

ADVERTISING RATES.
One Column Twenty Dollars
Full Column Forty Dollars
Professional Cards One Dollar

Reading Notices Will Be Inserted at the Rate of Ten Cents Per Line.

Advertising Bills Collected Monthly.

VOL XIV.

NEWBERG, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1902.

NO. 24.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
Three Months .25

One Year, in advance \$1.00

Address, GRAPHIC, Newberg, Oregon.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

That was all I wanted, and I soon left the little draper. I went to call on Freeman. I found him sitting with his pretty, pleasant wife at an early dinner. They invited me to sit down and partake. I declined, on the ground of having just had breakfast.

"I," said he, "have managed with more economy. This is my breakfast and dinner combined."

"I wished," said I, "to have a little talk with you."

"If," said he, "it is about that affair of the night, say on; I and my wife are one."

I then told of my gossip with the draper and its purpose.

"You need not have gone to him," said he; "I could have told you that there has been no death of that sort since we have been here, and that's nearly five years. Of course, it's absurd to suppose that the poor Dick was thinking of. No, I've come to the conclusion that he had some hair breadth escape from death in his mind, and that the rest was delirium."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Freeman, "don't you forget, both of you, that Dick's confession, according to himself, was of a murder which has not been found out."

"You are right, my dear," said he. "But, at the same time, there has no one been missed who could have been disposed of in that way. Two men, I remember, have disappeared, but they had nothing to do with chemicals, and they were last seen near that deep pond in the clough; it would be detective speculation to throw a net to imagine how they could be done to death in a chemical vat. Come," said he, seeing my serious, anxious look, "let the matter alone, we can do nothing with it. The chemical works are an abomination, but the only recent death I can suspect them of is that of an unfortunate dog; some one had dyed him blazing scarlet; for a while he skunk about the streets, an object of loathing to himself, and of terror, curiosity and scorn to the whole dog world; then he disappeared—withdrawn, probably, in shame and despair to that pond in the clough and put an end to the glaring anomaly of his existence. But, after all, I think the chief harm they do is to every green thing and to Steinhardt's reputation for honesty. I see this morning," he continued, turning and picking up the newspaper, "that he is again in court for infringement of some patent."

Our talk then turned on the former case of the same kind, the heavy damages paid, and the strange disappearance of Mr. Lacroix. I asked him if he had ever heard the romantic history of the Lacroix family. He said all about it; he had heard it from Birley.

I broached to him my hope of either finding the lost Mr. Lacroix, or at least of finding out what had become of him; and I told him I had written some weeks before to some friends who, I had thought, might make inquiries for me in London, but that I had heard nothing from them, and that therefore I thought of going to London myself on that errand as soon as my six months had expired. He shook his head.

"I fancy," said he, "all inquiries have been made. However, since it is desirable to find out if possible something for certain"—he paused and looked at me—"I tell you what. We are going for our fortnight's holiday at the end of the month; I will gladly do what I can if you like."

I agreed with him that it might, or might not, result in something; a very safe concord—and so it was settled that it was less than three weeks he would be in London doing his best to emulate Le-coq.

CHAPTER VI.

I had tacitly assented to Freeman's suggestion, that no more was to be thought of said of Dick's horrible pantomimic confession; but it impressed me as being too vivid to be lightly discarded as without any basis of fact. I continued to think of it very much; I thought of it more because, in spite of the unreasonable nature of such a conjunction, and its manifest "waste of detective speculation" (as Freeman would have said), the vapors, so to say, of Louise's dream would persist in ruling in my imagination with the vapors of Dick's delirium. Could it really be that Mr. Lacroix had met his death in some such way? And if he had, how had he come by it?—and where? Was it even possible in the mystery of things that Lacroix had been smothered in one of his own vats?

But a discovery I made about this time—trivial, apparently, yet to me significant—fixed my ideas more firmly in my imagination. One night while I sat thinking of my return to London I took up my Bradshaw, and carelessly began noting the times of trains from the neighboring large town to the metropolis. The lines of three companies passed through it, and I became interested in noting how the rivals ran fast and still faster trains against each other. In this survey my attention was fixed by a very small fact; one company ran one of its two quickest trains so that it reached the neighboring town about midnight—the only very quick train within two or three hours of that time. I found easy opportunity to test in some degree what significance this fact might have.

Early in the week following Dick's confession, Mr. Steinhardt had gone to London to attend his trial, in the court of Queen's bench, I think it was. He would be absent for more than a fortnight.

