Oregon Historical Society

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. XIII. CONDON, GILLIAM CO., OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1903. NO. 8.

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	3.50 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.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The old chief took the youth's hand, and having gazed into his face a few moments, he said:

"White Hand, you once gave me an oath, but from all oaths you have ever given me I now absolve you. Coqualla has told me all. She has told me how true you are in heart, and how yet you long for the home of your childhood. I do not think your father has fallen in this general massacre, for his place is strong, and the red men owe him no grudge. Yet he may have fallen with the rest. If he has, you may sometime find opportunity to reach your native land. But you are under no oath now. Of what has now happened I will not speak, only to say that you cannot see nor understand all that has led us to this fearful work. The story of the white man's rule is everywhere the same. Where a tribe, or a people, have made peace and accepted the friendship of the French, they have become weak and puny. White Hand, I have a strange love for thee, but I hate thy people. And that thy father almost hates them too has drawn my heart towards him. But we could not see our people being gradually swept away, and our homes torn from us, without striking this blow. Yet Stung Serpent has fallen. The bullet of the white man has found his life. But he dies content. The white man has fallen, too."

The old chieftain sank back exhausted as he ceased speaking, and for some moments he remained with his eyes closed. When he opened them again, White Hand spoke.

"My father," he said, "ere the hand of death has done its work upon thee, wilt thou not tell me why I was taken from my father's house? Surely you cannot object to tell me all now?"

"No, my child, I have no objections, for I never promised not to tell. And when I sent for thee now, I meant to tell thee all. Do you remember when your father met me in the woods near his dwelling?"

"Yes," returned White Hand, bending over with eager interest.

"Well, I had then been to see Simon Lobois. By some means he learned that I was down the river, and he sent for me. He had heard that I was a savage chieftain, and a lover of gold. I met him in the woods, and he proposed to me that I should seize St. Julien's son and slay him, and for this he offered to pay me a hundred pieces of gold. But I spurned the offer and left him. I came home, and told my brother what Lobois had said to me, and he pondered upon the subject in a new light. You know the Natchez often send messengers to the Great Spirit, and the Great Sun had wished to send a white messenger to the white man's God, even as we told you when you first came here. At length I fell in with his views, and I knew of no one whose spirit would be surer of admission to your God than the spirit of Louis St. Julien, for I knew him to be a good youth. So I returned to your father's house and saw Lobois again, and he told me he had hired a party of Chickasaws to kill you, but that you and your companion had killed them all—six of them. I then offered to do what he wished. But this time his wants had received an addition. He not only wanted the son killed, but he wanted the daughter captured and carried off towards New Orleans. I agreed to this; but I made him give me a written promise to pay me the money when the work should be done. He hesitated at first, but at length he wrote the pledge and signed it; and then it was arranged that Louise should be left upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, at the end of the middle trail, and I pledged myself to take you with me and kill you, for you know this had been my purpose in seeking you."

"But the paper—the pledge—you had of Lobois—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe. Coqualla, go to my closet, and you will find it in the oaken casket."

The princess went, and in the box she found the paper, which she handed to her father. He took it, and having opened it, he handed it to White Hand, saying, as he did so:

"Here—it is yours. And now all I ask is pardon."

"For all that you have done to me," murmured the youth, "I pardon you from the bottom of my soul; for you may have been an instrument in the hands of heaven for saving my life. Had you not taken me, another would, and I should not have lived. So I shall, after all, remember Stung Serpent with more of gratitude than of complaint or anger."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

Stung Serpent raised himself upon his elbow, and caught the youth by the hand.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "where art thou?"

"Here, my father."

"I have been kind to thee. If it lays in thy power, help White Hand to his people. Is it Coqualla I see?"

"Yes. Are you faint?"

"Faint? Stung Serpent faint? No! Up, warriors of the Natchez, and strike for your homes! Who shall fear the dastards now? My braves, remember the trophies you have won under Stung Serpent's lead. Strike—strike, now, for your honor, your homes, and for the tombs of your ancestors! Sink your blades to the pole, and leave not a man of them all to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud warcry followed this paroxysm, and as it ended in a low, gurgling sound, the chieftain sank back. Coqualla moved to his side and knelt over him, and in a moment more the loud cries of the women rent the air, for Stung Serpent was dead!

