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 race war at Danville, Ill., is over and quiet restored.

The Japanese press is strongly in favor of war with Russia.

Cardinal Gibbons received a very cordial reception on his arrival at Rome.

A convention to organize a new reform political party is now in session at Denver.

The British press terms Russian official's words on Manchurian situation as insulting.

A Texas contractor attempted to bribe an army officer by sending him $200 in a box of cigars.

Preparations are completed for the holding of the conclave which will elect a successor to Pope Leo.

Satisfactory progress is being made in the trade treaty negotiations between the United States and China for the opening of Manchurian ports.

A coke trust, headed by the Frick coal company, is to be formed. The capital is placed at $7,000,000. The new concern has control of 10,000 acres of coal land.

The discovery of four boxes of dynamite in the mountains three miles from Nelson, B. C., with the date 1881 marked on them has led to speculation as to a tragedy in which pioneer prospectors were the victims.

A fierce wind storm in the Boundary creek valley, B. C., has done $5,000 damage. It blew down a steel smoke stack at the Greenwood smelter, overturned buildings, smashed windows and crippled telegraph and telephone wires. Several men were injured by falling trees.

The pope's remmains have been laid in the temporary resting place.

Harriman will try to wrest the control of the Northern Pacific from Hill.

Secretary Root will recommend that troops in Alaska be given double time allowance.

A high Russian official charges Great Britain with duplicity in the Manchurian affair.

Five men were hurt and $100,000 worth of property destroyed at a Terre Haute, Ind., fire.

Extreme hot weather prevails in eastern Nebraska. Crops are thought to have been injured.

The stubbornness of a Hungarian officer is responsible for the prostration of 450 soldiers by heat.

Cardinal Gibbons surprised everybody in Europe by appearing in ordinary dress instead of robes.

Canada is still in favor of reciprocity with the United States, despite Chamberlain's policy for preferential trade.

A sensational note has been sent to President Roosevelt exposing a plan of Hungary to control its people in the United States.

The battleship Kearsarge made the trip across the ocean in nine days, four and a half hours, an average speed of 13.16 mile san hour. She arrived on this side all ready for action.

Thirty thousand people viewed the remains of the late pove the second day they lay in state.

Prince Ferdinand has fled from Bulgaria and it is thought he will not return to his throne.

Indian cannibals on Tiburon island captured a party of Mexican prospectors, killed and ate them.

Tom Johnson says he does not want to be governor of Ohio but would like to succeed Hanna as senator.

Negro convicts in a Tennessee mine revolted and barricaded themselves in the mine. They will be starved out.

The famous fisherman ring has been stolen from the dead pope's hand. Consternation prevails throughout the vatican.

At a meeting of the Lewis and Clark fair directors H. W. Scott was elected president and H. W. Goode director general.

Taylor & Co. and W. L. Stow & Co., two Wall street firms, failed as a result of trying to corner certain stocks. James P. Keene lost $1,500,000 by the transaction.

The United States league of local loan and building associations is in session at Boston.

Cardinal Gibbons has formed a combination with the French cardinals against Rampolla.

Seventeen representatives of the Paulist order in the United States are in conference in New York.

Cardinal Gotti is gaining strength in the race to succeed Pope Leo.

James A. Mitchell, president of the Bell telephone company, of Philadelphia, since 1895, has resigned. U. N. Bethell, of New York, was elected to succeed him.

Twenty clerks on the New York Central railroad at Niagara Falls, N. Y., are accused of robbing freight. Six have been arrested, and five of these pleaded guilty.

A meeting of citizens of Staten island, N. Y., to consider measures for draining the island and thus getting rid of the misquito pest, was broken up by a swarm of misquitos.

Dennis and Lattimer, said to be two of the most expert safe blowers and bank robbers in the country, both of whom live in Chicago, escaped from jail at Waukesha, Wis., through the cleverness of three women, it is believed.

King Edward and his queen received a hearty welcome in Ireland.

HUNT FOR COVER.

Escaped California Convicts are Headed for the Mountains.

