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### SATURDAY OCTOBER 80.

Wheat is 70 cents per bushel in Eugene.

Dr W W Oglesby of Junction, is in the city.

Delos D Neer returned to Portland this morning.

Mrs N J Applegate went to Yoncalia

this afternoon. MIS H J Day, of Cottage Grove, was

in Eugene today. Horace McKinley returned today

from Brownsville. Miss Fannie Croner went to Albany

today to visit friends.

O P Hyde, of Harrisburg, was doing business in Eugene today.

Rev W S Gilbert was a passenger for Albany on today's 10:50 local.

Mr and Mrs John Morgan, of Brownsville are visiting relatives in Eugene.

Attorney W D Fenton, of Portland, is in the city attending circuit court.

lisses Wanda and Fay and Otis Logan went to Junction today for a visit.

Captain B D Boswell, proprietor of the Boswell Springs, was in Eugene any sounds from above. "Well, Masther Frank, if ye took an

Mr and Mrs Frank Anderson arrived up from l'ortland today to visit relatives.

J C Sales who resides on East Eleventh street, is quite low with pneumonia.

The wooden awning of J O Watts jewelry store and the Eugene book store has been removd.

Mrs Sol Abrahams, who died at Roseburg recently, left her estate, valued at \$10,000, to h r husband.

Frank Alley came down from Roseburg this morning, to visit his mother, Mrs N B Alley, who is quite ill.

SH Friendly and wife returned home from Salem last night. Miss Rosalie stopped cff at Salem where she will visit for several days.

E H Ingham returned on this morning's early train from a two weeks' trip to San Francisco. He reports having had a splendid visit.

Medford Mail: Miss Lottle Knox, of Cottage Grove, is in Medford for a couple or three months' visit with her sister, Miss Mamie Knox, the Pacific Postal telegraph operatior.

Mr and Mrs J A Bushnell and daughter, of Junction, arrived up this afternoon. Mr Bushnell is president of the board of regents of the Eugene Divinity school.

L R Fields, superintendent of the 8 P R R and W A Groudahl, roadmaster are in the city on business is connection with the Jennie Smitson damage suit now on trial in the circuit court.

The YPSCE of the First Presbyterian church hold their monthly business meeting and social tonight with Miss Stella Robinson, corner of

## BUNNY HARBOR OR STORMY SEAT wonder which is best for m Bometimes i wonder which is the star in The sunny harbor or the stormy sea. How may the soul woo rest, yet grow me brave;

brave; brave; woo caim, yet hattle with each warring wave; Win love, yet not forget the loveless kind; Win heaven itself, yet bear the world in mind? —Ella Giles Ruddy in Century.

# LOVE AND MAMMON.

It was one dreary, foggy November day, chilly and dispiriting, when I left my lodgings, and as I pushed on in the wintry gloom I grew more spirit broken and depressed at every step.

"I was an hour over my appointed time when I reached my uncle's office in Mincing lane. I was informed a certain young

lady was with my uncle. "How long has she been here, Pat?" exclaimed.

"Maybe half an hour, more or less."

"And has my uncle sent down stairs to know if I had arrived during that time?" "Shure. The boy Wiggins has been sent for ye twice, and upon the last occasion

the dirthy young spalpeen told as how the bear was growling and grunting while the protty colloen was crying fit to break her heart."

"And you think I had better not go up?" I exclaimed anxiously and nervously as I stood with the door ajar listening for

ould fool's advice-that's me-ye would say, 'Pat, darlint, run up and see how the land lays.'"

"Excellent. I never thought of that. Run along. I am in a fever to get the matter over, and, Pat, just ask Miss Livingstone if she will mind calling at Bridget Flanagan's in Monument Yard. Tell her I wish to see her very much; that I start for Liverpool tonight. You may add that will not detain her long."

