DAYTON HERALD.

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DAYTON .....OREGON.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting.

The Hungarian premier has resigned and a new cabinet will be formed.

The new ruler of Servia is shorn of all power and is king in name only.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of two more persons involved in the postal frauds.

Rioting attending a street car strike at Dubuque, Iowa, has resulted in the militia being called out.

Prominent members of the National Live Stock Association will try to have Secretary Hitchcock ousted.

A naval demonstration is being held at Che Foo, China, by Japanese and British fleets. A few American ships are also present.

The Michigan forest fires will cause inestimable damage unless rain soon falls.

The Russian war minister, General Kuropatkin, is being extensively feted at Tokia.

A disastrous fire in a Newcastle, Penn., coal mine was started by the explosion of gasoline.

The Chicago union waiters on strike partially acnowledge a defeat, and many are returning to work.

The International Pressmen's Convention opened at Cincinnati with 300 delegates in attendance.

By trying to fill a coal oil stove while it was burning, a Brooklyn boy and his sister met with fatal injuries.

The Laundryworers' union, of Chicago, by a referendum vote, just taken, has decided against another strike.

The strike on the New York subway has been abandoned and 0,000 miners will apply for work unconditionally.

The rumor that President Clowry, of the Western Union telegraph company, is to resign is without foundation.

A balloon with four aeronauts was carried out to sea from Marseilles, France. The fate of the men is not known.

The bricklayers' strike in Omaha, which tied up building operations for four months, came to an end by the union giving in.

Accused of attempting to extort money from employes in a Newark, N. J., hat factory, David Richman has been fined $999.99 by the Hatmakers' union.

Armed with rifles and shotguns, the farmers and summer residents of Mount Kisco and Newcastle, N. Y. are looking for the incendiary now infesting those parts.

The native chiefs of Samoa desirous of being present at the St. Louis exposition, have sent petitions to President Roosevelt to help American Samoans to be represented.

Chicago waiters are losing ground in their strike.

Sir Thomas Lipton's fleet has arrived at Sandy Hook.

An American citizen was killed by Turks at Odessa.

Bulgarians are deserting many cities in terror of Turks.

Cutting of a levy at St. Louis almost caused a lynching.

Burglars secured $8,000 worth of diamonds in a New York hotel.

Five people were burned to death in a New York apartment house fire.

A report that the pope was dead caused intense excitement in Rome.

Two more bodies have been found at Topeka. This makes a total of seven drowned.

The powers will demand the punishment of the assassins of the king and queen of Servia.

The civil service commission finds that politics enter too much in the appointments to the postal service at Washington. The rolls have been found to be packed at the behest of politicians, and the service greatly damaged.

An insane man attempted to assassinate Emperor Francis Joseph.

Russia's activity in Manchuria is overtaxing the patience of Japan.

A move was made to create a republic of Servia, but it was promptly smothered.

The coming congress will be strongly urged to make a reciprocity treaty with Canada.

Arrival of troops caused striking Arizona miners to make peace with their employers.

Major W. H. Gibbon, who is said to ave fired the first shot of the Civil war upon Fort Sumter, is dead.

The presidential elections in Santo Domingo have been set for June 20.

Foot and mouth disease prevails among sheep just brought to Liverpool from Buenos Ayres.

The Standard Oil Company has been forced out of Roumania by opposition of the government.

The monks expelled from France will come to Kentucky and endeavor to establish a monastry.

A new case of plague is reported at Iquique, Chile.

Secretary Hichcock has issued regulations prohibiting all molestation of the wild animals in Yellowstone Park.

Eight thousand New York bricklayers threaten to strike for 70 cents an hour, as against 65 cents, now prevailing.

Andrew Carnegie has purchased from Baron de Boyet his notable collection of European fossils for the Carnegie Museum in Chicago.

FATAL FLOOD

Eastern Oregon Cloudburst Kills Many.

NO WARNING GIVEN

HEPPNER RECEIVES THE FULL FORCE OF THE DELUGE.

Ione and Lexington Suffer Less—Death List Will Reach Fully 300—Safety Lay Only in Flight—Dead Are Buried in Hastily Constructed Coffins—Absence of Goubts Notable.

