L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, SAN FRANCISCO.

Morning Daily Herald.

20 CENTS A WEEK. ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 4 1891 VOL. VI--NO. 184

FOR SALE, WANTS, ETC.

WANTED—A girl to do general house work in a small family in the country. Address W. W. Crawford, Tallman, Or.

GIRL WANTED To do general housework. None but first class help need apply. Call at Mrs. W. R. Bilyeus.

HOUSE TO RENT—On the first of the month a six room cottage on Ferry street, will be for rent. Good garden; fine water, every thing convenient. For particulars inquire of R. B. Monk.

WOOD SAWING done on the shortest notice. Orders left at Dr. Jones' will be promptly attended to. W. NEELY.

DAY'S school tax—The school tax for the year 1891, is now due and payable. Tax-payers are requested to call promptly, at the office of the clerk, C. G. Burkhart and pay the same. Signed, C. G. Burkhart, clerk.

C. B. WINN, AGENT FOR THE LEADing fire, life and accident insurance companies.

160 ACRES OF LAND—All fit for cultivation, and under fence, for sale at $10 per acre. Within 1½ miles from railroad station and 20 miles from Albany. Apply at this office.

SAN WA has removed his laundry to the iron front the corner of Second and Lyon streets.

Notice to Debtors.

All those indebted to the late firm of Thompson & Overman are requested to call at once and settle the same

Land for Sale.

5, 10, 20, 40, 80 acres, easy terms, installment plan cheap and high priced. Also a few city lots all owned by H. Bryant

MONEY TO LOAN—HOME CAPITAL ON good real estate security. For particulars enquire of Geo. Humphrey.

GOLD RING, 6 GOLD PENS, 6 CEDAR pencils, 2 very good handkerchiefs, all sent to any address to introduce my cheap line of goods, for 10 cts
J. S. SIMMONS, Cadiz O

Land Surveying.

PARTIES DESIRING SURVEYING DONE CAN obtain accurate and prompt work by calling upon ex-county surveyor F. T. Fisher. He has complete copies of field notes and township plats, and is prepared to do surveying in any part of Linn county. Postoffice address, Millers Station, Linn county, Oregon.

WOOD SAWING—A. H. Howard having purchased the Dr D M Jones wood sawing outfit, is now ready to fill all orders. Leave orders at residence, corner of Second and California streets, or Dryer & Freman's.

FURNISHED ROOMS—In one of the newest brick blocks in the city to let. For particulars inquire at this office.

Unprecedented demand for MASTIFF smoking tobacco

Everybody is using it because it is the best most desirable package to carry. Ask your dealer. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

CITY DRUG STORE

STANARD & CUSICK, Props.,
PFEIFFER BLOCK, - - ALBANY.

Dealers in—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FANCY and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, School Books, and Artist's Supplies

☞ Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. GREGG,
Tailoring & Repairing.

Men's and Boys' clothing made to order or cleaned and repaired on short notice and reasonable rates.
Shop on the street car line, between Third and Fourth streets.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned administrator of the estate of Charles W. Elder, deceased, has filed his final account with the county clerk for Linn county, Oregon, and the county court has fixed the 3d day of August, 1891, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement of said estate.

This the 17th day of June, 1891.

G. W. DAVIS,
J. K. WEATHERFORD, Administrator.
Attorney for Administrator.

Notice to Contractors.

Bids will be received up to June 30th 1891, for the erection of a public school building at Junction City, Lane county, Oregon. The directors reserve the right to accept or reject any or all bids. Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of D. C. Schell, architect, Albany, Or., or at W. S. Lee's drug store in Junction City. Bids will be opened at Junction City on the 30th of June at ten o'clock a. m. sharp.

D. C. SCHELL,
Architect.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy.

Smoke the celebrated Havana filled 5-cent igars, manufactured at Julius Josseph's cigar factory.

LITTLE BABETTE.

The Romance of a Pretty Nun in Three Chapters.

BY F. GWILT.

CHAPTER I.

Old Babette, poor Babette; she was dead.

Only a green and silent mound on the hill above the pleasant vineyard to mark the spot where she slept with those of her generation. Humbly she lived out her poor life; her riches were laid up in heaven.

