

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## LINE NEARS COMPLETION.

Trains Expected to Reach Wallowa by September 20.

Wallowa.—Trains will be running on regular schedule into this city on September 20. Such is the announcement made by H. H. Weatherspoon, agent for the O. R. & N. at Elgin, who received the information from the headquarters of the company last week and such are the instructions received by Engineer Brandon, of the construction department.

Great progress has been made by the tracklaying crew the past few weeks, and the road has emerged from the Wallowa canyon and entered the Wallowa valley. For months the road has been building through a winding canyon, between crags, along a picturesque mountain stream that will render it one of the most scenic bits of road in the state.

Progress naturally has been slow for nearly all the rails have been laid on curves and had to be bent. Many bridges, culverts and trestles have been necessary, and the roadbed has needed much repair. For more than twenty miles this work has been followed until the track reached the valley.

## Union Crops Average Well.

La Grande.—Many reports have gone out regarding the crop of Union county some of these reports have been pessimistic; some have been encouraging. Now that threshing is well along, it is known that the crop is as good as average, say, three-quarters of a normal yield. Some farmers have but little to show for the year's work. Others have an average return for their labor, and a few of the men who make farming their profession, instead of a mere makeshift, have bumper crops. The Amalgamated Sugar company is threshing 2,200 acres of small grain, and expect at least an average yield. Some of their farms will turn out much better than average. The best crop will be up to normal, in spite of earlier predictions to the contrary. A prominent farmer and a well informed man, in answer to a question about the crop of the valley, said, "Spotted."

## Steamer Plies Yamhill.

McMinnville.—McMinnville has river transportation on the Yamhill after an interval of about five years. A few years ago Captain Turper and his crew bought the little steamer Leona up the river and have started a regular trip between McMinnville and La Grande. The trip up from the Lafayette looks quite difficult on account of the snags and floating logs in the stream, but the government snagboat is expected to clear the way soon. The Leona carried a good cargo on her in her first trip.

## Three Townships Swept by Fire.

Prineville.—Forest Supervisor Ireland who has returned from the fire area south of Bend, says three townships have been burned over, half of one township being swept clean and the others destroyed, except for small patches here and there. Mr. Ireland says it was an unremitting fight night and day between 200 men and the flames, and the men conquered only after three weeks of the hardest kind of work, back-firing being largely resorted to.

## Women's Clubs at La Grande.

La Grande.—The members of the two women's clubs in this city, the Neighborhood club and the Lytle Tuesday Musical, are making great plans for the reception of the State Federation of Women's clubs, which will meet here some time this fall. The ladies are busy gathering funds for the entertainment of the visitors. They will soon put on a home-talent production, Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

## Says Rates Are High.

Salem.—H. Connoway complains that the rates for flour and feed on the Mount Hood railroad from Hood River to Odell are excessive as compared to rates on other lines in Oregon. For a distance of ten miles the rate per ton for flour and feed on the Mount Hood road is \$1.50, while from Portland to Hood River, sixty-six miles, and from Portland to Albany, eighty miles, the rate is only \$1.50.

## Burglar Visits Eugene.

Eugene.—Several burglaries have occurred in Eugene during the past few nights. Ex-Councilman L. O. Beck with his residence was entered while the family was away in the mountains and clothing and silverware valued at over \$150 stolen. The residence of County Commissioner H. D. Edwards was also entered, and the burglar was frightened away by Misses Zelma and Ina Edwards, whom he awakened.

## Mills Close for Lack of Water.

Oregon City.—The low stage of water in the Willamette river has caused mills A, B and C of the Willamette Pulp & Paper company to cease operations until the rains set in. The river is so low that a sufficient amount of power cannot be developed to operate the waterwheels.

## Pest Infested Orchard Destroyed.

Grant's Pass.—Fruit Inspector Eisman of this county, has destroyed an old prune orchard on the Cass property, which had become badly infested with scale and pests. The local fruitgrowers' union has now under consideration a plan to reorganize and adopt by-laws on broader terms than the present organization affords.

