THE OFFICIAL AND LEADING PAPER OF GILLIAM COUNTY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

....S. A. PATTISON....

Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

| | |
|---|---|
| One year (in advance) | $1 50 |
| If not paid in advance | 2 00 |
| Six months | 1 00 |
| Three months | 50 |
| Single copies | 05 |

# CONDON GLOBE.

VOL. XI. CONDON, GILLIAM CO., OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1901. NO. 37.

HAS THREE TIMES THE CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Professional cards | $1 00 per month |
| One square | 1 50 per month |
| One-quarter column | 3 00 per month |
| One-half column | 6 00 per month |
| One column | 10 00 per month |

Business locals will be charged at 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line thereafter.

Legal advertisements will in all cases be charged to the party ordering them, at legal rates, and paid for before affidavit is furnished

## The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"You love her?" said Johanna.

"Certainly," I answered, "as my sister."

"Better than any woman now living?" she pursued.

"Yes," I replied.

"That is all Julia requires," she continued; "so let us say no more at present, Martin. Only understand that all idea of marriage between her and my brother is quite put away. Don't argue with me, don't contradict me. Come to see us as you would have done but for that unfortunate conversation last night. All will come right by-and-by."

"But Captain Carey——" I began.

"There! not a word!" she interrupted imperatively. "Tell me all about that wretch, Richard Foster. How did you come across him? Is he likely to die? Is he anything like Kate Daltrey?—I will never call her Kate Dobree as long as the world lasts. Come, Martin, tell me everything about him."

She sat with me most of the morning, talking with animated perseverance, and at last prevailed upon me to take her a walk in Hyde Park. Her pertinacity did me good in spite of the irritation it caused me. When her dinner hour was at hand I felt bound to attend her to her house in Hanover street; and I could not get away from her without first speaking to Julia. Her face was very sorrowful, and her manner sympathetic. We said only a few words to one another, but I went away with the impression that her heart was still with me.

At dinner Jack announced his intention of paying a visit to Richard Foster.

"You are not fit to deal with the fellow," he said; "you may be sharp enough upon your own black sheep in Guernsey, but you know nothing of the breed here. Now if I see him I will squeeze out of him every mortal thing he knows about Olivia."

Jack returned, his face kindled with excitement. He caught my hand, and grasped it heartily.

"I no more believe she is dead than I am," were his first words. "You recollect me telling you of a drunken brawl in a street off the Strand, where a fellow, as drunk as a lord, was for claiming a pretty girl as his wife; only I had followed her out of Ridley's agency office, and was just in time to protect her from him. A girl I could have fallen in love with myself. You recollect?"

"Yes, yes," I said, almost breathless.

"He was the man, and Olivia was the girl!" exclaimed Jack.

"No!" I cried.

"Yes!" continued Jack, with an affectionate lunge at me; "at any rate I can swear he is the man; and I would bet a thousand to one that the girl was Olivia."

"But when was it?" I asked.

"Since he married again," he answered; "they were married on the 2d of October, and this was early in November. I had gone to Ridley's after a place for a poor fellow as an assistant to a druggist, and I saw the girl distinctly. She gave the name of Ellen Martineau. Those letters about her death are all forgeries."

"Olivia's is not," I said; "I know her handwriting too well."

"Well, then," observed Jack, "there is only one explanation. She has sent them herself to throw Foster off the scent; she thinks she will be safe if he believes her dead."

"No," I answered hotly, "she would never have done such a thing as that."

"Who else is benefited by it?" he asked gravely. "It does not put Foster into possession of any of her property, or that would have been a motive for him to do it. But he gains nothing by it; and he is so convinced of her death that he has taken a second wife."

"What can I do now?" I said, speaking aloud, though I was thinking to myself.

"Martin," replied Jack, gravely, "isn't it wisest to leave the matter as it stands? If you find Olivia, what then? She is as much separated from you as she can be by death. So long as Foster lives it is worse than useless to be thinking of her."