Little Babette, her grandchild, often came to the cemetery to hang wild flowers on the rude cross at the head of the quiet grave. Often she lay down in the long grass and called to her grandmother again and yet again; but no answer ever came. Then the little one would fall asleep in the warm sunshine, and waking in the gray twilight, fancy all the tombstones, standing tall and white, the ghosts of the angels; and she would creep home, all unafraid, with a prayer to the saints in her childish heart. Dear little Babette

"Wouldst like to become a nun?" the cure once asked her.

"I love to pray and sing when the organ is praising the good God," she answered; "but I love not to live indoors, or in a garden, only, far away from the vineyards and the blue sky, and the breeze that sighs and whispers many secrets."

"La Belle Babette," they called her; foster sister she was to the young lady at the chateau, with whom she learned to embroider, dance, knit, and even read, it was darkly hinted. But the chatelaine departed to the gay French court, and Babette, the orphan, fell to the care of the Sulpician Sisters for three years. And because of her extreme youth and dependent condition, when the cargo of "King's Girls," as they were styled in those days, was conducted to New France under chaperonage of the Sisters, Babette was not consulted as to her future destiny, but sent out unconscious of the fact that she might fall to the lot of the most eligible suitor. Storm and shipwreck they encountered, and at the end of the voyage the ocean, as though loath to part with so sweet a sea-maiden, made one last effort to retain little Babette. They were out in the open boats opposite the harbor of Halifax, and in process of landing. The sailors failed to notice the small maiden who rose benumbed with cold, and over she fell. Then there was a gleam of scarlet and a flash of gold, and two minutes later Babette found herself on shore in the arms of a dashing young officer.

"Cold poor little one!" he said, in the sweet, polished French that they spoke at the chateau.

"Let me go!" she gasped.

"You were nearly gone, panyrette. I was fortunate to be in time to save you."

"You, you!" she stammered, blushing "Is it possible you rendered me so great a service?"

"I had that very distinguished honor," he rejoined, with a smile in his handsome eyes which both pleased and alarmed unsophisticated Babette.

"I thank you, monsieur, for your nobility, since I owe to it my poor existence. Conduct me, I pray you, to the Sisters."

It was a very fine speech for little Babette, and the young officer laughed as if he knew it.

"I will not hurt you, little one; such barbarity is not possible to a gentleman of France. Did you expect to find us savages, fair little pilgrim?"

"Yes," Babette responded, shyly; "and very cruel."

"They will not be cruel to you," he rejoined, smiling.

Babette, putting a different meaning to his light galantry, blushed scarlet,

"Adieu—I go," she said with bewitching dignity. And Mme. Valentia approaching to conduct her back to her flock, observed, mentally:

"Truly Babette is a decorous child."

* * * * * * *

Mme. Valentia and the Sisters disposed most advantageously of their fair cargo in the matrimonial market, and went back for more. But alas! little Babette was not in the Sisters' good graces; for a maiden so dangerously beautiful upon their hands, who refused the protection of a good husband, was a riddle difficult to solve.

One day Babette was an unwilling listener to a speech of madame's to her favorite nun.

"Steps must be taken to make Babette comply. A third desirable marriage she has avoided. 'Tis pity she is peasant born, else the Count de Lisle might have espoused her."

They walked in the long garden attached to the house of the "King's Girls," and forgot Babette was close behind them. The poor little maid fell back with burning cheeks. Listlessly she wandered to the great iron gates, open for a wonder. In a moment Babette had slipped out and was running across a wide field, then up a shady lane. Walking along now in a daydream, she was awakened by the sound of a very gentle, strangely familiar voice:

"Unattended—and so far from home! You are brave, fair demoiselle."

Babette started, and seemed about to run away again, but the handsome face before her looked so truly deferential that her fear was removed. It was this, and not the bravery of his uniform, his plumed hat and glancing sword, that pleased her unworldly eyes, and caused her to remain.

"Do you not know Indians haunt the woods?" he pursued. "If they had met you to-day—My God! to think of the peril you have escaped!"

"But I met you only," Babette replied, with an arch smile; "am I not brave?"

"Certainement," he responded, gayly. "My good star rose this morning, without doubt."

"No, it was the good God," said Babette, reverently, "who let me fall into no worse hands."

Then he looked at her gravely, even with a little reverence—this dashing young officer, who had lived too much at the court to learn any respect for women; Babette was to teach him that.

"You are as devout as a nun," he said.

"Ah, but I do not desire to be one!" cried Babette; "and yet—and yet——"

"Then wherefore do you hesitate?" he asked, a little eagerly.