That was all I wanted, and I soon left the little draper. I went to call on Freeman. I found him sitting with his pretty, pleasant wife at an early dinner. They invited me to sit down and partake. I declined, on the ground of having just had breakfast.

"I," said he, "have managed with more economy. This is my breakfast and dinner combined."

"I wished," said I, "to have a little talk with you."

"If," said he, "it is about that affair of the night, say on; I and my wife are one."

I then told of my gossip with the draper and its purpose.

"You need not have gone to him," said he; "I could have told you that there has been no death of that sort since we have been here, and that's nearly five years. Of course, it's absurd to suppose that the poor Dick was thinking of. No, I've come to the conclusion that he had some hair breadth escape from death in his mind, and that the rest was delirium."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Freeman, "don't you forget, both of you, that Dick's confession, according to himself, was of a murder which has not been found out."

"You are right, my dear," said he. "But, at the same time, there has no one been missed who could have been disposed of in that way. Two men, I remember, have disappeared, but they had nothing to do with chemicals, and they were last seen near that deep pond in the clough; it would be detective speculation to throw a net to imagine how they could be done to death in a chemical vat. Come," said he, seeing my serious, anxious look, "let the matter alone, we can do nothing with it. The chemical works are an abomination, but the only recent death I can suspect them of is that of an unfortunate dog; some one had dyed him blazing scarlet; for a while he skunk about the streets, an object of loathing to himself, and of terror, curiosity and scorn to the whole dog world; then he disappeared—withdrawn, probably, in shame and despair to that pond in the clough and put an end to the glaring anomaly of his existence. But, after all, I think the chief harm they do is to every green thing and to Steinhardt's reputation for honesty. I see this morning," he continued, turning and picking up the newspaper, "that he is again in court for infringement of some patent."

night, and I had therefore many welcome chances of being in Miss Lacroix's company. I was asked several times to dinner, and was encouraged to find other and sundry occasions for calling.

On one of these occasions I found Miss Lacroix alone. After some casual remarks I began to work toward my purpose by alluding to Steinhardt's business in London.

"It will be a serious thing for him," said I—"won't it—if he should be so unsuccessful in his defence as your father was?"

"He will not be unsuccessful as poor father was," answered she, with a shake of her beautiful head; "Mr. Steinhardt is not scrupulous as father was; he tells falsehoods with rude simplicity, like his great chancellor, and so people think him to be all honest truth. He will succeed in his case, I think—I have heard him talk it to Frank—and he will come back more despoiled than ever. Poor father!" She leaned back, and looked sadly out over the valley, from which rose the smoke and sound of its daily toil, fatigued and forced, I thought, on that warm summer afternoon.

"I have thought a great deal," said I, seizing the opportunity her exclamation afforded, "of that strange dream you told me of."

"Yes," said she, turning with sudden interest.

"Do you still dream it?" I asked.

"Yes, I do; but not often now."

"It is a very strange thing. Does the dream come at any particular hour of the night?"

"It does," said she; "and that, I daresay, makes me think more of it. It always comes two or three hours after I have gone to bed. I dream it, and then become wide awake; and after I have lain awake a little I always hear the hall clock strike two—my room is over the hall."

"And the first night you had the dream—do you think it came then about the same hour?"

"Yes," said she, "I think so. But," she leaned forward, eager and pale, "why do you ask me these questions? Have you found out something from your friends in London, perhaps? You had heard nothing when last I asked you, I know. Tell me—have you heard something now?"

"No, I am sorry to say, I have not. Still I do not despair, I have a hope I may learn something soon."

"Oh, what!" she eagerly demanded.

"I think," said I, "you had better not ask me; it may only end in disappointment, and this matter already preys upon you too much."

"You are very kind to me," said she. My pulse beat tumultuously, and I was on the point of saying something rash concerning my devotion, when she added, almost as if she knew what I was thinking of, "But I can think of nothing else much—I can be interested in nothing else. It is very foolish of me, but I cannot help it. Mr. Steinhardt sometimes is rather rude to me about it; he wants me to marry Frank," said she, simply; "but I do not wish to marry Frank, and Frank does not wish to marry me. I do not wish to think of marrying at all just yet."

"I suppose," said I, piqued, and jealous, too, I dare say, "Mr. Steinhardt wants you to marry his son, which may keep your father's money, which you will inherit, in his business."

"I do not think," said she with a smile, "that there is much now of poor father's money. Mr. Steinhardt reckoned off it that 20,000 pounds which, he says, father lost without any cause."