## Mattress Factory for Albany.

Albany.—Gustav Hesse, of Portland, is planning the erection of a mattress factory in Albany in the immediate future. He has purchased a tract of ground at Third and Lyon streets, and will also establish a wholesale furniture house.

## ASK NO MORE PENSIONS.

Grand Army Votes to Suspend Appeals to Congress.

Toledo, O., Sept. 8.—Not for three years will the Grand Army of the Republic ask congress for further relief measures. It appeared to be the consensus of opinion of the leaders that too much hammering for pension bills and relief measures might soon create an undignified impression in the minds of congressmen and reflect discredit on the civil war veterans at the time in their lives when they would need the most assistance at the hands of the nation they helped to save.

Another way will be sought by the veterans to get before congress those bits of legislation which they feel cannot wait. The attention of the G. A. R. delegates was called by Kate Brownless Sherwood to the status of the pending widows' pension bill, in which at present it is required that applicants shall have been married a number of years prior to the present date. She asks that the bill may be altered to allow the eligibility of those who marry up to the date of the passage of the bill and that the matter may be placed in the hands of the pension agents. The same plan may be used with regard to the amendment to the service pension bill.

At the wish of General I. R. Sherwood his dollar-a-day pension bill was not brought up for consideration, and a resolution asking congress to pay ex-prisoners of war \$2 a day pension was laid over.

After the installation of the newly elected national officers, the G. A. R. delegates decided upon Salt Lake City as the next meeting place by a vote of 461 to 104 for Washington. After Salt Lake City had been chosen for the encampment, Vice-Commander-in-Chief Scott notified the encampment that Atlanta would be in the field for 1910.

## REVEALS DYNAMITE PLOT.

Detective Gives Sensational Testimony at Strike Hearing.

Chester, Pa., Sept. 7.—Testimony given by a detective, who from the start of the Chester trolley strike posed as a street peddler and said he had wormed his way into the confidence of the union leaders, was to the effect that he had received from their lips the confession of a conspiracy to dynamite and destroy street railway property. The testimony caused a sensation at the hearing of Patrick J. Shea, vice-president and national organizer of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees; William Stockhart, president of the Chester division, and 13 strikers arraigned before Justice of the Peace Williamson, at Media, the county seat.

The 15 defendants were held under \$2,000 bail for court. The testimony of the detective made out the prima facie case against the accused men.

## DISTRUSTS JAPAN'S MOVES.

China Sees Trouble Brewing Over Chentao Boundary Dispute.

Pekin, Sept. 8.—Contrary to her agreement to maintain the status quo pending a settlement of the Chentao boundary dispute with China, Japan has recently done a number of things in this territory which arouse the apprehension of the Pekin government. She has occupied the residence buildings recently completed at Yen-shi Ting in the disputed district; she has brought into this town a joint civil and military commander and 1,000 gendarmes and she is proceeding with the organization of the existing system for the government of the Korean population. China has protested to Tokio and to the Japanese diplomatic representative here, but with no result whatever. The arrival of a battery of Japanese field guns near the border has renewed the fears of China that Japan proposes to precipitate some action.

## New Jersey Troopers Win.

Seagirt, N. J., Sept. 8.—Rifle and revolver experts from all parts of the country took part in the 18th annual shooting tournament of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, which began Friday and will be in progress until Saturday evening, September 15. The prize-winners in the tyro company team work were: Second Troop, New Jersey, First 140; First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, second, 129. The company team match was won by the Second Troop of New Jersey, with a score of 307.

## Three Bankers Indicted.

San Francisco, Sept. 8.—After several days of intermittent investigation into the affairs of the defunct Market street bank, the grand jury has returned indictments against A. F. Martel, president of the bank; W. B. Nash, a former cashier and director, and L. B. Haven, the cashier who succeeded Nash. The indictments charge the return of a false report to the bank commissioners, Martel, Nash and Haven are held under \$10,000 bonds in each case.