"I only wish to satisfy myself that she is alive," I answered. "Just think of it, Jack, not to know whether she is living or dead! You must help me to satisfy myself. This mystery would be intolerable to me."

"You're right, old fellow," he said, cordially; "we will go to Ridley's together to-morrow morning."

We were there soon after the doors were open. There were not many clients present, and the clerks were enjoying a slack time. Jack had recalled to his mind the exact date of his former visit; and thus the sole difficulty was overcome. The clerk found the name of Ellen Martineau entered under that date in his book.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Ellen Martineau, English teacher in a French school; premium to be paid, about £10; no salary; reference, Mrs. Wilkinson, No. 19, Bellringer street."

"No. 19 Bellringer street!" we repeated in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen, that is the address," said the clerk, closing the book. "Shall I write it down for you? Mrs. Wilkinson was the party who should have paid our commission; as you perceive, a premium was required instead of a salary given. We feel pretty sure the young lady went to the school, but Mrs. Wilkinson denies it, and it is not worth our while to pursue our claim in law."

"Can you describe the young lady?" I inquired.

"Well, no. We have such hosts of young ladies here."

"Do you know where the school is?"

"No. Mrs. Wilkinson was the party," he said. "We had nothing to do with it, except to send any ladies to her who thought it worth their while. That was all."

As we could obtain no further information we went away, and paced up and down the tolerably quiet street, deep in consultation. That we should have need for great caution, and as much craftiness as we both possessed, in pursuing our inquiries was quite evident. Who could be this Mrs. Wilkinson? Was it possible that she might prove to be Mrs. Foster herself? At any rate it would not do for either of us to present ourselves there in quest of Miss Ellen Martineau. It was finally settled between us that Johanna should be entrusted with the diplomatic enterprise.

Johanna put in the next day following down the clews Jack and I had discovered.

"Well, Martin," she said that evening, "you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia has gone as English teacher in an excellent French school, where the lady is thoroughly acquainted with English ways and comforts. This is the prospectus of the establishment. You see there are 'extensive grounds for recreation, and the comforts of a cheerfully happy home, the domestic arrangements being on a thoroughly liberal scale.' Here is also a photographic view of the place; a charming villa, you see, in the best French style. The lady's husband is an avocat; and everything is taught by professors—cosmography and pedagogy, and other studies of which we never heard when I was a girl. Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and in return for her services will take lessons from any professors attending the establishment. Your mind may be quite at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.

"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," he said—"quite out of the range of railways and tourists. There will be no danger of any one finding her out there; and you know she has changed her name altogether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen Martineau are the same persons?" I asked.

"SITTING BESIDE THE DRIVER."

"No, I did not," she answered; "I thought you were sure of that."

But I was not sure of it; neither could Jack be sure. He puzzled himself in trying to give a satisfactory description of his Ellen Martineau; but every answer he gave to my eager questions plunged us into greater uncertainty. He was not sure of the color either of her hair or eyes, and made blundering guesses at her height.

What was I to believe?

It was running too great a risk to make any further inquiries at No. 19 Bellringer street. Mrs. Wilkinson was the landlady of the lodging house, and she had told Johanna that Madame Perrier boarded with her when she was in London. But she might begin to talk to her other lodgers, if her own curiosity were excited; and once more my desire to fathom the mystery hanging about Olivia might plunge her into fresh difficulties, should it reach the ears of Foster or his wife.

"I must satisfy myself about her safety now," I said. "Only put yourself in my place, Jack. How can I rest till I know more about Olivia?"

"I do put myself in your place," he answered. "What do you say to having a run down to this place in Basse Normandy, and seeing for yourself whether Miss Ellen Martineau is your Olivia?"

"How can I?" I asked, attempting to hang back from the suggestion. It was a busy time with us. The season was in full roll, and our most aristocratic patients were in town. The easterly winds were bringing in their usual harvest of bronchitis and diphtheria. If I went Jack's hands would be more than full. Had these things come to perplex us only two months earlier, I could have taken a holiday with a clear conscience.