CHAPTER XX.

There was consternation for a while in the village of the White Apple when it was known that Stung Serpent was dead, for he had been an important man among the Natchez. At the end of four days, the body was made ready for the grave, and nine persons, with ropes about their necks, remained fasting by it.

"And are all these people to die?" asked White Hand, after he and Coqualla had retired to their own dwelling.

"Yes. And but for the intercessions of my father himself, many more would have died."

"It is a cruel practice," said the youth, sadly.

"Cruel?" repeated the princess, in surprise. "Why do you say so?"

"Because one death is enough. Why should so many be added?"

"Ah," answered Coqualla, ingenuously, "you do not understand. Your people have not such love for the departed as we have. It is a long, dark road which my father has now to travel, and surely it is fitting he should have company."

"And does this always happen when one of your people dies?"

"Certainly; though some have not so many companions; but all have one. When the last Great Sun died, there were one hundred who went to keep him company over the dark road."

"So many?"

"Yes—and of course they were happy, for with him they were at once admitted to the happy home where the Great Spirit is."

"But," queried White Hand, "Stung Serpent has been dead now four days, and these people will not die until to-night. How, then, shall they go together?"

"Ah," returned Coqualla, with a faint smile, which seemed to indicate a pity for her companion's ignorance, "my father's spirit will not start alone. It remains near the old body until the other spirits join it, and then they all go off together. Do you not understand?"

"Yes."

"And is it not right and proper?"

"It is, if you think so; but I should hardly dare give my voice in favor of it. Why, look, Coqualla, and tell me if this very thing has not already reduced your nation from a once powerful people to a mere handful."

"My father spoke of that ere he died," answered the princess, thoughtfully. "He said he wished only his few immediate companions to go with him beyond the grave, and even they must be old people."

"And he was right, Coqualla. I have heard that the Natchez were once a mighty race—a great nation, numbering their warriors by the many thousands, and now they have only a very few hundred. In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not much overrun the deaths by nature. But see here—not only do your people die off as do others, but for every one who dies naturally from one to a hundred more must be killed to keep them company."

"I know," said Coqualla, thoughtfully—"I know. But still it were cruel to send my father's spirit away over the dark, long trail alone. Your people do not think of this. They do not think of the loved spirit wandering away in the dark alone."

"Yes they do, Coqualla."

"They do?"

"Yes."

"And yet they send them no company."

"Ah, their company comes from the other way," spoke White Hand, softly and sweetly. "When a human soul departs, we, or I, believe that the loved ones who have gone before come down to lead the new-born spirit away to heaven. I have a mother there, Coqualla, and I think she will come down to earth when my spirit departs, and welcome me to the home of the blest ones. Surely they know the way through the dark valley better than we could, or better than any others of earth."

Gradually the Indian girl's hands were brought together over her bosom, and her head was bowed. When she looked up there was a strange light in her eyes and a soft, hopeful expression dwelt upon her dusky features.

"White Hand," she whispered, "tell me that again."

"Is not the theme more pleasing than the strangling of helpless victims over the graves of the dead?" the youth asked, kindly.

"Yes—yes. But tell me more."

And White Hand went on and whispered into his companion's ear the whole of his own pure faith in God and the risen Saviour; and when he had done the princess murmured:

"It is sweet, and it is better than the faith I have been taught."

She bowed her head again, and this time she remained a long while thoughtful; and when she next looked up, a change had come over her countenance.

"White Hand," she said, "I promised my father that I would help you escape from here, if you wished. What have I to remain here for? My father is dead; I have no brother or sister, and the ways of my people are not pleasant to me. May I not go with you?"

The youth threw his arms about the fair speaker's neck and drew her upon his bosom.

"Coqualla, speak but the word, and I'll die in thy service, if necessary, to lead you to my father's home. O, we will not be separated.'

* * * * * * * *

The burial was over. Stung Serpent reposed in his grave, and by his side lay the bodies of those who had, in obedience to the cruel faith and custom, given up their lives that they might keep their loved chief company in his dark journey. And once more the Natchez commenced their mad orgies over their victory, for they were not yet satiated.

