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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I do not know why terror always strikes me dumb and motionless. I did not stir or speak, but looked steadily, with a fascinated gaze, into my husband's face—a worn, white, emaciated face, with eyes peering cruelly into mine. It was an awful look: one of dark triumph, of smugness, of cunning exultation. Neither of us spoke.

He sank down on the seat beside me, with an air of exhaustion, yet with a low, fiendish laugh which sounded hideously loud in my ears. His fingers were still about my arm, but he had to wait to recover from the first shock of his success—for it had been a shock. His face was bathed with perspiration, and his breath came and went fitfully. I thought I could hear the heavy throbbing of his heart.

"I've found you," he said, his hand tightening its hold—and at the first sound of his voice the spell which bound me snapped. "I've tracked you out at last to this cursed hole. The game is up, my little lady. By heaven! you'll repent of this. You are mine, and no man shall come between us."

"I don't understand you," I muttered. He had spoken in an undertone, and I could not raise my voice above a whisper, so parched and dry was my throat.

"Understand!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I know all about Dr. Martin Doherty. You understand that well enough. I am here to take charge of you, to carry you home with me as my wife, and neither man nor woman can interfere with me in that. It will be best for you to come with me quietly."

"I will not go with you," I answered, in the same hoarse whisper; "I am liv-

ing here in the presbytery, and you cannot force me away. I will not go."

"The silly raving of an ignorant girl!" he sneered. "The law will compel you to return to me. I will take the law into my own hands, and compel you to go with me at once. If there is no conveyance to be hired in this confounded hole, we will walk down the road together, like two lovers, who were speaking for the omnibus. Come, Olivia."

Our voices had not risen much above their undertones yet, but these last words he spoke more loudly. Jean opened the door of the presbytery and looked out, and Pierre came down to the corner of the transept to see who was speaking. I lifted the hand which Richard was not holding, and beckoned Jean.

"Jean," I said, in a low tone still, "this man is my enemy. Monsieur le Cure knows all about him; but he is not here. You must protect me."

"Certainly, madame," he replied. "Monsieur le Cure has the goodness to release madame."

"She is my wife," retorted Richard Foster.

"I have told all to Monsieur le Cure," I said.

"Monsieur le Cure is gone to England; it is necessary to wait till his return, Monsieur Englishman."

"Fool!" said Richard in a passion; "he is my wife, I tell you."

"Ah!" he replied placidly, "but it is my affair to protect madame. There is no resource but to wait till Monsieur le Cure returns from his voyage. If madame does not say, 'This is my husband,' how can I believe you? She says, 'He is my enemy.' I cannot confide her to a stranger."

"I will not leave her," he exclaimed.

"Good! very good! Pardon, monsieur," responded Jean, laying his iron fingers upon the hand that held me, and loosening its grip as easily as if it had been the hand of a child. "Madame, you are free. Leave Monsieur le Englishman to me, and go away into the house, if you please."

I did not wait to hear any further altercation, but fled as quickly as I could into the presbytery. Up into my own chamber I ran, drew a heavy chest against the door and fell down trembling and nerveless upon the floor beside it.

But there was no time to lose in womanish terrors; my difficulty and danger were too great. Why should I not write to Tardif? He had promised to come to my help whenever and wherever I might summon him. I ran down to Mademoiselle Therese for the materials for a letter, and in a few minutes it was written, and on the way to Sark.

The night fell while I was still alone. Suddenly there was the noisy rattle of wheels over the rough pavement—the baying of dogs—an indistinct shout. A horrible dread took hold of me. Was it possible that he had returned, with some force which should drag me away from my refuge and give me up to him? I heard hurried footsteps and joyous voices. A minute or two afterward, Minima beat against my barricaded door,



"THIS MAN IS MY ENEMY."

and shouted gleefully through the keyhole.

"Come down, Aunt Nelly," she cried; "Monsieur Laurence is come home again!"

I felt as if some strong hand had lifted me out of a whirl of troubled waters and set me safely upon a rock. I ran down into the salon, where Monsieur Laurence was seated, as tranquilly as if he had never been away, in his high-backed armchair, smiling quietly at Minima's gambols of delight. Jean stood just within the door, his hands behind his back, holding his white cotton cap in them; he had been making his report of the day's events. Monsieur held out his hand to me, and I ran to him, caught it in both of mine, bent down my face upon it, and burst into a passion of weeping, in spite of myself.

"Come, come, madame!" he said, his own voice faltering a little; "I am here, my child; behold me! There is no place for fear now. I am king in Ville-en-Bois. Is it not so, my good Jean?"

