

Roseburg Plaid-saler Rep: "Hon R M Veatch of this city has been honored by the nomination for congressman for the first district, at the late union convention. Mr Veatch has long been a resident of Oregon and is well known, especially by the people of Western Oregon. He is now, and for the past four years has been a resident of Roseburg, although we believe he has retained his citizenship in Lane county, where he lived prior to his appointment as register of the Roseburg land office, which position he now holds. His term of office will expire about April 1st, at which time, or as soon as his successor is appointed and qualified he intends to return to Lane county.

"Mr Veatch, we believe, has been most of his life engaged in farming, although we have been informed that on his retirement from the land office he expects to give his attention to the hardware business at Cottage Grove where he has an interest in a hardware business.

"In politics, Mr Veatch has always, we believe, been a democrat, and for the past two or three years at least, has been a consistent advocate of the free coinage of silver, and this notwithstanding the fact that he has been during that time holding a federal office under the Cleveland administration. As a citizen and neighbor, Mr Veatch is a Prince among men. He is scrupulously honest both in public and private life. If a majority of the people of this congressional district are democrats and believe in the doctrines of the democratic party including free coinage of silver, and that a democrat can be of more benefit to them in congress than can a republican of like honesty and integrity, and greater experience, then they get in R M Veatch as good a man as they could have nominated."

WILLIAM R KING.

East Oregonian: There is not a man in the Populist party in Oregon, who could be nominated, who is more conscientious, more anxious to be of service to the people, than William R King, nominated for governor by the "union of forces" at Portland. Mr King is a young man, is sincere, honest, ambitious, and has made the most of his opportunities with credit to himself.

The Pacific Northwest shows a remarkable healthy financial state of affairs according to bank clearances. The figures for last week are: Seattle \$1,604,398, a gain of 239.5 per cent over a year since. Portland follows with \$1,457,980, a gain of 70.2 per cent, while Tacoma has \$878,291, a gain of 155.1 per cent.

The Hillsboro Independent, Congressman Tongue's home organ says: "Henry D Dlinger, Jr, of Lincoln county has been nominated by the union silver forces for district attorney in the Second Judicial district. Mr Dlinger is a young man better known in Portland than in his district, having resided there only about four years, though his interests and that of his father have been there for thirty years. The candidate is a young man of ability, force, and strict integrity, and he is a native Oregonian which is not to his discredit. The only objection to Mr Dlinger is his politics though he no doubt hopes that with a majority of the electors in his district that objection will really be to his advantage."

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, a staunch Republican paper, has this about H R Kincaid:

"His uncompromising silver views made his re-nomination by Republicans out of the question. The unionists have taken notice of his constancy to his mistaken views, and they have re-nominated him for the same office. Mr Kincaid has made an excellent record, and is an efficient and upright officer. He stands as good a chance of re-election as any other on his ticket."

Spain continues her dilatory waiting policy. Inexorable fate crowds the Cuban matter to a final settlement, and the days of Spanish domination in the fair island are numbered.

HER FIRST LOVE.

Adelheid Kichrodt was a young and lovely Berlinese, who at the age of 17 had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction. He became deeply enamored of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, where, notwithstanding the little dissensions that a difference of national tastes and prejudice is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and perfection of conjugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half when De Morier fancied he observed an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding toward him; she was reserved, distrustful. There was an air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was sedulously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted in various unsatisfactory ways. He more than once surprised her in whispered conference with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of her marriage, had on the eve of her marriage requested to be allowed to accompany his young mistress to Paris. On his approach they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something like confusion.

He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified by overhearing two ladies in society, after exalting the undeniable beauty and grace and affability of Miss de Morier, make an exception to her prejudice (the "particulars" did not reach his ears, which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce n'est pas possible—une belle, un monsieur—affreuse, degoutante.") He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after that, on entering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw her rush toward the open window and dash something to the ground.

"Bah, bah! Adelheid, why, surely I have entered Houbigant's boutique in mistake for my own hotel! Esommes-nous milliardiers! Attar du rose! What are all these scents that you are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many scents. I have told you of my aversion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband, having observed Madame in one of her late mystic moods with the old steward confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room full of vague apprehensions and surmises and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending lawsuit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly on the day following this little brusquerie he took occasion during breakfast to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long after the usual hour of dinner he made his appearance. The old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! As I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—tousjours la place! Always smoking! Is Madame at home?" "Non, monsieur, non." "No! I think you are mistaken, Karl. I am nearly positive that I saw her close the door of her boudoir this morning in a white dressing gown. Is she alone?" "Yes, sir—alone, sir! To be sure she's alone—at least—that is—I will tell her you are come, and"—"I thank you, I can inform her myself." "Why, no; that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or"—"Engaged! How—what—with whom?" "Oh, with nobody, sir! Let me pass, old man! What does this mean?" "Nothing, sir, but if you would only now—do, sir, only just wait a moment, that I may tell my lady, sir. She will be so frightened—your will be so angry." "Angry! Yes, I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me."