Placerville, Cal., July 30.—Of the 13 convicts who escaped from the state penitentiary at Folsom, 12 are still at large. Joe Murphy, who was serving a 14-year sentence for robbery, was shot at Pilot Hill. S. M. Gordon, the reported leader of the gang, who had been sentenced to 45 years for robbery deserted his followers soon after they left the prison. He is heavily armed and it is not known in which direction he sought safety. A negro convict named Seavis, who was reported wounded in the first encounter with the officers, appears not to have been injured.

The 11 outlaws who remain together are making for the Sierra Nevada mountains. They are closely pursued by the sheriffs of Sacramento, Eldorado and Placer counties each backed by numerous deputies and assisted by a company of militia. About 20 guards from the Folsom prison are also engaged in the chase. It is believed that the fugitives will soon be surrounded, and a desperate battle is anticipated, as all are heavily armed.

The work of the pursuing posses has been rendered less difficult than was anticipated by the unexpected action of the convicts, who released all of the free men they had held as hostages. It is thought that this course was prompted by lack of food and ammunition. The 11 escapes are now believed to be near Placerville, in Eldorado county, in a rough country and not far from the mountains, which they evidently hope to make their refuge.

The fight at Pilot Hill between the convicts and their pursuers seems to have been a more serious affair than at first reported.

After they had looted a provision store at Pilot Hill they were practically surrounded by the sheriffs of Sacramento and Placer counties, each commanding a strong posse. All four horses on the convicts' wagon were shot, and one of the criminals was killed outright. Then the outlaws raised a white flag and marched up the road with the guards and others whom they had captured on each side of them. A general volley was not ordered, as it might have killed several innocent men. In this desperate manner the second escape was made.

Now that the captives have been freed, the pursuing officers have been instructed to shoot the convicts on sight, and thier death or capture in the near future is expected.

SHEEPMEN IN ARMS.

Montana Camp and Pens Burned by Warring Cattlemen.

Butte, Mont., July 29.—A Miner special from Big Timber, Mont., says that the sheepmen of Bridger Creek country, several miles from there, are up in arms as a result of the burning of the Flannagan Bros'. sheep camp and pens, the largest in this section of Montana. The destruction is believed by sheepmen to be the work of cattlemen with whom they have been on the verge of war for the past six months.

The sheepmen have organized posses under the leadership of William Bell, one of the prominent sheepmen, and a search of the surrounding country is being made for a man whom the sheepmen declare they know is the incendiary. Pickets have been strung out over an area of ten miles square.

Parties just in from the scene say that the situation is extremely serious and a lynching is threatened if the cattlemen suspected of firing the Flannagan pens falls into the hands of the pursuing sheepmen.

Transport Dix Goes Aground.

Washington, July 30.—Quartermaster General Humphrey has been informed by cable that the transport Dix went aground off the Japan coast last Saturday. She has since been docked at Draga, and it is estimated that it will take 40 days to make the necessary repairs, as she is in bad condition The Dix is a freighter, and had on board 225 tons of Philippine exhibits for the St. Louis exposition. It is expected that one of the tranpsorts now out of commission will be put on to replace the Dix.

Many Fight for Bread.

New York, July 30.—A bread riot has occurred in Newark, N. J., owing to the strike of the Hebrew bakers, who demand a holiday on Saturdays. The supply of unleavened bread having become exhausted, two Hebrews journeyed to New York, and returned with two wagon loads. They were quickly held up by a clamoring throng of hungry persons, and a raid on their stock was made. Men and women fought their way to the wagons, and a riot was provoked when men began throwing the bread into the crowd.

Colorado Ready to Quit.

Topeka, Kan., July 30.—It is reported that the governor of Colorado is about to make a proposition to Governor Bailey for a settlement of the Arkansas injunction suit. According to the agreement Colorado is to take no water from the river for irrigation purposes during the months of July, August and September of any year. In addition, Colorado is to reimburse Kansas for the $10,000 spent in prosecuting the suit.

New Diplomat in Washington.

Washington, July 29.—General Jose Manuel Hernandez, the recently appointed Venezuelan minister to the United States, came to Washington today. He is enthusiastic over the government's recent victory at Ciudad Bolivar, and says it means the restoration of peace in Venezuela. All opposition to the established authority is now at an end, he says.

