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CHAPTER VIII.
July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway.
Seaton Dyrart has come and gone many a time to and from Grey, by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away. He has even so far advanced as to be almost on friendly terms with Griselda.

But between him and Vera that first dark veil of distrust still hangs heavily—distrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged itself into dislike. Seaton Dyrart's arrival being only looked for by the girls at about seven o'clock in the evening—just an hour or so before dinner—gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming. Any day on which he was expected, Mrs. Grundy brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect. Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that he would not put in an unexpected appearance, that when, after a rather long absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causes distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"What can have brought him at this hour? London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual. For one instant a sickening fear that it might be Mr. Peyton's knock had made her blood run cold. There had been a short but sharp encounter between him and her the day before yesterday, and a wild fear that he had come up to have it out with her now, and here, had taken possession of her. At such a moment the advent of Seaton is hailed by her, at least, with rapture.

"Why, what happy wind drove you down at this hour?" cries she, with the friendliest air, beaming on him as he comes into the room.
"It is good of you to call it happy," says he, casting a really grateful look at her as she shakes hands silently with Vera. "In time for luncheon, too, I see, though," with a rather surprised glance at the table, "you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to spare, eh?"

"We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly. "And it isn't lunch you see, or rather you don't see, before you. It's Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is regarding her almost sternly.

"Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to Vera. It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him. "Why should it not be true?" says Vera, coldly. "As a rule, we dine early." "She means that we always dine early except when we know you are coming," supplements Griselda, even more mildly than before.

"And this—" with a hurried glance at the scanty meal, "do you mean to tell me that—that this is your dinner every day?"

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully. "This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be altered for—"

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet.
"Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone. "I was merely going to add that a fowl occasionally would be a good deal of moral use to us. I have always heard that to keep the temper in a healthy state, change of food is necessary."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dyrart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively, "and as if, too, no apology could be accepted. But I shall see that it does not occur again."

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject. Griselda is only in jest; she speaks like a foolish child. It's folding her hands tightly together. 'I forbid you to say anything about it.'"

"I regret that I must displease you," says Seaton, courteously, but with determination. "My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure discomfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now. There will be if you try to alter matters in my favor."
"You mean that you will accept nothing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims he, passion that will not be repressed in his tone; the coldness seems broken up, there is fire in his eyes and a distinct anger. "You have had that time you spoke of; has it fulfilled its mission—has it taught you to detect me? No," detaining her deliberately as she seeks to leave the room. "Don't go; you should give me a real reason for your studied discourtesy, for I won't believe that I am naturally abhorrent to you. There must be something else."

"If you must know," says she, looking back defiantly at him, her blood a little hot, "you are too like your father for me to pretend friendship with you."

"Oh, Vera, I think you shouldn't say that!" cries Griselda, now honestly frightened at the storm she has raised, but neither of the others hear her. Vera, with one little slender white hand grasping the back of a chair near her, is looking fixedly at Seaton, whose face has changed. An expression of keen pain crosses it.

"Has he been so bad to you as that?" he says; and then, with a profound sigh: "My poor father!"

There is something so honestly grieved in his whole air that Vera's heart smites her.
"Why will you bring up this discussion again and again?" she says, with remonstrant impatience. "Why not let me go my way untroubled, and you yours? What am I to you when all is told? I am outside your life—I ever shall be—"

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dyrart, slowly.

At this moment the door is thrown open and Seaton himself enters.
"You know," he cries. Her tone is low, but each word rings clear as a bell. "You know! Oh, you know! she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched.

Roused from his lethargy and stung by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture she waves him aside and leaves the room.

"Great heaven! how did you dare so to insult her?" cries the young man, in terrible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dyrart cowers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sullenly, "and I did it for the best." He stretches out his hand to his son. "See, then," he cries, entreatingly, "I did it for you—for you!"

"You ruin the one hope I had, which meant silence—time—and you say it was for my good!"

"I thought to compel her, to frighten her into a consent, and I will yet," cries he, eagerly. "Nay, Seaton, do not look thus upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfillment of your desire—and mine."

"You misunderstand me," says Seaton, curbing his passion with difficulty. "I would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it to-night. Forgive me, father, if I seem abrupt, but—"

He seems heartbroken as he turns aside and disappears through the doorway.

Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curse her!" he says at last; "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed if she comes between him and me! But that shall never be."