Ione, Or., June 16.—A cloud which burst on the hills a mile south of Heppner at about 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon let loose a hungry flood of water, which swept down the hillside in a wall 30 feet high and 200 yards wide. Reaching the bottom of the canyon, the liquid avalanche reared its mighty front over the doomed town, and carried to destruction nearly every building and human being that lay in its path, leaving a waste of desolation to mark its trail. The destroying torrent raced down the narow gorge of Willow Creek, inundating as it reached them the settlements of Lexington, Ione and Douglas, but lessening in fury and in volume as the thirsty alkali soil of the valley drank up the water like a sponge. Behind it lay nearly 300 dead, drowned like rats in a trap. The suddenness of the catastrophe gave the victims no warning, overwhelming them for the main part as they sat within their homes.

Immediately after the fatal flood had wiped the major portion of Heppner out of existence, swift couriers on horseback sped to warn the residents of the valley toward the Columbia of the coming peril. Leslie Matlock, son of an ex-sheriff of Morrow County, rode a wild ride for 18 miles ahead of the raging waters. His horse dropped dead, but he secured another, and again another, covering the 65 miles to Arlington in seven hours. To this Paul Revere of Oregon is undoubtedly due the fact that the ranchers of the Willow Creek country below Heppner lost so little stock and property.

The Palace Hotel was the first building to stem the tide, and all the guests were saved; but houses below the Palace Hotel were thrown out into the street, overturned and wrecked.

Perhaps the greatest loss occurred at the Heppner Hotel. This house, which was run under the management of Jones & Asbaugh, was carried away. It is supposed that there were about 50 guests in this hotel, all of whom are reported to be lost. The proprietors themselves were saved, but their families are among the dead. The entire residence portion of Heppner was destroyed, but the business houses, being on higher ground, and being generally built of brick and stone, were not so badly damaged.

The schoolhouse and courthouse, which stand on a sidehill, were saved, but two churches, the Methodist and Presbyterian, were completely wrecked. Around the depot the receding flood left great heaps of driftwood piled as high and higher than the roof and the rescuing parties were forced to demolish these pyramids of timber in order to extricate the corpses which were tangled in the brush. Undoubtedly many of the drowned bodies were carried by the rushing waters down the valley. It is reported that three bodies were found near Lexington, nine miles below Heppner, but there were no fatalities in Lexington. No systematic effort has been made to find the dead, who are undoubtedly strewn along the canyon. Every available man from a radius of 65 miles has been pressed into service at Heppner itself. Gangs of men are at work clearing away the piles of debris, rocks and timber, which lie piled in Heppner's streets, and taking out the corpses which are thus concealed.

About 100 persons have been buried in Heppner's graveyard today. Owing to the entire absence of proper facilities for caring for the dead, the victims of the flood were, for the most part, interred in common crates. The ghouls who are usually found, like human vultures, rifling the pockets of the dead in such great disasters as the one which has stricken Heppner, are inthis case, fortunately absent, and the vigilance committees and patrols which were so necessary at Johnstown and Galveston floods, seem to be unnecessary in Oregon.

A relief train sent from The Dalles reached Ione last night and will proceed to Heppner as soon as possible. A wrecking train, with gangs of men to repair both the tracks and telegraph wires left last night. It is expected that communication with Lexington, 17 miles from Heppner, will be restored early this morning.

Court street, at Heppner, on the bank of the stream, is swept clean as a gravel bar from end to end. Not even the foundations of a long line of beautiful residences are left.

Every business house, except the hotel, Fair store and Odd Fellow's building, along the side of the street on which the bank stands are wrecks. A large building is jammed into the drug store and several other structures are in the middle of the same street. Residences are turned over or torn to pieces. Mud, slime and misery are everywhere.

The water was 15 feet high in Heppner's streets and rose over the new courthouse wall. It came down Palm Fork, chiefly, but was a torrent on all hillsides. Enormous piles of rock and gravel have been washed down the canyon five miles up on Butter creek.

The flood came almost instantly and lasted one hour. The people thought it was only a repetition of the cloudburst a few days ago, and were not alarmed until it was too late. Houses were surounded by raging torrents, which sucked every thing movable into their twisting eddies and escape was impossible.

Many people slept in the courthouse last night, and any place they can make a bed.

Many people are arriving at Heppner. There are no beds, and visitors will be compelled to rough it while they stay. Provisions are not needed, but rather help to bury their dead and clear away the debris. The absence of ice or embalming fluids has necessitated the hurried burial of many bodies, which would otherwise have been preserved for the arrival of relatives.

Three live babies have been found whose parents are lost, and identification has so far been impossible.

