

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAMME.

Arrangements Finished for Exercises at Gladstone Park.

Oregon City May 22.—Arrangements have been completed for the exercises at Gladstone Park, July 3-13.

Musical concerts will be under the direction of Prof. Boyer and the Chama Indian band will give daily programmes.

RICH HAY DISTRICT.

Meadow Lands in Idaho Which Produce Heavy Yields.

Washington, May 21.—A report has been received by the department of agriculture from a special statistical agent who has recently traversed the great hay district of Northern Idaho.

Much of this district is heavily timbered, the principal varieties being white pine, red fir, cedar, yellow pine and tamarac.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Clouds in the Sky Interfered With the Observations.

San Francisco, May 22.—A cablegram received from Padang, Sumatra, from Professor C.D. Perrine, in charge of the Crocker eclipse expedition from the Lick observatory, stated that the sky was partially clouded at the time of the eclipse.

WITHDRAWAL OF AMERICANS.

General Chaffee Issues an Order Ending the Relief Expedition.

Pekin, May 22.—General Chaffee at midnight last night issued a farewell order terminating the American relief expedition in China.

Remey Goes to Auckland

Washington, May 21.—A cablegram received from Admiral Remey at the navy department announces that he will leave Melbourne next Sunday for Auckland, N. Z., where the Brooklyn goes at the invitation of the colonial government.

Japan's New War Loan.

Yokohama, May 21.—The government has announced the issue of 6,000,000 yen in exchange bills at 7 1/2 per cent, repayable in six months, to defray the expenses of the China campaign.

The Concord Order to Alaska.

Washington, May 21.—The navy department has ordered the gunboat Concord, now on the Asiatic station, to proceed to this country for duty in Alaska.

Newfoundland Seal Fishery

The Newfoundland seal fishery this year will be one of the most successful in years.

THE STRIKE IS ON

FIFTY THOUSAND MACHINISTS QUIT WORK YESTERDAY.

Machine Shops Are Tied Up From Atlantic to Pacific—Strike Does Not Include Men in Employ of Government—Allied Trades in Sympathy, and Some Have Already Gone Out With Machinists.

Washington, May 21.—Approximately 50,000 machinists throughout the country struck yesterday for a nine-hour day, a scale of wages equal to the present 10-hour day scale, and other demands.

Railroad machinists, as a rule, are not engaged in the strike, though the men on several roads are out.

The Strike at San Francisco.

San Francisco, May 21.—Sixty-five hundred union machinists and other iron trade workers affiliated with them quit work in this city yesterday.

Of the 4,000 men employed at the Union Iron Works, 3,700 went out. At the Risden Iron Works, 650 men started to work yesterday morning and only 50 of them remain there.

At a meeting of the strikers last night, Business Agent Schilling, of the combined machinists unions, of this city, announced that the tie up in Cincinnati is the most complete in the country.

A Struggle at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, O., May 21.—At a meeting late yesterday afternoon of the employing machinists, they decided to close down their plants indefinitely as a result of the strike.

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THE TURKISH APPOLOQUY.

Effort to Close the Mail Bag Incident at Constantinople.

Constantinople, May 21.—Ahmed Tewfik Pasha, Ottoman minister of foreign affairs, called upon the ambassadors today and notified them of Turkey's desire to re-establish the status quo ante in the postal question and the intention to send high functionary to apologize for the violations of the foreign mail bags.

Burned By Moltan Lead.

Youngstown, O., May 21.—Two men are dead and three are expected to die as a result of an accident in the Bessemer department of the National Steel Company's plant today.

Goldboro Disabled.

Seattle, May 21.—The torpedo boat destroyer Goldboro broke her starboard engine eccentric rod today during a trial run, necessitating the vessel's return to her dock.

Founder of Texas Siftings Dead.