"Monsieur le Cure, you are emperor," replied Jean.

"If that is the case," he continued, "madame is perfectly secure in my castle. You do not ask me what brings me back again so soon. But I will tell you, madame. At Noreau, the proprietor of the omnibus to Granville told me that an Englishman had gone that morning to visit his little parish. Good! We do not have that honor every day. I ask him the goodness to tell me the Englishman's name. It is written in the book at the bureau. Monsieur Foster. I remember that name well, very well. That is the name of the husband of my little English daughter. Foster! I see in a

moment it will not do to proceed on my voyage."

The cure's return, and his presence under the same roof, gave me a sense of security. When I thought of the birds awake me in the morning, I could not at first believe that the events of the day before were not themselves a dream. Minutes were ended, and the villagers were scattering about their farms and households, when I noticed Pierre loitering stealthily about the presbytery, as if anxious not to be seen. He made me a sign to follow him out of sight, round the corner of the church.

"I know a secret, madame," he said, in a troubled tone, "that monsieur who came yesterday has not left the valley. I followed monsieur your enemy. He did not go far away."

"But where is he then?" I asked, looking down the street, with a thrill of fear.

"Madame," whispered Pierre, "he is a stranger to this place, and the people would not receive him into their houses—not one of them. My father only said, 'He is an enemy to our dear English madame,' and all the women turned the back upon him. I stole after him, behind the trees and the hedges. He marched very slowly, like a man very weary, till he came in sight of the factory of the late Pineaux. He turned aside into the court there. I saw him sneak at the door of the house, try to lift the latch, and peep through the window. After that he goes into the factory; there is a door from it into the house. He passed through. I dared not follow him, but in one short half-hour I saw smoke coming out of the chimney. The smoke is there. The Englishman has sojourned there all the night."

"But, Pierre," I said, shivering, though the sun was already shining hotly—"Pierre, the house is like a lazaretto. No one has been in it since Mademoiselle Pineau died. Monsieur le Cure looked it up, and brought away the key."

"That is true, madame," answered the boy; "no one in the village would go near the accursed place, but I never thought of that. Perhaps monsieur your enemy will take the fever and perish."

"Run, Pierre, run!" I cried; "Monsieur Laurence is in the sacristy with the strange vicar. Tell him I must speak to him this very moment. There is no time to be lost!"

I dragged myself to the seat under the yew-tree, and hid my face in my hands, while shudder after shudder quivered through me. I seemed to be watching him again, as he strode wearily down the street, leaning with bent shoulders on his stick, and turned away from every door at which he asked for rest and shelter for the night. Oh! that the time could but come back again, that I might send Jean to find some safe place for him where he could sleep! Back to my memory rushed the old days, when he screened me from the unkindness of my step-mother, and when he seemed to love me. For the sake of those times, would I to heaven the evening that was gone,

and the sultry, breathless night, could only come back again!

I felt as if I had passed through an immeasurable spell, both of memory and anguish, before Monsieur Laurence came, though he had responded to my summons immediately. I then told him in hurried, broken sentences, what Pierre had confessed to me. His face grew overcast and troubled, and he at once started for the factory. He returned after a long, long suspense.

"My child," he said, "monsieur le vicar attacked, I am afraid, by the fever. I shall remain with him all this day. You must bring us what we have need of, and leave it on the stone there, as it used to be."

"But cannot he be removed at once?" I asked.

"My dear," he answered, "what can I do? The village is free from sickness now; how can I run the risk of carrying the fever there again? It is too far to send monsieur to Noreau. Obedience, my child, and leave him to me and to God. Cannot you confide in me yet?"

"Yes," I said, weeping, "I trust you with all my heart."

"Go, then, and do what I bid you," he replied. "Tell my sister and Jean, tell all my people, that no one must intrude upon me, no one must come nearer this house than the appointed place. You must think of me as one absent, yet close at hand; that is the difference. I am here, in the path of my duty. Go, and fulfill yours."

For three days, morning after morning, whilst the dew lay still upon the grass, I went down, with a heavy and foreboding heart, to the place where I could watch the cottage, through the long sultry hours of the summer day.

Here in the open summer, with the hot walls of the mill casting its rays back again, the heat was intense; though the white cap I wore protected my head from it, my eyes were dazzled, and I felt ready to faint. No wonder if Monsieur Laurence should have sunk under it, and the long strain upon his energies, which would have overtaken a younger and stronger man. I had passed the invisible line which his will had drawn about the place, and had half crossed the court, when I heard footsteps close behind me, and a large, brown, rough hand suddenly caught my arm.