"It is those marriages that appall me," she replied.

"That is because you are convent-bred, demoiselle," he rejoined, smiling.

"Not so; I am country-bred," said Babette, with a strange, beautiful light in her dreamy eyes "I am no demoiselle; you mistake, monsieur. It is the trees and the sun and the great, great sky that I love to be under forever and ever These they would tear me away from to become a nun or, worse, to be wedded to some one I knew not. Oh, they were saying dreadful things when I came away!"

"Narrate them," he urged, with keen interest.

She repeated in a sweet, monotonous voice, as if it was a lesson she had learned by rote:

"It is a pity Babette is of peasant birth, else the Count de Lisle might have wished to espouse her. You—you know they are right now," she added, simply.

The color suffused his dark face.

"For that it would be a pity for the count," he answered, laughingly.

"It would be grievous for Babette," she said, quickly, "who desires to wed no one. He is here for but a short time, they say. Is he good, this count they talk so much of?"

"I do not know," he rejoined; "but I think he would like Babette."

"Ah!" she said, eagerly; "and he has a fine abode in Virginia—a plantation, they call it. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"Then I might be his servant," she said, wistfully. "I will write and beg of him that boon. Would he not grant it?

"Hardly," cried her companion, looking supremely shocked. "Besides"—smiling—"what could you do?"

"I could sew and embroider and knit," began Babette, relating with small pride her numerous accomplishments, "and sing and dance—only, of course, that he would not require—and I could sweep, and cook a little," she concluded, rather doubtfully.

He shook his head.

"He has plenty of black servants who could do all this for him, and love him into the bargain."

"If he were good, I would do so, too," said Babette, simply, "and consign him to the protection of the saints night and morning."

Again the young soldier flushed darkly.

They had been walking back all this time, and once more reached the great gates. Babette stepped within them, but the officer dared not trespass further. She looked so sweet and trustful that his next speech cost him a bitter pang; but he was noble in nature as well as in blood, this young Frenchman, and there was springing up in his heart, as yet unspoiled by the world, a strange reverence for his little country woman. He said:

"Fair little Babette, you must never venture forth again alone."

"The saints are strong to protect," she answered, tranquilly.

"But the Indians are stronger," he muttered, with some irreverence; "and some white men worse than they." Then aloud: "Promise me that you do not so again."

"I promise nothing," said Babette; nevertheless, I will endeavor to obey your wishes."

"Nay, that is better than a bond," he answered with a strange delight. Then he added, abruptly: "And even though you will never be his servant, Babette, you might pray for the Count de Lisle."

He gazed a melancholy farewell into her clear, soft, untroubled eyes; then bent his courtly head and put his lips to her small, childish hand.

"Adieu, fair little one," he mumured, and turned away.

And Babette strayed no more without the gates, and night and morning, in the chapel, prayed for the Count de Lisle.

But oftener than this, went up to the good Good a prayer for her namelese friend.

CHAPTER II.

It was a gay season in the old town of Ville-Marie, known to the modern world as Montreal. The Governor was there with his lady, who held weekly a grand reception. The event of the day was a bridal—no less than that of a little peasant girl, brought out by the Sulpician Sisters.

She was to be wedded in the new Catholic church, and everyone was going—as a sort of pastime, it must be owned, for the bridegroom, too, was but an elderly citizen of the town, a shoemaker by trade. Nevertheless, high mass was to be celebrated, and it was said, also, the bride-elect were passing fair, as beautiful as any lady in the land. When, later, she came up the aisle to the grand alter, all eyes were turned upon her critically. Ay, she was lovely, without doubt, if only there had been a particle of color in that marble face. Was it fright that made her so pale?

So asked the Governor's lady of a handsome young officer who stood beside her, and then changed the query to one of concern respecting his own health. "Certes, his face rivaled the bride's in pallor; yet"—jestingly—"he was not going to be married."

"Unfortunately not," he told her, with a lightness that hid bitter earnest.

But the bridal became the nine day's talk of the town, for, just as the priest was about to join hands, the bride stepped back, threw up veil, and faced the great congregation. Full of passionate appeal was the childish voice:

"This marriage is forced upon me against my will; I claim the protection of the Governor."

Then arose a scene of strange confusion, in the midst of which Babette was hurried back to her temporary home, but not before she caught a glimps of a figure blazing with jeweled decorations, springing to the Governor's side, sword in hand.