New York, May 23.—Alexander Edwin Sweet, founder of Texas Siftings, and a humorist of national reputation under the pen names of "Colonel Bill Short" and "Rev. Whangdoodee," died at his home in this city of heart disease, from which he had suffered for several years.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Serious Condition of Affairs in Alaska—National Homes for Disabled Soldiers.

A serious condition of affairs is reported in Alaska in letters which come from army officers on duty in that territory, and especially from those stationed at Fort Davis.

CHAPTER VI.

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It was a mild September day, and Mary determined not to hurry. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a boy and two little girls, who seemed to be playing near the brook.

"No, not about Ella, but about myself; I'm coming here to live with you."

"But whether 'mother would like it' or not, Jenny did not stop to think, and going toward Mary she said: 'Have you come to play in the woods?'"

"No," was Mary's reply. "I came to call the folks to dinner."

"Oh, it was you that screamed so loud. I couldn't think who it was, but it can't be dinner-time?"

"Yes, 'tis; it's noon."

"Well, then don't have dinner until 2, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you play with us?"

"No, I can't; I must go back and work," said Mary.

"Work?" repeated Jenny. "I think it's had enough to have to live in that old house without working; but come and see our fish pond; and taking Mary's hand, she led her to a wide part of the stream where the water had been dammed up until it was nearly two feet deep and clear as crystal.

"I made this almost all myself," said Jenny. "Henry wouldn't help me because he's so ugly, and Rose was afraid of backing her fingers. But I don't care. Mother says I'm a great-great—I've forgotten the word, but it means dirty and careless, and I guess I do look like a fright, don't I?"

Mary now for the first time noticed the appearance of her companion, and readily guessed that the word which she could not remember was "slattern."

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of the "Pathfinder," has a claim against the United States government for lands taken from her in California.

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One Thousand Filipinos Freed.

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CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon about the middle of October Mary sat under an apple tree in the orchard, weeping bitterly. It was in vain that Alice, who was with her, and who by this time was able to stand alone, climbed up to her side, patting her cheeks and trying in various ways to win her attention.

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Mary hesitated a moment, for, much as she liked Billy, there was another whom she loved better, though he had never been one-half as kind to her as Billy had.

"Yes, I like, or I did like, George Moreland, but I shall never see him again; and then she told Jenny of her home in England, of the long, dreary voyage to America, and of her father's death; but when she came to the sad night when her mother and Franky died, she could not go on, and laying her face in Jenny's lap she cried for a long time.

Jenny was silent a moment, and then suddenly clasping her hands together, she exclaimed: "I know George Moreland. He lives just opposite our house, and is Ida Seidon's cousin. Why, he's most as handsome as Billy Bender, only he teases you more. I'll tell him about you, for mother says he's got lots of money, and perhaps he'll give you some."

Mary felt that she wouldn't for the world have George know she was in the poorhouse, and she quickly answered, "No, no, you mustn't tell him a word about me. I don't want you to. Promise me that you won't."

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Peter patted her, and even Miss Grundy more than once admitted that "she was about as good as young ones would average." Billy, too, had promised to remain and work for Mr. Parker during the summer, intending with the money thus earned to go the next fall and winter to the academy in Wilbraham. Jenny was coming back ere long, and Mary's step was light and buoyant as she tripped, singing, about the house, untroubled of Mrs. Grundy's oft-expressed wish that "she would stop that clack," or of the anxious, pitying eyes Sal Furbush bent upon her, as day after day the faithful old creature rocked and tended little Alice.

At last Mary could no longer be deceived, and one day when Alice lay gasping in Sally's lap she said, "Annet Sally, isn't Alice growing worse? She doesn't play now, nor try to walk."

Sally laid her hand on Mary's face and replied: "Poor child, you'll soon be all alone."

There was no outcry—no sudden gush of tears, but nervously clasping her hands upon her heart, as if the shock had entered there, Mary sat down upon her bed, and burying her face in the pillow, sat there for a long time. But she said nothing, and a careless observer might have thought that she cared nothing, as it became each day more and more evident that Alice was dying. But then knew not of the long nights when with untiring love she sat by her sister's cradle, listening to her irregular breathing, pressing her clammy hands and praying to be forgiven if ever, in thought or deed, she had wronged the little one now leaving her.