"Monsieur!" cried a voice I knew, "is this you?"

"Oh, Tardif! Tardif!" I exclaimed. I rested my head against him, and sobbed violently, whilst he surrounded me with his strong arms and laid his hand upon my head, as if to assure me of his help and protection.

"Hush, hush! madame," he said. "It is Tardif, your friend, my little madame; your servant, you know. I am here. What shall I do for you? Is there any person in your house who frightens you, my poor little madame? Tell me what to do."

He had drawn me back into the green shade of the trees, and placed me upon the felled tree where I had been sitting before. I told him everything, briefly, all that had happened since I had written to him. I saw the tears start to his eyes.

"Thank God, I am here," he said. "I lost no time, madame, after your letter reached me. I will save Monsieur le Cure; I will save both, if I can. He is a good man, this cure, and we must not let him perish. He has no authority over me, and I will go this moment and force my way in, if the door is fastened. Adieu, my dear little madame."

He was gone before I could speak a word, striding with quick, energetic tread across the court. The closed door under the eaves opened readily. In an instant the white head of Monsieur Laurence passed the casement, and I could hear the hum of an earnest altercation, although I could not catch a syllable of it. But presently Tardif appeared again in the doorway, waving his cap in token of having gained his point.

It seemed to me almost as if time had been standing still since that first morning when Monsieur Laurence had left my side, and passed out of my sight to seek for my husband in the fever-stricken dwelling. Yet it was the tenth day after that when, as I took up my weary watch soon after daybreak, I saw him crossing the court again and coming towards me.

What had he to say? What could impel him to break through the strict rule which had interdicted all dangerous contact with him? His face was pale, and his eyes were heavy as if with sleep, but they looked into mine as if they could read my inmost soul.

(To be continued.)

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.

French Bark *Ale* tipped over in the Portland harbor.

Tomas Estrada Palma was elected President of Cuba.

The powers will present another collective note to Turkey.

Two British peace agents were treacherously shot by Boers.

Three new steel works are to be erected at Washington, Pa.

The Continental Tobacco Co. has secured another independent factory.

Great damage has been caused to property by freshets in the South.

A big dry goods warehouse in Dublin sustained a loss of £120,000 by fire.

Kitchener has again informed the war office that he needs reinforcements.

Germany has delayed action against Venezuela in hopes of a peaceable settlement.

Northwestern governors have agreed upon a plan for fighting the proposed railroad deal.

One of the night clerks at the St. Paul postoffice has been arrested, charged with stealing money from letters.

Five persons were seriously injured, one fatally, in a collision between a carriage and an electric car in Chicago.

All danger from flood in Pennsylvania has passed.

An inoffensive passenger was shot and killed by four men on a Mississippi train.

A missionary and several native converts have been massacred by Chinese troops.

The funeral of United States Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, was held with full military honors.

A legal battle between the Harriman and Hill interests in the Northern Pacific has begun in Minnesota.

Admiral Schley considers his case closed and will take no further action. His friends will ask congress to vindicate him.

Sir Thomas Lipton says he will challenge for America's cup until he has won it or is satisfied that it can not be won.

The governor of North Dakota will not attend the conference of governors as he sees no menace to his state from the railroads.

A prominent American, who has been in China for some time, predicts that before many years the world will see a war such as never before seen, in the Chinese empire.

The Maryland Councils of the Junior Order of Mechanics presented Admiral Schley with a beautiful medal as an evidence of their personal esteem and admiration of his services to this country.

England's coal supply may not outlast the century.

Germany has ordered another warship to Venezuelan waters.

Senator Dewey and Miss May Palmer were married in Italy.

Four hundred were killed in a battle in the interior of Colombia.

The battle ship *Missouri* was launched at Newport News, Va.

The death of Governor Rogers was due to worry as much as to ill.

Insurgent sympathizers have murdered a number of friendly natives.

Four trainmen were killed near Scranton, Pa., on a runaway coal train.

Prominent Englishmen are coming to America to study its business methods.

Fire at Anderson, Ind., destroyed several business houses, causing a loss of \$40,000.

There is no friction between the military and civil authorities in the Philippines.

Generals Chaffee and Wheaton have gone to Batangas to personally investigate the conditions there.

United States Senator Sewall is dead.

A department store at Victoria, B. C., burned. Loss, \$250,000.