"But does Mr. Birley, your other guardian, agree to that fraud?—for fraud it is."

"I do not know," said she listlessly. "But I think dear Mr. Birley is somewhat of a man; he is not English, but he fears to say much."

Mr. Steinhardt returned from London resplendent with success and self-satisfaction. He had won his case. He had been able to lead the court to believe that he had found out for himself the chemical process for which the plaintiffs had taken out a patent, with this difference, that he had employed a wet method, whereas they used a dry—or vice versa; I do not remember which it was. The plaintiffs were going to carry their case to a higher court, but he did not care for that. He called together his friends and his neighbors to rejoice with him, of whom I was one; for since he got the better of me over the lecture affair he had been as amicably disposed as before. The dinner was a very sumptuous affair, and Mr. Steinhardt thought himself so much master of the situation that, I think, he indulged rather more freely in wine than was his habit. In the drawing room after dinner his eye was the brightest and his talk the loudest and most volatile. He watched his son paying gallant little attentions to a strange young lady, while Miss Lacroix was surrounded by the beaus of the neighborhood, and he called him, in audible asides, "Fool!"—"Fool!"—"Fool!"

"Blackhead!" At length he became so impatient that, shouting "Frank, I want you!" he strode out of the room. Frank at once arose and followed him in evident alarm.

After some time he returned, looking pale and agitated. He came up to me (I sat talking with Mr. Birley), and to my great surprise said:

"Mr. Unwin, the governor wants to speak to you in the dining room."

I had a disagreeable recollection of a former interview there, but before I could say anything he continued—"I'm

afraid I've got you into a row, without meaning aught of the sort. The governor's always at me to—make love to Louise; he wants me to marry her."

(Mr. Birley shifted uneasily in his seat.) "That was what he called me out about now; he jawed me, and I told him I didn't want to marry Louise; he got very angry, and then I said, what was the use of my making love to a girl that was in love with somebody else. I shouldn't have said that, I know, but I was very riled; I am very sorry."

The hot suspicion now dawned on me that I was the fortunate "somebody else" of the legend. I felt I grew else; I scarcely heard what he said afterward, but it was to the effect that this father angrily dismissed him with the order to send me to the dining room. Birley sat unusually silent and disturbed. I also was silent a moment. I turned to him.

"Do you think I ought to go?" I asked him.

"Yes, lad; go," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "and I'll go with you."

We entered the dining room together. Steinhardt stood on the hearth rug. He frowned and pulled his great mustache on seeing Birley with me.

"I wished to speak to Mr. Unwin privately," said he.

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.

Five were killed in a powder explosion at Shenandoah, Pa.

Illegal recruiting is the cause of much disorder in Finland.

Seven bodies have been recovered from the Pittsburgh wreck.

Senator Allison says some form of reciprocity will be granted to Cuba.

Hayti has promised to give Germany a naval station at Mole St. Nicholas.

Five men in jail at Salem, Or., secured a saw and nearly gained their freedom.

The town of Herkimer, Kan., was almost destroyed by fire, which entailed a loss of \$100,000.

It is possible to send a message to a vessel 200 miles from land by the new Feensenden system of wireless telegraphy.

Chalmers E. Shuff has been sentenced to death at Wallace, Idaho, for the murder of Eugene Klein, at Mace, in that state.

The form of the coronation of King Edward will consist of 26 sections and will end with the crowning of Queen Alexandra.

The strikers of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, at South Bend, Ind., have lost their strike and gone back at the company's terms.

The Marquis of Queensbury has been declared a bankrupt.

Congressman Cummings, of New York, is seriously ill.

Saturday was Oregon day at the Charleston exposition.

Henry Schwab was hanged at Newark, N. J., for the murder of his wife and child.

The Boer agents in America are trying to induce President Kruger to visit this country.

With peace perhaps in sight, England is still sending men and munitions of war to South Africa.

A vigilance committee has been organized in Chicago to drive the rougher element from one of the wards.

The majority of the inhabitants of the Danish West Indies are in favor of their sale to the United States.

Two New Yorkers have been held for trial under the new law against the distribution of anarchistic literature.

The petition for an injunction against Miss Stone lecturing under a certain management was denied at Boston.

Colombian insurgents have captured Rio Hacha after an engagement lasting many hours. The losses sustained are unknown.

Heavy rains have relieved the situation in Kansas.

Turkey has released all the suspects in the Miss Stone case.

