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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train bound for Albany stood in the depot, waiting the signal to start, and just before the final "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his daughter, whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying him were his wife, Jenny and a gray-graired man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curls and low whispers, as each noticed and commented upon the unearthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with the effort she had made.

The sight of her, so young, so fair and apparently so low, hushed all selfish feelings, and a gay bridal party who had taken possession of the ladies' saloon immediately came forward, offering it to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and laying Rose upon the long settee, he made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions he had brought with him. As the creaking engine moved slowly out of Boston Rose asked that the window might be raised, and, leaning upon her elbow, she looked out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward nightfall of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more fatigued than she was willing to acknowledge, now that she was so determined to get well, was lifted from the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her cap was of this year's fashion or last.

"I am weary," she said. "Lay me where I can rest." And with the grandmother leading the way, the father carried his child to the chamber prepared for her with so much care.

"It's worse than I thought 'twas," said Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor below, where her daughter had thrown herself with a sigh upon the chintz-covered lounge. "It's a deal worse than I thought 'twas. Hasn't she catched cold, or been exposed some way?"

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twirling the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and the whole faculty ought to be indicted for manslaughter."

Jenny's clear, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any one until she went there, and I consider it my duty tao warn all parents against sending their daughters to a place where neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and housework."

Jenny had not quite got over her childish habit of occasionally setting her mother right on some points, and she could not forbear saying that Dr. Kleber thought Rose had injured herself by attending Mrs. Russell's party.

"Dr. Kleber doesn't know any more about it than I do," returned her mother. "He's always minding other folks' business, and so are you. I guess you'd better go upstairs at once, and see if Rose doesn't want something."

Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to a window, which had been opened that she might breathe more freely, said, "Just listen; don't you hear that horrid croaking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid croaking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a goblin form and sound. Seating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the frogs. I love to hear them dearly. It makes me feel both sad and happy, just as the crickets do that sing under the hearth in our old home at Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not so well sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally spying some tall locust branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "and creaks, I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through these old trees, and were it not for you, I should wish it might blow so that I could lay awake and hear it."

When it grew darker and the stars began to come out, Jenny was told "to close the shutters."

"Now, Rose," said she, "you are making half of this, for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters."

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't. What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me."

"They'll have to climb to the top of the trees, then," said Jenny, "for the ground descends in every direction, and the road, too, is so far away. Besides that, who is there that wants to see you?"

Rose didn't know. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed away in the closet adjoining.

"Rose was afraid somebody would look in and see her," said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her face.

"Look in and see her!" repeated Mrs. Howland. "I've undressed without curtains these forty years, and I'll be bound nobody ever peeked at me. But come," she added, "set up and see if you can't eat a mouthful or so. Here's some broiled chicken, a slice of toast, some currant jelly that I made myself, and the swimminest cup of black tea you ever see. It'll eenamost bear up an egg."

"Sweetened with brown sugar, ain't it?" said Rose, sipping a little of the tea.

In great distress the good old lady replied that she was out of white sugar, but some folks loved brown just as well.

"Ugh! Take it away," said Rose. "It makes me sick, and I don't believe I can eat another mite;" but, in spite of her belief, the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately made fun of the little silver spoons, her grandmother's bridal gift, and found fault because the jelly was not put in porcelain jars instead of the old blue earthen teacup, tied over with a piece of paper!

Until a late hour that night did Rose keep the whole household on the alert, doing the thousand useless things which her nervous fancy prompted. First the front door, usually secured with a bit of whittle-shingle, must be nailed, "or somebody would break in." Next the windows, which in the rising wind began to rattle, must be made fast with divers knives, scissors, combs and keys; and, lastly, the old clock must be stopped, for Rose was not accustomed to its striking, and it would keep her awake.

"Dear me!" said the tired old grandmother, when at about midnight she repaired to her own cozy little bedroom, "how fidgety she is. I should of s'posed that livin' in the city so, she'd got used to noises."

In a day or so Mr. Lincoln and Jenny went back to Boston, bearing with them a long list of articles which Rose must and would have. As they were leaving the house Mrs. Howland brought out her black leathern wallet, and, forcing two ten-dollar bills into Jenny's hand, whispered, "Take it to pay for them things. Your pa has need enough for his money, and this is some I've earned along knitting and selling butter. At first I thought I would get a new chamber carpet, but the old one answers my turn very well, so take it and buy Rose everything she wants."