"All right; don't fear; the pretty colleen will be waiting for ye; I'll answer for that same. Be the powers, what a fine couple ye would make, and it's the likes of me that would just like to dance at yer wedding. Och, now, don't change color. Does ye think ould Pat Finnigan can't see through ye both?"

For some time past I had been in the habit of meeting a dear girl who at that moment was engaged with my uncle. What was her business with the morose and gloomy colonial broker I had never presumed to ask her. Dora Livingstone was an orphan and was residing in London with a relative with whom, I fancied, Mark Hammersley had some little business transactions which were carried on through the means of the timid and pretty Dora. For weeks and weeks I had blindly worshiped the fair being, who, by her artless and winning manners, won my heart. First a brief and silent inclination of the head was the only acknowledgment between us, then a word at passing, until upon one occasion, waiting my uncle's arrival, a trifling conversation led on to mutual explanations and the discovery that we were both wayward children of fate, with the world before us and no one to love or cherish us. Both young, the re-sult may be foreseen. For myself I fell ssly in love. Just as I was getting hopel

impatient she made her appearance, weep-ing bitterly, while Pat, following behind, angrily exclaimed: That infernal ould mon has been bullying the pretty colleen, and, bedad, ye'd better show up, Masther Frank. Shure,

and if the ould baste came down we'd be ruined entirely." Pat literally tore me away from the weeping Dora, whom I had caught in my arms. Recalled to myself, I now hurried up stairs, my heart beating wildly with conflicting emotions. I was about to be dispatched to Liverpool. I w not how long

opai ring, and see now-even now-its looks pais and wan." Startled and vexed and with some

alarm at Dora's wild distress. I held up to the gas the glistening orb and noted, with a thrill of nervousness I could not repress, that the fine inrge opal with which the ring was set had indeed paled in color, the tiny tongue of flame almost totally disap-

pearing. With a forced laugh I attempted to soothe Dora; but, weeping and clinging closer to my side, she exclaimed:

"Would you had not taken the fatal lewel from me, dear Frank. There is a terrible story attached to that opal. Oh, heavens, that it had never been forced

upon my hand or taken by you!" "Tell me the secret of the gift, my

"It was thrust upon my hand. Frank, years back, when I was but a child, placed there by the trembling fingers of a dying-no, a murdered woman. "Well, I see nothing very dreadful, dear Dora, in all this."

"Oh, but, dear Frank, there is that dreadful past. Though years have clapsed since then the scene rocurs most vividly before me. I have ever had a shuddering horror of that gem, and but for the fear of my father's wrath would long ago have destroyed it."

"Well, it is yours no longer, my own, and, as I told you but now, a thousand opal rings, with all their evil powers, would not deprive me of one jot of ness, my love. But tell me, darling, the aret of this opal ring."

"As I told you but now, Frank, a dying mother placed it on my hand. There was ever a mystery about the gem, my father always showing a mad fury when it caught his sight, but bidding me ever to wear it, and a few weeks back, when I reached London and, at my father's be hest, oald my first visit to Mark Hammersley, he grew pale as I drew his atte tion to the minute creat engraved just within the inner circle of the ring. "Did your father ask you to call my un

cle's attention to it, Dora? "Yes, and when I told him I had left

my parent in America and was myself alone in London he appeared much relieved." "And at your father's desire you have

kept his presence in England a secret?" "Yes. I did not dare reveal it." "And the sums of money given you upon

your visits at Mineing lane"-Were supposed to be forwarded by me America. Today, however, for the first to America. Today, however, for the first time Mark Hammersley refused to give me the usual sum, talked wild and fearful language, and said he would send my unhappy, dissolute father to the gallows. "Yes, he said that, Frank; but, oh

heavens something dreadful has happen Look, look at Pat!" With shaking hand and wild staring eyes Dora have pointed to the Irishman, who at that mon nent had darted into the apartment, his usual ruddy features pallid to the lips.

