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FIFTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEB. 18, 1898.

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SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE
PUBLISHED
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BATTLESHIP MAINE BLOWN UP.
The Battleship Maine was Blown Up While Riding at Anchor in the Bay of Havana—Was it Accidental or Design?

Washington, Feb. 16—After a day of intense excitement at the navy department and elsewhere, growing out of the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor last night, the situation tonight, after the exchange of a number of cablesgrams between Washington and Havana, can be summed up in the words of Secretary Long, who, when asked, as he was about to depart for the day, if he had reason to suspect that the disaster was the work of an enemy, replied: "I do not; in that I am influenced by the fact that Captain Sigbee has not yet reported to the navy department on the cause. He is evidently waiting to write a full report. So long as he does not express himself, I certainly cannot. I should think from the indications, however, that there was an accident—that the magazine exploded. How that came about I do not know. For the present, at least, no other warship will be sent to Havana."

A telegram to Secretary Long from George Bronson Rawses, a newspaper correspondent, said: "No excitement; all quiet. The only feeling is of sympathy and sorrow for the accident."

Secretary Long has sent this telegram: "Sigbee, U. S. S. Maine, Havana: The president directs me to express for himself and the people of the United States his profound sympathies with the officers and crew of the Maine, and desires that no expense be spared in providing for the survivors and caring for the dead."

Havana, Feb. 16.—Out of 354, the total number of the crew of the Maine, 96 were saved.
Captain-General Bianco's official cable message was filed at midnight.
Half an hour after midnight 36 of the crew of the Maine had been carried to the military hospital at San Ambrosio. They were almost all seriously wounded. Five others of the crew were taken to the Alfonso XIII hospital. On board the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XIII 26 of the wounded were treated, and 36 were succored on board the City of Washington.

(The Maine, which was with the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron off Dry Tortugas, was ordered to Havana January 24 and reached the Cuban capital the following day. She was a battleship of the second class and was regarded as one of the best ships in the navy. She was built at the Brooklyn navy yards in 1890, and was 318 feet long, 57 feet broad, 21 1/2 mean draught and 6622 tons displacement. She had two 10 inch vertical turret and two military masts, and her motive power was furnished by twin screws with triple expansion engines, having a maximum horse-power of 9236, capable of making a speed of 17.8 knots. She carried four 10-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading guns in her main battery and seven 6-pounders and eight 1 pounder rapid firing guns and four gatling in her second battery and four whitehead torpedoes. She cost the government \$3,588,000. She had a steel hull and a complement of 874 men. She was commissioned in 1895. Her speed was 17 1/2 knots, making her the fastest battleship afloat. The armor was 12 inches thick. The commander of the Maine, Captain Sigbee, is a favorite in the navy department. For four years he was chief of the hydrographic office. He was lucky to get so important a ship as the Maine, considering his actual rank, which is that of a commandeur, but immediately he justified the department's judgment in the selection by running his ship straight into a dock in New York harbor in order to avoid running down a packed excursion boat. This was a display of quick judgment, nerve and pluck that pleased the department so highly that the captain was sent a complimentary letter.)

A ROMANCE OF BUTTE.
BY LUE VERNON.
"You ask me to tell you a story, boys; I said to some old musicians and compositors who had come to wish me 'a long and happy life.' They were spending the evening with us in our new home.

"The night was cold and we had gathered round a cherry blazing fire to have a chat, as we had in days of yore, before I was married. "Yes, you were always a good hand at spinning, Frank; tell us something about your honeymoon," and the boys smiled a little. "Well," I replied with a smile, "it may not be very long, but I think you will agree that it is interesting and even exciting. However, you know that Amber and I went to Butte to spend the first month of our married life and to visit father and mother, who lived there. "Of course we meant to see as much of the great mining camp as possible, and one night going to pay a visit to the new opera house. It was then that I witnessed the tragic occurrence of which I am going to tell.