All this time the thankless girl upstairs was fretting and muttering about her grandmother's stinginess in not having a better carpet "than the old, faded thing, which looked as if manufactured before the flood!"

CHAPTER XX.

On the same day when Rose Lincoln left Boston for Glenwood Mrs. Campbell sat in her own room, gloomy and depressed. For several days she had not been well, and besides that Ella's engagement with Henry Lincoln filled her heart with dark forebodings, for rumor said that he was unprincipled and dissipated, and before giving her consent Mrs. Campbell had labored long with Ella, who insisted that "he was no worse than other young men—most of them drank occasionally, and Henry did nothing more!"

On this afternoon she had again conversed with Ella, who angrily declared that she would marry him even if she knew he'd be a drunkard, adding, "But he won't be. He loves me better than all the world, and I shall help him to reform."

"I don't believe your sister would marry him," continued Mrs. Campbell, who was becoming much attached to Mary.

"I don't believe she would either, and for a good reason, too," returned Ella, pettishly jerking her long curls. "But I can't see why you should bring her up, for he has never been more than polite to her, and that he assured me was wholly on my account."

"She isn't pleased with your engagement!" said Mrs. Campbell, and Ella replied:

"Well, what of that? It's nothing to her, and I didn't mean she should know it, but Jenny, like a little tattler, must needs tell her, and so she has read me a two hours' sermon on the subject. She acted so queer, too, I didn't know what to thing of her, and when she and Henry are together they look so funny that I almost believe she wants him herself, but she can't have him—no, she can't have him," and secure in the belief that she was the first and only object of Henry's affection, Ella danced out of the room to attend to the seamstress who was doing her plain sewing.

After she was gone Mrs. Campbell fell asleep, and for the first time in many a long year dreamed of her old home in England. She did not remember it herself, but she had so often heard it described by the aunt who adopted her that now it came vividly before her mind, with its dark stone walls, its spacious grounds, terraced gardens, running vines and creeping roses. Something about it, too, reminded her of what Ella had once said of her mother's early home, and when she awoke she wondered that she had never questioned the child more concerning her parents. She was just lying back again upon her pillow when there was a gentle rap at the door, and Mary Howard's soft voice asked permission to come in.

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Campbell. "Perhaps you can charm away my headache, which is dreadful."

"I'll try," answered Mary. "Shall I read to you?"

"If you please; but first give me my salts. You'll find them there in that drawer."

Mary obeyed, but started as she opened the drawer, for there, on the top, lay a small, old-fashioned miniature of a fair young child, so nearly resembling Franky that the tears instantly came to her eyes.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Campbell, and Mary replied:

"This picture—so much like brother Franky. May I look at it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Campbell. "That is a picture of my sister."

For a long time Mary gazed at the sweet, childish face, which, with its clustering curls, and soft brown eyes, looked to her so much like Franky. At last, turning to Mrs. Campbell, she said, "You must have loved her very much. What was her name?"

"Ella Temple," was Mrs. Campbell's reply, and Mary instantly exclaimed:

"Why, that was my mother's name."

"Your mother, Mary! your mother?" said Mrs. Campbell, starting up from her pillow. "But no; it cannot be. Your mother is lying in Chicopee, and Ella, my sister, died in England."

Every particle of color had left Mary's face, and her eyes, now black as midnight, stared wildly at Mrs. Campbell. The sad story, which her mother had once told her, came back to her mind, bringing with it the thought which had so agitated her companion.

"Yes," she continued, without noticing what Mrs. Campbell had said, "my mother was Ella Temple, and she had two sisters, one her own, and the other a half-sister—Sarah Fletcher and Jane Temple—both of whom came to America many years ago."

"Tell me more—tell me all you know," whispered Mrs. Campbell, grasping Mary's hand; "and how it came about that I thought she was dead—my sister."

Upon this point Mary could throw no light, but of all that she had heard from her mother she told, and then Mrs. Campbell, pointing to her writing desk, said:

"Bring it to me. I must read that letter again."

Mary obeyed, and taking out a much-soiled, blotted letter, Mrs. Campbell asked her to read it aloud. It was as follows:

"Daughter Jane—I now take this opportunity of informing you that I've lost your sister Ella, and have now no child saving yourself, who, if you behave well, will be my only heir. Sometimes I wish you were here, for it's lonesome living alone, but I suppose you're better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has never written me a word since he left England. If I live three years longer I shall come to America, and until that time, adieu. Your father,

"HENRY TEMPLE."

"How short and cold!" was Mary's first exclamation, for her impressions of her grandfather were not very agreeable.