"What on earth is the matter, Finnigan? Have you men a ghost?' "No, Masther Frank. I've seen worse

than that; but, arrah, come wid me at once. Ye're wanted at the office. Shure they tould me to fetch ye widout delay. "At the office? Is my uncle still there

"There is he; whirra, yes and will not leave this night. But whist! We are losing time. Norah, darlint, stay wid the on until Masther Frank comes back. colleen until Masther Frank comes back. He will not be long, allanha!" With a countenance of wild terror Pat now hurried from the house, followed closely by

"What on earth is the matter, Pat? Is there something you have concealed from "Arrah, yes. It seems like a bad drame but the masther's dead !" "Dead! My uncle dead !" Then, with a shudder of horror as I remembered the

stranger, Boston Bill, I raced on to the office, outside the door of which was a lit-Pat's horror and strange behavior were now explained. Upon entering the offices half an hour before he had discovered the dead body of his master lying stretched half out of the open door of the counting

# DARK DAYS PAST.

Won't you buy a bunch of flowers for your lady!

"But, my boy, it is the beginning of September. Where did you get those roses and illacs from?"

"They are not real flowers, sir. They are artificial. Mother and auntie make them. "Where do you live, my boy?"

"Away outside the city in a little cot-tage. We have real flowers too. I have a flower patch of my own, and mother lets me plant just what I please. But won' you buy a bunch of these, sirf They are only 25 cents, and they will not fade as n as the live flowers.

"Yes, I will buy two bunches of you if you will bring me a bouquet of flowers out of your garden tomorrow. Here is a half dollar for these and another half for the flowers you are to bring tomorrow. Don't fail. I shall expect you at this hour bere in this saloon, where I generally drink my cup of chocolate."

The little fellow thanked the man and was off in a moment. The man bought the flowers. Why had

be questioned the lad about his mother's dwelling place! He could not account to himself for it. The next day after his conversation with

the boy the man came half an hour sooner than was his wont, and he seemed impa-tient and excited. He had not long to wait, for the little fellow had evidently been as anxious to bring the flowers as the gen tleman was to get them. After one glance at the beautiful bouquet, he said, more to himself than to the child, who seemed to be expecting a word of praise for his promptness or the beauty of his pets:

"I thought I was not mistaken. No on knew how to arrange a bouquet as she could. And the resemblance of this child! My God! Could I, after all, have been de ceived? It cannot be. I must have certain ty." Rising hastily from his chair he grasped the astonished child by the hand and said: "Come, show me where your mother lives, my boy. I must see her.

"But mother never sees company, sir. She only lets the gardener into our house to tend to the flowers once in awhile." "But I must see her. Stop! What is your mother's name? I might have thought of that before.'

"Mrs. Norton, sir." A shade of disappointment flashed over

the man's face, but only for a moment. "I must see your mother, child, else your face, too, deceives ma." The lad made no more objections. "If

we take the shortest road home," he said, "we must go through the market house here, and then the other streets will soon

be passed." The walk was quite long, and especially so to the gentleman, who was traveling it for the first time. At last they came in sight of a little cottage surrounded by a garden. The house could hardly be seen, thickly was it covered by vines and reeping plants, but one glance showed to an observer that no unskillful hand had been at work, and an uncommon mind must have planned the whole to make the place so complete a paradise. Opening the gate the child led the way up the graveled walk toward the house. On the por-tico, which was not only concealed by vines, but by two splendid chestnut trees,

he was received by a voice of surprise: "Why, Harvey! Back already? And your flowers you have brought back. What has happened?"

"Mother, dear, don't be angry. The gentleman who wanted my flowers said be must see you. Here he is."

As he said this, the boy pointed to the gentleman, who was just stepping up on the portico. He had stopped at the sound of the voice and then reeled as if about to of the voice and then realed as if about to faint; but, rallying himself, he walked on until he confronted Harvey's mother. The lady looked at the gentleman and was

The Continuing Contract not Approved-No Estimate for Ensuing Year.