Families are broken to pieces, the father alone remains, or a wife or son or daughter, and little children left orphans.

Elias Connor, a stockraiser of Ione, returned from Heppner at 2 o'clock this morning. He left the scene of the disaster at 6 o'clock, and brings the latest news from the scene.

"It is now known," said Mr. Conner, "that at least 275 or 300 people were drowned. One hundred and fifteen corpses have been hastily buried in wooden boxes and some were merely wrapped in blankets. There were still several wagon loads of dead on their way to the cemetery when I left. Heppner itself has now been pretty well searched, except in piles of debris, where it is thought that numbers of bodies will be found.

"Between Ione and Heppner," said Mr. Conner, "there are great piles of debris, but the flood passed so quickly that the roads have not been seriously damaged. The railroad track, however, from Lexington on is badly torn up. It looks strage to see the heavy steel rails bent and twisted like corkscrews, and the heavy timbers splintered like matchwood. In Heppner itself the flood swept a clean path a mile long, and one or two blocks wide through the town, following generally the course of Willow Creek. The people of Heppner seem demoralized by the calamity, and men who have lost their wives, children and their all, go dry-eyed to the work of assistance of others."

The town of Heppner, the principal sufferer from the flood is 197 miles from Portland and 45 miles from the Columbia River. It contains a population of, approximately, 1400, and is the county seat of Morrow County. It is located in the valley of Willow Creek, a considerable stream, which flows north into the Columbia. The valley of Willow Creek varies in width from one-half mile to a mile and is bounded on either side by precipitious mountains which render sudden freshets not uncommon, although at ordinary seasons the stream is easily forded at almost any point. At Heppner, Willow Creek is joined by Hinton's Fork, which enters at the north end of the town. Some 20 years ago a cloudburst occurred on Hinton's Fork and a wall of water 30 feet in height rolled down the mountain sides into Willow Creek At that time the town was built principally on the south side of a high backbone extending from near the mouth of the Fork back to the mountains. There was little damage to the town and no lives were lost. Of recent years, however, the town has grown considerably and a large portion of it is on the north side of this natural dyke and along the banks of the two streams, directly in the path of the flood.

North of Heppner nine miles is the town of Lexington, containing a population of three or four hundred, and nine miles further is Ione, which has eight to nine hundred people. According to the latest information, both of these places were destroyed.

A branch of the O. R. & N. follows Willow Creek south from the main line at Heppner Junction to its terminus at Heppner. Officials of the company have received advices that their track is washed away between Douglas and Heppner, a distance of 30 miles.

ACTION ON CANAL TREATY URGED.

President Gives Colombia to Understand That Dallying Must Cease.

Washington, June 16.—The President today sent for William Nelson Cromwell, attorney for the Panama Canal Company, to confer with him on the canal situation. Mr. Cromwell spent half an hour with the President in the forenoon, and the conference was resumed by appointment at 2 P. M.

It is understood that the President is much concerned over the canal outlook. The Administration is not in the least disposed to be impatient with Colombia, and is willing to allow the Bogota government a reasonable time to execute its obligations to the United States. At the same time, the Washington authorities regard these obligations as more binding than those of an ordinary treaty, and cannot admit the right of the Colombian government to recede from them. If not carried out by ratification of the canal treaty, which comes before the Colombian Congress at its meeting this month, the United States hopes Colombia will find some other means of executing its obligations to this country as regards the Panama Canal. Mr. Cromwell declined to see callers after his conference with the President.

United States May Object.

Pekin, June 17.—It is expected that the United States will object to the transfer of the negotiations for the American and Japanese commercial treaties from Shanghai to this city, as it is impossible for the American Commission to come to Pekin. An edict ordering the transfer has now been issued without consulting either the United States or Japan, which omission is considered discourteous to the two powers concerned. The Japanese negotiations have been suspended and are at a deadlock.

Will Remain in Background.

Berlin, June 17.—The election of Prince Peter to the throne of Servia will not cause any difficulty on the part of Germany. The Foreign Office today, answering a direct question on the subject replied that Germany, having less interest than Austria and Russia, was leaving those powers to take the initiative. The Vienna and St. Petersburg governments had agreed that the situation at Belgrade did not call for interference and that, therefore, their policy was to wait development without any action recognizing the provincial government.

Route to Crow's Nest Pass.