## Rain Ruins English Hops.

Mainstone, Eng., Sept. 8.—The excessively wet weather, accompanied by a high wind, has completely ruined a large part of the Kentish hop crop. Thousands of hop-pickers who came down from London are suffering acutely. The huts wherein they are quartered are flooded and in many cases they are without sufficient food

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

## CHAPTER X.

Some days after the Prince del Pino made his first appearance in Washington, two people were talking in the drawing room of a small house in S street at the hour which the French call, so curiously, "between the dog and the wolf."

Of the pair in the gloaming, the man was standing up with his back to an attenuated mantelpiece, against which he leaned his huge frame, gingerly looking down from time to time at the girl opposite in the depths of a Market-Harborough chair.

"Think of it!" he was saying, in rather subdued tones. "I was actually on my way here yesterday, just coming out of the Shoreham, when the cable was handed me. You got my note telling you that I couldn't keep my appointment? What was it we were going to do? Oh, yes, go up the Monument. Yesterday seems about five hundred years ago!"

"It was very good of you to come and tell me about it," the girl said gently; "very friendly."

"Was it?" Gerald Buiet wheeled abruptly around and stared with sudden absorption out of the window. "It was kinder of you to let me," he said. "There's a certain relief in talking. When that cable came yesterday"—he broke off suddenly, and then continued, in an odd choked voice, "Well, that sort of unexpected shock rather knocks over a man! To lose poor old Jack—my only brother. And then this later news coming right on top of it—"

Again he could go no further.

Annette left her chair impulsively and stood beside him, all the womanliness, the latent strength in her, reaching out to the poor fellow stricken in a strange land.

"It isn't certain yet," she said soothingly, stroking his rough coat sleeve with sublime unconsciousness, "about your father; I mean—the cable—was it quite hopeless?"

There was a slight pause and Gerald turned towards her a very set face. "Quite!" he said shortly.

Then with a certain shy awkwardness he took her hand and held it a moment. "Thank you," he said huskily; "you've been very good to me, Miss Bancroft." He shook himself determinedly into the commonplace. "You were surprised, weren't you, when I turned up the other day, and asked you to take me in hand and show me the sights here? I really don't know what made me come to Washington! Can't imagine, for the life of me!"

The girl beside him had a shrewd suspicion that she could! Even when the attractive magnet is removed, the force of habit still dominates us in a measure, drawing us all unconsciously in the old directions.

"Have you seen or heard anything of Gussie lately?" Buiet now asked, with massive carelessness, turning to go.

Annette shook her head.

"No," she said, tactfully avoiding his embarrassed eye. "I saw in the Post that she'd been dining at one of the embassies last night."

"Del Pino was there, too," remarked Buiet, completing her information with surprising accuracy, "and he was at the horse show with her that afternoon. I suppose they're together all the time."

Here he felt it incumbent to shrug his shoulders loftily. "That's what he's here for!"

"So you think that's what he's here for?" echoed the girl.

There was the faintest hint of interrogation, incredulity in her tones, that made Buiet glance curiously at the small figure, the dim, opaque shading of the June twilight accentuating the blonde fairness of her hair and childish outlines of face and figure with mellowed distinctness.

"Why," he drawled, "any one can see that the man wants to marry Gussie, and I really don't see any special reason why she shouldn't take him, do you?"

His air of impersonal unconcern and indifference was a sorry mask through which a pair of miserably anxious eyes questioned Annette's face.

Woman-like, she outwardly evaded the appeal even while answering it. "Do you really think they're in love with each other?" she asked quietly.

"Love!" Gerald hastily assumed the blank, unrecognizing expression with which one repeats the name of an unfamiliar and half-forgotten acquaintance. "What is love?" He narrowed his eyes, viewing the word through a mental microscope with scientific impersonality.

"Well, I suppose the thing exists, but it's just a sort of temporary disease that attacks one at times! Most of us have it, or think we have—which is the same thing. But if you've been through it once, you're immune, that's one great, great comfort—you'll never catch it again!"

He spoke with savage conviction, conscious of scars which were still painful to the touch. "No, I think Gussie and Del Pino are too entirely sane to fall in love—lucky for them! They're simply, in cold blood, making what your papers would call a 'brilliant match.' He has 'the title, and she—everything else!'"