Germany is preparing to blockade Venezuelan ports and enforce her demands.

The Chinese court will soon return to Peking and extensive preparations are being made to receive it.

Governor Shaw will not discuss the policy he will pursue when he becomes secretary of the treasury.

A \$2,000,000 silk cargo has just reached San Francisco from the Orient.

The world famous Diesel engine is to be built at South Worcester, Mass.

Twenty-seven hour trains are hereafter to be run between New York and Chicago.

An immense 12,000 ton hydraulic press is to be erected in the Carnegie armor plate plant.

In 1900 England imported nearly 50,000 tons of German wines.

SAME OLD DOWAGER EMPRESS.

She Has Not Profited by Her Experiences of the Past Year.

Peking, Jan. 4.—Several recent occurrences tend to discourage the hope that the dowager empress has learned a lesson of reform from the events of the past year. Foreigners are disposed to take a pessimistic view of the outlook. General Yung Lu's determination to organize two anti-foreign army corps to offset the commands of pro-foreign Chinese leaders is particularly disquieting, and an evidence of the continued domination of his influence, which is bitterly anti-foreign. Other incidents considered significant are the suppression of the only independent newspaper in this city by order of the governor of Peking, and the closing of the industrial school here recently organized by philanthropic Chinese for the training of destitute youths. Other liberal Chinese will hesitate now to give practical vent to their theories, fearing the displeasure of officialdom.

The edict regarding the recent murder of a Belgian priest near Ning Shiao Foo, in Kan Suo province, has appeared. It appoints a special official to punish those guilty of the crime and reaffirms the dowager empress's good will toward Christians. There is unusual activity upon the part of the court in the punishment of those guilty of an anti-Christian outrage, and it is taken as evidence of the dowager empress's desire to conciliate the powers upon the eve of the return of the court to Peking.

Proofs accumulate that Prince Ching's arguments persuaded the dowager empress to trust herself within range of the legation forts. Officials arriving here describe the dowager empress and General Yung Lu as being extremely nervous and suspicious lest the foreigners are planning to entrap them after their arrival, and punish them for encouraging Boxerism. The foreigners will probably review the court's reasons for recommending the strip of wall commanding a view of the gates of the imperial city, and the members of the foreign community are planning to assemble thereon. It will be a great innovation.

PROSPEROUS PORTO RICO.

Governor Hunt's Message to the Legislature—Necessity for Change in Laws.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Jan. 4.—Governor Hunt's message to the legislature of Porto Rico was delivered at 11 o'clock this morning before a joint session of that body held in the Theater San Juan. The building was crowded. The message says:

"Tranquility and contentment prevail in Porto Rico; schools have multiplied; railroads are being constructed; the commerce of the island has been developed and exports have increased, agriculture has become more profitable, roads are being built, and duties are being paid. Tolerance of opinion has become more common, former antagonism being forgotten."

Governor Hunt's report said further that 885 schools are open throughout the island, 534 teachers are employed in them, and 15,000 children attend them. The insular revenues have increased the available balance by \$128,000 over the balance of July, 1901, and the total balance today, including tariff rebates, etc., amounts to \$2,000,000. Governor Hunt recommends the revision of the municipal laws and the adoption of modern city charters.

Concerning the case of Santiago Iglesias (the representative of the American Federation of Labor, who was sentenced here December 11 to three years and four months' imprisonment on a charge of conspiracy), the governor referred to the ambiguities of existing law, and said that the remedy therefore is in the hands of the legislature.

"There is no room for lawlessness in Porto Rico," said Governor Hunt, "but it is perfectly lawful to organize to secure better wages by peaceable means. The ambition to better one's condition is intensely American, and where the purpose of organization is merely to increase the profits of labor, or to dignify its worth through peaceable means, a law susceptible to a construction forbidding the execution of such a purpose is unworthy the American Government, and should be wiped out."

M'KINLEY MEMORIAL.

Only One National Movement Now on Foot.

Cleveland O., Jan. 6.—There is but one national movement in the United States for a memorial for William McKinley, to be built by popular subscription. That memorial will be erected over the grave of the late president at Canton. The work of securing subscriptions is in the hands of the McKinley National Memorial Association, with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio. Some confusion in the public mind has resulted because there existed an organization in Washington, D. C., known as the "Washington Arch Association," its object was to build a memorial bridge over the Potomac river. The Arch Association no longer exists, having voted to go out of business and leave the field to the national organization having headquarters in Cleveland.

Freight Engine Explodes.