Late at night, while the warriors were dancing and howling in the square, Pricked Arm came to White Hand's lodge and called him out. The youth could not see her face in the gloom, but from the manner of her breathing, he could tell that she was deeply moved by something.

"White Hand," she said, "our plot has worked exceeding well. Not a blow has been struck save here at Natchez; so the great mass of the French are saved. But thou art in danger here. The moment the Natchez find that their plan has failed they will suspect thee, for it has been whispered that you visited the temple, and the Great Sun, when he looked towards the west for the moon last night and saw it not, was perplexed. This night they saw the new moon for the first time, and they remembered, for the first time, too, that the moon ought to have been a week old. Amid their mad joy they have not thought of this before. But they think of it now, and fear has already seized upon some of them, though those few keep it to themselves. Now you can judge how much risk you run."

"And will they suspect me?" the youth uttered, tremulously.

"They will be likely to; for you are of the hated people, and your powerful friend is dead. Dark, angry eyes have been bent upon you, because you have shown your loathing of the cruelties you have witnessed. And, again, the French will soon be on the Natchez trail. The future is dark for us all, but you may escape. Can you not remember the trail by which you came?"

"I fear not."

"But you can follow it part way from here?"

"Yes, for it is broad towards the village."

"There you can take the river. You know the southern trail. You went it once hunting with Stung Serpent."

"Yes—I remember that."

"Then all is safe. Follow that trail to the right, and it will bring you out upon the river fifteen miles below here. Among a clump of brakes there you will find a canoe. It is mine. Take it and float down the river. Still retain your present garb, and let the walnut stain be upon your face. In that way you may escape the Natchez, should any of them meet you, and by your speech you could quickly convince the French. I can do no more for you. I would have saved all the French if I could, for I loved them; yet I must follow the fortunes of my own people."

White Hand thanked the old princess for her kindness, and with a thoughtful step he returned to his lodge. Coqualla asked him what Pricked Arm had wanted, and he sat down and told her all.

"And will you go?" the princess asked.

"Yes, I must. But, Coqualla, have you changed your mind?"

"Only to be more strongly bound to thee. And yet," she added, putting her arms about her husband's neck, "speak but one word—simply whisper to me—that thou wouldst rather go free from care or thought of me, and——"

"Hush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again, did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must flee to-night."

"I am all ready, dearest."

"But we need provisions."

"I have such all prepared as we can carry."

"Then you have thought of this?"

"Yes. But O, speak the truth, my love. If within thy inmost soul there dwells a thought——"

"It is all of love for thee, Coqualla," interrupted the youth, seeing at once her drift. "So let me hear no more of it. Now let us prepare."

"Bless thee," murmured the fair girl, sinking upon her companion's bosom. "O, since we first spoke of this, my heart has sunk deep down in its darkest mood when the thought of staying here has dwelt with me. Those sweet words you whispered to me have been with me ever since, and they have wrought a wonderful change in my feelings. When we get to our new home we will talk more about it, and you shall teach me to read the great book wherein these precious truths are written."

"I will," promised White Hand. "But the night comes on; the morning will be speedily approaching. Come—we will talk on the way."

Just as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the fugitives reached the great river, and without much trouble they found the brake and the canoe. They easily pulled the light craft from its nest and dragged it to the river. It was a smooth, beautifully finished boat, fashioned from a huge log of yellow pine, and seasoned without crack or check. Into this the adventurers put their little store, and then, with hopeful hearts, they entered and pushed out into the broad stream.

(To be continued.)

PIANO OF MUSICAL STONES.

After Years of Search M. Baudre Collected the Flints.

It was a work of years, says L'Illustration, for M. Baudre to make the collection of flints which constitute his geological piano. The stones do not belong to the class of resonant rocks known as "phonolytes," such as are found in Auvergne, not far from Mont-Dore, but are flints collected by M. Baudre with infinite toil and search, each giving when struck a true musical note.

By accident, while taking a country walk one day he picked up a flint and, chancing to strike it, heard a faint note respond to the blow. The idea took hold of him to gather, if possible, enough flints to form a complete chromatic scale. Difficulties in the search for these stones only increased his ardor. For more than thirty years he pursued the quest, making it the principal aim of his life to form out of a collection of flints the instrument he called the "geological piano."