ADVERSE TO YAQUINE.

The report of the chief engineer of the army on the Yaquina Bay improvements was made yesterday. It recites the project and knocks out the same in the following manner, unless congress does something:

"Work under the extended project, or the making of a continuing he has become identified before the contract for this work, has not been approved by the secretary of war, He is the embodiment of the and no appropriation was made for this work by the sundry civil act of June 4, 1897. Therefore no estimate is presented for this work for the year ending June 30, 1899.

"The amount of freight received and shipped from Yaquina Bay in the calender year 1896 is reported as 17,883 tons, the receipts consisting principally of general merchandise and sait, and the shipments of grain, flour, potatoes, building stone, cooperage and cordwood. This a decrease of 7000 tons from previous calender year."

A PROSPECTIVE KING RIDICULED The London Republican, 200,007 circulation. has little respect for royalty. The Prince of Wales

ther day and the London publica- its indersement to the agitation for tion writes of its prospective king the establishment of postal savings in the following saves-tic vein:

"Few who gaze upon it's manly form would imagine what stores of meat. Other state and national spiritual grace were bottled up, so to speak, in the personality of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. A cold and critical world is apt to look on him as merely a good fel-low grown bald and middle aged in luxury and case, fond of the good things of the world, but he has taken upon himself a most solemn function, no less than that of the responsibility and spiritual life of a new infant, who has made its appearance in this world of temptation.'

### Circuit Court Cases.

40 W H Holland vs E E Willard; damages. Continued for the term. 46 James Parvin vs W E Jordan et al; to recover money. Settled.

104 Weatherford & Wyatt vs J Nichols; to recover money. Bettled. 118 State of Oregon vs Johann Krausse; larceny by bailee. "Not a

WHAT & DIFFERENCE, NOW!

Last fall the New York republicans were very lovable to the Cleveland democracy. Its different now. It is in this manner that Mr Platt speaks of the gold supporters in a signed statement:

"Low is the candidate of the four democratic organizations, the Ship democracy, the Garoo democracy, the Purroy democracy and the Steckler democracy. More and

more as the canvass has proceeded public with the democratic party. 'holier than thou' of the Cleveland party. He is a revival of Clevelandism. He has the support of all that noisy and insolent crowd

which grovels to the feet of Cleveland. He has been brought forward as the expression of their natures and their hopes, and that which makes his success impossible is that idea so clearly present in the minds of the community that the Cleveland clique are endeavoring to regain their lost prestige for use in 1900."

Under the circumstances, it would appear that the republicans think the Cleveland people were consummate chumps. This certainly is the height of ingratitude.

The State Federation of Labor at stood sponsor at a christening the its session at Bloomington added banks. Local unions in large numbers have endorsed the moveconventions as they meet should also take action along the same line. Especially should the American Federation of Labor, which meets in December, take a strong position in favor of postal savings banks. The demand for their establishment should be reiterated so presistently that congress cannot longer ignore the subject. The vote upon the adoption of the postal savings bank resolution at Bloomington was unanimous, which indicates the general sentiment of working men on the subject.

> The wife of the governor of West Virginia, who has been on trial for torgery, has escaped through a disagreement of the jury. This is less satisfactory than acquittal, but it relieves her husband of the dis-

Seventh and Lawrence streets

From Drain: Grandma Kuykendall now a resident of Grant's Pass, has been here visiting old friends for several days, being on her return home from a visit with relatives at Eugene.

Mrs Judge J W Cowles and Mrs Hussy, of McMinnville, cames up this afternoon to attend the dedication of the Eugene Divinity school tomorrow. Mrs Cowls is a member of the board of regents.

The President yesterday appointed Owen Summers of Portland, appraiser of merchandise in the district of Willamette, and Zoeth Houser, of Pendleton, marshal of the United States for the district of Oregon. These gentlemen were recommended by the Oregon congressional delegation.