Butte, Mont., June 17.—Official word has been recived in this city to the effect that the cut-off from Columbia Falls or Kalispel, on the Great Northern, to Jocko, on the Northern Pacific, is to be built at once. Work will be commenced within 60 days. The new line will open up the richest country in the state of Montana and furnish a direct route from the Crow's Nest coal fields to the Butte and Anaconda mines and smelters.

Cable Ship Nears Midway.

Manila, June 17.—The cable ship Colon, which is laying the Pacific cable from Guam eastward, is nearing Midway Island, and it is expected that the laying of the section from Midway Island to Honolulu will commence next week.

Bandits Raid Cavite Towns.

Manila, June 17.—Disorder continues in the province of Cavite. Two bandits named Felizardo and Montalon, with some followers recently raided a number of towns. The government is planning a campaign to suppress the trouble.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

And Fenner, trembling and cringing like a betaten spaniel, went quickly out. Errol returned to his writing table, and commenced a letter to Winifred Eyre. He had served her now; would she be more disposed to look leniently on his offense, and let her love conquer her womanly pride. "I will at least make the trial before I go," he said to himself, and then he took up his pen and wrote thus:

"I inclose you a note, Miss Eyre, from the man Fenner. You will see by that that he engages to discontinue his annoyance of you, and to leave you for the future free and unmolested. And now, before I leave England on my long voyage, I pray of you to hear the appeal of my heart to yours. Winifred, I love you with all my soul, with the truest, deepest strength of which passion is capable, and I come to you to decide my future. My happiness, my misery, are in your hands. It is for you to seal my perfect bliss by consenting to become my cherished wife, or to punish a fault born of love, and to condemn me to a lifelong sorrow, by driving me away from the sunshine of your presence. Do not decide hastily. I shall not leave this for a week, and if your answer is what I scarcely dare to hope it will be, I shall not leave at all. If you cannot find it in your gentle, womanly heart to forgive me, I shall go out into the world and seek to forget the only woman in the world I ever really loved."

When Winifred broke the seal, and read Errol's letter, her first emotion was one of intense relief. Then, reading the avowal of Errol's love, for a moment her heart relented to him, and a sad, fond recollection of the handsome hero of her past worship made the tears start into her eyes. Then her quick pride came to the rescue—she tore the letter to atoms and threw them from her. "I will never forgive him—never!" she cried, passionately; and then she thought what that letter would have been to her if it had come a few days sooner.

It wanted but one day to the completion of the week, when Arthur Le Marchant rushed into Errol's room.

"My dear Errol," he exclaimed, "what is this I hear about your leaving the Court? It surely is not true!"

"My dear fellow," said Errol gently, "I cannot tell whether I am going or not. You shall know to-morrow. I am waiting for my verdict, and if it is adverse to me I shall go away, and try to forget my trouble."

Two days after Errol said to Le Marchant:

"It's all over, and I'm going. Don't ask me any questions, old fellow—I'm hard hit."

Before Mr. Hastings left the Court he made his friend promise to play host there in the shooting season during his absence; and on the last day of August he was standing on the deck of his beautiful yacht Oenone looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. His thoughts were full of tenderness to the woman who had scorned him.

"She is right," he said, "but I think, if she had known how I loved her, she would have found it in her heart to forgive me."

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A fortnight later Lady Grace Farquhar, by dint of subtle diplomacy, managed to secure what she had for some time past set her heart upon, and that was to practically adopt Winifred Eyre as her protege, if not as a daughter. She was very anxious that Winifred should have an opportunity of being introduced to society and the coming shooting season at Sir Claxton's estate. Endon Vale seemed to afford Lady Grace the opportunity. Among those who would be present for the shooting, her nephew, Lord Harold Erskine, who was quite taken with Flora Champion and whom she knew that young lady, in default of becoming Mrs. Hastings, would only too gladly accept.

With this trump card in her hand, Lady Grace accepted a dinner invitation at Hurst Manor, the home of the Champions, and while there delicately, yet plainly insinuated to Sir Howard and to Mrs. Champion that unless Mrs. Champion and Flora would drive with her to Mr. Eyre's farm and second her invitation to Winifred to come to Endon Vale there would be no invitation for Miss Champion. Moreover, Flora would have to bind herself to treat her cousin with at least ordinary courtesy during their stay in the same house.