The little maid, who looked as soft as wax, had held her own against them all. Threats entreaties, coaxing, were of no avail. Now she was locked into a cell by the indignant Sisters, who had never forseen the possibility of the morning's occurrence. To think that this little childish creature should carry her obstinacy to such desperate lengths! The day before her plain submission had filled them with complacency. They told Babette sternly that the Governor could do nothing for her; but, unknown to herself, she had one powerful friend who would move heaven and earth to serve her.

"The count will do what he can," said the Governor's lady, deep in conversation one evening with Babette's young officer; "though unfortunately that is but little. He would most gladly rescue the little girl; but we must avoid complications. It is not his desire to oppose himself to the church. The count is a Catholic."

"I, too, am a good Catholic," replied the young man, flushing; "but in this matter I would bring all my influence at the court (which you know is not small) to assist in upholding the authority of the Governor."

"The only way I see out of the difficulty is to find her a more attractive husband," rejoined the lady, jestingly; "but you see she is peasant-born."

"Tis pity, for the girl has the education and manners of a demoiselle."

Dimly was rising in the young soldier's mind the grand spiritual meaning of noblesse oblige that his heart was fast teaching him. However, fate, and some would say, or the good God in whom Barbara trusted, delivered her shortly from her imprisonment.

One long day more she spent in her lonely cell, frightened, weary, desolate at heart, save when she prayed or sang sweet vesper hymns or the Latin songs chanted by the nuns. But when the great baroness of night came about her she wrapped her tiny form in her black mantle, lay down and fell asleep as camly as, when a child, she would sleep in the long grass on her grandmother's grave. Never heard she, in her dreams of the angels and the blessed paradise, the sound of hurrying feet, the roar of flames, the loud cries of terrified women and the shouts of the populace. Softly she slept in the bosom of destruction, sheltered by the hand of God.

"Oh, misere!" cried Mme. Valentia, wringing her hands, bereft of her stately austerity.

Half the town were in the grounds matching the burning building; many in full evening dress, just returning from a grand ball given in honor of the governor. His lady herself, at the great gates, was sitting in her coach watching the scene. Down from the vehicle sprang our young French hero, and, higher up, joined the circle of shivering nuns.

"Are all safe?" he shouted, in wild excitement.

"Babette!" cried Mme. Valentia, conscience-stricken. "She is locked into the right-hand cell on the ground floor"

"Infame!" muttered the officer, and dashed into the red fire.

All his life he would remember how many hours it seemed to take breaking open that door; all his life remember, despite the peril of the moment and the celerity required of him, the peace upon that little white face as he stopped to rescue her.

"Come with me Babette!" he cried: "there is yet time for me to save you."

He caught her up in his arms—the little thing so small and he so strong—and went back through the passage to the front entrance. The flames and smoke rolled on every side.

"Ah, let me die!" sobbed Babette; "save yourself, my friend.'

"Never! We will live or die together, panyrette."

But he reached the open air unscathed, though Babette's long hair had twice caugh fire, and he had extinguished it with his gloved hands. No thought had he of consigning her to the care of the Sisters; straight he ran to the governor's coach and flung wide the door.

"Madame," he cried, "here is Babette, the forlorn little one. Take her into your safe-keeping. Do me this great favor, I beseech you, and the devotion of my soul is yours eternally."

The lady smiled, not at the magnificent language so much in vogue in those old days, but at the young officer's manifest eagerness to rescue Babette.

So it came to pass that Babette went to live at the government house, to the no small relief of the sisters. She taught the governor's lady the latest French mode, learned at the chateau three years before—fashions lasted longer two centuries ago.

She made a charming little companion, and, the coarse convent garb thrown aside, bloomed like some sweet flower in her fair attire.

Then one day she met the young officer, and her lovely face flushed like a carnation blossom, her sweet eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, my friend!" she cried, "twice have you saved the life of poor Babette, How can she render a recompense for so great a service? Tell me your name?"

"Why do you ask, panyrette?"

She answered in a solemn, sweet voice:

"That the saints may grow to know it well."

"How will you make them remember, Babette?"

"I will say it so often and often, when I pray, I will not let them forget."

"The Count de Lisle, my beautiful!" was his ardent reply.

She drew back, amazed.

"Then," she cried, a sudden ray of joy illumining her face, "let me be your servant, monseigneur; I will be more faithful than the blacks."

"But will you love me, Babette?"