"It is like all his letters," answered Mrs. Campbell. "But it was cruel to make me think Ella was dead, for how else could I suppose he had lost her?" Then, as the conviction came over her that Mary was indeed the child of her own sister, she wound her arms about her neck, and kissing her lips, murmured, "My child—Mary. Oh, had I known this sooner, you should not have been so cruelly deserted, and little Allie should never have died in the almshouse. But you'll never leave me now, for all that I have is yours—yours and Ella's."

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were rendered less bitter by the knowledge that she had cared for, and been a mother to, one of her sister's orphan children.

"I know now, why, from the first, I felt so drawn toward Ella, and why her clear, large eyes are so much like my own lost darling's, and even you, Mary——"

Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the haughty lady turned away from the sober, homely little child, who begged so piteously "to go with Ella" where there was room and to spare. All this came up in sad review before Mrs. Campbell, and as she recalled the incidents of her sister's death, and thought of the noble little Frank, who often went hungry and cold that his mother and sisters might be warm and fed, she felt that her heart would burst with its weight of sorrow.

"Oh," said she, "to die so near me—my only sister, and I never know it—never go near her. I with all my wealth, as much hers as mine—and she dying of starvation."

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling how affectionately her mother had always remembered her. "And even on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you, and bade me, if I ever found you, love you for her sake."

"Will you, do you love me?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

"Do you know aught of my Aunt Sarah?" Mary asked at last; and Mrs. Campbell replied:

"Nothing definite. From father we first heard that she was in New York, and then Aunt Morris wrote to her ncle, making inquiries concerning her. I think the Fletchers were rather peculiar in their dispositions, and were probably jealous of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's uncle wrote, he said, that 'independent of old Temple's aid she had received a good education;' adding further that she had married and gone West, and that he was intending soon to follow her. He neither gave the name of her husband nor the place to which they were going, and as all our subsequent letters were unanswered, I know not whether she is dead or alive; but often when I think how alone I am, without a relative in the world, I have prayed and wept that she might come back; for though I never saw her that I remember, she was my mother's child, and I should love her for that."

(To be continued.)

Not Enough Men.

"Say!" cried the first 'longshoreman, "ain't ye got any better sense than to be smokin' while we're handling these kegs o' powder? Don't ye know there was an explosion last week that blowed up a dozen men?"

"Faith," replied Cassidy, "that cud never happen here."

"Why not?"

"Bekase there's only two av us workin' here."—Philadelphia Press.

The Dead Come to Life.

Mr. Thirtiwun—The jokes the funny men perpetrate nowadays are nothing like those that delighted me when I was a boy.

Mr. Fortiwun—Wait 'till you're a little older. They're now using the ones that delighted my boyhood. And, by the way, don't say "perpetrate." "Perpetuate" is the word.—Philadelphia Press.

A Smooth Answer.

He—Do you think you really need a new dress now?

She—You don't know anything about it. I wish I had known before I married you what a stupid you are.

He—You might have guessed it easily when I offered to marry you.—Pick-Me-Up.

Self-Taught.

"Learning the cornet, is he? Who's his teacher?"

"He has none. He's his own tooter."—Philadelphia Times.

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.

The Havana drydock may be towed to Subig bay, Luzon.

Aguinaldo is irritated by his continued imprisonment.

The steel trust will attempt to open several plants this week.

Friendly relations between Russia and Thibet have been opened.

Hot weather continues in the British Isles, but relief is predicted.

Another heat wave has visited the corn belt of Kansas and Nebraska.

Peasants of the Volga, Russia, provinces are on the verge of starvation.

General Davis has relieved General Kobbe in the southern Philippine islands.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of ex-President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, is dead.

International Epworth League convention at San Francisco has adjourned.

It is almost certain that the stationary firemen's strike will soon be at an end.

Major O'Neill, the third mayor of the city of Portland, is dead at his home in Spokane.

It is feared that disorder and distress will follow opening of government lands in Oklahoma.

The next official map of the United States will show the Lewis and Clark route and incidentally advertise the 1905 fair.

No move has been made to settle the steel strike.

General Daniel Butterfield died at his home at Craigside, N. Y.

Earl Russell will enter the plea of guilty to the charge of bigamy.

One man was killed and 50 wounded in religious riots at Saragossa.

L. S. J. Hunt has abandoned project to establish a newspaper at Seattle.

International convention of Epworth League has opened in San Francisco.

The American Sugar Refining Company has reduced the price on all grades of sugar.