And all this time there came no kind word or message of love from Ella, who knew that Alice was dying, for Billy had told her so.

The end came peacefully. There was some talk of burying the child in the poorhouse inclosure, but Mary pleaded so earnestly to have her laid by her mother that her request was granted, and that night when the young spring moon came out it looked quietly down upon the grave of little Alice, who by her mother's side was sweetly sleeping.

Three weeks had passed away since Alice's death, and affairs at the poorhouse were beginning to glide on as usual. Mary, who had resumed her post as dishwasher in the kitchen, was almost daily expecting Jenny; and one day when Billy came in to dinner he gave her the joyful intelligence that Jenny had returned and had been in the field to see him, bidding him tell Mary to meet her that afternoon in the woods by the brook.

Mary bounded joyfully away to the woods, where she found Jenny, who embraced her in a manner which showed that she had not been forgotten.

"Oh," said she, "I've got so much to tell you, and so much to hear, though I know all about dear little Alice's death—didn't you feel dreadfully?"

Mary's tears were a sufficient answer, and Jenny, as if suddenly discovering something new, exclaimed, "Why, what have you been doing? Who pulled your teeth?"

Mary explained the circumstances of the tooth-pulling and Jenny continued: "You look a great deal better, and if your cheeks were only a little fatter and your skin not quite so yellow, you'd be real handsome; but no matter about that. I saw George Moreland in Boston, and I wanted to tell him about you, but I'd promised not to; and then at first I felt afraid of him, for you can't think what a great big fellow he's got to be. Why, he's awful tall—and handsome, too. Rose likes him, and so do lots of the girls, but I don't believe he cares a bit for any of them except his cousin Ida, and I guess he does like her."

Here the chatterer was interrupted by Henry Lincoln, who directly in front of her leaped across the brook. He was evidently not much improved in his manners, for the moment he was safely landed on terra firma he approached Mary, and, seizing her round the waist, exclaimed, "Halloo, little pauper! You're glad to see me back, I dare say!"

Then drawing her head over so that he could look into her face, he continued, "Had your tusks out, haven't you? Well, it's quite an improvement, so much so that I'll venture to kiss you."

Mary struggled, and Jenny scolded, while Henry said, "Don't kick and flounce so, my little beauty. If there's anything I hate it's seeing girls make believe they're modest. That cloehopper Bill kisses you every day, I'll warrant."

(To be continued.)

New Ideas.

The Kaffirs have had an opportunity to learn something of the art of surgery since the soldiers and the military doctors have overrun Africa. Possibly advanced methods will not altogether supersede primitive surgery among these people, however, for they are not fond of change.

Time was when a Kaffir with a broken leg submitted to peculiar treatment. It was customary to place the limb in a hole dug in the earth, and keep it there till the bones were knit together again.

The Leisure Hour tells of a case in which the bones of a certain Kaffir had, having been set by European aid, the Kaffir father dissented from the method employed. He had the splints removed, carried the boy home on horseback, and then took the usual course of setting the limb in the earth. The consequence was that it took six months to effect a cure.

Kaffir doctors are hereditary, the cleverest son in the doctor's family being usually chosen to succeed his father.

There are other modern things that a Kaffir has to learn besides the newest methods in surgery. In his language there is no such term as "Thank you." He is beginning to learn it, however, although he does not think it becoming to show any emotion—whether of gratitude or anything else.

When two Kaffirs meet one says, "I see you," which is answered by "Yes." More poetical is his parting word, "May peace go with you," to which comes the response, "May peace stay with you."

An Effect Spoiled.

"After the ceremony the bride wept." "Grief at leaving her home?" "No; she forgot herself, and held up her beautiful long satin train going down the aisle."

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