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and entering an apartment here—where the strange old cabinet stands—he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Knocking down beside it he unlocks the secret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish haste. It seems as though he hopes thus to slake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, conning each word with curious care, gleaning over the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his personal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grundy until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, don't you know it by heart yet?" asks she, derisively.
(To be continued.)

WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE.

Heat and Safest Place Seems to Be in a Paris Cab.
If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus lost. He says that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough—possibly in spite of themselves, for they are a rough lot—and are carefully looked after by the police. As a result, some curious instances of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

"Ten thousand francs lost!" said the official. "Yes, it is here," and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him.

"What a fool that cabman must have been!" was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a Jeweler in the Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarreled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the Jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

"No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whether everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theaters, cabs and railway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

The First Thing.
Munson—What do you think we ought to do with the Philippines?
Brisbe—I'm thinking that it might be a good idea for us to capture them.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Eleven persons lost their lives in a St. Louis fire.

British forces have captured many Boers during the past week.

Young Theodore Roosevelt, while very sick, is not considered dangerous.

Fire at Paterson, N. J., caused a loss of \$10,000,000 and left at least 1,000 families homeless.

The foreign consuls at Panama have notified the rebel leader Herrera that they will remain neutral.

The president vetoed the recommendation that he be breveted colonel and brigadier general for meritorious services in the war with Spain.

Rear Admiral Sampson has been retired.

Sampson has filed a brief with the president protesting against Schley's claims.

Germany's colonial policy has proven a failure.

The senate has passed the pension appropriation bill.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is seriously ill with pneumonia.

The trouble at the Colorado School of Mines has been settled.

England, America and Japan will oppose the Manchurian treaty.

The sultan of Turkey has sentenced his brother-in-law to be killed.

Holland refuses to have anything more to do with the peace proposals.

A severe snow storm is raging in Texas.

England will abandon her rights in Wei Hai Wei.

The senate has passed the urgency deficiency bill.

Fire at Albany, N. Y., destroyed \$50,000 worth of property.

President Roosevelt and wife are visiting the Charleston exposition.

European powers are still disputing over their attitude during the Spanish war.

Thirteen persons were killed and at least 100 injured by a gas explosion at Chicago.

The woolgrowers' convention placed itself on record in favor of oleomargarine.

Representative Newlands, of Nevada, introduced a resolution in the house for the annexation of Cuba.

Nine firemen were killed at a St. Louis fire.

The senate has passed the judicial salary bill.

A towboat at Pittsburg blew up, injuring all of the crew.

Fire at Dwight, Ill., destroyed property valued at \$300,000.

Ice is still troublesome in the Columbia river and boats cannot be run.

The Pacific Northwest Woolgrowers' Association is in session at Helena.

England has politely declined the good offices of Holland to settle the Boer war.

During 1901 the total amount spent for new buildings and alteration of old ones in New York was \$150,072,657.

An American Express Company's wagon in New York loaded with \$15,000 worth of goods has been looted. No clue to the robbers.

The Knight Companion, an O. R. & N. Portland-Oriental liner, has been lost in Japanese waters. The passengers and crew were saved.

Scurvy is prevalent at Nome.

The gales on the Atlantic coast are abating.

The loss by the Waterbury, Conn., fire will exceed \$3,000,000.

Philippine tariff bill is causing some spirited debate in the senate.

A strong call has been made for airing the Nome judicial scandals.

TEN MILLION DOLLAR FIRE.

Business Portion of Paterson, N. J., Destroyed—1,000 Families Homeless.

Paterson, N. J., Feb. 11.—A great fire swept through Paterson today and in its desolate wake are the embers and ashes of property valued at \$10,000,000. It burned its way through the business section of the city and claimed as its own a majority of the finer structures devoted to commercial, civic, educational and religious use, as well as scores of houses. There was but small tribute of life and injury to the conflagration, but thousands were left homeless and many thousands without employment.

A relief movement for the care of these unsheltered and unprovided for has already been organized and Mayor John Hinchliffe says that Paterson

VALUE OF DANISH ISLES.

Latest Acquisition of Great Strategic Importance—Provision of Treaty Explained.

Washington, Feb. 10.—The recent favorable report by the senate committee on foreign relations on the treaty for the cession of the Danish West Indies was accompanied by a written statement by that committee to the senate. This report holds that during 1900 the islands exported to the United States sugar, molasses and distilled spirits amounting to \$568,945, and that during the same period the importations from the United States amounted to \$624,524. The annexation of the islands was sought by the United States years ago, and as far back as 1867 Denmark declined to sell the islands for \$5,000,000, but made a proposition to

NEWS OF THE STATE

TERMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The flax mill at Salem is now an assured fact.