From the neighborhood of the little village of the department of L'Indre, where he lived and first met with the singing flint, he extended his search far and wide. Only once in a while would he hit on the ideal flint which uttered a true note with generous vibration. That was finding the precious stone which repaid him for his thousand and one disappointments, his toilsome wanderings, his diligent search in stony places.

After many years he had at length got together the full scale in flint notes, and numerous examples of each, with the exception of one. He had been so far unsuccessful in putting his hand on the first "do." Perhaps it did not exist in nature. He gave up hope that he could meet with it in France. He would try Canada. But the new world showed no trace of the initial note of the octave, and M. Baudre returned to his native land resigned to the notion that the chase must be abandoned in his old age. Fortune once again smiled, and the stone of which he despaired suddenly appeared, as he was walking in Berry.

Advanced in years, he now passes his leisure in playing, as he does with skill, on this curious piano.

Tiresome Work.

May—Mr. Huggard called on you last evening, didn't he?

Fay—Yes, and he made me very tired.

May—I suppose he tried to kiss you.

Fay—Yes, and every time he kissed me I had to slap him.—Philadelphia Press.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

Great Northern trainmen will vote on a strike.

Turkey is sending a vast army into Macedonia.

Robbers held up a Burlington passenger train, robbing the passengers.

The charge against Fussion has been found to be unworthy of further inquiry.

The Illinois legislaiture has turned down Speaker Miller and elected another man.

Religious riots in France have again broken out. Numerous arrests are being made.

President Roosevelt has left Yellowstone park for St. Louis to attend the dedication ceremonies of the exposition.

Tom Johnson has declined to become a candidate for the presidential nomination. He prefers to see Cleveland run.

A brilliant meteor was seen to pass overhead by citizens of Portland Friday evening. It burst while still in view with a loud detonation.

The Russian demand on Chiona is denounced as a breach of faith. The United States, Britain and Japan will protest. China has rejected the demand.

The commission from the Lick observatory which is to establish observations in Chile has arrived at Santiago.

Agriculture in East Prussia, as well as the sugar industry and trade, will suffer from the prospective German-Canadian tariff war.

Max Zeitler is about to recut the great seal of the United States, and will be closely shadowed by secret service men while at work in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Castro, wife of the president of Venezuela, will visit the United States on her return from Paris, probably reaching here during the coming summer.

W. A. Shoemaker, representing New York capital, proposes to give Pittsburg, Pa., filtered water, and pay the city $500,000 a year for the privilege of operating the water system.

The duke of Loubat has agreed to bear the entire cost of the work of excavating in the island of Delos, the Greek Pompeii. It will cost between $30,000 and $40,000.

Representatives of the Trigg shipbuilding company, in bankruptcy, claim as assets the unfinished cruiser Galveston and gunboat Mohawk. They are claimed also for the United States. The courts will probably have to decide ownership.

Two Indians were killed in a fight between outlaws and a posse on the lookout for smugglers, headed by Deputy United States Marshal Utling, in the Gunsight country on the Mexican border of Arizona. Rangers and citizens will reinforce the marshal, who is believed to be in close quarters.

The revolution in Nicaragua is spreading.

A number of army officers in Alaska are charged with corruption.

The 2656th anniversary of the founding of Rome has been celebrated.

Japanese are very angry at Russia for not evacuating Manchuria as promised.

Brazil and Bolivia are sending armies to meet each other and a battle is likely to occur soon.

The government will not improve the Siuslaw river in Oregon, because the cost would be too great.

Boxer troubles in Southwest China are growing. French troops may intervene to stop the trouble.

The Trigg shipbuilding company, of Richmond, Va., has failed. The total indebtedness is about $1,250,000.

Insurgent and Turkish forces continue to fight. In the last battle 30 insurgents and nine Turks were killed.

The general manager of the Great Northern and a committee of trainmen will meet and discuss wages. A peaceful settlement is likely.

Benson, the murderer, has been convicted of manslaughter.

An armed band of ladrones has reappeared in Rizal province.

The Twenty-third regiment has left the Philippines for San Francisco.

White Springs, a summer resort near St. Louis, was wrecked by a tornado.