Macon, Ga., Jan. 4.—A freight engine just out of the shop and fired up in the round house of the Central railroad of Georgia, exploded without warning today, killing three men, injuring a number of others and shaking the entire city. The report was heard seven miles away, and houses four miles distant felt the shock. The engine was reduced to fragments, parts being hurled through the building 200 or 300 yards.

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.

Very good showings of platinum have been discovered near Grant's Pass.

C. H. Libby, a prominent farmer and highly respected resident of Jefferson, is dead; age, 70 years.

Fire at Cove destroyed four buildings in the center of the business portion of town. Loss, \$5000.

Highwaymen in Portland held up and robbed a man under the electric light opposite the court house.

Baker City has opened a free public library. It is the intention to ask Carnegie for funds for the erection of a building.

The last of the prune crop around Corvallis has been sold. The purchases aggregated 150,000 pounds, for which 3 cents per pound was paid.

Flags on the Capitol building were placed at half mast as a token of respect to the late Governor Rogers of Washington.

Footpads near Grant's Pass held up an old man and beat him into insensibility because he would not give up money which they supposed he carried.

The installation of the smelter in the Quartzburg district, seven miles north of Prairie City, has been of great benefit to those owning mines in that neighborhood.

Buyers at Salem have offered as high as 12 cents for hops. Eleven cents is the ruling price, but the activity the last few days in that commodity has caused a raise in prices.

A wind storm at Astoria did \$16,500 damage.

A gift of \$1000 in cash has been made to Philomath college.

The smallpox scare at Marshfield has passed and the quarantine raised.

The December shipment of wheat from Portland exceeded 2,000,000 bushels.

The Douglas county poultry show at Roseburg last week was a success in every particular.

State Food Commissioner Bailey has started a crusade against light-weight California butter.

Weston had a small fire a few days ago, but the damage was trifling and before much damage was done.

Arrangements have been completed for the registration of voters of Marion county, which begins January 6.

Real estate is moving quite lively around Weston. Several farms have been sold recently at good prices.

Six carloads of prunes just left Dallas for the Eastern market. The price paid for the fruit was 2 1/2c per pound.

Preparations are being commenced all over the state for the primary election, which will select the candidates for the June election.

A counterfeiting outfit has been captured at The Dalles, but the owner, who is known, has escaped. It is probable that he will be arrested.

The Wasco Milling Company's flouring mill is now completed, and only awaits the turning on of the electric power from White river to begin grinding out 500 barrels of flour a day.

There is greater activity in the mines of Southern Oregon at present than ever before in their history. New wagon roads are being constructed, larger stamp mills put in and new workings opened.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 59¢@60¢; blue stem, 61¢; valley, 59¢@60¢.

Barley—Feed, 17¢@17.50; brewing, 17.50¢@18¢ per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, 11¢@11.10; gray, 95¢@1.01.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.70¢@3.30 per barrel; graham, \$2.50.

Millstuffs—Bran, 17¢ per ton; middlings, 20¢; shorts, 18¢; chops, 17¢.

Hay—Timothy, 11¢@12¢; clover, 7¢@7.50; Oregon wild hay, \$5¢ per ton.

Mutton—Lamb, 3 1/4¢@3 1/2¢; gross; dressed, 6 1/4¢ per pound; sheep, wethers, 3 1/4¢@3 1/2¢; gross; dressed, 6 1/4¢ per pound; ewes, 3 1/4¢@3 1/2¢; gross; dressed, 6 1/4¢ per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5 1/4¢; dressed, 6 1/4¢ per pound.

Veal—8¢@9¢ per pound.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3 1/4¢; steers, 3 1/4¢@4¢; dressed, 3¢@7¢ per pound.

Butter—Creamery, 25¢@27¢ per pound; dairy, 15¢@20¢; store, 12 1/2¢@15¢.

Eggs—20¢@22 1/2¢ for cold storage; 22¢@25¢ for Eastern; 28¢@30¢ for fresh Oregon.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.50¢@3; hens, 3.50¢@4; 8 1/4¢@9¢ per pound; springs, 9¢@10¢ per pound; 2.50¢@3 per dozen; ducks, 45¢@50¢ for young; geese, \$6.50¢@7.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11¢@12 1/2¢; dressed, 13¢@14¢ per pound.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13¢@12 1/2¢; Young America, 14¢@15¢.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 85¢@1.10 per cental; ordinary, 70¢@80¢.

Hops—8¢@10¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11¢@14¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@12 1/2¢; mohair, 21¢@21 1/2¢ per pound.