The Northern Pacific machinists at Brainerd, Mont., are on strike.

The condition of Queen Wilhelmina is changed slightly for the worse.

The Cuban congress will convene on May 5 by order of Governor General Wood.

There have been 1,217 cases of cholera and 847 deaths to date in the Philippines.

German nobility is shocked at Emperor William entertaining untitled business men.

Great excitement prevails at Sand Creek, Mont., over a rich gold strike made at that town.

Strikers at Patterson, N. J., have quieted down and show a disposition to make concessions.

President Roosevelt favors the pending bill appropriating \$50,000 for a monument in Washington to Gen. John C. Fremont.

The great shipping combine may acquire the Hill lines on the Pacific ocean, thus making a world wide community of interests.

Confederate veterans are holding their 12th annual reunion at Dallas, Tex.

Alexander O'Brodie will succeed Governor Murphy as chief executive of Arizona.

Although the Rock Island Railroad will build westward from Denver, it will not seek a Pacific coast outlet.

President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, says he is not worried over the decision of the supreme court.

The United States consul at Chomnitz, Germany, says a good market for Oregon salmon can be found in that country.

A restaurant has been opened in New York where foot will be burnished at one cent a plate.

There are 13,958,622 acres of uncultivated land in Italy, which might be developed and made productive by the application of ordinary enterprise.

Phenomenally mild weather is being experienced in Russia. At Kiev the trees are budding, the river Dniester is clear of ice, while at Warsaw violets are blooming.

True Enough.

The trouble with most of us is not so much that we have a hard row to hoe but that we dislike hoeing.—Puck

THE STRIKE ENDS.

San Francisco Street Car Men Have Demands Granted.

San Francisco, April 29.—The strike on the street railway system of the United Railroads, which, went into effect a week ago, is officially declared off. Victory rests with the employees, who are conceded all their principal demands. The United Railroads have granted an advance in wages, a 10 hour day and in a measure recognized the carmen's union.

On the question of unionism the agreement provides that the company will maintain such regulations as will enable full attention to all complaints made directly by its employees; will cause prompt investigation to be made of such complaints, and when it discovers the same to be well founded will rectify any wrongs found to exist. It will not, however, deal in matters involving the management of its own affairs with other than its own employees or committees thereof. The company recognizes the right of every person to belong or to refuse to belong to a labor union, and it will discharge no employee because of his connection with such a union.

The company agrees to pay a flat rate of 25 cents an hour, or 23½ cents an hour, together with a bonus for long service as the employees may elect. A rate of 30 cents per hour will be paid for overtime. All runs are to be finished within 14 hours from the time of commencement. The employees are to be allowed full liberty when off duty.

MORTON IS DEAD.

The Ex-Secretary of Agriculture and Founder of Arbor Day Passes Away.

Chicago, April 29.—Hon. J. Sterling Morton, ex-secretary of agriculture, died at Lake Forest, at the home of his son, Mark Morton. For several weeks Mr. Morton has been gradually failing. The nature of his sickness had not been determined, and a week ago he was brought from his home at Nebraska City, Neb., to Lake Forest for medical attention. The change brought no improvement, and he declined gradually until death came.

Death was due to cerebral thrombosis. The illness of Secretary Morton dates from last November, when he contracted a severe cold while speaking at the stock show in Chicago. The cold ran into an attack of grippe, and Mr. Morton was in a hospital for some time. When he was able to do so he returned to his home in this city, where he suffered a relapse. After a partial recovery he left early in January for the City of Mexico, accompanied by his son, Paul Morton, vice president of the Santa Fe Railway. Mr. Morton continued to grow worse in the Southern country, however, and six weeks ago he returned to his old home in Nebraska. He then came to Chicago, where it was believed he would have better medical treatment. After he arrived here he improved somewhat, and it was believed for a time he would entirely recover from his ailment.

Last week he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. A second stroke proved fatal.

His three sons, Paul Morton, Joy Morton and Mark Morton, were at the bedside when he died.

Spotted Fever Kills Eight.

Missoula, Mont., April 29.—The spotted fever scourge in the Bitter Root valley has broken out with greater violence than at any time known within the history of the peculiar disease. Eight persons have already died of the strange malady within a week, and the deaths of several more are expected. Today a number of cases were reported to the authorities. The disease is unknown elsewhere, and thus far has baffled the physicians. Nearly every victim that contracts the fever dies.