Brownsville Times: Mr Baxter Howard's family arrived Thursday from Junction and they have gone to housekeeping in the rear rooms in the Odd Fellows building. Mr Howard expects his stock of dry goods and notions to arrive so that he can open his store to the public in about ten days.

The chainless bicycle is an accomplished fact, having been put on the market in New York last week. It is said that six of the leading bicycle manufacturers have announced that the price of '98 models will be \$50, in order to meet the fierce competition that the improved wheel will cause.

Brownsville Times. H G McKinley formerly of this place, arrived in this city Tuesday accompanied by Mesars C W Dewey and N H Withes, of La Crosse, Wis. Immediately after their arrival they departed for the famous timber belt, up the Calapoois, where they have large interests. The two latter named gentlemen had not seen the timber before, and it is probable they will be so well pleased that they will inorease their boldings.

TELEPHONE CONSTRUCTION. - The Yreks, Cal, Journal gives the following telephone news: "The Sunset company will not extend their line to any degree this winter, it being too late in the season, but will put on a crew as early as possible, from Yreks north, as well as one from Weaverville north, also one from Glendale north to Eugene, where the line is in wild terror exclaimed: now completed. It is expected that Frank? Woe is me! You have dreed our the line will be through again in the the line will be through early in the weird! There is a terrible history to that spring."

had to deliver an inexplicable message given me in the street by a stranger, though apparently well acquainted with my morose relative. Upon entering the counting room I dis-

covered in a moment that my uncle was in one of his devil's moods.

"So, young man, you have arrived at last. Lost yourself in the fog, I suppose?" There was a grim, surly sneer in this salutation, the evil look upon his features changing, however, to one of alarm as I exclaimed: "I met a stranger in Tower street just now, uncle. He told me his name was Bill Bainbridge. 'Tell the old man Boston Bill's in London!' he shouted out and then disappeared in the fog. "Boston Bill, and here in London! Im-

possible! What sort of a man was this-a tall, sallow faced, rough looking scoundrel, was he, with gold rings depending from his ears?" In wild excitement my relative here grasped me by the arm as he drew the faithful portraiture of the stranger I had encountered in the street shortly before. When I told him that he had depicted the man to the very life, Mark Hammersley exclaimed:

"You must call tomorrow morning Frank. Let me see you at 9 o'clock, before Saunders gets here. Good night. I -I don't feel well, my boy."

"Well, there is a skeleton in every house, the old saw has it," I muttered as I once more gained the street, "and I suspect, for all his wealth, that Mark Hammersley is not to be envied." Glancing back I observed his shadow passing and repassing across the drawn blinds. Then, hurrying away as the fair image of the lovely girl I was presently to meet arose before me, I dismissed the strange business entirely

from my thoughts. I was met at the door of the house in Monument Yard by a buxom cousin of my friend Pat, who said :

my friend Pat, who said: "Shure, and ye'll find Miss Living-stone in the parlor. Whirra, it's in sorrow, she is. Mayhap ye will stop the tears of the pretty colleen." The comely Norah here, with a roguish smile, pointed to a half glass done through the window many half glass door, through the window panes of which I caught sight of the girl I loved.

Long and fixedly I gazed, with beating heart, upon the sorrowing girl. Then, warned by a low laugh from the lips of Norah, I rapped at the door, and receiving an invitation to come in at once entered the chamber.

Darting forward I now caught the little

Darting forward I how cauget the mine, soft hands of the weeping girl in mine, pressing my lips to her flushed checks and then to her golden hair. "So, then, Dors, you are mine-my own darling now and forever!" I exclaimed. "Let this be our betrothal night. See, here the here is a ring that was once my dear girl, here is a ring that was once my mother's, a little keepsake I have never parted with, and in return I must have this, my own." Placing the gift from my mother upon one of the tiny fingers I held in mine. Lat the same moment abstracted in mine, I at the same moment abstracted from Dora's left hand a ring she wore, but as I held the gem up to the light a cry of dis-tress escaped the lips of my betrothed, who