"He has the title!" repeated Annette. She was staring at the honest-faced man before her, marveling at his utter unconsciousness of his own probably equal advantages in that respect at that moment. Certainly, as far as rank and his devotees were concerned, there was little to choose between the Prince del Pino and the new Earl of Lindsay. If Gerald only realized it, chance—the eternal chance—was his to-day.

Annette's lips parted impulsively and then closed again. It seemed such a pitiful waste that a loyal, unselfish love like his should be sacrificed on ambition's altar.

The girl spoke with sudden heat. "Gussie is my cousin, Mr. Buiet," she said determinedly; "do you think, knowing her as we both do, caring for her," she looked away as she spoke—"tell me frankly—do you think that she could—"

man who loved her happy, that he would be content—well! with what she has to give?"

Gerald did not hesitate an instant. "I should rather think she could," he said, with a sincerity that was almost pathetic. "The man who loved Gussie would be thankful for anything she could give him."

Then, stiffening with the inevitable contraction that followed such unaccustomed expansion, he shook hands formally with his small hostess.

"Got all my boxes to pack, you see—have to be off by the ten-thirty train so as to take to-morrow's steamer from New York. Good-by."

Annette followed him to the door. "Don't you think"—she made up her mind quickly—"wouldn't it be possible for you to stop in and see Gussie if only for a moment this afternoon? I think she'll be hurt if she finds you've been here without looking her up."

"I'm afraid I can't flatter myself," Buiet's tone was determinedly brisk. "Besides, why should she know? You'll have to keep my secret, Miss Bancroft." He backed into the hall. "There's a great deal to be done and it's getting beastly late."

Indeed, the little hall outside was undeniably dim.

Feeling for his hat with some haste in the shade, Buiet dislodged a sheaf of cards, stuck in the rack, that came pelting him with light touches, and even as he opened the door, one fell fluttering out on to the step outside, where the faint Italian script stared up at him impudently, revealed by the fading light: "Prince Rodrigo del Pino," and a curious crest.

The mark of the beast! Again the track of those alien footsteps that had invaded his hunting ground.

Buiet stared at the little strip of pasteboard with a puzzled frown. When had he been here? He closed the door with an exasperated slam and stalked down the steps.

Certainly Annette had had very little to say about Del Pino, yet, on the other hand, what was there to be said? Why should not one fellow passenger of the Majestic hunt up another? and what possible concern was it of his—Gerald Buiet?

His mind reverting to nearer, more personal, more painful matters, the Englishman made his way thoughtfully to the S street corner. But at the lamp post he came to a sudden halt.

Standing quite still, he looked ahead of him, a very keen look in his eyes, for there, coming up the avenue toward him with familiarly jaunty gait, was a slim, supple, unmistakable figure.

"Ah!" ejaculated Buiet.

His face set in uncompromising creases, he went forward again, looking stiffly ahead of him.

"Not my friend M. Buiet?" Del Pino stopped short. "This Washington, indeed, supplies the unexpected." He scrutinized the Englishman with smiling lips, a curiously sardonic smile on his lips, as he watched the Senator eagerly making the most of Gussie's brief attention.

How little he imagined—this man of politics and money—that, under the Prince del Pino's mask, a very humble rival had already distanced him! How little the woman opposite realized that her hopes, inclinations and ambitions were all centered on—her ex-chauffeur!

During the whole course of Sarto's present perilous career never had his star seemed more in the ascendant, never had the winning cards seemed more certainly in his grasp, than at that very moment, when fate, in the person of a middle-aged Russian diplomat, was pursuing him all unconsciously over the Chevy Chase lawn.

"Ah, Meeses Waereng!"

At the sound of the familiar sibilant tones, Sarto leaned forward with a start, hardly able to believe his eyes and his ears. For, standing under the beech tree only a few feet away, shaking hands effusively with Gussie, was a lithe, well-known shadow.

"Well, you are a gad-about!" Mrs. Waring was ejaculating. "One minute in Newport, the next in Washington, and welcome everywhere. Prince!" she raised her voice. "Here is a joyful surprise. Your long-lost friend Count Souravieff!"

