another moment she has turned the corner of the winding stairs, and is gone.

Gone!

With a heavy groan he flings himself face downward on the cool, sweet, shifting sands, that moon-smitten lie trembling, waiting for the dawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

As Mr. Dysart takes his way slowly around the house, the sound of running footsteps coming toward him from a side walk attracts his attention. It is Grunch, wild-eyed, haggard, her thin gray locks, unbound through her unusual haste, flying at each side of her lean, forbidding face.

"More haste, worse speed," says he, sarcastically. "Is the house afire, or my precious nieces dead, that you rush upon me with such indecorous abandon?"

"Hush," says she, sternly, with a glance behind her, "this is no time for words like those. Think only of this, Dysart," pausing and panting for breath, "that I have seen a ghost."

The old man laughs.

"Be silent!" hisses the woman savagely; "cease your gibes, I tell you. The ghost I have seen is—is——"

"My worthy father, for example," suggests he, with a sneer. "No? Well, come, who, then?"

"Michael Sedley!" The words fall from her as though they burn her lips in passing.

The sneer dies from Mr. Dysart's lips; a dark flush suffuses his face, turning it almost black for the moment, to fade presently beneath the ashen hue that makes him look like a corpse—a corpse with eyes of fire! He staggers back against a tree, and his hands catch convulsively at the bark of it.

"You are mad, woman!" he says, in a terrible voice.

"Ay, may be. So I say. Mad I am, if it was his ghost I saw. But if I saw him in the flesh, how then, Dysart? Why, sane. Well," with growing excitement, "shall it be mad or sane?"

"Mad, mad, mad!" shrieks he, furiously. "All my life you have been my bane, my curse, and now, now ,what is this news you would tell me? Sedley! Why, he is dead, woman—dead, I tell you! Where have you seen him? Speak, I command you," cries he, seizing her arm and shaking her violently.

"On the avenue. I was there watching Miss Griselda, as you told me to, lest she should go into the woods again, when he came slowly toward me through the trees, prowling about. He's changed, he's gone to bone a deal; but I'd know him still among a thousand. Ay, and you'll know him, too."

It is characteristic of the iron nature of the man—that rose above all petty cringings to a miserly fear—that as he enters the presence of the one creature whom on earth he dreads, he does so with a calm visage and one expressionless. His step is slow, methodical as usual; his face, gray in its pallor, a very mask. His brilliant eyes alone betray the keen life that still lingers in the gaunt old frame, and they look through and through the unwelcome visitor with an unblinking gaze.

"You!" he says, softly, nay smilingly, extending a graceful hand, with a good deal of languid indifference.

"Just that," says Sedley, in a tone so loud and common as to contrast painfully with the polished accent that had gone before. "Years since we met, mate."

"Many," says Mr. Dysart, sinking carefully into a rickety old chair near him. "And yet it seems like yesterday—that we parted."

"Take it like that! it shows what a downy nest you've been lyin' in," says the large, coarse-looking man, with a distinctly aggrieved air. "There's the injustice of it. You've as much right to this place as I have, when all's told. And if I can't get my share——"

"'Sh—!" breathes Mr. Dysart, softly, lifting one hand. "And—well, so you have come back? Pining for the old country, eh?"

"To look you up," doggedly. "To see whether you were in the grave or out of it, partner."

"Partner?" repeats Dysart, as if in gentle interrogation.

"In crime!" roughly, as if angered by the other's tone. "That's what they'd call it, Dysart, at the Old Bailey, or whatever court it might come before. I'm not particular."

"No—no," assents Mr. Dysart, with gentle encouragement.

"I never blamed you, mind you that. But a lawyer's a worriting sort o' varmint. A man should stick to his word, sez I, and when the old gov-ner refused to stick to his, after all his promises to you, why, if you kept him to it, in spite of him, when he had no longer power to kick—well, who's to say you were wrong, eh?"