CONVICTS ESCAPE

THIRTEEN PRISONERS IN FOLSOM TAKE TO THE HILLS.

Outbreak Was Unexpected and Officers Were Taken by Surprise—Used Knives Made From Files to Capture Guards—Looted Armory and Secured Plenty of Arms and Ammunition.

Folsom, Cal., July 29.—Thirteen desperate convicts assault and overcome the guard, capture the prison armory, make their escape and carry with them 11 officials and guards of the Folsom state prison, including Warden Wilkinson and Captain R. S. Murphy.

Such, in brief, was the news that startled the people of this community and sent a thrill through the length and breadth of the state this morning.

This morning affairs at the prison went forward in the ordinary groove. There was no indication of trouble. The conspiracy of the desperate convicts who had decided on a dash for liberty, had been well kept. The prisoners marched into the dining room and had breakfast. After the meal the men marched out of the main gate of the prison into the yard. The upper yard line was out and most of the stone line was through, when two prisoners turned suddenly on W. Chalmers, the outer gate keeper, and a dozen others rushed for the captain's office, only a few feet to the left of the main entrance to the prison proper.

Each of the desperate men was armed with a "file knife" or a razor, and in the twinkling of an eye they were in the midst of the assembled guards and officers, none of whom were armed, and ordered them to line up and march out.

The convicts, having quelled all demonstrations made by the free men, started with their prisoners across the yard in the direction of the prison armory. Four guards were at the armory receiving their rifles preparatory to taking out their "lines." The convicts marched their prisoners up to the armory, and, holding their knives over them, demanded that the doors be opened. It was a case of opening the doors or slaughtering the warden, captain and other officials. Warden Wilkinson realized the uselessness of resistance, and told the guards to open the armory doors. This was done, and the convicts took possession, secured 10 rifles, 25 revolvers and all the ammunition they wanted, and then marched to the main entrance and demanded that the gate be opened. They again threatened their prisoners and the gate was opened. The convicts marched out and up the hill in the very teeth of the Gatling guns trained on them. Their plan had worked even beyond the wildest hope of their imagination. Their prisoners were their safeguard, and they had not lost a single man.

Posses were started in pursuit. 21 guards, headed by lieutenants, and were after the fugetives half an hour after they started. Sheriff Reese deputized J. J. Hinters, who gathered a posse and started on the trail over the mountains, and posses from Eldorado county were also put in motion.

Battle With Convicts.

Auburn, Cal., July 29.—A fierce battle occurred between the escaped Folsom convicts and the officers tonight near Pilot Hill, in Eldorado county. The convicts were traveling in a four horse wagon, and after holding up and looting a store at Pilot Hill of provisions, proceeded in the direction of Colona.

Shortly after leaving Pilot Hill they were overtaken by posses from Sacramento, Folsom and Placerville. Guard Curry, of the Folsom posse, opened negotiations by shooting one of the horses attached to the convicts' wagon, and this blocked the advance and an open fight ensued. Convict Howard was killed outright and Seabis, a negro convict, was badly wounded. Two guards, who were with the convicts, managed to escape. It was also noticed that Gordon and another convict were missing, and it is presumed that they dropped out somewhere between Folsom and Pilot Hill and have taken to the woods, which anywhere in this locality would provide safe hiding.

Panama Situation Grave.

Washington, July 29.—Consul Gudger at Panama has made the following report by cable to the state department of the episode at that place: "Last night about 10 o'clock soldiers, headed by the commander-in-chief, searched the governor's house. The governor escaped, tried to reach the consulate, but was intercepted. Took refuge at the house of an American. Streets lined with soldiers. Arrested secretary of state and departmental employes. Department has money."

Hawaii Must Show Need.

Honolulu, July 29.—The treasury department at Washington has replied to the communication of Governor Dole, who made a request for information regarding the attitude of President Roosevelt towards the proposed Hawaiian loan of $2,400,000 for public improvements passed by the recent extra session of the territorial legislature. The treasury department asks for a detailed account of the territory's finances and the necessity for the proposed loan. The requested statement is now being prepared.

Thames Flood Damages.