"Dad will jump at the chance of coming back for a week," replied Jack; "he is bored to death down at Fulham. Go you must, for my sake, old fellow. You are good for nothing as long as you're so down in the mouth. I shall be glad to be rid of you."

In this way it came to pass that two evenings later I was crossing the Channel to Havre, and found myself about five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day at Falaise. It was the terminus of the railway in that direction; and a very ancient conveyance was in waiting to carry on any travelers who were venturesome enough to explore the regions beyond.

I very much preferred sitting beside the driver, a red-faced, smooth-cheeked Norman, habited in a blue blouse, who could crack his long whip with almost the skill of a Parisian omnibus driver. We were friends in a trice, for my patois was almost identical with his own, and he could not believe his own ears that he was talking with an Englishman.

The sun sank below the distant horizon, with the trees showing clearly against it, and the light of the stars that came out one by one almost cast a defined shadow upon our path, from the poplar trees standing in long straight rows in the hedges. If I found Olivia at the end of that star-lit path my gladness in it would be completed. Yet if I found her, what then? I should see her for a few minutes in the dull salon of a school, perhaps with some watchful, spying Frenchwoman present. I should simply satisfy myself that she was living. There could be nothing more between us. I dared not tell her how dear she was to me, or ask her if she ever thought of me in her loneliness and friendlessness.

I began to sound the driver, cautiously wheeling about the object of my excursion into those remote regions. I had tramped through Normandy and Brittany three or four times, but there had been no inducement to visit Noireau, which resembled a Lancashire cotton town, and I had never been there.

"There are not many English at Noireau?" I remarked suggestively.

"Not one," he replied—"not one at this moment. There was one little English mam'zelle—peste!—a very pretty little English girl, who was voyaging precisely like you, m'sieur, some months ago. There was a little child with her, and the two were quite alone. They are very intrepid, are the English mam'zelles. She did not know a word of our language. But that was droll, m'sieur! A French demoiselle would never voyage like that."

The little child puzzled me. Yet I could not help fancying that this young Englishwoman traveling alone, with no knowledge of French, must be my Olivia. At any rate it could be no other than Miss Ellen Martineau.

"Where was she going to?" I asked.

"She came to Noireau to be an instructress in an establishment," answered the driver, in a tone of great enjoyment—"an establishment founded by the wife of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat! He! he! he! how droll that was, m'sieur! An avocat! So they believed that in England? Bah! Emile Perrier an avocat!"

"But what is there to laugh at?" I asked.

"Am I an avocat?" he inquired derisively, "am I a proprietor? am I even a cure? Pardon, m'sieur, but I am just as much avocat, proprietor, cure, as Emile Perrier. He was an impostor. He became bankrupt; he and his wife ran away to save themselves; the establishment was broken up. It was a bubble, m'sieur, and it burst."

My driver clapped his hands together lightly, as though Monsieur Perrier's bubble needed very little pressure to disperse it.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but what became of Oli—of the young English lady, and the child?"

"Ah, m'sieur!" he said, "I do not know. I do not live in Noireau, but I pass to and fro from Falaise. She has not returned in my omnibus, that is all I know. But she could go to Granville, or to Caen. There are other omnibuses, you see. Somebody will tell you down there."

It was nearly eleven o'clock before we entered the town; but I learned a few more particulars from the middle-aged woman in the omnibus bureau. She recollected the name of Miss Ellen Martineau, and her arrival; and she described her with the accuracy and faithfulness of a woman. If she were not Olivia herself she must be her very counterpart.

I started out early the next morning to find the Rue de Grace, where the inscription on my photographic view of the premises represented them as situated. There were two houses, one standing in the street, the other lying back beyond a very pleasant garden. A Frenchman was pacing up and down the broad gravel path which connected them, examining critically the vines growing against the walls. Two little children were gamboling about in close white caps, and with frocks down to their heels. Upon seeing me he lifted his hat. I returned the salutation with a politeness as ceremonious as his own.

"Monsieur is an Englishman?" he said in a doubtful tone.

"From the Channel Islands," I replied.