Italy is investigating representations made regarding alleged lynching of two Italians in Mississippi.

The British and French navies will unite in a series of maneuvers in order to see which can out general the other.

The tinworkers' union has refused to handle non union plates, thus coming to the support of the striking tinplate makers.

The relief from drought in Kansas was only temporary. The weather has again turned warm and all crops are withering.

United States loses suit against Northern Pacific Railroad to cancel patents to about 300,000 acres of land in Washington.

Two steamers off New London, Conn., collided, damaging one of the vessels so that she had to be beached in order to save her from sinking. All the passengers were transferred without mishap.

Count Tolstoi is seriously ill.

The financial affairs of Porto Rico are in good condition.

A woman shot at the French minister of Public Instruction.

Porto Rico will have free trade with the United States after July 25.

One man held up two stages in California and secured about $400.

The United States pension rolls increased $69,000 during the past year.

San Francisco has accepted a gift of $750,000 from Carnegie to be used for public libraries.

Three northern Montana cowboys, who turned horsethieves, were lynched by an organized posse.

A mob attacked a train at a small station in Mexico, killing seven passengers. No cause is known.

San Francisco is to be made the strike center of the United States so far as the iron workers are concerned.

The sheriff's posse in search of the Montana bandits have acknowledged themselves defeated and have abandoned the chase.

A former student at Annapolis has been committed to an insane asylum. It is claimed the madnses was brought on by being hazed.

Bank burglars in an Ohio village held the entire population at bay while they blew open the strong box. They finally escaped without securing any money.

William C. Whitney, of New York, paid $50,000 for the two-year-old colt Nasturtium.

It is reported that a company at St. Cloud, Fla., has succeeded in making excellent paper from the leaves of the palmetto.

Andrew Atlan, the only surviving founder of the Allan Line Ocean Steamship Co. and president of the line, died at Montreal, Can., at the age of 80 years.

BACK TO THE ARMY

Where Civil Government Has Been a Failure—Insurrection Not Quelled.

Manila, July 22.—The United States Civil Commission today announced that after three months' trial of a provincial form of government in the Islands of Cebu and Bohol and the Province of Batangas, Luzon, control of these districts, owing to their incomplete pacification, has been returned to the military authorities, it having proved that the communities indicated are backward and undeserving of civil administration. The provincial and civil officials of these designated districts will continue their functions, but are now under the authority of General Chaffee, instead of that of Civil Governor Taft, as heretofore. General Chaffee has the power arbitrarily to remove from office any or all provincial or civil officials and to abrogate any section of the laws promulgated in these three provinces.

The residents of the island of Cebu have protested, but without success, against the return to that island to military control. Several towns in Cebu are still besieged by the insurgents. The insurrection on the island of Bohol has been renewed and insurgent sentiment in the province of Batangas is strong. General Chaffee has ordered a battalion of the Thirtieth infantry to begin the occupation of the island of Mindoro. The province of Batangas will be occupied by the entire Twentieth infantry.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh, governor of Benguet province, who was recently ordered to Manila for investigation of certain charges against him, presented his side of the case to the United States Philippine commission. Mr. Whitmarsh denied every charge made against him.

An act has been passed organizing the insular constabulary, practically as outlined in dispatches received last March. A provision has been added empowering the chief of the system and either of the four district assistants temporarily to consolidate constabulatories of two or more provinces in case of necessity. Inspection and discipline of the municipal police will also be controlled by constabulatory departments.

THREE-SCREW CRUISERS.

Great Steaming Radius of Proposed New U. S. Warships.

Washington, July 22.—The plans now under consideration for the new armored cruisers authorized by congress contemplate such a new departure in steaming capacity that these ships will be able to make voyages exceeding any by the ships now in commission and equaling, if not exceeding, the long distance trips of any naval warship afloat. Although the plans are not fully passed upon, the main features are pretty well worked out. They provide for a combination of three screws, so separated that any one can work independently. By using three screws the ship could develop great speed from 22 to 23 knots, so that she could be listed as a 23 knot ship. But all three screws would be used only in case of emergency. For the purpose of making long voyages only one screw would be used at a time. It is estimated that this would give a speed of 10 knots an hour. By alternating the screws, the craft could make a voyage of at least 10,000 miles without a stop to recoal, and at the same time she would always have her three screews in readiness to develop a 22 or 23 knot speed in case of necessity.

APPEALS FOR PROTECTION.

An English Subject In Colorado Is Afraid of Mob Violence.