London, July 29.—Heavy rains over the south of England caused serious floods and great damage in London. The underground railway was flooded and many printing rooms of London newspapers built in the underground district between Fleet street and the Embankment were flooded and unable to print. The heavy rains coincided with a high tide on the Thames, inundating several lowlying districts.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Within a few weeks of the close of the season a very beautiful Frenchwoman came to London, and was received at once into the best society. Her story was a strange one, and one that excited a great deal of interest. She had been married at fifteen to a Russian prince, many years older than herself, and of dissolute character. At first he had loved her passionately; then, as he found it impossible to overcome her coldness and indifference, he had come to dislike and treat her with harshness. He had taken her away to Russia very young, very friendless, and intensely unhappy. There he had neglected her. She had two children—boys; and all her love seemed bound up in them. Then they died; the cold of Russia killed them, and she almost died of the grief.

The physician at St. Petersburg insisted that she should return at once to Paris. "It is the only way to save her life," he said to her husband. So after three years' weary absence, she returned to her birthplace, and there, after a time, she recovered. At the French court she was greatly admired and sought for. A young man of high rank conceived a wild passion for her. He was so handsome, so distinguished, no one believed she could resist the devotion he constantly and so openly offered her. It could scarcely be affirmed that she was utterly unmoved by his passion, but all the world said that she never gave him any undue encouragement. Still, Prince Zelikoff became jealous. One evening the princess dropped her bouquet; Monsieur de Ligny picked it up, bowed over it, and returned it to her. Prince Zelikoff chose to imagine the accident was prearranged, and that De Ligny had taken the opportunity of concealing a note among the flowers. He snatched the bouquet violently from his wife's hands. In her surprise she made some resistance; he grasped her arm and pressed the sharp-pointed diamond bracelet unintentionally into the flesh. A little jet of blood spurted forth. The enraged De Ligny beheld it, and in a moment Prince Zelikoff lay stunned and bleeding on the ground. A crowd closed round them at once; with some difficulty the angry men were separated, but, of course, only blood could wipe out such a stain. A meeting was arranged; the seconds made the customary formal attempts at a reconciliation without success.

Valerie de Zelikoff knew well enough what the end of such a quarrel must naturally be. She knew her husband's fierce, indomitable temper, and she guessed the rage that had filled De Ligny's heart at seeing her treated with violence and indignity. Her heart was torn—in very truth she cared more for the handsome accomplished man who loved her so desperately, than for her dissolute, gray-haired, indifferent husban. But her religion had taught her faithfully the duty of sacrificing everything to right.

The morning of the duel arrived, no one was on the ground but the seconds, a doctor and his assistant. The doctor stood near De Ligny. Prince Zelikoff was known as a deadly shot. One, two, three, two flashes, two reports, a wild shriek, and a fall. And yet neither of the duelists was harmed or scathed. At the moment of firing the doctor's assistant had flung himself in front of the prince, had turned up the hand which held his pistol, and received De Ligny's shot through his shoulder. De Ligny, the seconds, and the doctor rushed toward him; the prince had already raised his head, and recognized Valerie de Zelikoff, his wife. The doctor explained it. He was an old friend of the family; she had gone to him and besought him to allow her to be present at the duel, urging that she believed herself able to prevent it, and after much hesitation he had yielded. The wound was not a serious one; many a woman would have been glad to purchase the reputation for heroism that came undesired to Valerie de Zelikoff at so small a price of pain.

The action was thoroughly French, and as such intensely appreciated by all Paris. It was a crown of glory to her husband, and flattered his vanity to a degree that made him love her again as in the olden days. Great as the triumph was to Zelikoff, was the defeat to De Ligny. His amour propre could not recover from such a terrible blow; he had been prepared to risk his life to a well-known deadly shot to avenge an insult on the woman he loved, and she had received his bullet in her own tender flesh to save the husband who had so grossly wronged her. He went away until the affair had blown over, and then returned to Paris with a very young, fair wife, who had been taken from a convent to marry him. She adored him; he was cold and indifferent to her; nay, he almost hated her, when, six months later, Prince Zelikoff died of a fever, and the beautiful Valerie was left a widow at twenty-two. She passed a year in seclusion, then she again went into society, and, as has been said, came to London a few weeks before the close of the season. She was staying in the house of Lady Dora Annesly, Mr. Hastings' cousin, and her greatest friend.