"Ah! you belong to us," he said, "but you are hybrid, half English, half French; a fine race. I also have English blood in my veins."

I paid monsieur a compliment upon the result of the admixture of blood in his own instance, and then proceeded to unfold my object in now visiting him.

"Ah!" he said, "yes, yes, yes; Perrier was an impostor. These houses are mine, monsieur. I live in the front yonder; my daughter and son-in-law occupy the other. We had the photographs taken for our own pleasure, but Perrier must have bought them from the artist, no doubt. I have a small cottage at the back of my house; monsieur! there it is. Perrier rented it from me for two hundred francs a year. I permitted him to pass along this walk, and through our coach house into a passage which leads to the street where madame had her school. Permit me, and I will show it to you."

He led me through a shed, and along a dirty, vaulted passage, into a mean street at the back. A small, miserable-looking house stood in it, shut up, with broken persiennes covering the windows. My heart sank at the idea of Olivia living here, in such discomfort and neglect and sordid poverty.

"Did you ever see a young English lady here, monsieur?" I asked; "she arrived about the beginning of last November."

"But yes, certainly, monsieur," he replied, "a charming English demoiselle! One must have been blind not to observe her. A sweet face, with hair of gold, but a little more somber.

"What height was she, monsieur?" I inquired.

"A just height," he answered, "not tall like a camel, nor too short like a monkey. She would stand an inch or two above your shoulder, monsieur."

It could be no other than my Olivia! She had been living here, then, in this miserable place, only a month ago; but where could she be now? How was I to find any trace of her?

"I will make some inquiries from my daughter," said the Frenchman; "when the establishment was broken up I was ill with the fever, monsieur. We have fever often here. But she will know—I will ask her."

He returned to me after some time, with the information that the English demoiselle had been seen in the house of a woman who sold milk, Mademoiselle Rosalie by name; and he volunteered to accompany me to her dwelling.

It was a poor-looking house, of one room only, in the same street as the school; but we found no one there except an old woman, exceedingly deaf, who told us that Mademoiselle Rosalie was gone somewhere to nurse a relative, who was dangerously ill, and she knew nothing of an Englishwoman and a little girl.

I turned away baffled and discouraged; but my new friend was not so quickly depressed. It was impossible, he maintained, that the English girl and the child could have left the town unnoticed. He went with me to all the omnibus bureaus, where we made urgent inquiries concerning the passengers who had quitted Noireau during the last month. No places had been taken for Miss Ellen Martineau and the child, for there was no such name in any of the books. But at each bureau I was recommended to see the drivers upon their return in the evening; and I was compelled to give up the pursuit for that day.

(To be continued.)

### SPOILED THE FLIRTATION.

**Pony Was a Racer and Had to Keep in the Front.**

A gentleman who is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club and delights in horseback riding received a few days ago a wiry "cayuse" or cow-pony, as they are called in the Northwest. The animal had some speed and an easy gait, and, after riding it around the country roads a few days, he rode it, one evening, with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were out for a moonlight canter.

The party split up into couples, and while the gentleman in question would much prefer to have taken the rear of the line with the lady whose escort he was, yet the pony developed an unexpected ambition to lead the procession, according to the New York Mail and Express. He let the "cayuse" have its own way only to find that the headstrong animal insisted on being at least one-half a length in front of the horse ridden by the lady.

There was no holding that pony back on even terms with the other horses. It pranced about, jumped from side to side and pulled the bit and would be quiet only when it had its nose well to the front. The lady enjoyed it immensely, but the gentleman—well, he left unsaid many things which he had planned to say to the young lady when they started on the ride. Subsequently the gentleman found the pony had been used for racing in the West and had been trained to "go to the front and stay there."

**Where Centenarians Dwell.**

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes, according to the "Family Doctor." According to the last census of the German Empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; in Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.

**Further Information Wanted.**

In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the Judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the Judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly:

"I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

**Wanted to Be a Heathen.**

Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Bamalam islanders)—I wish I was a heathen!

