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CHAPTER XIX.

Of that night's fatal work the country-side remains in complete ignorance. Of Mr. Dyrart's sudden death it hears the following morning with a feeling of strong curiosity, but with none of regret. The funeral that takes place on the third day is small, certainly, yet, considering all things—the dead man's open hostility to his neighbors, and the death of hospitality that characterized his sojourn among them—larger than might have been expected, and at all events select. Among others Lord Riverdale attended—out of compliment, it was supposed, to Seaton, as he and the old man had never so much as seen each other's faces.

But it was found impossible to conceal the existence of Seaton from the two girls. Peyton had undertaken to give them a rather careful account of what had happened; and in truth, when all was told, he was almost as much at sea about it as they were, as the stranger remained a stranger to him. Seaton had determined to reveal the secret hold he had on Mr. Dyrart to Seaton, thinking the latter would make good his father's promise.

It is in the old man's private den that he does this. Going up to the old-fashioned bureau he, by a subtle touch, unlocks the secret spring.

The door falls back, the hidden shelves and their contents lie all unconcerned before a fast-flickering parchment. Seaton draws it out, and overcomes by fatigue and excitement, drops upon his knees. Eagerly he opens and scans it, and then holds it out to Dyrart.

"Compare that," says he, in a high tone of triumph, "with the will of your grandfather, that left all to Gregory Dyrart, cutting out the elder son. Compare it, I say, and you will see that this was executed three years later than that other—that other which is now in force, and has been these twenty years."

Mechanically Dyrart takes it. No word escapes him. Speech, indeed, is impossible to him, so busy is his mind trying to take in all the miserable dishonor of the story that as yet has but the bald outlines laid before him.

"No one knew of it but me," says Seaton, feverishly, yet with an undercurrent of delicious excitement in the recital. "But me and Grunch. What she made out of it no one can tell, as the old chap's gone, but she's as knowing a file in my opinion as you'd meet in a day's walk. You can see our two signatures. But can't you read 'em? We witnessed it. We alone knew, and he bought us over. Well, 'twas worth a quid or two; 'tis a fine old place."

Dyrart makes no answer. He has supported himself against a table near him, and is gazing blankly, hopelessly, through the window at the dull landscape outside. He sees nothing, hears nothing, save the voice of the man who is speaking.

"'Twas felony, mind you, besides the fact of having to give up the money, and property, and all, so I knew I could turn on the screw as tight as I liked. But he laughs, 'you see, I counted without my host. I never dreamed the old man would show fight like that. He took it hardly, my return—guess he believed me dead, and resented the breath in me—and I shouldn't wonder if, after all these years, he had got to believe the place, money and everything, was legally his own.'"

Still Dyrart says nothing. He has indeed withdrawn his dull eyes from the scene without, and is now staring with unseeing eyes at the parchment that tells him how the property was never his father's, but was left to his uncle, and how his father suppressed the will and kept the property in spite of law and honor, and all things that go to give a sweet savor to man's life on earth. It had never been his father's, all this huge property, it never would be his. And if not, whose? Vera? He starts as if shot.

"Well, no. Not quite. Your face says very politely that you'd be glad to see my back, but business first, pleasure afterward." He grins. "It is as good for you to come to terms now as later."

"Terms?" repeats Dyrart, gazing at him darkly.

"Any, why not? Dye think you'll get out of it soot free?"

Dyrart stares at him as if scarcely comprehending.

"Want time to think it over like your respected parent?" with a sneer. "Not for me, my lad. We'll settle now or never. You see you're in my power, and I'm not the one to be trifled with."

"Sir, I am in no man's power," says Dyrart, calmly. "I trust I never shall be. This will," striking it with his hand, "through which my uncle and his daughter have been—been fraudulently—he says the word with difficulty—"kept out of their property for so many years, shall be at once restored to its proper owner."

A yellow tint overspreads Seaton's face. As if entirely overcome, he sinks upon a chair.

"You'll surrender?" he says with a gasp. "And your father's memory? How will you like to hear him branded as a common swindler, whose death alone saved from the law's grip?"

Dyrart blanches. Involuntarily he puts out his hand and seizes the chair near him, and clings to it as if for support. No, no, that he could not endure.