The count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason. Yet he adopted a reasonable course in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold and striking swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement he pushed open the boudoir door with violence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large armchair, her foot resting on a low footstool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, whilst her delicate hand sustained an enormous chibouque, from which she puffed clouds of fragrant incense!

A TEXAS ROMANCE.

A few years ago there lived in the western part of Matagorda county a dark eyed, sprightly young woman named Collins. She was bright of mind and pretty to look upon. She went to Colorado to visit some friends, and there met a bustling young newspaper man. The newspaper man fell in love with the pretty Texas girl, but before his courtship had progressed very far Miss Collins returned to Texas. The young newspaper man meant to have that girl for his wife, no matter how far he had to travel, so he left Colorado and followed her to Texas.

In those days the county seat of Matagorda was at the town of Matagorda, in the southern part of the county. There was no railroad then, and there is no railroad now in the county. Matagorda was the only town of any consequence in the county. Once it was the metropolis of Texas, the wealth and fashion of the state being centered there. But commerce had robbed it of its laurels. New cities had grown along the coast and in the interior, and little was left for Matagorda but the memories of the past.

It was necessary for Miss Collins, when she wished to do any shopping or when she accompanied one of her relatives to the county seat, to drive to the Colorado river and there embark in a small boat and be rowed down the river to the once great town. It was a long, tedious trip. The return journey was even more trying, for then the boatmen had to scull against the current of the big stream. The people who lived in the distant parts of the county had long been muttering about the inconvenience of having the county seat in such an out of the way place. It wouldn't signify, they said, if Matagorda was being and attractive, but it was moribund. The great schools that had been there had closed their doors. The big enterprises were moved away, and nothing remained but the courtesans to attract the outside public. But although they muttered and grumbled they could make no suggestion for relief. No town of any consequence offered a better site.

The young newspaper man who loved the bright eyed Texas girl lost no opportunity to press his suit. It was but natural that he should bear of the burning injustice of having the county seat way down in Matagorda town. One day when the newspaper man was courting the pretty Texas girl she abruptly said: "Why don't you move the county seat?" "What's that?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"I say why don't you move the county seat away from that pecked old town of Matagorda?" the girl repeated. "Miss Collins," replied the newspaper writer laughingly, "a man will love heaven and earth for the woman he loves. Just tell me where you wish that county seat moved to."

"Move it anywhere you wish—out on the prairie or any place—so persons can get to it without spending a lifetime in journeying to and from it," was her answer. "And if I move the county seat will you?" "Yes, I will," was the reply.

The young man was of buoyant disposition, and, stimulated with the promise of reward, he set to work. In the north he had known another bustling, bustling young man named Magill. To Magill he explained the project. Magill knew a man with enterprise and money. These three men determined to build a city. On the bald prairie between the Caney and the Colorado rivers they chose a site. It was near the geographical center of the county. From Messing Bros. of Galveston they purchased 320 acres of the land they wanted. From a stockman named Moore they got another 320 acres. They paid \$1 an acre for the Messing land and \$1 an acre for the Moore tract. They could have bought 640 acres from Moore for \$1 per acre, but a creek marked the boundary between the Moore and Messing strips, and they wanted this creek for drainage purposes. They had the town situated out, and they designated which should be business blocks and which should be residence property. While the surveys were at work laying out the town and while there was little to mark the site of the proposed city but the stakes in the ground they canvassed the county from end to end on the proposition to move the county seat to the town that was to be out on the prairie.

They were strangers in the country, and their scheme was well known, but they cared nothing for that. The proposed town was christened Bay City, and the young newspaper man started a paper, which he called the Bay City Breeze. An election was approaching, and they made the question of moving the county seat the issue of the campaign. The young man wrote pungent paragraphs on the great question, his friends and lieutenants traversed the county to stir up the voters and point out all the advantages of moving the county seat to Bay City. There was a hot time in old Matagorda in that campaign. Nothing so stirring had been seen in a political war since the war. When the votes were counted it was found that Bay City had triumphed by a handsome majority. Much bad blood was shown over the result, and for a time there were fears that there would be trouble over the election. But that was three years ago.