Astronomers are talking of forming a combination in order to facilitate their work.

It is said on good authority that William K. Vanderbilt will marry again.

A storm in Germany unroofed buildings, tore down telegraph wires and did much other damage.

Two prisoners in the Utah penitentiary engaged in a fight which will prove fatal to both.

Fire in Butte destroyed much valuable property and for a time endangered the lives of 200 persons.

Commander Underwood, of the gunboat Wheeling, says the report of the Somoan hurricane was overdrawn.

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

MARION COUNTY CROPS.

Warm Rain Needed, Otherwise the Outlook is Very Favorable.

Crops in Marion county are in good condition as a general thing, and there is nothing yet to discourage the farmer. It would be better for everything, however, should there be a heavy, warm rain, which would have a two-fold beneficial effect — it would supply the necessary moisture now demanded in many places, and it would bring the snow out of the Cascades, thus insuring warm spring weather, which it is proverbial cannot be had until Table Rock and the lower ridges of the mountains are bare of their white coats.

Fruit is coming on in good shape, the load of blossoms indicating a plentiful crop, but it is too early to feel safe yet. The weather most dangerous to fruit in this country is that which brings the cold, beating, sleety rains late in April, when the pollen is in the blossom, to be washed out by those rains, leaving the blossom lifeless for fruitmaking purposes. There is always a good crop of fruit when that class of rains comes before the blossoming is far advanced or when the warm spring arrives without much rain at all.

The hop crop is at that point where there is merely speculation as to the results. As usual, much is heard of missing hills, damaged vines, and a heavy shortage in prospect for this year, but past experience has shown that in many years when similar predictions were made, the yield turned out reasonably good.

Sheep Shearing in Umatilla.

Twenty sheep shearers have arrived in Umatilla county from different parts of the country, and will commece work at once. This number will be considerably increased within a week or ten days, as three crews are employed in the section around Pilot Rock during the shearing season, which lasts about 60 days. Usually there are about 12 men to a crew. These men are paid 7 and 8 cents a head for shearing stock sheep and 15 and 25 cents for pure-bred ewes and bucks. Some of the men average $10 per day. Sheep will not be sent to the mountains as early this year as last, as there is no scarcity of feed.

School Bond Issue Defeated.

By a vote of 185 to 82 the taxpayers of the Pendleton school district defeated the proposition of issuing $25,000 bonds to erect a new eight-room school house. The question at issue was not so much the money, but the location of the new building which the school board had selected.

Run of Small Fish Good.

The run of fish still continues good at Astoria for this season of the year, and further up the river a number of large fish are being caught.

Big Timber Land Deal.

One of the biggest timber deals transacted in Southern Oregon for some time was the recent transfer of some 42,000 acres of timber land on the Upper Rogue to W. H. Strobridge. He has taken the tract on the Upper Rogue under bond, the price named being $25 an acre, for 24,000 acres of the tract, and $20 per acre for the remainder. The total price is $960,000. This belt of timber is one of the finest in the southern part of the state.

Building at Reform School.

Plans are nearly complete for the new industrial school building which is to be erected at the state reform school at a cost of from $12,000 to $15,000. The plans will be submitted to the board of trustees by Architect C. C. Lewis, of Portland, the first of next week, and the board will immediately advertise for bids.

Snow Deep in Cascades.

R. N. Hoover, the well-known shingle manufacturer of Detroit, says that snow in the Cascade mountains is deeper now than it has been before at this season in the past eight years. Should the weather turn warm suddenly so as to melt the snow rapidly, he believes the Willamette river will be high this year.

Denied a Franchise.

The Baker City council has refused to grant a franchise to the Oregon Idaho Central railroad company for a right of way and terminal facilities to enter that city. This is the proposed Seven Devils road, a company for the construction of which was organized last fall.

At the Penitentiary.

Superintendent C. W. James, of the Oregon State Penitentiary, has filed his first report with the Secretary of State, for the quarter ending March 31, 1903. The earnings and receipts of the prison for the quarter aggregates a total of $4,435.11, and the expenses $7,063.32.

Crook County Judge Resigns.

County Judge W. A. Booth, of Crook county, has tendered his resignation to Governor Chamberlain. The resignation is to take effect May 1. Judge Booth gave no reason for his desire to relinquish the office.