"You are very good; very—sustaining," says Mr. Dysart, slowly. His tone is, perhaps, a little fainter.

"Ay, that's what I am to them as stands by me. And you and I are in the same boat, Dysart; never lose sight of that. I don't. I'll back you up as fresh as though it was only yesterday we'd agreed on—on—you know what. Ha, ha, ha!"

The old man suddenly stiffens himself, and looks straight at Sedley.

"And now what is it you want?" he asks, tersely, his tone ringing cold and clear through the room, though very low.

"Now, I like that. I want part o' the swag. Five thousand pounds," says the other, coolly.

"Five thousand pounds! You must be mad."

"Not one penny less. My silence is worth that—and more. Come, don't imagine you can impose on me. I tell you, I would think as little of going into that room out there and telling your nieces of that first will, as——"

"Hush—hush!" says Dysart, in a sharp tone, wild with fear. "Not another word, not a breath on that subject here. Walls have ears. You know the old ruin at the end of the far garden? Meet me there to-night, and I shall see if we can come to terms."

With a last word or two he succeeded in getting Sedley to the door, and there summons Grunch, who in truth is marvelously handy.

"Grunch! Will you see to Sedley? He is as old a friend of yours as of mine, I think," says Mr. Dysart, in so genial a tone for him that Grunch involuntarily glances at him. "He is tired, and no doubt hungry. Make him comfortable in every way."

"Yes, sir," says Grunch, respectfully. She leads Sedley down the passage, and then, with a muttered word to him that she should get the keys of the cellar, runs back to Dysart, who stands staring after them with an unfathomable expression in his eyes.

"Your will—quick!" she says, in a low tone.

"Keep him out of sight. Let no one see him, or guess at his presence in this house," whispers Dysart, fiercely, after which he steps back into his room and slams the door; and locks it behind him in a frenzied fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is ten o'clock, and night, like a heavy shroud, lies over wood and garden. Tom Peyton is treading with cautious steps the upper part of the garden on his way to the ruin.

Safely he makes his way to the old house, to get the letter he knows will await him there. Poor darling, what will be in it? Further vexations? With a desire to avoid all risks, he elects to enter by the back, where a large rent in the dilapidated walls will enable him to squeeze through the room where the letter from Griselda will be.

Voices decidedly, and in the next room. The speaker at this instant is Mr. Dysart. The second voice is strange to him—coarse, vulgar, and dictatorial, and very threatening.

The voices grow in wrath; the unknown one being loud in vituperation. And now, all suddenly as it were, the voices cease; there is a strained silence, as if each man waits with drawn sword for the other's next word, and then—a sickening sound. A dull, awful blow, as of oak meeting flesh and blood, a ghastly groan, and then—silence.

Great heaven! What has happened? Has he killed that old man? Peyton springs forward, looks upon the inner room, he stops short, as if shot, to stare aghast upon the scene before him.

Upon the earthen floor lies a huge figure, apparently dead, while standing over it is Mr. Dysart, his face alight with a ghastly hope, his wild eyes gleaming. A heavy oaken stick is in his hand. The murderous bludgeon is uplifted to complete crime already begun—to finish his work, to make sure of the helpless victim at his feet, when Peyton, uttering a loud cry, rushes from the spot where until now he lay concealed.

There is an instant's hush, a strange hush, and then a convulsive shiver runs through the old man. An ashen grayness has risen from chin to brow. He flings up his arms, for a second or two, clutches foolishly at the air, and then falls with a dull thud across the body of his enemy.

Peyton runs through the garden, never pausing or drawing breath until the house is reached. Knocking impatiently with his knuckles and receiving no answer, he so far gives way to the agitation that is consuming him as to smash a pane with a stone. This brings Seaton to the window in a minute or two, partially dressed.

"It is I, Dysart—Tom Peyton. Come out, come out quickly. Your father," panting, "is hurt—is very ill!"