Mr. Hastings saw a great deal of the beautiful Frenchwoman, and admired her exceedingly. She was not like any Frenchwoman he had met before—she did not talk much, or gesticulate, or seem to desire admiration. She was pale, large-eyed, essentially spiritueile. The chief fascination she possessed for him was the low, musical tone of her voice.

"I wish you would come more often to us, Errol," his cousin said; "we see so little of you. I am so anxious that Madame Zelikoff's visit to us should be a pleasant one, and she always seems happier, brighter, when you are there."

"You do me too much honor," Mr. Hastings said, mockingly.

"It is no empty compliment, indeed, Errol," returned Lady Dora. "I am sure she likes you much better than any one else who comes here. You ought to feel flattered; the Princess de Zelikoff's coldness and indifference to men's attention has almost become a proverb in Paris. I am surprised you do not prefer a high-bred, graceful woman of the world, to an uninformed, simple country girl like that Miss Eyre. You see I have discovered your secret."

"Some men are foolish enough to prefer innocence in women to a knowledge of the world, Dora," Mr. Hastings answered coldly.

"Some men are foolish enough for anything," retorted Lady Dora, pettishly.

CHAPTER XVI.

More than once Sir Howard Champion had met his granddaughter, Winifred Eyre, in society. He had spoken very little; and the result of his quiet scrutiny was that he felt unfeignedly pleased with her. She was graceful, natural and ladylike, and possessed a certain frankness of manner which could not fail to win for her liking and admiration.

One day he called on Lady Grace Farquhar. She and Winifred were sitting alone together in the drawing room.

"My dear," he said to Winifred, "we must not be strangers any longer. My other granddaughters are coming to stay with me in Hurstshire after the season is over, and I want Lady Grace to spare you. You will not refuse?"

"I think you would like to go, dear, would you not?" Lady Grace said, quickly.

Winifred answered a little hesitatingly in the affirmative. She would rather not have gone; but she could not bear to seem stubborn, or as if she bore malice.

The London season was over, the park deserted, the handsome carriages gone from the streets. Winifred was staying at Hurst Manor with all her cousins—Flora and Reginald Champion, and Laura and Ada Fordyce, Lady Valanton's daughters. She had met the two latter constantly in town, and been on speaking terms with them; but nothing more. The elder was rather plain, but aristocratic looking, and very proud. Ada, the younger, was pretty, good-tempered and unaffected. She took to Winifred at once, and soon became very fond of her; but her sister joined with Flora in being disdainful and cold to the farmer's daughter. There were two or three young men, friends of Reginald's, staying in the house, and Mr. Maxwell, to whom Miss Champion was now formally engaged.

"I have news for you, Laura," said Reginald one day, entering the room in which were his sisters and cousins; "indeed, news for you all. Hastings is not going to Norway in his yacht, but is coming down to the Court, and has invited several people with him, so we shall all be enlivened a little, I hope, in this dull hole. Lady Dora Annesly is to play hostess, so there is sure to be plenty of fun."

Some days after Lady Dora Annesly arrived at the Court with her husband, a young, good-tempered man, very fond of her, and not in the least inclined to be jealous.

There had been a very decided flirtation between Mr. Hastings and Lady Dora some years ago, before she was married or engaged; they sometimes revived it even now. He let her have her own wayward will in the matter of coming to stay at the Court and inviting guests and turning the old house upside down for private theatricals, and in return she was very bright and kind to him and consulted his pleasure in every possible way.

Lady Dora made all her plans and Errol carried them out. He called on Mrs. Champion, gave her some hints about the tableaus and a desire for her co-operation. She responded immediately by calling on Lady Dora, and two days afterward Dora appeared at Hurst Manor. The ladies, especially the young ones, were charmed with her, she was so bright, so fascinating.

There were a great many calls, conversations, hints, proposals and suggestions, and finally everything was arranged precisely as the mistress of the ceremonies had intended it should be. Then, of course, there were rehearsals at the Court; lunches, dinner parties, all manner of pretexts for getting the young people together to perfect their parts. Scenery and dresses came down from London. Mr. Hastings spared neither trouble nor expense, and the Court ballroom was transformed into an elegant theater. All the country round was invited; there were to be two hundred guests.