"I will give you \$500 the day I see you on board a steamer sailing for Australia," says Dyrart with dry lips and a heart that seems dead within him. "I am now, comparatively speaking, a poor man," his words coming from him slowly, mechanically, in a dull, expressionless way. "I can offer you no more."

"Double it," says Seaton, "and I'll leave the country to-morrow."

"I haven't it at this moment, but I dare say I shall be able to manage it," says Dyrart, in the same worn-out, indifferent manner. "In the meantime, while I try to get it, I shall require of you that you stay within this house and hold speech with no one save Grunch."

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.

Oil has been struck near Denver. The house has passed the postoffice appropriation bill. The international treaty on warfare has been ratified by the senate. A bill is before congress increasing the number of senators in proportion to the population. The Spanish cabinet has resigned. The queen regent will take steps to form a Liberal ministry. Severe earthquakes in Asia Minor have resulted in the death of hundreds.

day, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel, the echo of a resounding knock, startled her out of her contemplative repose. And now there is a little quick rush through the hall, a springing step up the staircase, the rustle of silken skirts in the ante-room beyond, a voice that makes Vera start eagerly to her feet, and presently Mrs. Peyton, looking supremely happy, and, therefore, charming, flings herself into her sister's arms.

"Oh, I am too glad to be surprised," says Vera, fondly.

"You're an imprudent person," says Mrs. Peyton, leaning on her from out the masses of furs that clothe her dainty form. "Grace telegraphed for us, to help her with a dinner party that is to come off to-night; so come we did. And, being so close to you, I felt I should see you or die."

"It's selfish, I know, but I'm so glad to have you. Let me take off your furs. What a delicious coat! You hadn't that when I was down with you, eh?"

"No, it's a new one. You gave it to me. He's absurd, but ever. But I haven't braved the elements to talk about him. It is about Seaton I want to tell you."

"Seaton? To come out such a day as this to talk of Seaton! But why? It must be something very serious," says Vera, changing color perceptibly.

"Vera, I cannot help regarding you and me—as in part criminals. Poor, dear fellow, it must have been a blow to lose everything in one fell swoop. And yet what more could we have done than what we did do? To the half of our kingdom we offered him, but, as you know, he would none of us."

"I know all that. We have discussed it a thousand times."

"The face is, Seaton is leaving Eng and forever, and he has a desire, a longing he cannot subdue, and I'm sure, a most natural one, to see his old home before he goes."

"Well," says Vera, coldly.

"Well," in exactly the same tone, with a little mockery thrown in, "that's the whole of it. He wants to get a last look at the old place before leaving it forever. At least, that is how he puts it. Can he come? That is the question. I really think it would be only decent if you were to drop him a line and ask him. It would be the most graceful thing, at all events."

An hour later Griselda drives back to the Priars with the coveted note from Vera to Seaton in her hand. (To be continued.)

BREAD 1,800 YEARS OLD. Loaves that Were Being Baked When Pompeii Was Destroyed.

Sufferers from indigestion are advised to eat stale bread; the staler the better, they are told. There is in the museum at Naples some bread which ought to be stale enough for anybody. It was baked one day in August, 79 A. D., in one of the curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii.

More than eighteen centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the oldest bread in the world. You may see it in a glass case on the upper floor of the museum. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name.

In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized, and if eaten would probably remind one of charcoal biscuits.

When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and were most likely raised with leaven, as is most of the bread in oriental countries at the present time.

The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine clinders, called the Italian lapilli. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over to a depth in places of fifteen and even twenty feet.

Other comestibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There are various kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shriveled, as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honeycomb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out. It is so well preserved that it is hard to realize that the comb is no longer wax, nor the honey, honey.

A piece of the comb seems to have been cut out, and one can imagine some young Pompeian having held himself to it and sitting down to eat it, when he had to jump up and fly for his life. One cannot help wondering what became of the piece—whether the young fellow took it with him and ate it as he ran, or whether he left it on his plate, intending to return for it when the eruption was over.

Made It Himself. "Did you dream on Amy's wedding cake?"

"Mm—yes; I thought it was safer to put it under my pillow and dream on it than to eat it and have the nightmare."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence; else who could bear it.—Rowe.

BATTLE OF AGUA DULCE.

Eight Hundred Men on Both Sides Reported to Have Been Killed.