"My father!" says Seaton, as if not believing. "But where—how?"

"In the garden—up there in the old ruin. Oh, hurry, man, hurry; you can hear all afterward!"

Seaton hardly dares to venture a remark, but, having with trembling fingers clothed himself, follows Peyton out through the window in the chill night air, and soon the two young men are tearing like hunted things through the gardens to that fatal old ruin at the end of them.

Here everything is just as Peyton left it. The old man lying dead, what a more peaceful expression on his face than had ever been there while he lived—the other, the stranger, almost as motionless as his enemy, save for a faint quiver of the lips and nostrils every now and then. Who was he? What had brought him here? Peyton turns to Seaton with these questions on his lips. It is imperative that something about the stranger be discovered—and at once.

Seaton is still holding his father's body in his arms, inexpressible grief upon his countenance. The old man had been stern, hard, begrudging, but he had loved his son well, and the son knew it. Peyton touches him lightly on the shoulder.

"Rouse yourself," he says, in a low, earnest tone. "You know this man?"

"No—not at all. I never saw him before."

"What! you can tell me nothing? Oh, think, Dysart!" says Peyton, with increasing anxiety. "If you know nothing we shall scarcely be able to see how to act. Exert your memory, man."

"It is useless. I swear I never saw him before." He compels himself to look again at Sedley, and a shiver of disgust shakes him. "I know only this—that he has killed my father."

"You forget," says Peyton, very quietly. He would have been thankful, glad, to be able to leave his friend in this belief, but he knew it would be impossible. "I saw the whole thing. There was a quarrel, about what I did not hear, but it was your father who knocked that fellow down."

"Well, it killed him," says Seaton, excitedly. "The excitement of that quarrel was too much for him. I still maintain that that man caused his death." He covers his face with his hands.

"Nevertheless, we cannot leave him here to die. Come, Seaton, take your courage in your hands. Think if there be no way to avoid the scandal that must necessarily arise out of all this. For—for the sake of your poor father's memory, bestir yourself."

It is a potent argument. Seaton flushes hotly, and the old touch of power returns to his face.

Together they carry the two bodies into the house, under cover of the silent night. Mr. Dysart to his own room, and then up the stairs, and through the endless corridors, that other groaning, scarcely living burden; up always until a disused chamber in a remote corner of the old tower is reached, where it is beyond probability that any one in the house save these three who know, will ever seek to penetrate.

(To be continued.)

HATS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Changes that Have Taken Place in Manufacturing Headgear.

"Speaking of the hat business," said a veteran of the business to the local historian, "most wonderful changes have taken place since 1850. In olden times soft felt and derby hats were not known, and it was as late as 1843 when silk dress hats were first introduced in this country, this being a French invention, and all silk plush used for hats in the world was, up to this time, made in France. When Kossuth came to America he introduced the soft felt hats, wearing one himself. It did not take American hatters long to take up the idea, and in less than one year old and young Americans covered their heads with Kossuth hats. They were in shape nearly the same as tourist hats now, only being trimmed up with a nice, long ostrich plume. Along about 1858 an English tourist came along with the derby hat, and in a very few years they became the general headgear in the country, and up to the present date the demand for soft hats and derby hats is nearly evenly divided.

"In those days all the best class of soft hats were imported from France, and stiff derbies from England. This, however, has taken a material change, as American hats are now sold in all parts of the globe, and it is a known fact that we produce the most tasty and best hats made. Before the arrival of Kossuth and the English tourist, however, the Americans did not go bareheaded, but contented themselves with napped otter and napped beaver hats, for the more expensive, and the so-called scratch-up or brush hats for the cheaper. Brush or scratch-up derive their name from the fact that nap was raised on them by means of a stiff brush constructed of whalebones. The first manufacturers who made American production in those goods popular and world-renowned, and who forced French and English hats out of this market, were Rinaldo M. Waters, John B. Stetson, J. D. Bird and B. J. Brown.