Winifred's heart beat fast for the first time she visited Hazell Court. She remembered how in the olden days that stately gray mansion into which she had never hoped to enter had been invested in her childlike dreams with all the romance which she had read of or fancied. Afterward it had been dearer still as the home of the man who had been to her a hero, a demigod. The time came to her when she had been the simple farmer's daughter, so proud, so happy to be noticed by the handsome master of Hazell Court. How her heart had sunk within her as she saw him paying court to the beautiful, aristocratic women who seemed then so far above her; and how little she had dreamed of the advent of a time when she should be a more honored, more longed-for guest than they?

Mr. Hastings came out to meet the party of ladies who had ridden over to the Court. He went up to Winifred first, and took her in his strong arms and lifted her from the saddle.

"Welcome!" he whispered; "this is a time I have often longed for."

One day she had ridden over to the Court to rehearse with Lady Dora. Mr. Hastings came in from a drive and found his cousin alone in the morning room.

"Pray, don't come in, Errol," she exclaimed; "I must not be interrupted, or Winifred will be ready first."

"Is Miss Eyre here, then?" he asked.

"Yes—in the picture gallery, I think. She said she could study her part best there."

Mr. Hastings left the room and turned his steps in the direction of the picture gallery. It was an intensely hot afternoon, and all the doors were thrown wide open. He looked into the long, uncarpeted room, and saw there a new picture in a new frame. He stood and gazed at it longer and with deeper feelings than he had ever gazed at any other picture there; it was the only one that was not his—it was the only one he cared for or desired ardently. Framed in the dark oak of the window setting was a lithe, graceful figure, half reclined, and a fair, upturned face. Errol half feared to break the spell that he stood watching. Presently impatience overcame the fascination. He went toward her, and the noise of his footsteps aroused her.

"Were you studying or thinking, Miss Eyre?" he asked.

"I hardly know, Mr. Hastings. Thinking, perhaps."

"It is too warm to study or think, either. Have you ever seen the Hazell portrait gallery?"

"Never."

"Should you like to see it?"

"I should, indeed."

"Come with me and I will show it to you. Wait a moment, though; I must get the key; I always keep that room locked."

She waited, looking out of the window into the rose garden. In a minute he returned. She followed him and heard the echo as he turned the massive key in the lock. He stood aside a moment for her to pass, and then she heard the heavy door close behind them. A feeling half of fear crept into her heart. She dared not turn; a dim consciousness of what was passing in his mind seemed to overshadow her. One by one she gazed at the portraits on the wall, at the beautiful, gracious-looking women and the stalwart men, to some of whom the present Mr. Hastings bore such a striking likeness. Presently she dropped her eyes from the wall and turned to him. She began a sentence and then paused abruptly blood-red with confusion at the intensity of his gaze. He put his hand on hers and essayed to draw her toward him, but she turned sharply away, trembling and frightened.

"My love, my darling!" he cried, in a deep, strong voice, "do not let us misunderstand each other any longer. You loved me once; you do love me still, a little, I believe. Why should there be mistrust and constraint between us?"

His words were very sweet in her ears, but the false pride that had tormented her so long would not let her be happy even now, at the crisis of her life. She drew herself away.

"You have seen the wives that all the former Hastings have chosen—some noble, all fair. I swear before heaven none of them have been loved and revered as you shall be if you will be the last of the race! O, my darling! do not let a false pride make all our lives one long bitterness."

Tears came into her eyes—large tears that gathered and brimmed over, running down the fair face and making it sad.

"I loved you once," she half sobbed—"loved you with all my heart, as I could never love again. I was only a poor, little country girl then; you were a hero and a god to me, something different from any one I had seen before, and because I was simple and ignorant, and—loving, you despised me, and you treated Miss Champion with honor and courtesy because she was a fine lady, and—and you thought I was only a farmer's daughter."

And Winifred sobbed with passionate indignation at the remembrance of her wrongs. Mr. Hastings was fairly angry. Her tears moved him to impatience.