She dropped her innocent eyes to the ground, and flushed again.

"Nay, Babette," he cried, with fervor, "you can never be my servant, because I am so wholly yours; but give me an angel gift, I beseech you."

"What gift?" she faltered.

"What but yourself! Be my sweet bride, Babette, and make me blessed indeed."

Her cheeks faded like a white rose; her hands were clasped in pure humility; her eyes looked up to him in sad simplicity.

"Your wife," she repeated "your wife; and Babette a peasant girl only!"

But at her feet he bent the knee with the courtly grace of his noble race, and kissing her tiny hand, answered, with impassioned earnestness:

"Prince or peasant, it is all the same where love reigns, Babette."

Poor Crops in India.

CALCUTTA, July 3.—The weather has improved during the week, but more rain is needed everywhere, except in Burmah and Assam. If the present conditions continue for another fifteen days there will be grave cause to fear an extensive crop failure. Extensive swarms of locusts are appearing throughout the whole of Northern India, and also in the province of Bengal.

Novelties in Ladies Footwear.

I have just received for the summer trade the latest novelties in ladies fine shoes. Cloth top, fancy tips; lace shoes with fancy tips, besides all the staple styles in hand and machine turns. These goods were made expressly for me and will be found nice enough for the most fastidious and cheap enough for any one wanting a fine dress shoe. I also carry late novelties in Oxford ties ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.00. S. E. Young.

TO GOOD TEMPLARS.

Do you know that Moore's Revealed Remedy is the only patent medicine in the world that does not contain a drop of alcohol; that the mode of preparing it is known only to its discoverer; that it is an advance in the science of medicine without a parallel in the nineteenth century; that its proprietors offer to forfeit $1,000 for any case of dyspepsia it will not cure?

Kentish Cherries.

Next week leave your orders for the same at C. F. Brownell's.

Remember that Searls has a fine line of gents furnishings that are going for cost.

A RAILWAY HORROR

Terrible Disaster on the Erie Road in Ohio.

TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE KILLED

The Wreck Takes Fire and the Victims Slowly Roasted to Death—Many Others Injured.

CLEVELAND, O., July 3.—A special from Youngstown, O., says: At Ravenna the worst railroad wreck which ever happened on the Western Reserve, excepting the Ashtabula horror, occurred this morning, resulting in the death of twenty-five people, and the serious, if not fatal, injury of at least six more. Fire added its terrors to the already frightful scene, and the bruised and charred remains of the victims were badly burned, while one poor woman pinioned in the wreckage was cremated before the eyes of the spectators, who worked to secure her release but driven off by the flames

The east bound Erie vestibule, No. 8, due at Youngstown at 2:55 a. m., was very late and was running on orders. When a stop was made at Ravenna, the engineer and fireman of the passenger train went to work to repair the engine and the train was again held several minutes. Flags were sent back, but went only a few feet, at most but two car lengths. Suddenly around the curve, west of the city, came train No. 82, composed of Swift's meat cars. The train was running twenty-five miles an hour, and was coming down a heavy grade. The engineer supposed he had a clear track, and it being a through train he was not expected to stop at Ravenna. He called for brakes, and reversed his engine, but all to no purpose. On came the freight train with but slightly decreased speed, and no word of warning could be given the people in the doomed train a few feet west. The engineer and fireman jumped, alighting safely.

A moment after there was the silence of death, and then commenced the most frightful cries ever heard, the moans of the dying, piteous cries for help from the imprisoned and helpless passengers, and the mutilated and bloody remains of the dead; the fragments of debris formed a scene of horror no pen can picture. The freight engine had gone clear through the day coach in the rear, through the sleeper and buried itself in the second sleeper, the third car of the train.

This scene lasted but a moment, when the little tongues of flame sprang up here and there and soon the whole wreck was burning. It was a sickening sight. Two score of imprisoned passengers were in the debris, and flames lighting up the surroundings with a lurid glare served only to intensify the horror. As soon as the dazed passengers in the other cars recovered themselves, they rushed to rescue their unfortunate companions. The fire department was immediately telephoned for, and everyone rushed to the scene of disaster. Hundreds soon surrounded the wreck but to little purpose. An awful ruin had been wrought, and little was left to do but to secure and care for the remains of the dead. A few passengers easily reached were promptly rescued, and several bodies of the dead and dying were carried to the depot platform. The day coach and two sleepers forward took fire and burned up. Many bodies were burned almost unrecognizably. Many passengers on the train were asleep when the awful crash came and a number were crushed to death in their berths.