Denver, July 22.—William Radcliffe has appealed to the state to protect his property at the Grand Mesa lakes. He says armed men are in possession of his property and threaten to kill his employes if they do not leave Delta county. He arrived in the city last evening and immediately entered into consultation with the state game commissioner. The opinion of the attorney general will be asked as to the duty of the state. Radcliffe places his loss in young trout alone at $10,000. Radcliffe, who is an English subject, has appealed to the British consul for protection to his life and property.

Will Be Sent to Fort Lawton.

Seattle, July 22.—The Thirty-second company of coast artillery is announced by the local quartermaster's office here as having been detailed to duty at Fort Lawton on its arrival at Seattle. The company is now in the Philippines and is expected to arrive here within the next 30 days. There are 110 men in the detachment. The accommodations at Fort Lawton, however, are not sufficient for a two-company battery of artillery, and are now being enlarged under a contract recently let by the government.

Negotiations Still Progressing.

London, July 22.—In the house of commons today the parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, Lord Cranbourne, informed a questioner that the difficulty which caused the deadlock among the ministers of the foreign powers at Pekin had reference to the collection of revenues, earmarked for the purpose of indemnity, and that the negotiations at Pekin were still in progress.

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.

Milton is trying hard to get a cannery located there.

Wagoneers are doing a heavy wool business freighting out of Lostine.

The Crook county court paid bounty on 740 coyote scalps last session.

Florence people are working for more adequate protection against fire.

Bob Whtie quail have been seen in small coveys near Lostine, Wallowa county.

Numerous bands of sheep are headed for the summer pastures in the Greenhorn mountains.

A California lion was seen lately in the suburbs of Marshfield and badly frightened several small children.

A. J. Knollin & Co., of Huntington, last week brought in 5,000 head of sheep from the Harney county ranges, and shipped them to Soda Springs, Idaho.

The work of enlarging the fish house at the Coos river hatchery is about completed and the capacity of the hatchery will thereby be increased to 4,500,000 eggs annually.

The Oregon Ground Hog mine, near Austin, has a six foot ledge of free milling gold, which shows good values. A narrow seam in it, ranging from two to six inches, assays over $6,000 to the ton.

F. Ganger, who resides on Birch creek, 12 miles southwest of Pendleton, seeded only one acre of brome grass on alkali land, and cut three tons of hay from it this season. Scarcely anything but brome grass would have grown on the land.

A severe drought is being felt in the Silver Lake country.

Numerous bears have been seen in the berry patches of Coos county.

Squirrels are bothering the wheat growers in some part of Polk county.

Valley farmers have been using lime to keep smut off their wheat, and with good effect.

The Eugene Lumber Co. has a drive of 1,000,000 feet of logs coming down the Willamette.

A new ferry boat has been built and launched for Hendricks crossing on the McKenzie river, near Eugene.

A small fire destroyed 10 acres of wheat for Herman Polk, and a culvert on the W. & C. R. Railroad, near Fulton station.

Grasshoppers are reported to be swarming the hills and valleys south of Pilot Rock. Serious damage to growing crops is antipipated.

The English patridges recently introduced into Linn county are doing well. Three broods of young ones have been seen near the foot of Knox butte, within a few miles of where they were liberated.

Valley farmers report an abundant crop of Chinese pheasants this season. There were many old ones which escaped the hunter last fall and this spring being favorable there are more young pheasants than usual.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 55c per bushel; bluestem, 57c; valley, nominal.

Flour—best grades, $2.90@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—White, $1.32½@1.35; gray, $1.30@1.32½ per cental.

Barley—Feed, $17@17.50; brewing, $17@17.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $17 per ton; middlings, $21.50; shorts, $20; chop, $16.

Hay—Timothy, $12.50@14; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $6@7 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 18@20c; dairy, 14@15c; store, 11@12c per pound.

Eggs—17½@18c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 11½@12c; Young America, 12½@13c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.00@3.50; hens, $3.50@4.50; dressed, 10@11c per pound; springs, $2.00@4.00 per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $2.50@3.00 for young; geese, $4 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12½c per pound.

Mutton — Lambs, 3½c. gross; dressed, 6@7c per pound; sheep, $3.25, gross; dressed, 6@6½c per lb.

Hogs — Gross, heavy, $5.75@6; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal—Small, 7½@8½c; large, 6½@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $4.00@4.25; cows and heifers, $3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@14c per pound.

Wool — Valley, 11@13c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—$1.25@1.50 per sack; new potatoes, 1½c per pound.