Colon, Colombia, March 17.—The following report was obtained from the government troops, which arrived here yesterday from Bocas del Toro:

Upon finding the revolutionary attack upon Agua Dulce, February 23, to be irresistible, owing to the enemy's superior numbers, their artillery and their supplies of ammunition, General Castro tried to retreat to David and Chiriqui, which towns were known to be hard pressed by the revolutionists under Quintana and Perez. This is a long and tiresome march of over 200 miles. Shortly after leaving Bocas del Toro a small body of government troops was met. These men reported that Colonel Luque had been killed in battle and that the revolutionists were in possession of David. General Castro, therefore, decided to try to effect the difficult march across the mountains to Bocas del Toro. The march occupied 17 days, during the last five of which bananas were the only obtainable food. Drinking water was plentiful.

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.

The Coquille creamery has resumed operations. Construction of a creamery has begun near Myrtle Point.

The town of Haines, Union county, has been incorporated. A crusade against gambling has been inaugurated at Oregon City.

The Woodmen of the World are building a hall at Dusty, Benton county. Several men in Salem have been found to have registered in more than one precinct.

The regular election of officers for the city of Florence for the ensuing year will be held April 1.

Nearly 13 inches of rain fell at Grants Pass during February, which breaks the record for any one month.

The town council of Prairie City has passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of tobacco in all public meeting places.

From March 1, 1901, to March 2, 1902, there were 19,600 acres patented from the government to Wasco county.

Representative Tongue condemns the move to hamper improvement of Lower Columbia by pitting it against the upper river.

Papers throughout the state report that taxpayers are taking advantage of the 3 per cent rebate for prompt payment, and the new law is meeting general approval.

The market for Oregon prunes in the East is improving. Every pound shipped this past year has been disposed of, and dealers say they could have sold more had they had them.

H. V. Gates, promoter of the proposed telegraph and telephone line from Ashland to Lakeview and other points has filed an application with the Lake county court for a right of way along the public highway.

The Umatilla county Republican convention met in Pendleton March 12 and nominated a full county ticket and delegates to the state and congressional conventions. The delegates were instructed to work for Williamson for congress and Furnish for governor.

Agitation has been started in La Grande for a \$25,000 public building. The first ticket in the field in Coos county was that of the Socialist party.

Twenty-six homestead entries were filed at the Oregon City land office during February.

The Clackamas county Socialists held their convention in Oregon City March 8 and nominated a full ticket.

From six to twelve contracts for 1902 hops are filed in Salem every day. Prices range from 11½ to 12½ cents.

Forty thousand pounds of hops, owned by G. W. Perkins, of North Yamhill, sold at 14½ cents per pound a few days ago.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 65¢@65½¢; bluestem, 66¢@66½¢; Valley, 65¢@65½¢. Barley—Feed, 20¢@21¢; brewing, 21¢@21½¢ per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, 11.15¢@1.25¢; gray, 11.10¢@1.20¢. Flour—Best grades, \$2.80@3.40 per barrel; graham, \$2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$19 per ton; middlings, 21¢; shorts, 21.50¢; chop, 17.50¢.

Hay—Timothy, 12¢@13¢; clover, 7.50¢@8¢; Oregon wild hay, 5¢@6¢ per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 11.10¢@1.25¢ per cwt; ordinary, 70¢@80¢ per cwt; growers' prices; sweets, 12¢@2.25¢ per cwt.

Butter—Creamery, 26¢@30¢; dairy, 18¢@22¢; store, 13¢@15¢.

Eggs—14¢ for Oregon. Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13¢@13½¢; Young America, 14¢@15¢; factory prices, 12¢@13¢.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 4.00¢@5.00¢; hens, 4.50¢@6.00¢ per dozen, 11¢@12¢ per pound; springs, 11¢@12¢ per pound; 33¢@44¢ per dozen; ducks, 12¢@13¢; dressed, 14¢@16¢ per pound; geese, 16¢@17¢ per dozen.

Mutton—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢@7½¢ per pound.

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

Veal—8¢@8½¢ for small; 7¢@7½¢ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3½¢@4¢; steers, 4¢@4½¢; dressed, 6½¢@7½¢ per pound.

Hops—12¢@13¢ per pound.

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

Snuff is coming into fashion again, says the London Daily Chronicle, with the early Victorian fashions. Snuff taking increases the size of the nose and keeps it in a state of perpetual irritation.

Australia has, proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 churches to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000; Russia only 55 to the same number.