The few persons who escaped without injury worked with almost superhuman power in their efforts to rescue the more unfortunate ones. In several instances persons slowly burned to death while pleading with their last breath for help which could not be rendered. Cars were piled upon and across each other, almost in a solid mass. Thus the small party of rescuers worked at a disadvantage. As rapidly as the injured were rescued they were conveyed to the station where physicians from Ravenna and other near points rendered all the assistance possible. The fire was finally extinguished, but not until several persons had perished. In a couple of hours the company had responded, and relief trains with a corps of physicians and nurses arrived from Cleveland and other points, and the injured were given every attention.

The coroner began an inquest this afternoon. Company officials now here will render all the assistance possible, and will make a most complete investigation.

Those taken from the wreck are: David Relishn, F. Huff, A. Duthorp, W. Kane, F. Burns, Kimball Demeen, J. Coyle, O Harding, D. Ryan, D. Cassidy, W. Newcomb, P. Nolan and a nurse unknown.

All of these but three were burned to a crisp.

Thos. Colville was taken out alive. He was terribly crushed and burned, and his sufferings were awful. In an agonizing voice he called to a friend: "Billy, for God's sake, get an ax and kill me." He died soon after.

Henry Gildea was badly injured and died soon after being taken to a hotel.

George Holman, engineer of the freight train, said: "I could have stopped the train, but the rails were wet and the sand would not take. I was not warned in time. Holman seems to think the brakeman of the passenger train, Fred Boynton, could have flagged him from a greater distance.

ARMY CHANGES.

The Three Great Military Divisions of the United States Abolished.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Secretary Proctor to-day signed an order abolishing the three great military divisions of the United States. These were the Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri, commanded respectively by Generals Howard, Ruger and Miles. The purpose is to make the commanders report directly to Major General Schoefield, commanding the army, and the secretary of war, instead of, as heretofore, reporting to their division commanders. One of the features of the order is the assignment of General Kautz to command the department of the Columbia. Major General Howard is assigned to command the department of the East. Major General Miles is assigned to command the department of Missouri. Brigadier General Brooks is assigned to command the department of the Platte. Brigadier General Merritt is assigned to command the department of Dakota. Brigadier General Stanley is assigned to command the department of Texas. Brigadier General Ruger is assigned to command the department of California.

KILLED BY TRAMPS.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Woman in Pennsylvania.

MOUNT CARMEL, Pa., July 3.—Mrs. Perry Knorr, agent for a corset manufacturing company of Chicago, disappeared from her home several days ago. She had an appointment at Germantown, a small village one mile from here, but never arrived. A dilligent search was made without result. Last evening, while John Dorr, a teamster, was driving to Ashland, he found a corset and an order book, which is without doubt the property of Mrs. Knorr. The ground where the articles were picked up bears evidence of a struggle. It is now believed that the woman was attacked by tramps, and, after being assaulted, was murdered and her body thrown down one of the deep mine branches.

TRAGEDY AT A WEDDING.

The Bridegroom Drops Dead at the Altar.

MONTICELLO, Ill., July 3.—There was a tragic scene here to-day when Charles Huffman, who had just been united in marriage with Miss Mary E. Loghty, dropped dead with heart disease. The bride became almost distracted with grief. Huffman recently fell from the third story of the Tremont hotel, at Monticello, and survived the fall.

Grasshoppers in California.

FRESNO, July 3.—The grasshoppers are committing serious depredation along the foothills of the Sierras, south from this city. The pests are young, but come down by millions from the mountain, and parts of many vineyards are devastated of leaves. Many owners of vineyards and orchards left here to-day bound for Dinuba and vicinity to fight the troublesome insects. They went loaded with arsenic, brand and molasses, which is said to be an effective remedy, and which saved the Eisen vineyard and others from destruction in 1886. The grasshopers destroy all vegatation in their road.

PHYSICIANS ATTACKED.

Deadly Work of the Yellow Fever in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, July 3.—Dr. Granvel', who contracted yellow fever at the quarantine station, is not expected to recover. Dr. Carter, who attended him, is also down and has telegraphed to Washington for surgeons to take their places.