No Hop Pests in Polk.

Examination has been made of numerous yards in Polk county and they all show a healthy growth, with no pests on the vines. The cold weather has not put yards back in that county.

FLOCK TO LAKE COUNTY.

Large Number of Men Waiting for Snow to Melt in Order to Locate.

Timber men continue to arrive at Lakeview by every stage and from every direction, and the Lakeview land office is working to its full capacity. Several locators with scrip are waiting for the snow to disappear, so they can get into the timber.

Silver Lake promises to be the timber cruiser's headquarters this year, and with its two newspapers is expected to wield considerable influence in the affairs of Lake county in the future.

The extension of the railroad from Shaniko to Deschutes promises to divert all the trade north of Goose Lake Valley from San Francisco to Portland, and give passengers a shorter and better route via stage to the railroad, as there is a good road at all seasons of the year from Lakeview to the Deschutes, and no mountains to cross.

The season is very backward. No grass has yet started and sheepmen are anxious, as the lambing season is at hand, and there is no grass, and nights are very cold. Heavy losses have been sustained in the last two weeks, and if the weather does not get warmer in a few days, the losses will be heavier than ever before.

A few sheepmen have commenced shearing wethers, but many fear to attempt it yet, although it is far past the usual time to begin.

Hanging of Armstrong.

An examination of the law governing the execution of death sentences, which was passed by the last legislature, reveals the fact that Armstrong, the murderer of Minnie Ensminger, at Baker City, will have to be executed in that city, if the supreme court confirms the judgment of the lower court, when the case comes up on appeal in May. If the sentence of the court is carried out it will be the first legal execution in the history of Baker county, since it was organized, over 40 years ago. In the early days there was a lynching at Auburn, then the county seat, on which occasion a Chinaman was hung for murder.

Some Prison Improvements.

Superintendent James, of the state penitentiary, is making a number of improvements intended to better the condition of the prison and make it more secure. Probably no changes will be made in the construction of the prison wall, but it will be more thoroughly guarded so as to prevent the introduction of weapons by that means. The number of day guards on the wall has recently been reduced by the transfer of one guard to the shops.

Gift to University.

The university of Oregon is again the recipient of the generosity of one of its ardent supporters. Thomas Howell, of Oregon City, has donated his entire herbarium collection, consisting of over 10,000 species. Dr. Harry Lane, of Portland, recently donated his collection of Oregon toadstools to the local university. Also through the department of agriculture the university has just received a collection of the fungi of commercial importance.

Fruit Safe at St. Helens.

Orchardists at St. Helens claim that the prospect for a good fruit crop is excellent. The cold weather prevented the trees from budding too early, and the conditions are favorable for a good yield.

Thirty-one Seining Grounds.

As near as can be learned, there will be 31 seining grounds operated on the Columbia River during the coming season, a much larger number than ever before, but as yet none of them has been started.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70@71c; bluestem, 75@78c; valley, 75@76c.

Barley—Feed, $21.50 per ton; brewing, $23.

Flour—Best grade, $3.95@4.25; graham, $3.45@3.85.

Millstuffs — Bran, $19 per ton; middlings, $ 24; shorts, $19.50@20; chop, $18.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.15 @ 1.20; gray, $1.12½@1.15 per cental.

Hay — Timothy, $13@13.50; clover, $10@11; cheat, $11@12 per ton.

Potatoes— Best Burbanks, 50c per sack; ordinary, 25@40c per cental, growers' prices; Merced sweets, $3@3.50 per cental.

Poultry— Chickens, mixed, 11@12c; young, 13@14c; hens, 12c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; dressed, 20@22c; ducks, $7@7.50 per dozen; geese, $6@6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16½@17c; Young America, 17 @ 17½c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Butter — Fancy creamery, 22c per pound; extras, 21c; dairy, 20@22½c; store, 16@18c.

Eggs—16@17c per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18@20c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 12½@15c; Eastern Oregon, 8@14½c; mohair, 35@36c.

Beef — Gross, cows, 3½@4c per pound; steers, 4½@5c; dressed, 7½c.

Veal—8@8½c.

Mutton — Gross, 7@7½c per pound; dressed, 8@9c.