Sabbath-School Teacher—Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that?

"The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gettin' somethin'."—Harper's Bazar.

**What He Was Doing Of.**

Mrs. Kelly—Did yez hear of the felly ocrosht the way dyin' of Anglophobia?

Mrs. Googan—Yes mean hydrophobia!

Mrs. Kelly—No; I mean Anglophobia! He wuz cheerin' fer King Edward, an' de gang heerd him!—Judge.

**Speed of Ocean Steamers.**

The speed of our fastest ocean steamers is now greater than that of express trains on Italian railways.

**Few Millionaires in France.**

There are four millionaires in England to one in France.

A second-class joke has caused many a man to lose a first-class friend.

## 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 transport Hancock is ashore in Japanese waters.

More shipwrecks are reported on the English coast.

A mounted force of Cape Dutch surrendered to the Boers.

Twenty persons were killed by the earthquakes in Erzroum.

The President's Thanksgiving proclamation was cabled to Manila.

Merit and not political influence will be recognized in army promotions.

Ways and means committeemen are divided on the subject of reducing war taxes.

Aguinaldo declines the offer of an American lawyer to work for his release.

State of Oregon will make a survey of arid lands in eastern part of state.

Insane man killed an officer at Cosmopolis, Wash., shot a friend, and was seriously wounded himself.

Tom Considine broke down while testifying in behalf of his brother, on trial for murder at Seattle.

**WHY LIPTON SUCCEEDS.**

*My receipt for prosperity, in such a concern as mine, is at the disposal of all. Here it is: "Work hard, deal honestly, be enterprising, exercise careful judgment, advertise freely but judiciously."—Sir Thomas Lipton, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Fire in Boston destroyed property valued at $100,000.

The secretary of the interior has created a bureau of forestry.

President Roosevelt has pledged the Lewis and Clark Centennnial his hearty support.

Fire destroyed every mercantile and several fine houses in Pucwash, N. S. Loss, $50,000.

Latest advices from Miss Stone's place of confinement state that her imprisonment is affecting her reason.

Burglars blew open the safe of the bank of Chatham, Ill., and secured $1,500. The burglars escaped on a handcar.

Three persons were killed and 25 others injured in a mining accident at Stassure, Prussia. Thirteen are still entombed.

The owners of the petroleum works in Gallicia, Austro-Hungary, have decided to form a trust to end the reckless competition.

A flow of oil has been struck in a well at Debeque, Colo., at a depth of 200 feet. A gushing oil field is expected to be developed.

King Edward has decided to have the celebrated Koh-I-Noor diamond mounted in the crown of Queen Alexandra for the coronation.

The presidente of Tacloban, Leyte, has been arrested for treason.

Count von Hatzfeldt, German ambassador to England has retired.

A Colombian soldier shot at, but missed, United States Minister Hart.

Wind, rain and snow are playing havoc with the shipping of the British isles.

The business portion of Berlin, Md., was practically destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000.

The United States Steel Corporation is endeavoring to enlarge by buying up the independent companies.

Hereafter Australian mail for London will go via San Francisco and New York instead of the Suez canal.

A London anarchist meeting to "commemorate the legal murder of anarchists" was prohibited by the police.

A German elecrtic railroad has attained a speed of 105 miles an hour and the officials believe that even this speed can be beaten.

The bank of Plymouth, Ia., was dynamited. Fifteen hundred dollars was secured. This is the seventh bank robbery in Iowa within a month.

The first day of the deer season in Wisconsin was marked by three casualties, the men in each instance being taken for deer. One of them will die and the other two crippled for life.

**Stage Hugging.**

Miss Julia Marlowe, writing in the Dramatic Number of Collier's Weekly, says that she was once asked if an actress did not sacrifice her finer nature by permitting "stage embraces." In reply she declares with some spirit: "Such a question demands the application of only a fair degree of common sense to ensure a negative answer."

The leading sugar refining company is now turning out 25,000 barrels of sugar per day.

A cast bronze statue, weighing 110 tons, is one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg, Russia.