Henry Villard.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Henry Villard did not come to his office yesterday, and it was said there that he would not be down until next Monday. His seclusion is declared to be solely for the purpose of rest. There is a general expectation, however, in Wall street, that Mr. Villard will soon authorize a statement of the condition of the North American company, showing that it possesses assets and prospects which make the stock of more value than the popular Wall street estimate.

A Duel to the Death.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 3.—Yesterday afternoon George Jones and William Newton, two well-known farmers, of East Tennessee, fought a duel on the stage line, over a piece of property. Both were killed, being shot to death.

A Trifle Cooler.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Temperature, 56; St. Louis, 70; New York, 60; Cincinnati, 62; New Orleans, 70 above.

FIRE IN PORTLAND:

Half a Block on Front Street In Ruins,

THE LOSS IS ABOUT $50,000.

The Fire Occurred at Early Morning and Was of Incendiary Origin—List of the Losses.

PORTLAND, July 3.—About 4 o'clock this morning fire broke out in the ground floor of a three story brick building of four stores, on the west side of Front street, corner of Clay, owned by John A. and Wm. B. Honeyman. It is now in ruins, having been burned from the ground floor up, leaving only the walls standing, and one of them is about falling.

The building extends north 100 feet on Front street, and for the next 100 feet to Columbia street is a two-story frame building.

Within three minutes after the fire alarm was sounded another fire was discovered in the latter building.

The wooden building is nearly all consumed, but the north half of the brick block, though midway of the burnt buildings, is comparatively uninjured.

The wooden building was owned by John Honeyman and his son, Benjamin F., and occupied by them as the City foundry and machine shop, under the firm name of John Honeyman & Co.

The losses as near as can be ascertained are: John Honeyman & Co., loss $14,000; insured for $8,000.

A. J. & W. B. Honeyman, loss on building $22,000.

E. E. Henry, matress factory, loss $10,000; insurance $8,000.

Johnson & Lehman, flour and feed mill, loss $3,000; insurance $2,000.

George Bermis, whip factory, loss $400; fully insured.

Those suffering slight loss from water were:

D. D. Holgate, laundry; J. T. Walker, pattern shop; Enterprise cigar factory; C. D. Crawford, printing office.

The fire was of incendiary origin.

A WICKED BRIDE.

She Stole Diamonds to Purchase Her Wedding Trousseau.

PITTSBURG, July 3.—John Cameron and Miss Carrie Duff were married here last night. In the afternoon Miss Duff was arrested for robbing jewelry stores, and Cameron was taken into custody as an accomplice. Both were subsequently released on $500 bail, Levi B. Duff, the young woman's uncle widely known as a Pittsburg attorney, becoming their security. Miss Duff's family is not wealthy, nor is Cameron's but the bride determined to have a handsome trosseau and to go on a wedding tour also, so she started in to "work" the large jewelry stores. Her fancy turned to diamond rings. Dressed well, refined looking and of modest bearing, she tripped into several jewelry shops from day to day and looked over the rings. Her trick was to drop her handkerchief over a ring on the showcase and then, after examining samples to her heart's content, walk off with a sparkler. She is known to have disposed of $600 worth of diamonds to pawnbrokers.

THE COUNTRY'S EDITORS.

The National Association Will Meet in St. Paul July 14.

PORTLAND, July 14.—The National Press association will meet in St. Paul on July 14.

The Oregon delegationtion is composed of Hon. H. W. Scott, E. C. Pentland, Charles Nickell, O. P. Mason, D. H. Stearns and L. Samuel. They will leave on the evening of the 9th inst., and will be joined at Tacoma on the following day by the Washington delegation.

The meeting will no doubt result in no small adverting for Oregon. There is a strong desire that when this association meets this month, to select its meeting place for 1892, it will by unanimous vote choose Portland, Oregon. There is a strong movement toward the Northwest, and if the tide of favor can be augmented, Portland will be its objective point.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

Workhouse Guards Cruelly Beat a Pauper.

ST LOUIS, July 3.—George Roberts, an inmate of the workhouse, was beaten by the guards yesterday, and is not expected to live. He escaped from the cart that he was driving and started on a run far freedom. The guards overtook him and beat him with clubs and kicked him until bystanders interfered. An investigation has been ordered.

Taffy for the Queen.

LONDON, July 3.—The kaiser has siarted for England. Before leaving Amsterdam he expressed to the queen regent his deep appreciation of the cordiality of his reception in Holland and congratulated her on the ability with which she governed the kingdom.