The possibilities of wireless telegraphy were predicted by James Brown Lindsay, of Dundee, Scotland, in 1834.

The Pharaohs wore their beards when in mourning for a relative. Court mourning in Egypt seems to have last a year.

A Pittsburgher offers to buy all the municipal and private street railways in St. Petersburg, Russia, and electrically equip them.

GOV. ROGERS AT REST.

Late Executive of Washington Laid in the Tomb at Puyallup.

Tacoma, Jan. 2.—In the soft, misty twilight of a typical winter evening in the valley district, the body of John Rankin Rogers, third governor of the state of Washington, was yesterday laid to rest in the hillside cemetery of Puyallup. Thousands of people thronged the streets, and there was hardly a house in the city that was not draped in black. Companies B and D, of the National Guard, and the First Regiment band had come from Seattle, and were in waiting at the depot when the funeral train arrived from Tacoma. The sidewalks were blocked by an impassable living barrier, and people had even climbed on the roofs of houses to view the procession. A great number of Masons were also in Puyallup when the train arrived.

In a drizzling rain the procession started from the depot. Down Meridian street the line slowly made its way under the arch of green at the intersection of Main street. This was an artistic work, being made of evergreens and draped with long black and white streamers, with many small American flags arranged at the top. The telephone poles were also decked with green, and the street, with these and the private decorations, made a fine picture.

On reaching the house of the late governor's son, the coffin was borne in by the same National Guardsmen that had acted as pallbearers while the body lay in state at Tacoma, and placed in the main room. Governor McBride, ex-Governor McGraw and the state officials occupied an adjoining room, and the others were filled with members of the Masonic order and friends. Outside the house was an enormous crowd of people. As the dead march was played on the organ in the house the members of the family entered, Mrs. Rogers shaken with grief and needing support to reach the room set apart for relatives and friends. After the hymn "Jesus, Keep Me Near Thy Cross," had been sung the lesson was read and the choir sang "Abide With Me." Rev. W. O. Bernadon, of the First Methodist church of Puyallup, made a prayer, in which he referred to the glorious hope of resurrection. Rev. Spencer Sullivan, chaplain of the First Washington Regiment, then delivered an address, based on the text, "The resurrection of the dead." When the choir had sung "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the public were admitted to view the dead governor. The crowd was so great that many persons were unable to gain admittance.

On the road to the cemetery the First Washington Regiment band, playing a dead march, took the lead, followed by Companies A and E, of the National Guard, of Tacoma; Companies B and D, from Seattle, and Troop B, dismounted, from Tacoma, and fifty files of Masons, who preceded the hearse, which was drawn by four black horses. A line of carriages followed, and a long procession of friends and the public. The services at the cemetery were conducted by the Masons, in the presence of fully 2000 persons, at the close of which the militia fired three volleys and sounded taps. The family of the late governor returned to Olympia on a special train.

PRESIDENT OF CUBA.

Will Receive Almost the Unanimous Vote of the Electoral College.

Havana, Jan. 2.—The indications are that the entire Palma ticket will be elected, and that Tomas Estrada Palma, the Nationalist candidate for the Presidency of Cuba, will receive the unanimous vote of the electoral college.

The adherents of Bartholome Maso, the Democratic candidate, who recently withdrew from the campaign, not only withdrew their candidates, but refused to go to the polls. A remarkable light vote was polled throughout the island.

La Discussion ascribes this indifference to the certainty on the part of the Palmists of being victorious, and that consequently a majority of them stayed at home and did not vote. La Discussion says that the vote may be taken as a protest by the Cuban people against the imposition of official candidates.

The Diario de la Marina says that the result is an indication that the Cuban Democracy may look upon American policies as inevitable.

Palma's Policy.

New York, Jan. 2.—Thomas Estrada Palma, in his home at Central Valley, N. Y., tonight received the news that his election to the Presidency of the republic of Cuba was conceded. He announced that the new Cuba would be one of work and high endeavor, that it would be his aim to strengthen the friendly relations which exist between his country and the United States and to bring about reciprocity.

Double Duty on Bounty Sugar.

London, Jan. 3.—On the ground that in spite of the sugar duty imposed last year, the price of sugar is now lower than ever, owing to the enormous imports from Germany, the Daily Mail today advocates doubling the duty on bounty-fed sugar, but leaving the duty on colonial sugar unchanged. The paper says such a course would avert the ruin now threatening the West Indies and would be an effective means of persuading foreign nations to abolish sugar duties.