I was in Bay City a few days since. It is more like a small Kansas town than a south Texas county seat. There is little evidence now of the rumor of that queer election. Matagorda town remains, but that is all. Bay City is stirred by a new excitement. A railroad, the first to enter the county, is building in that direction. The route is almost direct from Galveston to Bay City. The residents expect great things to happen when the railroad comes. Now they are almost out of the rest of the world, the nearest railroad station being nearly 30 miles away.

The man who moved the county seat lives in the handsomest house in Bay City. He is still the editor of the Breeze. He is the big man of the town. The pretty black eyed Texas girl is no longer Miss Collins. Now she is the wife of the man who moved the county seat. Her name is Mrs. Nicholas Vogelzang.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Change at Benin.

The English occupancy of Benin has resulted in so complete a change that the field of execution—where slaughter pits and crucifixion trees abounded, and sometimes the bodies of thousands of victims lay in heaps, polluting the air—has been laid out in polo grounds and golf links.

Judged by Appearance.

Magistrate (who has lately taken to himself a wig)—I think I've seen you here before on a similar charge. Drunk and Disorderly Female—No, yer washup, w'elp me! The last time I was up afore was a baldheaded old cove.—London Telegraph.

MABEL'S MISTAKE.

Little Mabel Campbell was watching for the arrival of the carriage which had gone to the station to meet her old schoolfellow and her father's ward, Miss Marlowe.

It was Grace Marlowe's first visit to her guardian, Major Campbell. She was willful, and therefore, because her late father and the major had hoped and arranged (both being willing) the daughter of the former should marry the son of the latter, she had taken it into her head that she would have nothing to do with Geoffrey Campbell.

She would not even see him and could never be persuaded to visit Crane Court, the beautiful home of the Campbells. But Mabel spent many happy weeks with her, and on every occasion was loud in the praises of her handsome brother, Captain Campbell of the 5th lancers.

After her father's death she elected to live entirely with her maiden aunt, Miss Beatrice Marlowe, and Aunt Bee, without appearing to do so, managed her better than any one else. When Captain Campbell called upon them, Grace absolutely refused to see him, and after scolding and entreating in vain poor Aunt Bee, almost in tears, had to go down to the drawing room alone and make the best excuse she could for her niece's rudeness.

Evidently she found the young man very entertaining, for the pair remained shut up together for over an hour and parted on the best of terms. But to Grace's annoyance Geoffrey never repeated his visit or made any further attempt to see her. The willful girl had her way, but with the inconsistency of her own, didn't like it when she got it. And that was how it was she came to be expected on a visit to the Campbells while Geoffrey was at home on leave.

"I should have thought," said Grace presently, "that since it is my first visit here my guardian might have staid at home for once to receive me." "Yes," said Mab. "He said so himself. But you know, he is master of the bounds and ought to be present if possible. Besides, as Geoff told him, it was ten to one you would change your mind at the last minute and decide not to come at all."

"Then it was very impertinent of him," Grace retorted. "Mab, I am certain I shall think him ugly and disagreeable." "You can't really think him so," returned Mab. "You might say you did. Geoff is considered the handsomest man in his regiment, and—well, women don't usually find him disagreeable." "Is he a flirt?" "No, I don't think he ever gave any girl in the world a second thought until lately," with quiet significance.

"What do you mean, Mab?" Grace asked sharply, with just a pang of—could it be jealousy? "Oh, I don't know any of the particulars," Mab said. "I couldn't expect him to tell me. Only I am sure there is some girl he is awfully fond of." "How do you know?" There was almost a tone of anxiety in Grace's voice. "He wears her photo in his breast pocket, for one thing."

"That is very nice," Grace said, controlling herself with an effort. "And he is supposed to be half engaged to me!" "Oh, no, Grace! It is not compulsory on either side, and you've always said you wouldn't have him," Mab returned. "You wouldn't even see him when he called on you in London, so I suppose he considered himself at liberty to get a wooing elsewhere."

"Oh, certainly," replied Grace, biting her lip, "especially as my heart is also given to another." In and of being indignant, as Grace hoped and expected, Mab only looked up quickly, with a face full of interest, and said: "Really? Oh, how lovely! Are you engaged to him?" "No-o-o!" hesitatingly. "In fact, we haven't even spoken hardly yet, but—but I thought, Mab, you were so anxious for me to marry your brother, you in a hurry and aggravated tone.