"A very beautiful and young prima donna had just taken the town by storm. Having only a week's engagement en route to San Francisco, she and her husband had taken apartments in the very hotel at which we were staying, and of course we heard a great deal about her. Her lovely recherche toilets had been duly canvassed by the ladies and were unanimously voted 'lovely,' while the gentlemen were one and all agreed that a face so witching and beautiful, or a voice so thrilling and sweet, had rarely if ever been known in the lively mining camp of Butte. "Her husband had whetted curiosity almost to fever heat by his mysterious behavior. For, whenever she went out driving or to the theatre, there he was, neither smiling nor seeming to utter a word, yet watching her every movement, and always by her side. Rumor had it that he was only a mercenary rogue, who, foreseeing the splendid career before the gifted and talented actress and singer, had befriended and pushed her forward in her profession until she had mistaken gratitude for love and married him, only to find out that he was a keen, cynical worldling, caring for her no more than for others she knew not of, whose lives he had blighted. "The reason of his marrying her seemed simply to gain possession of her earnings. Lately, however, he had fits of sullenness and jealousy, and rarely allowed her out of his sight. Some of the gossipers averred this was because of the attention of a young banker of good family, and who stood high in so society in Butte, who had been deeply smitten by the charming and gifted woman, and who, had she been unfettered, would willingly have laid his life and his fortune at her feet. "As it was, however, her handsome lover and wealthy suitor were to be seen every night wherever and whenever she sang, and always provided with a costly bouquet in silver or jeweled holder, as his offering at her shrine. It was said—whether truthfully or not, I cannot tell—that the sweet face of the singer grew brighter, perhaps unconsciously, when she observed him seated in his private box, and that her eyes were often drawn thither magnetically, as if sure of his sympathy. "This her husband noticed and resented, and he had been often heard to declare only the evening before that of which my recollection is so keen that if she offered to lift his bouquet again or dared to bestow one glance upon her handsome admirer, he would take a revenge at which all Butte would be horrified. "Of course we learned all these details after the tragedy, but I have explained them to you before hand in order that you may the better understand what follows, as well as the fact that Miss Glyndon, as she was professionally

known, had been heard to say, in answer to his threats, that she had few friends, and certainly would not, by refusing his flowers, offend one who had never shown her aught but kindness and honor. "At your peril, madame, pick them up tonight," said he, glaring upon her with red, vindictive eyes, which might have warned her that the feud within was fully aroused. "I know the love letters which you gloat over when alone, that he sends concealed in those bouquets. But dare to look either at him or them tonight, and I will not be responsible for the consequences. "Miss Glyndon shrugged her shoulders, but did not reply, thinking it only jealous raving. This, then, was the position between those two on the evening that Amber and I went to hear the brilliant songstress in her famous role of Marguerite, in 'Faust.' "We got good seats, almost facing the stage. The performance that night was to be patronized by the Odd Fellows on account of the benefit which Miss Glyndon was giving to help build a hospital, and, as usual on such an event, the house was crowded. All went well. The house filled, and the gifted prima donna could not have looked better. She was indeed a sight to make an old man young, and the audience listened spell bound to her marvelous voice. I had already pointed out to my wife the handsome banker at one side of the stage of the opera house and Miss Glyndon's grim, sardonic looking husband (Mephistopheles I called him to myself) on the other. "The theatre was small, and the distance across at the extreme ends not great, so that every movement of Marguerite could be easily noted. When the curtain fell after the garden scene the enthusiasm of the house knew no bounds, and after repeated calls the pale young actress was led before the curtain while showers of bouquets fell from all parts of the house. The banker, as usual, had thrown his, and she, either out of mischief or tempted to bravado by some evil spirit, singled it out, and with a brief, sweet glance at the box whence it came, held it to her while she bowed her acknowledgments. "Instantly there rang out the sharp report of a pistol shot, followed quickly by a second, and the spectators were horrified to see Marguerite fall, while the crimson blood flowed freely from her side, making a long red trail on her quaint white satin gown with its jeweled girdle. Immediately all was uproar. I remember seeing the flying figure of the banker clearly defined in the glare of the footlights as he leaped forward beside the dying girl. "While many followed the young banker others made for the box whence came the fatal shot, and there they found this modern Mephistopheles with the smoking pistol still in his hand, extended on the floor, with a ghastly bullet wound in his temple—dead. "On the front of the box was found a paper, on which was written in pencil: "I am tired of life, and the doctors say my end is near, but she shall not live to be happy in his smiles. One glance tonight and it shall be her last. I have sworn it! "The hapless girl was carried to her room and one of the leading doctors brought to her aid, but nothing could be done. Slowly her life blood ebbed away, and in half an hour all was over. She only regained consciousness for one brief moment, and, looking up into the anxious eyes of the handsome banker as he bent over her, she murmured the one word, 'Forgive.' "Thus expressing the wish that the man who had brought her to her untimely end might be forgiven for the crime he had committed. "Then with a slight pressure of the hand and a look of love, which until now her marriage vow had restrained her from showing, she sank back and expired. "The tragic spectacle of that dying actress on that brilliantly lighted stage and the excited emptying of the crowded theatre will ever remain indelibly photographed on my memory."

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The Clara Nevada Bank.
Nanaimo, B. C., Feb. 17.—A special from Juneau, Alaska, under date of Feb. 12, confirms the news of the loss of the Clara Nevada, and says: "The cause of the disaster was doubtless the explosion of her boilers. Of 50 people on board none is believed to have been saved. It is thought she carried about 20 passengers, of whom two or three were women."

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