"Will you never cease upbraiding me?" he exclaimed. "Have I not atoned to you enough? Have I not humbled myself before you as I believe in truth none of our race ever humbled himself before? Once for all, Winifred, will you take the love I offer you or do you reject me now and forever?"

"I reject you!"

He was gone even before the better impulse, surging quickly into her heart, moved her to call him back, crying:

"I did not mean it!"

She felt then she had thrown away her own life, her own happiness, and she crouched down by the window uttering great, gasping sobs of remorse and anguish.

From that time Mr. Hastings' manner to her was changed. He was courteous but in no wise different in his behavior to her than to the other ladies who visited t the Court. And when she thought he no longer cared for her, her love for him revived ten-fold and she almost broke her heart for him.

(To be continued.)

WHY NEW BREAD IS HURTFUL.

Bakery Products Fresh from the Oven Are Not Well Masticated.

It is a commonly accepted opinion that new bread is hurtful to people generally because of the gases it contains. A well-known writer disputes this and claims that bread fresh from the oven is no more injurious than that which is stale, provided it is masticated as thoroughly. He says stale bread when broken between the teeth resolves itself into gritty particles, which, if they were not softened with saliva, would be next to impossible to swallow, consequently man thoroughly masticates stale bread, and in doing so impregnates it with saliva, which partially digests and adapts it to the alimentary tract.

But new bread, being soft and plastic, is more apt to be swallowed without mastication, or, in other words, bolted. It is in this act, he thinks, that the injury exists and not in the character of the bread. Hot rolls would be just as digestible as stale ones if they were properly masticated. He refers in this connection to the dog as a teacher of an important physiological lesson. This animal bolts meat, but eats bread because the mouth parts are able to do little toward the digestion of meat beyond reducing it to a convenient form for swallowing. He, however, seems to overlook the fact that the dog's teeth are illy constructed for chewing, and that is the most likely reason for his expeditious bolting of meat.

Another curious fact which he calls attention to is that stale bread is not more dry than new. This is shown by submitting stale bread for a short time to a high temperature. Under such conditions it became soft and plastic, regaining its newness, and this despite the fact that some moisture must be driven off in the operation. He thinks this is explainable on the supposition that in new bread there is free water present, but that in stale bread, while it is still there, it is in a state of true chemical combination. In general, he concludes, it is a sound physiological plan to thoroughly masticate every morsel of food before swallowing it.

Any Excuse in a Storm.

"Only a few weeks ago," said a man who does collecting for a big business house in the city, "I had to call on a delinquent. He was a man of standing I made bold to venture that he was something like three months tardy. I noticed his right hand was in a sling.

"'Why,' he began, 'do you know I am very sorry, but I've had an accident to my hand,' and here he made a great show of his wounded member, 'and I haven't been able to sign any checks lately.'

"Now, of course," the collector continued, "I get all kinds of excuses from all kinds of people. Some say they are very busy, some say they are temporarily pinched and confidingly plead for mercy, but if any one had advanced any such excuse as a wounded hand I'd have taken it as a bit of irony—had I not heard the man and seen from his face that he expected that the excuse would be good. Well, it was good. There was not enough of me left to ask him if that hand had held him up for three months from making payments. At any rate, it detained him three weeks more."—Boston Herald.

Goes Shabby Himself.

"They say he makes little more than a bare living for himself."

"No wonder. Look at the clothes his wife has."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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	1:56 p.m	Biggs	11:25 a.m	3:40 p.m
8:30 a.m	1:59 p.m	Gibsons	11:00 a.m	2:12 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
8:54 a.m	2:33 p.m	Summit	10:25 a.m	2:33 p.m
9:05 a.m	2:45 p.m	Hay C Jc	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:53 p.m	McDo'lds	10:12 a.m	2:05 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'r V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
.....	4:06 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	.....
.....	4:26 p.m	Kent	8:40 a.m	.....
.....	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	.....
.....	5:30 p.m	Shaniko	8:00 a.m	.....

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

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DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES Portland, Or.	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 8:30 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.	10:20 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:00 p. m. via Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:35 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 4:05 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

B. GABRIEL, Agt. Dayton, Oregon

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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 7:55 p. m.; 8:55 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1:20 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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