The receipts of The Dalles land office for January were nearly \$10,000.

Dr. W. D. Jeffries, for 40 years a practicing physician of Salem, is dead.

Placer miners of Southern Oregon gladly hail the rains of the past few days.

The Willamette river at Albany is lower than for many years at this time of the year.

Steps have been taken by the business men of Roseburg to organize a board of trade.

A representative of the English government is around Elgin buying horses for South Africa.

President Eliot, of Harvard university, will visit the state university at Eugene next month.

So far in Linn county there have been 600 registrations for the June election, out of a probable total of 5,500.

Miners in Southern Oregon have long been throwing away what was supposed to be lead ore, but which has proven to be rich silver ore.

The report of the commissioner of patents for the past fiscal year shows that there were 125 patents issued to Oregon inventors.

A chair factory is the latest of Albany's manufacturing industries.

A proposition has been made to the citizens of Salem to put in a flax mill.

The Brown-Lucas Lumber company has been organized at Falls City, with \$60,000 capital.

Burglars entered a Drain merchandise store and secured \$100 worth of goods. No clew has been found.

There will be 33 graduates from the Salem public schools at the February commencement and 40 more in June.

A very successful rabbit drive was held near Pendleton, the first of the week. Several thousand of the pests were killed.

John Diamond, an Oregon pioneer of 1847, after whom Diamond Peak was named, is dead at his home in Coburg, aged 98 years.

Crystal Spring Mining company, with headquarters at Grants Pass, has filed articles of incorporation. Capital, \$200,000.

The snow in Eastern Oregon comes as a blessing to the farmers, who had begun to fear their fall and winter wheat would be seriously injured.

Fruitgrowers of the Willamette valley are pleased with the cold snap, as it will set the fruit trees back. In some cases the buds were far advanced for the season.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Quiet. Walla Walla, 63¢; 64¢; bluestem, 64¢; 64¢; Valley, 63¢.

Barley—Feed, 19¢; 20¢; brewing, 20¢; 21¢ per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, 11¢; 1.25¢; gray, 11¢; 1.15¢.

Flour—Best grades, 2.80¢; 2.40¢ per barrel; Graham, 2.50¢; 2.80¢.

Millstuffs—Bran, 18¢ per ton; middlings, 22¢; shorts, 20.50¢; clover, 17¢.

Hay—Timothy, 11¢; 12¢; clover, 17¢; 7.50¢; Oregon wild hay, 4.50¢ per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 90¢; 1.25¢ per cwt.; ordinary, 70¢; 85¢ per cwt.; growers' prices: sweets, 1.75¢; 2¢ per cwt.

Butter—Creamery, 25¢; 27¢; dairy, 18¢; 20¢; store, 11¢; 13¢.

Eggs—20¢; 21¢ for fresh Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12¢; 13¢; Young America, 14¢; 15¢; factory prices, 10¢; 11¢ loss.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 13¢; 15¢; hens, 14¢; 4.25¢ per dozen, 9¢; 10¢ per dozen; springs, 10¢ per pound, 13¢; 2.50¢ per dozen; ducks, 16.50¢; 7.50¢ per dozen; turkeys, live, 11¢; 13¢; dressed, 14¢; 15¢ per pound.

Mutton—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢; 7.5¢ per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5¢; dressed, 6¢; 7¢ per pound.

Veal—8½¢; 9¢ per pound, dressed.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¢; 4¢; steers, 4¢; 4.5¢; dressed, 6½¢; 7½¢ per pound.

Hops—11¢; 12½¢ per pound.

Wool—Nominal. Valley, 13¢; 15¢; eastern Oregon, 8¢; 12¢; mohair, 21¢; 21½¢ per pound.

The largest towboat ever made for American waters will soon be launched for use on the Mississippi. Over 1,200 tons of steel will be used and 4,800 horse power will be furnished. The boat is 275 feet long and 63 feet wide.

Great Britain loses more than 10,000,000 pounds worth of property annually by fire.

Hazing has been made a criminal offense by the Illinois legislature, and offenders may be fined \$500 and sent to jail for six months.

The development of dry goods companies with large capital is one of the latest features in the great dry goods distributing centers. The smaller wholesalers are being driven out.