"Yes, dear," said Mab, "so I was once. But as you always seemed so averse to it I have given up the idea now." Grace gave a little exclamation of impatience, but said nothing. "Tell me about him," Mab said. "I meet him everywhere," her friend told her, warming at once—"riding in the row, at the opera and theaters, in the park. But he is always alone, so I have no means of finding out who he is or of getting introduced to him in a proper manner. Yet he knows me quite well by sight."

"How romantic!" Mab remarked. "I wonder who he can be?" "Once on the staircase at the Lyceum I dropped my fan—quite accidentally, of course—and he picked it up and handed it to me, with a bow. I am quite sure I felt a pressure of my fingers."

"And do you still fancy you are in love with him, Grace?" Mab asked her. "Fancy!" cried the girl. "It is nothing of the kind, Mab. How can you? I am certain, if there is such a thing as love at first sight, that I love him, and I think it is natural. He is my fate, and if—if he ever asks me I will never marry any one else." "What fun if he should turn out to be married already!" laughed saucy Mab. Then, hearing the clatter of horses' hoofs on the gravel outside, she sprang up and ran to the window.

THE FATAL HOUR.

The first faint flush of dawn was staining the eastern sky and the birds were waking sleepily into song when an old man stepped out on the back porch of a little farmhouse. He gazed for a moment across the valley, veiled with a thin, floating mist, and then shambled toward the wood shed, his old carpet slippers dragging at the heels as he went. There was a look of anxiety and apprehension on the old man's face, and he sighed as he stooped to fill his arms with the freshly split sticks.

"I hope to goodness she's 'f'got it," he muttered as he glanced furtively toward the house. "Yet Maria ain't the kind to 'f'get, specially a thing like that. Ef she dreams a thing three times runnin', she'll remember it till doomsday." So saying, he straightened laboriously up and carried his armful of wood into the house.

"Breakfast's 'most ready, Maria," said the old man at length softly. "I thought I'd git it, seem as you didn't seem to feel like gettin' up." The woman turned a pale, set face toward her husband.

"Jonathan Martin," she said in a solemn, hollow voice, "be you so heartless that you can't remember the day of your wife's death? Don't talk to me about breakfast or any other worldly thing. I must prepare for the hour of my departure, and it's rapidly drawin' nigh."

She turned her face to the wall again, and her husband tiptoed disconsolately back to the kitchen. "I knowed it, I knowed it," he groaned. "Maria never 'f'gets a sign. This is the day for that tarnation dream to come true, and she's expectin' it." The Martins' house was in a lonely spot some distance from the nearest neighbor and six miles from the nearest town of any size. To this town Jonathan had determined to drive that morning and secure the services of a doctor. The poor man himself was at his wits' end. He had learned by long experience how useless it was to argue with his wife on the subject of signs and omens, in which she was a most devout believer.

Not even the sound of rapidly departing wheels roused the old woman from her half lethargic condition. Her mind was fixed on the approach of the fatal hour, and she had no foreboding that she should die at the exact moment that her eyes had been motionless forever to its kindly light. She lay motionless, except when at long intervals she turned her head to gaze upon the hands of the faithful old clock. Then she would drop back upon the pillow and closing her eyes resign her whole being to a kind of ecstasy of waiting.

One o'clock, 2 o'clock, passed. At 4 the spirit of Maria Martin was to take its flight, according to the omen. Already the old woman could detect death creeping telly in her veins and numbing her limbs. She felt the hand of fate fraying the silver cord. In two hours it would be only a straining thread, and suddenly it would break. The world would vanish with a roaring sound, and would sink, sink—

But hark! Wheels crunch through the gravel at the gate and the soft thud of a horse's hoofs is heard on the turf. Jonathan left his horse unhitched and came helplessly and hopelessly into the house. The doctor at Elmore had gone to attend a dangerous case and was not expected home until the next day. There was no other doctor who could be reached in time. With science unavailable to fight superstition, what could be done for the fanatical old woman? Jonathan's heart was like lead, for full well he knew that no man is without authority save in his own household.

He noiselessly changed his boots for the carpet slippers and stole into the chamber where his wife lay. The stupor of approaching dissolution seemed to be upon her. She neither spoke to him nor seemed conscious of his presence. The old man sat down at the foot of the bed and waited. A strange paralysis seemed to be creeping over him too.

At a quarter to 4 Mrs. Martin turned feebly upon her pillow, looked at the clock with half open, dimming eyes, and sank back with a long trembling sigh. Her face became drawn and ashen pale. Jonathan spoke to her, but she answered not, nor stirred an eyelid. The silver cord was almost frayed through.

Then the old man slowly and softly picked up his chair and crept toward the clock. His slippered feet made no sound on the carpet, and his every nerve was alert with caution. He gently opened the door of the clock case, mounted the chair, slid his hand up to the bell on the top of the wooden works and removed it.