Here is a simple method of making half a ton of coal go as far as fifteen hundredweight. The plan is to place a quantity of chalk in the grates. Once heated, this is practically inexhaustible from combustion, and gives out great heat.

### GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

**Proclaims November 28 to Be a Day of Thanksgiving.**

Salem, Nov. 13. — Governor Geer today issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, designating November 28 as the day to be observed. The proclamation follows:

"Although not yet passed from beneath the shadow of the great national tragedy which took from us the presence and counsel of our beloved chief magistrate, we find reason for national thanksgiving in the unifying effect the great affliction has had upon the different sections of our common country, and for the prospect of a continued era of good feeling. At no time within 50 years has party feeling been less bitter, or our country so harmonious in matters concerning its domestic welfare. Every department of our state government is performing the duties for which it was created, with promptness and fidelity; the hand of plenty has provided the necessaries of life in abundance among our people, all classes of whom are engaged in remunerative employment, and the name of our fair state in other sections of our great country in synonymous with steady progress and an assuredly prosperous future.

"Recognizing in all these things the hand and mind of an overruling Providence who doeth all things well, and that a spirit of gratitude suggests an acknowledgement of the many favors enjoyed by us as a commonwealth, I hereby recommend, in conformity with the proclamation of the president of the United States, that Thursday, the 28th of November, 1901, be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and that all our people on that day, while remembering the poor with appropriate gifts and cheerful words, desist from their usual vocations, and, in their usual places of worship, or elsewhere, give praise to Almighty God, upon whom our fathers so firmly relied for national as well as individual guidance, for the past mercies, and invoke the Divine aid along the pathway of national righteousness as our country assumes the leading position in power and influence among the nations of the earth.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state of Oregon to be affixed, at the capitol, in Salem, this 13th day of November, 1901.

T. T. GEER, Governor.
F. I. DUNBAR, Secretary of State.

### THE DIAZ DOCTRINE.

**Friendly Remarks by a Mexican at Pan-American Banquet.**

City of Mexico, Nov. 18.—The toast delivered by Alfred Canavero, on behalf of the Mexican delegation, at a banquet in honor of the pan-American delegates of other nationalities, was noteworthy, on account of its friendliness for the United States. Mr. Canavero said Napoleon's invasion of Mexico during the Civil War in the United States was in the hope of establishing an empire and dismembering the American Republic, thus bringing republics into disrepute. The desperate resistance of Mexico and the aid extended by the United States, he said, saved both nations. Said he:

"We already had the Monroe Doctrine, safeguard of the New World. The Diaz Doctrine constitutes its complement, and the Diaz Doctrine may be expressed in this apothegm: 'The international law of America is founded on peace, which in its turn depends on the respect for the sovereignty, independence and territorial integrity of each and all the republics of America.'"

**City Ledgers Missing.**

Chicago, Nov. 18.—The finance committee of the City Council has discovered that the city's ledgers covering its accounts from 1876 to 1884 are missing. This was discovered in an investigation of the sinking fund accounts in which a discrepancy of more than $2,100,000 was recently announced. It is claimed that previous administrations have borrowed from this fund for other corporate purposes and no return has been made of the amounts so diverted. There is no record, according to the City Controller, to show to what purposes these loans were applied during the eight years.

**Schley Court Works Overtime.**

Washington, Nov. 15.—The Schley court of inquiry began today to hold sessions twice daily. The afternoon session will be from 2 to 4 o'clock. This change was made in the interest of more rapid progress in the work before the court, for it is the general desire to have the findings presented at the earliest possible date.

**Exchange of Prisoners.**

New York, Nov. 18.—Negotiations are under way for the first time to exchange prisoners, says the Panama correspondent of the Herald. General Domingo Diaz, chief of the revolutionary party in the Department of Panama, sent a committee to see General Alban and to give him a letter. The committees were Senor Isaias Rodriguez and Aixphpura. The insurgents hold four captains, two lieutenants, five sub-lieutenants, and 30 soldiers. General Alban agreed to an even exchange.