The disease commences with a fever like typhoid, and spots begin to show all over the body. The spots increase in size and at death the victim is spotted like a rattlesnake.

Bloody Riots at Moscow.

Vienna, April 29.—A dispatch to the Allgemeine Zeitung from St. Petersburg, published today, announces that six riots of strikers have taken place at Moscow, and that the military dispersed the rioters with much bloodshed.

One report says that 50 persons were killed or wounded. Revolts of peasantry in the provinces of Southern Russia, the dispatch adds, are causing a more critical situation, particularly at Kieff and Poltava, where the troops were required to suppress the outbreak.

Peace Prospects Improving.

London, April 29.—Cabling from Johannesburg, the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says that General Delarey, with his staff, arrived at Klerksdorp, Transvaal, yesterday. Special dispatches received here from Pretoria show that General Delarey had been in consultation with his command two days previously, and that the other Boer leaders are still conferring with the burghers. From this it is inferred that the prospects for peace are improving.

Large Railroad Deal.

St. Louis, April 29.—The Post Dispatch says: It was stated on good authority in financial circles today that the Mercantile Trust Company has finally closed a deal by the terms of which it pledges itself to finance the Tennessee Central Railroad to the amount of \$15,000,000. This is the largest transaction of its kind that has been made by a St. Louis financial institution.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS 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.

John Burke of Whatcom is under arrest, charged with embezzling \$1,000.

The weavers of the Oregon City mills are on strike for an increase in wages.

City Attorney Chane of Sumpter resigned after being reinstated by Mayor Robbins.

A rich discovery of a copper ledge on Snake river, near the mouth of the Imnaha, is reported.

The Buzzini placer mines on Beaver creek are attracting considerable attention. A strata of very rich gravel has been struck.

The state supreme court has decided that when grain stored in warehouses is sold without authority of depositors they may recover from the purchasers.

Messenger H. Leighton Kelly, of the Clackamas United States fish commission station, is distributing 45,000 Eastern brook trout in the streams of Eastern Oregon.

Superintendent of Public Instruction J. H. Ackerman has sent out circulars calling for bids on books, to be purchased by school districts for school library purposes.

A mulatto who gave his name as Jackson, and who was caught in the act of robbing a store in Grants Pass, has been identified as "Yellow," the fifth member of gang who murdered Policeman Robinson in San Francisco.

Crane & Thompson, proprietors of the Brownsville flouring mills, will soon be ready to install the new machinery in their mill. When finished it will be one of the finest mills in the county. The mills will have a capacity of 50 barrels a day.

The wheat sales last week in Weston were the largest for the season. The Pacific Coast Elevator Company, of Portland, through its agents, bought 40,000-bushel lot. Kerr, Gifford & Co., and the Northwestern Warehouse Company bought 29,500 bushels, making the total sales for the week 70,000 bushels. The price averaged 55 cents.

Patents have been filed with the county recorder at Albany conveying 108,656 acres of land from the government to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in lieu of some worthless land in the state of Washington. The new land is located along the Cascade, only a portion being in Linn county. Viewers have been in the mountains during the past year making the selections.

Oregon City has two cases of small-pox.

A new eight room school building is to be built at Albany.

William Abel, of Auburn, an old time pioneer of the West, is dead.

The debate between Albany College and the Monmouth State Normal School was won by Monmouth.

The Buck Ridge Placer Company, of Sumpter, has filed articles of incorporation. Capital, \$1,000,000.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 65¢@65½¢; bluestem, 66¢@66½¢; valley, 66¢.

Barley—Feed, \$20.21; brewing, \$21.21.50 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.20; gray, \$1.10@1.15.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.85@3.40 per barrel; Graham, \$2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$19; shorts, \$18.50; chop, \$16.

Hay—Timothy, \$12@15; clover, \$7.50@10; Oregon wild hay, \$5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 1.25@1.50 per cental; ordinary, \$1.10@1.25 per cental; Early Rose, \$1.50@2.00 per cental; growers prices; sweets, \$2.25@2.50 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 18¢@20¢; dairy, 15¢@17¢; store, 13¢@15¢.

Eggs—15¢@16¢ for Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13¢@13½¢; Young America, 14¢@15¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢ less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$4.50@5.50; hens, \$5.00@6.00 per dozen, 11¢@11½¢ per pound; springs, 11¢@11½¢ per pound, \$4.00@5.50 per dozen; ducks, \$5.00@7.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12¢@13¢, dressed, 14¢@16¢ per pound; geese, \$6.50@