My poor, unfortunate uncle had be strangled out of life, a gaudy colored silk handkerchief being found drawn in a knot round his neck, the empurpled features protruding eyes and lolling tongbe, half bitten through, giving fearful token of his dying agony and desperate fight for life. Met upon the stairs by a detective and a constable, I at once made the former ac-quainted with what had taken place at my last interview with my poor uncle. "This Boston Bill is the murderer,

murderer, depend upon it. Joe Emery (here the ser-geant nodded his head at the constable) new a man hurriedly leave the offices just before the crime was discovered. I should like to see the young lady you have mentioned, that Miss Livingstone," said the detective, who had followed me from the house of death into the street.

My brain in'a whirl, dazed and horrified at the sight I had seen, I was now startled by a loud shrick and the sharp report of a pistol cohoing in the night air.

Was I mad or dreaming? I asked myself

as there, upon the pavement, I beheld the man Boston Bill supported in the arms of a policeman, his face smothered with blood from a bullet wound in the temple, from which blood welled out in streams. Bending over the wretched man, with white, drawn face and clasped hands, stood my loved Dora, a world of horror in

her eyes. "Don't look so skeared, Dora. I'm a goner. I guess I'll join old Hammersley. What erooked luck! Killed, wiped out by my own six shooter! But listen, gai. Afore I give the law the slip, know you arn't my daughter, but my own sister's child, that sister ruined and lefs by your own scoundrelly father, Mark Hammersley. He ruined your mother and rot me a lifer, but I got away and tracked the beggar down at last. I-I-strangled the old moneybegs there in his office. Stand back, stand back! By God, there he is with the handkerchief round his neck!" Staggering to his feet, the wretched man one step toward the door of the house made in which lay the corpse of his victim, and then, with a gurgling, gasping cry, fell prone upon the threshold.

They at once raised him up, but the murderer had gone-Boston Bill was

dead! Six months after that dread scene in Minoing lane, in a pretty, rural, ivy covered church in Kent, I married my beloved. Pat the same morning led to the altar the

blushing, buxom Norah. With the large fortune left by my un-fortunate uncle, Dora and I decided to live in the country. The lodge by the gates of our place, Hollydale Hall, we fixed upon for the house of Pat and his wife. Blessed in after years with a group of merry little ones, we yet at times grew and and de-pressed when we recalled the past. Yet, 

out to turn away, but o and then a cry, and she would have sunk to the floor had not the strong arm of the man caught her. But she did not faint. She was only overcome for a momen "Harvey, dearest, is it you, or do I

dream ! "Yes, my beloved wife, it is I. After a whole year's search I have at last found you, through what I now know as our boy, whom I left as a babe." After mutual explanations the gentleman maid 'Ah, those were had days when I had to leave you and our darling boy so destitute through the failure of that bank."

"Did our creditors seize all?" "Yes, all except your jewels."

"But why did you let me mourn you as dead all these years? Tell me that first." "Darling, I wrote so often and never re-

ceived a reply-not a word of encourage-ment in all these weary years of toll and trial. You know I left for China. I wrote to you from every port where we stopped, and with every returning ship or steamer I sent you letters. After my arrival at Peking I wrote to you again to take heart as I had the good fortune to get a situation in an American tea house, and would, as I did, send you half of my salary, which was to be deposited semiannually at the Bank of New York."