**Movements of Gunboats.**

Washington, Nov. 18.—The Navy Department has been informed of the arrival of the gunboat Concord at Acapulco, and of the Marietta at Key West. These vessels are to relieve the Iowa at Panama and the Machias at Colon.

**Tax on Orange Exports.**

Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 18.—The government intends to levy a tax of one cent on each package of oranges exported. The shipment of immature fruit will shortly be prohibited by law.

## 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.**

Material is being hauled for a new saw mill near Oregon City.

Gold worth 50 cents was taken from the craw of a duck raised at Scotts Mills.

Thieves broke into a Eugene store and stole a number of small articles of little value.

A receiver has been appointed for the Columbia Logging Company, near St. Helens.

Superintendent Brown, of the Falls River fish hatchery, says the outlook there is very favorable.

Practically all the hops about Dallas have been shipped. Prices were from 8½ to 10 cents per pound.

Senator Mitchell has announced that he will endeavor to have a new federal court district established in Eastern Oregon.

Roseburg's city council has let the contract of grading and surfacing with crushed rock about 10 blocks of the principal streets.

Thirty dwelling houses have been built in Dallas since January 1. Every dwelling and business house in the town is occupied.

Nine carloads of wool left Harrisburg the other day for the East. The shipment weighs 103,000 pounds and is one of the largest individual sales ever made in that valley.

The Indian war veterans of Lane county met at the court house in Albany and began arrangements toward securing legislation by the next congress granting pensions to all veterans entitled to them.

The fall run of silverside salmon in Rogue river is greater than for 10 years.

W. T. Grier has sold his fruit farm of 10 acres, two miles from La Grande, for $3,000.

The Hodson farm of 225 acres, three miles southeast of Salem, has been sold for $6,500.

About 75 men of the coast artillery will complete their terms at Fort Stevens next month and will receive their discharges.

A mysterious burglar got away with a large amount of goods from Pendleton cigar store and left all fastenings undisturbed.

A receiver will be asked for the Baisley-Elkhorn mine at Baker City, so that it may be worked and made to pay up its indebtedness.

A movement is under way to organize a company composed wholly of Astoria business men to operate a freight steamer between that city and Portland, in consequence of excessive freight charges by the transportation lines.

A syndicate, of which the principal is a millionaire lumberman of Minneapolis, is about to acquire the immense lumber, railroad and sawmill holdings of the Siskiyou Lumber & Mercantile Company, including the McCloud River Railroad, for a sum reported to be $3,000,000.

**Portland Markets.**

Wheat—Walla Walla, nominal, 55@55½c; bluestem, 56c; Valley, 55@55½c.

Flour—Best grades, $2.65@3.50 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—Nominal 90@$1.00 pr cental.

Barley—Feed, $15@15.50; brewing, $16.00 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $17@18; middling, $20@21; shorts, 19@20; chop, $16.

Hay—Timothy, $11@13; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 14@15c per pound.

Eggs—Storage, 20c; fresh, 23@24c, Eastern 20@21.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12½@13c; Young America, 13½@14c.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.50@3.00; hens, $4.00; dressed, 10@11c per pound springs, $2.50@3.00, per dozen; ducks, $3 for old $3.00@4.00 for young; geese, $6@7 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c; dressed, 8@10c per pound.

Mutton—Lambs, 3¼c gross; dressed 6@6½c per pound; sheep, $3.25 gross; dressed, 6c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, $6@6.25; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Veal—Small, 8@8½c; large, 7@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $3.50@4.00; cows and heifers, $3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 5½@6½c per pound.

Hops—8@10½c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@13½c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—65@85 per sack.

The assessed valuation of Idaho has increased $4,649,580 in a single year, and the total now is $52,195,486.

Thirty-two additional warehouses are to be provided in New York for the storage of 500,000 to 600,000 bags of coffee.

The total number of experiments on living animals in the United Kingdom in 1900 was 10,839, 2370 more than in the previous year. It is stated that but few of these experiments were in any serious degree painful.