Sir Howard acceded readily enough to this arrangement as long as he was not obliged to speak to his granddaughter, whom he had never spoken to or even seen in his life or in any way to recognize her father. It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Champion and Flora to swallow, but the thought that if Flora did not go to Endon Vale, Sir Harold Erskine might possibly fall in love and propose to Winifred, obliged them to give a grudging consent.

The young girl was gathering roses in the garden as the carriage from the Manor drove up the road. She turned away to the house. She could not bear the contemptuous looks the Champions cast on her as they went by. But then she heard the carriage stop, and she looked back in surprise. The footman was letting down the steps, and Mrs. Champion was descending, followed by Lady Grace Farquhar. What could it mean? The blood rushed to her face, and for a moment she hesitated. Then she went forward.

"You did not expect visitors so early, my dear?" said Lady Grace, kissing her. "Mrs. Champion has come to call upon you."

Mrs. Champion came forward and shook hands with her, and uttered a few polite commonplaces, which put Winifred at her ease. She had a great deal too much tact to allude to the past—indeed, she behaved precisely as though she and Winifred saw and heard of each other for the first time.

Winifred soon recovered her composure, and invited them to enter the house. Mrs. Champion was struck by the taste and elegance displayed in the miniature drawing room, and while Winifred was talking to Lady Grace, she examined her keenly. She was forced to confess to herself that this girl who had been so long ignored, and so much disdained, was both elegant and pretty, and that her style was unexceptionable. The conviction did not please her at all. As they were taking leave Lady Grace said:

"Then remember, my dear, that next Thursday week, at three o'clock, I shall send the carriage for you."

"Pray do not think of such a thing, Lady Grace," interposed Mrs. Champion; "you have invited Flora the previous day; let her delay her visit for one day, and my carriage shall take them both."

Lady Grace assented, and Winifred made her acknowledgments very gracefully. Then her guests departed, and she was left alone, wondering very much at what had befallen her.

"A fortnight ago," she thought, "and what has happened yesterday and to-day would have been the realization of one of my fondest hopes; and now—now I seem to care nothing for it. To have been recognized by the Champions, to have been invited to stay with a great lady, to be introduced into society, would have been a glimpse of paradise; and now that I am wretched, and heart-broken, and miserable, all these honors are thrust upon me, and I do not value them one whit. I shall like to be with that dear, kind Lady Grace, but to the rest I seem perfectly indifferent. Are we never to be happy in this world, but to go on longing keenly after something we think happiness, and when we at last attain to it, to find we have lost the desire for it, and that it gives us no pleasure?"

CHAPTER VIII.

All Lady Grace Farquhar's guests had arrived, save one. That one was Winifred Eyre. On the morning of the day on which she and her cousin were to have appeared at Endon Vale, a letter came to Lady Grace, saying that Madame de Montolieu was seriously ill with an attack of bronchitis, and that until she was sufficiently recovered Winifred could not leave her.

Miss Champion, of course, arrived all the same, and, if the truth must be told, she was very well satisfied with what had occurred. The idea of driving over to Endon Vale with her cousin had been most distasteful to her; and now that she was relieved from that unpleasant necessity she was radiant, and, as her brother, who accompanied her, remarked, in a most unusually good temper.

The greater part of Lady Grace Farquhar's guests were strangers to her. Those she knew were Lord Harold Erskine, Miss Alton, the Honorable Evelyn Van and his sister. As the reader will pass some time in the company of the visitors at Endon Vale, it may not be superfluous to enter into a few particulars concerning them. Lord Harold Erskine has already been mentioned; so we will begin with Mr. Francis Clayton, who from his cousinship to the host claims priority of mention.

Francis Clayton was a man who would have completely baffled the researches of those estimable people who persistently find good in everyone. There was not an amiable trait in his character, nor a kind action of his on record; and yet he passed muster in society, because he possessed a certain degree of manner, and because his income was a very large one. He was not a man to charm women, and yet there was many a one who would have been content to ignore his evil qualities and take him for the sake of his rent roll. Francis Clayton was 37, and it was his boast that he had never made any woman an offer of marriage.

Miss Alton had been at Endon Vale some days, and was a great favorite with everyone in the house. Her aunt, Lady Marion, was in Ireland, and as she was not particularly attached to her prim old grandfather and grandmother, whom her aunt visited annually, she had been very glad to accept Lady Grace's invitation to spend a month with her. Marion, or Fee Alton, as her fond aunt had christened her, was the prettiest, sprightliest little coquet in the world. Her mother and Lady Marion were twin sisters, and the former having formed an attachment for a handsome young captain in the army whom her father would not hear of ran off with him, and subsequently accompanied him to India with his regiment, where she died. Two years after, her handsome young husband caught a fever, which carried him off in less than a week, and then their two children were sent to England. The elder, a boy, died on the passage home, and the little girl was received with open arms by her aunt as a precious charge from her dearly beloved sister.