"During the early periods of 1840 and 1850 a dealer was a hatter in fact, else there would have been no room for him, as all made the hats they sold, all handwork, no machines of any kind, and one who knew how to make a napped otter or beaver hat was an artist, earning $40 to $60 per week; being nothing unusual, many making from $75 to $100."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Rose from the Ranks.

Prince Chilkow, the minister for railways in Russia, commenced his career by making a tour of the world in order to take note of all the latest inventions, and especially to study the inner workings and control of foreign railways. He first took a position as an ordinary mechanic in the locomotive works at Liverpool, and, after serving some years as a laborer, was raised to the post of railway guard, and afterward station-master at a small suburban station. When he returned to Russia he again worked his way from mechanic to station-master, and, after working for several years in the latter capacity on the Trans-Caspian and Varsovie systems, he was made inspector general and finally minister of railways.

Sacrificing His Curls.

A pat illustration of the sort of man who "breasts the blows of circumstance" is given in a story told of a dashing, handsome Englishman who came to Canada in 1832, took up several thousand acres in the Huron tract and began building a homestead.

He wore long curls, then the fashion. One day the mortar needed for the building of the fireplace lacked hair. Mr. Rainsford cut off the "Hyperion curls," chopped them into suitable lengths and mixed them in the mortar.

"The chimney-corner to this day," says "The Canada Company," "bears testimony to the riches on the outside of a cranium and to the bump of determination they covered."

Hardly So.

In no situation, probably, is the stammering infirmity more calamitous than in making a proposition of marriage. An exchange gives us this dialogue:

Mr. Stutterly to Miss Grace ——:

"M-m-m-iss G-G-G-G-G-G-Grace, I-I-I-I w-w-w-w-w-want you to b-b-b-b-be m-m-m-m-my——"

"What did you say, Mr. Stutterly?"

"W-W-W-W-W-W-Won't you b-b-b-b-be my wu-wu-wu-wu-wife, I-I-I-I-I-I s-s-s-s-s-said!"

"O, George, this is so sudden!"

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Atlantic Express 5:30 p.m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	6:10 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. via Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a. m.

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5:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Water permitting. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Water permitting. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:05 a. m. Daily except Monday.	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 7:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.

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" Ogden 5:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
" Denver 9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City 7:25 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Chicago 7:45 a. m., 9:20 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1:20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso 6 p. m., 6p. m.
" Fort Worth 6:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
" City of Mexico 9:55 a. m., 9:55 a. m.
" Houston 4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans 6:25 p. m., 6:25 a. m.
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Effective 12:01 A. M., September 9, 1900.

South bound Daily Freight Arrive	South Bound Daily Pass. Arrive	STATIONS.	North Bound Daily Pass. Leave	North Bound Daily Freight Leave
7:30 a.m	1:34 p.m	Biggs	11:25 a.m	3:40 p.m
8:00 a.m	1:59 p.m	Gibsons	11:00 a.m	3:12 p.m
8:30 a.m	2:14 p.m	Wasco	10:45 a.m	2:56 p.m
8:45 a.m	2:27 p.m	Klo'dyke	10:30 a.m	2:40 p.m
8:51 a.m	2:33 p.m	Summit	10:25 a.m	2:33 p.m
9:08 a.m	2:49 p.m	Hay C Je	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:43 p.m	McDo'ids	10:12 a.m	2:08 p.m
9:28 a.m	3:00 p.m	DeMoss	10:00 a.m	1:52 p.m
9:50 a.m	3:09 p.m	Moro	9:50 a.m	1:40 p.m
.....	3:19 p.m	Erskinvl	9:39 a.m	.....
10:50 a.m	3:44 p.m	G'e V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
.....	4:06 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	.....
.....	4:26 pm	Kent	8:40 a.m	.....
.....	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	.....
.....	5:20 p.m	Shaniko	8:00 a.m	.....

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