JOHN P. ALTGELD DEAD.

Ex-Governor of Illinois Expires from Effects of Apoplectic Stroke.

Joliet, Ill., March 13.—Ex-Governor John P. Altgeld died at the Hotel Munroe yesterday morning at 7:09 o'clock.

The physicians remained with him throughout the night. When the end was nearing they worked his arms vigorously to revive respiration, but all to no purpose. The cause of death is given as cerebral hemorrhage, there having been no apoplectic seizure of the brain. The vomiting at first was taken to indicate ptomaine poisoning, but it was determined this was due to different manifestations of the brain trouble.

Mr. Altgeld came to Joliet, having been advertised as the special orator for the big Will county pro-Bor meeting. He confessed that he was not in the best of health, having been troubled with some apparently simple stomach trouble. He was not willing to allow that to interfere with his speech, however, his great interest in the South African struggle having been heightened by the announcement of the Boer success in the capture of General Methuen.

It was noticed during the address that the ex-governor threw an unusual amount of energy and feeling into his words, and the collapse, the physicians think, resulted from overstraining his already weakened physical powers.

Ever since the failure of the Globe Savings Bank in 1896, in which he was involved, Mr. Altgeld had not been a well man, and for some months after the Spaulding crash it was feared that his death was only a question of a short time. Even when serving his last year as governor, his health was none too good.

STEAMBOAT OVERTURNED. Twenty-one of the Passengers and Crew were Drowned in the Mississippi.

Vicksburg, Miss., March 14.—The steamer Providence, plying between this port and Lake Palmyra, was overturned at 2 o'clock this morning by a sudden squall at Lone Landing, and 21 of her passengers and crew were drowned.

The ill-fated boat left here at noon yesterday on her regular trip, carrying a large miscellaneous cargo of freight and a large number of passengers. At 2 o'clock this morning, just as the steamer was entering Lake Palmyra, a sudden wind and rain storm of cyclonic proportions came out of the west, catching the Providence broadside on. The little vessel was lifted almost entirely out of the water, her upper works blown away and the hull turned bottom up in 40 feet of water. Most of the crew and passengers were asleep at the time, and had absolutely no chance of escape. Only nine of the boat's entire company were saved. The property loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

TORNADO IN THE SOUTH. Seven Persons Meet Death in a Storm in the State of Mississippi.

Vicksburg, Miss., March 14.—A tornado swept through the southern section of Copiah and the northern section of Lincoln counties this morning, killed at least seven persons and leveled buildings, trees and fences.

Montgomery, a village in Copiah county, on the Illinois Central Railroad, was the worst sufferer, and four bodies are known to be under the debris of collapsed buildings there.

Three miles further south a railroad camp was wrecked and three negroes were killed. A passenger train on the Illinois Central was struck by the storm, and every window in every coach was blown in.

CHINESE EXCLUSION BILLS. House Committee on Foreign Affairs Votes Against Sherman Measure.

Washington, March 15.—The house committee on foreign affairs today voted against considering the bill of Representative Sherman, of New York, continuing the existing Chinese exclusion law, and then voted to proceed by continuous sessions with the consideration of the Mitchell-Kahn Chinese exclusion measure, having the endorsement of the Pacific coast senators and members. The actual work on this bill by sections began during the afternoon, and is likely to proceed uninterruptedly until results are secured.

The first nine pages, including the important exclusion sections, were approved with a few verbal changes. The part approved also covers the provisions preventing Chinese laborers from going to the Philippines or from coming from the Philippines to this country. The action of the committee on the exclusion section was practically unanimous. The remainder of the bill yet to be passed upon covers administrative details, of that the action in support of the Mitchell-Kahn exclusion measure with amendments clearly restricts it to Chinese laborers.

Doorkeeper of the House. Washington, March 14.—Doorkeeper W. J. Gough, of the house of representatives, died at 3:10 o'clock this afternoon of acute inflammation of the lungs. He was a resident of New York.

Sold Military Secrets. London, March 14.—Cabling from Vienna, the correspondent of the Daily Mail says a sensation has been caused by a story to the effect that a court martial at Warsaw condemned to death a Russian colonel named Grimm for the systematic revelation of military secrets to a foreign power, and that several aristocratic Polish ladies have been arrested as accomplices of Colonel Grimm. There is an unconfirmed rumor that he was immediately shot.