"It must be there yet, then, for I have never drawn any nor heard a word from you, and mourned you as dead, as you can see by me wearing widow's weeds yet. When I turned my jewels into money, I labored hard for more than a year at a millinery store, sister taking care of our boy. That was the hardest of all, to be separated from him so much, but I did it, and after I had learned the art of flower making I got along very comfortably, for sister Ruth assisted me so faithfully. At last I had accumulated enough to lease this little place, which was at that time a this fittle place, which was at that the a perfect wilderness, and you see what four years of patient toil have made of it. We had ample time to make our artificial flow-ers, and for more than a year Harvey has been in the habit of solling them for us. Yesterday, I do not know why, I arranged were branches as I used to do for you and

gave them to Harvey to sell." "And it has been the means of my find-ing you, for I had made inquiries for you ing you, for I had made infurnes for your everywhere and no one knew of your whereabouts. Thank the kind Lord who aided me! We will purchase this place, for I have ample means, and, the good Lord willing, we will forget in our future hap-

piness the dark days that are past."-Exhange.

#### Giving Impressively.

There are diversities of giving as well as of gifts. To give a little with a grand air sometimes seems to make more of an impression than to give much modestly. The world has not changed in this respe Samuel Pepys wrote in his "Diary" ' in 1660:

"There was a great number of mer-"There was a great number of mer-chants and others of good quality (at a dinner) on purpose \* \* to make an offer-ing (to two newly married servants), which, when dinner was done, we did, and I did give 10 shillings and no more, though I believe most of the rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too."

true bill" returned by the grand jury

court. Jury drawn as follows Thurs- is that she is at least morally inday morning: Geo Sears, J C Nicholson, Joseph Persins, W W Shortridge, S R Piper, J L Seigler, D M McCrady, R F Field, J L Hunter, G W Kimball, Alfred Brattain, R E Walker. Thurs day evening jury returned verdict for have blamed him. defendant.

#### No Comment Needed.

Eugene Register: "Two students were expelled from the university yesterday for gambling. It is said that a third student did not care to stand trial and left to avoid the action of the faculty. We are told that the U of O grand jury is in session and that more true bills' may be found.

Brownsville Times: "This sounds queer, coming as it does right on the heels of President Chapman's vigorous denial of the charge that gambling was carried on under the very roof of the university.

### Teachers' Examination.

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly examination for teachers' certificates will be held at the Court House, commencing at 1 o'clock p m.on Wedneday, November 10, 1897. Those teachers desiring state certificates or diplomas should apply at this time.

#### CS HUNT, Co. Superintendent.

### County Warrant Call.

Notice is hereby given that 1 will pay all Lane county warrants from

DIED .- At Walterville, Lane connpendicitis, Roza, second daughter of J dairies have combined and will ty, Friday night, October 29, of ap-A Allen, aged 10 years. Burial Sun-keep up prices And the river is day morning at 11 o'clock at the Camp handy. Creek cemetery.

Hops Sold in Salem. ranged from 11 to 18 cents.

agreeable dilemma in which he would have been placed by convic-William Seavey; appeal from J P tion. The general belief, indeed, nocent of the charge. But even it it had been the other way, and the governor had pardoned her, only very stern moralists indeed would

> J Pierepont Morgan never smokes a cigar that costs less than \$1.25. Were he to smoke 100 cigars 1 ke that a day he wouldn't feel it, just from the interest on the bonds of the US he holds.

> An interesting feature of the New York election is that Dr Parkhurst, who is in Paris is o, pusing Tracy because Platt, left his church. After all Parkhurst is about as big a boss in his way as Platt.

> Mark Hanna is not a child in political work. Twenty fat Ohio postoffices are held up for appointments until after the November election. No kicks before election but plenty atterwards.

> Charles A Dana and Henry George both gone in one week! Two men of national reputation have joined the great majority.

> By the way it makes no difference what administration is in power Portland never gets left. Her patrio s are born office holders.

Spain promises to institute reforms in Cuba. It is another case of "when the devil was sick the devil a saint would be."

Portland has a milk trust. The

Three plums already plucked from the Federal office tree in Orehops were sold today. The prices gon. Two for Portland and one

registered number 1355 to 1534 inclusive. Interest ceases after October 15. 1897. A S PATTERSON, Dated Oct 14, 1897. Co Treas.

some branches as I used to do for you and

### Thursday. 124 H G Plymate vs Thomas and