Boston will have a college for training young women to earn a livlihood.

An instrument has been perfected at Dartmouth college to measure the heat of the stars.

An English syndicate is said to have purchased control of 72 zinc and lead mines in Missouri.

The American Museum of Natural History is to send an expedition to China to study the life and customs of the Chinese.

MAJOR O'NEIL DEAD.

Third Mayor of the City of Portland, 1856-7—Passed Away at Spokane.

Spokane, Wash., July 22.—Major James O'Neill, one of the earliest pioneers of the Northwest, died at 11 o'clock last night. He was the third mayor of Portland. At the time of his death he was deputy clerk of the federal court. He was born at Dunansburg, Schenectady county, N. Y., February 8, 1826. In 1853 he came west to Oregon. He settled in Oregon City, but soon went to Portland and became agent for Wells, Fargo & Co. He was elected the third mayor of Portland and held that office during 1856-7. In 1861 he went to Lapwai, in the Nez Perces reservation, as superintendent of education, and next year took full charge of the agency under a commission issued July 6, 1862, by President Lincoln, appointing him United States Indian agent for the territory of Idaho.

In 1866, Major O'Neill passed through this country on his way to select land for a reservation, and the land then chosen constitutes the present Coeur d'Alene Indian reserve. He retired from his position in 1868, and May 10 of the following year went back to New York state, riding on the first through train on the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento to Ogden. He remained about nine years at his native place. In 1878 he returned to the West, locating at Chewelah, Stevens county, Wash., where he was sub-Indian agent, having charge of the Coeur d'Alenes. In 1887 he was elected auditor of Stevens county. He served two terms. He was then elected to the state senate to represent Stevens and Spokane counties. In 1892 he was appointed deputy clerk of the United States district and circuit courts of the eastern division of Washington, which he held at the time of his death.

WEARY OF PRISON.

Aguinaldo is Chafing Under His Long Continued Restraint.

Manila, July 23.—Aguinaldo is considerably irritated at his continued surveillnace by the American authorities. Whenever he signs his name he must add the word "prisoner." He refused the request of his friends to write to the insurgent General Malvar, still at large in Southern Luzon, advising him to surrender. He consented to sign a copy of his oath of allegiance with the understanding that it be forwarded to Malvar for the purpose of influencing his surrender, but under his signature to the oath he wrote, "Prisoner in Malacanan Prison."

General Davis has been ordered to the command of the American troops on the island of Mindanao, and in the Jolo archipelago. General Kobbe, formerly commander of this district, will return to the United States.

The transport Sheridan, with the Fourteenth infantry, and Adjutant General Barry on board, sailed from here today. General MacArthur, who left here on the Meade July 4, will embark on the Sheridan, at Nagasaki, for San Francisco.

DISTRESS MAY FOLLOW.

Many Settlers Rushing Into Oklahoma With Little Money or Provisions.

Fort Sill, O. T., July 23.—Disorder and distress, will, it is feared, follow the actual opening of the Kiowa-Comanche reservation, August 6. It is now estimated that fully 150,000 people will have registered for a chance to secure one of the 13,000 claims to be awarded by lottery, when the registration booths close on July 26. Thousands of persons now on the reseravtion, who are neither mechanics nor artisans, and who have little or no money, announce their intention of locating around Lawton, if they fail to win a claim. Campers, who came in prairie schooners by the thousands, generally brought with them provisions sufficient to last from five to 10 days. Continued drought has caused the water to be restricted, and for days a hot wind has prevailed on the prairies, and the temperature has averaged over the 100 mark. With those conditions before them, many are already beginning to grumble, and when this is followed by disappointment over failure to draw a lucky number, the hope that bore many up will doubtless give way to more serious conditions.

Missouri Changing Its Course.

Kansas City, July 22.—The Missouri river has cut its banks at a point eight miles south of Leavenworth and is now pouring part of its waters into the Platte river. The bed of the Platte is being gradually widened, and there is danger that within the next few days the Missouri will be transferred completely to the bed of the Platte. An island five miles long and in some places nearly two miles wide has been formed. If the Missouri adopts this new channel this new land will be transferred from Missouri to Kansas.

Destructive Prairie Fires.

Denver July 23.— Considerable destruction by forest and prairie fires is reported from different points in the state, directly attributable to the condition of grass and timber from the long dry spell. Timber fires have been burning several days near Mount Evans, Long's Peak and on the Kenosha range. From Baca and Prowers counties, the center of the stock raising district, come reports of destructive prairie fires.