Lady Marion was by this time married to a baronet of considerable wealth, but she had no children; and when Sir Marmaduke Alton died, ten years after their marriage, the title went to a younger brother. He was, however, able to leave her a handsome income for her life, and Lady Marion Alton lived in very good style. She was devoted to her niece, who she insisted should take her name; and to prevent any inconvenience from their both having the same Christian name Lady Marion rechristened her pretty little niece Fee, and a very appropriate name it was.

At the time we write Fee Alton was 18, and just through her first season. She was small, but perfectly symmetrical; it was only envy that prompted people to say sometimes she was nothing but an animated wax doll. Everyone admired and liked her, and she liked everyone in return. She was the life and soul of a party, with her quick wit and keen sense of the ridiculous, and if she was a little malicious sometimes it was impossible to be angry with her, she was always so eager to atone for it.

As opposites frequently attract each other, she was at the present time engaged in a desperate flirtation with Col. Ivers d'Aguilar, a tall, dark, melancholy looking man (albeit decidedly handsome), who was very much in love with her. He had been all through the Indian war, and on his return to England, looking very thin and worn, he was made quite a hero of by all the women, and looked his part extremely well.

I suppose that if two men from the opposite poles had been brought together under one roof, they could not have differed more essentially than Col. d'Aguilar and Mr. Clayton. One was generous in heart and mind, chivalrous to women, irresolute, diffident in himself, and with the courage of a lion; the other—well, we already know what Francis Clayton was. And yet these two men had something in common—a sentiment which in one was a tender, chivalrous affection; in the other a base, selfish passion. This sentiment was love of Fee Alton. For the first, absolutely the first time in his life, Mr. Clayton was, as he confessed to himself, in love—confoundedly in love with a pretty, little, malicious, teasing, impertinent fairy, and could not help himself.

Lady Grace's guests included Mr. Frale, a connection of her husband's, who had recently come into a very good living, but had strong sporting tendencies; Captain Culloden, of the Guards, a very plain, quiet individual, with a good income and considerably less brains; and the Honorable John Fielden, a universal and most accommodating genius, who was always happy to repay hospitality by making himself agreeable, and amusing the company.

These were the people whom Miss Champion found assembled at Endon Vale, and I think her first sensation on being introduced to them was a slight chagrin at finding no great people among them.

Winifred had arrived at Endon Vale, and was sitting in her room, dressed for dinner, until Lady Grace should come in, as she had promised, and take her downstairs into the drawing room.

Mrs. Champion had been prevented paying a visit to Lady Grace, as she had intended; but she, nevertheless, fulfilled her promise of sending Winifred in her carriage.

When the latter arrived she found her kind hostess alone, all her guests being away on an excursion to the neighboring woods. They had spent a pleasant afternoon together, and just as the wheels of the returning carriages were heard, Lady Grace sent her young friend away to dress, promising to call for her on her way to the drawing room. This she did, and when they entered the drawing room there was no one in it but Lord Harold Erskine, who came up immediately to be introduced.

"Harold," said his aunt, "I leave Miss Eyre to your charge until dinner time, so do your best to amuse her."

Lord Harold forthwith devoted himself to being agreeable to his new acquaintance, and succeeded perfectly. She felt quite at her ease, and chatted gayly to him. Presently the door at the further end of the room opened and a magnificent young lady, attired in sweeping lace and silk, entered. The crimson color flushed into Winifred's cheeks as she recognized her haughty cousin. They had never met since it had been agreed the farmer's daughter was to be noticed.

"What will she do?" wondered Winifred. "Will she speak to me, or will she wait until Lady Grace introduces us?"

(To be continued.)

A RAINY-DAY FINANCIER.

A Small Boy Who Has an Original Plan for Earning Money.

"The small boy—or at least one small boy—has found a new way of making money," said a young woman the other day who had made the discovery.

"Recently," she continued, "I went down town to do some shopping. When I left the sun was shining brightly and the skies were blue. Through the vagaries of our delightful New York climate, when I got out at the 116th street station on my way home it was raining cats and dogs, or hailing cabs and omnibuses, as you prefer. I was gathering my skirts for a frantic rush when a boy's voice accosted me.