One swift, apprehensive look over his shoulder and the old man seized the minute hand and whirled it suddenly around till it passed the hour mark and stopped at full five minutes beyond. Then he stepped down off his chair as softly as he had stepped upon it, closed the clock case, slipped the bell into his coat pocket and once more resumed his seat at the foot of the bed.

The old clock ticked on. The minutes glided away. Still the gray haired woman on the bed drew the breath of life, but her face was growing more and more pinched and ashen. It would not do to postpone the crisis too long. "Maria!" The old man's voice was sharp, strong, imperative, and a quiver swept across the eyelids of the half-conscious woman.

"Maria! The hour has passed!" The old woman started up with a convulsive movement and looked wildly at the clock. For 60 years the old heirloom had stood to her for the very gospel of reliability, the regulator of the planets. She would sooner have disbelieved the testimony of the sun than that of her mother's heirloom. And yet to her staring eyes the venerable dial proclaimed 10 minutes past 4, and the omen had not been fulfilled. The blood slowly stole back into the blanched and withered cheeks. The numbness melted out of her limbs like April frost. She thrust her feet out of bed and sat bolt upright. Then with a deep, wondrous, grateful sigh she caught the loose strands of hair in her hands, wound them up deftly into a coil and said: "Jonathan, bring me a couple of hairpins out of that tray on the bureau, and then go and start up the kitchen fire and fetch a painful of potatoes and the cold meat out of the siller. I b love I'll get you and me a bite of supper."—Princess.

High Authority.

"George, you must not squeeze my hand so hard." "Mabel, have you never read in the book of Ecclesiastes, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?' Don't you try to stop me again, you impious girl. The Scriptures are dead against you!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE TRUE REASON.

The Public Pap Keeps the Register Alive.

SAYS THE MESSENGER.

We take the following editorial from yesterday's Cottage Grove Messenger:

"The editor of the Eugene Register, parrot like, chirps in the same train as the Oregonian, 'Pennoyer dictated the nominees on the Union ticket.' As the editor of that paper never expresses an honest opinion without denying it in the next issue, such rot is to be expected. Sylvester Pennoyer had just about as much to do with making the platform and nominating the Union ticket as did the editor—pardon the name—of the Register. The reason for such foolish utterances emanating from the Register is this:

"Should the Union ticket be elected—which all honest reformers expect—the Register and those papers of its ilk, will no longer have the public teat to suck, and when their pap is gone they will be unable to exist upon their own merits; this is why they are so vociferous."

In Andrew Jackson's farewell address may be found the following paragraph: "This organized money power, from its secret conclave would dictate the choice of your highest officers, and compel you to make war or peace as best suit their own wishes. The forms of your government might for a time remain, but its living spirit would depart from it." We are having practical demonstration of Jackson's prophetic words.

California crops have failed. This is at last conceded by that estate. This means low rates for shipping and a higher price for grain. Our feed produce, fruits and vegetables will share in the better prices that the failure will insure. Of course there will be no failure in Oregon. This state occasionally has short crops, but no failure.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Republican: The Union candidate for governor of Oregon, Will R King, is a lawyer, a state senator, a resident of Baker county, and a man of excellent character. He was a Democrat before he was a Populist, and his election to the senate in 1894 was largely due to the strong silver sentiment in Baker.

An Oklahoma paper contains the following society item: "One of the ladies of the Montezuma Hotel pasted an old gentleman in the eye yesterday for sassing her. He had her pulled and she was fined \$1 and costs, or about \$7 in all."

Spanish domination in Cuba is rapidly drawing to an end. To save our credit as a humane nation it has come none too soon. The revolting barbarities practiced by the Spaniards long since called for intervention.

Senator Mason of Illinois says President McKinley and his Wall street conferees are so intently watching the eagle on the dollar that they cannot see the eagle on the flag.

JUNCTION NEWS.

Clipped From The Junction Times of April 2.

Arbor day will be appropriately observed by the public schools next Friday.

H W Hall will leave Sunday for Everett, Washington, where he will engage in business.

Bids for digging eight city wells were opened Monday. The bids were considered too high and no action was taken toward accepting the same.

Will Merriman, the new agent at this place, has assumed charge. He comes here well recommended, not only as a thorough railroad man, but also as a gentleman of real worth.

Mrs Randall of Idaho, who has been the guest of Frank Wilkinson and family for several weeks, returned home Tuesday. Mr Wilkinson's little daughter Frma accompanied her.