(To be continued.)

tated again in front of the imposing door of Mrs. Waring's house, as diffident and self-distrustful as if he were the humblest book agent, instead of the possessor of unquestioned rank and several millions of good English pounds sterling.

"It's ridiculous, my calling here under the circumstances!" he told himself sternly. And then, "Perhaps," the afterthought came eagerly on tiptoe, "she'll be sorry when I tell her the news from England."

And buoyed up by sudden hopefulness Gerald Buiet rang the bell.

## CHAPTER XI.

Dinner at Chevy Chase was nearing its close.

Along the broad, trellised verandas, hung with Chinese lanterns and vivid posters, were dotted the small, round tables, each surrounded by half a dozen members and their guests, whose chatter rose interruptedly.

Looking around him, his impressionable senses pleasantly thrilled by the light, the color, the movement of the gay scene, the mock Prince del Pino felt an exhilaration, a rich enjoyment of the present, which was not entirely due to the champagne he had drunk.

This was to be his last night—he told himself that, as he had many a time before during his Washington week, with the secret consciousness that the morrow would find him still on the stage, playing his part to the same appreciative audience. Like most successful actors, Ludovic Sarto had become dependent on the glare of the footlights. He really could not tear himself away, could not make up his mind to give up the role which had become second nature to him.

Seated at Mrs. Waring's right, with five other chosen spirits surrounding her table, himself the bright, particular luminary of the occasion, the mock prince kept the talk and laughter up to concert pitch, while efficient waiters kept him supplied with the delicacies which his sybaritic soul craved, while on every side stretched vistas very grateful to the eye of the exiled European.

"One could almost fancy oneself at a Parisian cafe in the Bois," he acknowledged, with a reminiscent sigh.

Gussie met his glance smilingly. Indeed, her attention had been pretty obviously consecrated to him throughout the entire meal, much to the disgust of her host, a stalwart Senator, at whose right hand she sat.

"Yes, it is a bit like Paris," she assented, in answer to the other remark. "The open-air restaurant effect, and then the cosmopolitan type of the crowd!"

"The crowd!" echoed the mock prince. He shrugged his shoulders, lowering his voice significantly, then, in rapid French, "Must there always be the crowd? Can one never see you alone?" His heavy eyes met hers for the fraction of a minute. "Remember, I am to drive you back in my motor!"

Gussie's answer was drowned in the sudden rattle of chairs as the people at the tables rose to their feet.

"No, I shall not forget!" she smiled at him over her shoulder, moving off and leading the way towards the veranda steps.

A moment later the little party were out on the lawn, grouped under the dense shadow of a copper beech, its rustling tops blotting the night sky. Settling himself some distance from Mrs. Waring, now tete-a-tete with her host, Sarto leaned back lazily in the wide garden chair, a curiously sardonic smile on his lips, as he watched the Senator eagerly making the most of Gussie's brief attention.

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(To be continued.)

## Her Experience.

"After this I shall use safety razors," declared Mr. Stubb, with much emphasis.

"They are no good, John," scoffed Mrs. Stubb.

"No good? What do you know about them?"

"A great deal. I tried to sharpen a lead pencil with that new one you bought and it wouldn't even make a dent."

## Stationary.

"I thought you said if I gave you a good meal you would work like a horse?" demanded the irate housewife.

"Dat's just what I am doing, mum," replied the dusty tramp.

"But you haven't moved all afternoon?"

"Well, you see, mum, I meant a saw-horse. 'Dey never do move.'"

## Economical.

"He bought one of those door mats with the word, 'Welcome' on it."

"Well?"

"Well, his wife can't get him to wipe his feet on it."

"I wonder why not?"

"He says he don't like to wear out his welcome."—Houston Post.

## The Sharp Child.

"Edmund is the smartest child I ever saw," boasted the fond mother. "He is as keen as a razor."

"Yes," spoke up grumpy grandpa. "and he reminds me of a razor."

"In what way?"

"Why, he needs strapping."