"'Take you home cheap under an umbrella, lady?' he inquired.

"'How much?' I said.

"'Where to?' he asked, promptly.

"'One Hundred and Nineteenth street.'

"'Three blocks for 5 cents,' he responded. We were off in a moment, and I questioned him.

"'Yes'm, soon as school's out, when it rains, I get our umbrella and go over to the elevated station and take 'em home, three blocks for 5 cents for one person. When they's two together, I walk behind in the rain and let 'em carry the umbrella 'emselves. Oh, yes, I generally make about 25 cents at regular pay from the ladies, but always more if it don't look like rain early in the afternoon and the rain comes sudden.

"'I could make more if I had rubbers with me, but ladies' feet is such different sizes I'd have to carry a whole store to fit 'em. No, 25 cents isn't a great deal, but it's money for a 10-year kid.

"'And then, you know, a good many of the ladies pays me extra. There was a lady before you, a few minutes, that gave me a quarter. You look so much like her I'd almost think you was her. A quarter? Oh, thank you, thank you very much, ma'am.'

"Yes, it's a paying scheme," said the young woman, according to the New York Times. "That chap is the sort," she went on, "who'll grow into a penniless young man, persuade some clever heiress to marry him, and then make people say they wonder how he ever happened to bind himself to such a girl."

MAXIMITE IS SAFE TO HANDLE.

It Will Not Explode from Ignition—Insensitive to Shock.

Hudson Maxim, the inventor of "Maximite," which has recently been adopted by the United States Government, gives a clear account of his remarkable invention in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

"Maximite," he says, "which has recently been adopted by the Government, has satisfactorily stood every test to which it has been subjected, and there is none of the foregoing requirements which it does not fulfill perfectly. It is very inexpensive of manufacture; has a fusion point below the temperature of boiling water; cannot be exploded from ignition, and, indeed, cannot be heated hot enough to explode, for it will boil away like water without exploding. It is, therefore, perfectly safe to melt over an open fire for filling projectiles, in the same manner that asphalt is melted in a street caldron. Should the material by any chance catch fire, it would simply burn away like asphalt, without exploding. When cast into shells it not only solidifies into a dense, hard, incompressible mass on cooling, but it expands and sets hard upon the walls of the projectile, like sulphur. That is to say, it expands in the same way as water does in freezing.

"When a shell filled with it strikes armor plate, the Maximite does not shift a particle, and it is so insensitive that it not only stands the shock of penetration of the thickest armor plate which the shell itself can go through, but it will not explode, even if the projectile breaks up on the plate."

Style.

"And have you seen your little baby brother yet?" inquired the caller.

"Yes," replied little Ethel Blugore, "and I was so disappointed in it."

"Why?"

"Because it doesn't look a bit more stylish than the one our washwoman's got."—Philadelphia Press.

The most perfect echo in the world is said to be that at Shipley, in Sussex, South England. It will repeat twenty-one syllables.

Too much style is apt to produce that attired feeling.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

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
7:20 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
8:20 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
9:06 a.m	2:45 p.m	Hay C Je	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:48 p.m	McDo'lds	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'a V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
.....	4:05 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	.....
.....	4:25 p.m	Kent	8:40 a.m	.....
.....	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	.....
.....	5:20 p.m	Shaniko	8:00 a.m	.....

GEO. H. MOHLER, Gen. Manager. D. J. HARRIS, Superintendent.

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Three splendidly equipped trains daily TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Through Sleeping and Dining Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars.

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DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES Portland, Or.	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 9:30 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
At'antic Express 8:15 p.m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:00 p. m. via Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:25 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

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

B. GABRIEL, Agt. Dayton, Oregon

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Shasta Route

Trains leave Dayton for Portland and way stations at 8:22 a. m. Leave for Dalles 5:53 p. m.; daily except Sunday.

Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m.; 8:30 p. m.
Leaves Albany 12:30 p. m.; 11:35 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:30 a. m.; 12:05 p. m.
" Sacramento 5:05 p. m.; 5 a. m.
" San Francisco 7:05 p. m.; 8:55 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1:30 p m.; 7 a. m.
" El Paso 6 p. m.; 6 p. 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.
" Washington 6:42 a. m.; 6:42 a. m.
" New York 12:43 p. m.; 12:43 p. m.

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