Lambs — Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7½c.

Hogs—Gross, 7@7½c per pound; dressed, 8@8½c.

COAL TRUST CASE

PRESIDENT BAER ISSUES CHALLENGE TO ASSAILANTS.

Says He is Obeying Law and Ready for Test Case—Tired of Being Accused of Lawbreaking—Is at the Head of So Many Companies He Can't Name All of Them.

New York, April 27.—President George F. Baer, of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company, was present today when the interstate commerce commission resumed its hearing on the complaint of William R. Hearst against the anthracite coal carrying railroads. Joseph J. Jermyn, an independent mine operator, of Scranton, testified that he sold his coal to the Susquehanna coal company. He promised to send a copy of his contract to the commission.

President Baer was next called. He said he was president of so many companies he could not remember the names of all of them. The annual report of the Reading company, Mr. Baer said, will show all the properties controlled by that holding company. Some of the companies, whose stock is so controlled, he said, mine coal, some carry coal, some deal in coal and some mine coal and operate in iron. He could not give off-hand the capital stock of the companies.

Mr. Baer said about 63 per cent of the mining properties of the anthracite region is owned or controlled by the Philadelphia and Reading company. About 21 per cent of the coal produced is owned by the Philadelphia and Reading company.

Mr. Shearn read to the witness the second section of the Pennsylvania constitution which debars companies incorporated as carriers from engaging in the business of mining or manufacturing, and asked if the operation of the Reading coal and iron company is not in violation of that provision.

"The Reading coal and iron company exists under the statutes of the state of Pennsylvania," replied Mr. Baer. "It does not evade any laws of the state or of the United States. I shall be glad to have the question tested in any form you may select."

Mr. Baer said he never believed there was any intention to build the railroad project by Simpson & Watkins. It first occurred to him to buy up all the stock of the Temple iron company when he wanted the iron company's charter to buy the Simpson & Watkins collieries. Witness said he wanted to head off the proposed independent railroad. It would hurt his company.

Mr. Baer said he could not recall details of the contracts with the coal companies, and that, if his counsel declined to produce the contracts he would abide by this decision.

STATEMENT FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Butte Telegraph Office Will Stay Closed Until Employes are Protected.

New York, April 27.—The Western Union company today issued the following notice:

"The Western Union Telegraph messengers at Butte, Montana, who are affiliated with labor organizations, demanded large increase of pay and a reduction of hours, which were refused. The company has 25,000 offices, and might be called upon for proportionate increase at all other places, if granted at Butte. The messengers went on strike and other messengers employed were mobbed by men and boys and prevented from performing their work.

"The mayor of Butte gave police protection at times, but the police were dispersed by the mob. This state of affairs has been going on for two weeks. Yesterday the mob attacked the offices of the company, bombarding it with stones, eggs, etc., and so intimidated all other employes that the office had to be closed. It will remain closed until the authorities afford full protection to all the company's employes."

The Postal telegram company has an office in Butte, its services being partly over the Canadian Pacific wires. Helena is the nearest place of importance at which Western Union service can be had. The Western Union company declined to state what are the specific demands of the strikers. It is said that as high as $10 had been paid to the substitutes who fared so badly.

To Defend Alaskan Boundary.

Washington, April 27.—Chandler P. Anderson, of New York, has been appointed assistant counsel for the United States in the presentation of its case to the joint commission, which will consider the Alaskan boundary question. Mr. Anderson was secretary of the United States attached to the high joint commission, and occupied a like place with the Behring sea arbitration which met in Paris. John W. Foster, who is preparing the case of the United States, expects to be able to submit it early in May.

No Serious Trouble in China.

London, April 27.—Cabling from Pekin, the correspondent of the Times confirms the statement that there is no justification for the alarmist reports and rumors that the legations anticipate outbreaks and are preparing for trouble. Messages from every province in the empire report that foreigners of all nationalities are traveling unmolested and with a sense of safety and protection exactly opposite to the conditions preceding the Boxer outbreak.

Seven Hundred Struck for Principle.

Ironton, O., April 27.—Because the Ironton-Portland cement company refused to give Ben Garvey his old position as oiler, the entire force of the plant and mines, numbering 700 went out.