The Santiam News.

VOL. IV. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1901. NO. 38.

...GO TO THE...

Keystone Shaving Parlors

C. L. VINCENT, Prop.

Only First-Class Shop in the City

Shaving	15 cents
Hair Cutting	25 "
Shampooing	15 "
Baths	25 "

All work guaranteed first-class.

DR. J. W. VOGEL

Specialist for Refraction and Defects of the Eye.

PORTLAND, OR.

Will make regular trips to Scio. Watch local column for date of visits.

Commercial House

J. BEARD, Prop.

Newly Furnished and Refitted Throughout

Our tables are supplied with the best the markets afford

South of Bridge. SCIO, OREGON

J. J. BARNES & SON

General Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers....

We buy our stock in large quantities and keep a full line of carriage and wagon material. All kinds of work in our line done on short notice.

...Horseshoeing a Specialty...

Shop Opposite Livery Stable SCIO, OR.

BANK .. OF .. SCIO

CAPITAL, $20,000.

OFFICERS:

President	J. W. Gaines
Vice-President	W. A. Ewing
Cashier	R. Shelton

Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates and drafts issued on principal cities.

A. W. HAGEY

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry repaired promptly.

SCIO - - OREGON.

Corvallis & Eastern R.R.

TIME CARD.

No. 2, for Yaquina:—

Train leaves Albany	12:50 P. M.
" Corvallis	1:40 P. M.
" arrives Yaquina	5:55 P. M.

No. 1, returning:—

Leaves Yaquina	7:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis	11:23 A. M.
Arrives Albany	12:13 P. M.

No. 3, for Detroit:—

Leaves Corvallis	12:00 P. M.
Leaves Albany	1:30 P. M.
Arrives Detroit	6:20 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:—

Leaves Detroit	5:30 A. M.
Leaves Albany	10:30 A. M.
Arrives Corvallis	11:15 P. M.

Trains 3 and 4 between Albany and Corvallis, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains 1 and 4 arrive in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train for Portland.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. West Side train at Corvallis Crossing for Independence, McMinnville and all points north to Portland.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.

J. TURNER, Agent, Albany.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Shasta Route

Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10:45 a. m. Leave for Albany at 3:05 p. m.

Leaves Portland	8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany	12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m
Arrives Ashland	12:33 a. m., 11:30 a. m.
" Sacramento	5 p. m., 4:35 a. m.
" San Francisco	7:45 p. m., 8:15 a. m.
" Ogden	5:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
" Denver	9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City	7:25 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Chicago	7:45 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Los Angeles	1:20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso	6 p. m., 6 p. m.
" Fort Worth	6:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
" City of Mexico	9:55 a. m., 9:55 a. m.
" Houston	4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans	6:25 p. m., 6:25 a. m.
" Washington	6:42 a. m., 6:42 a. m.
" New York	12:43 p. m., 12:43 p. m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

Connecting at San Francisco with several lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mrs. M. E. Woodmansee, agent at West Scio Station, or address

C. H. MARKHAM,
Asst. Gen. Fgt. & Pass. Agt.
Portland, Or.

FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.

For more than an hour there had been unbroken silence in the dingy old law office of Mr. Worthington, where Henry Lincoln and William Bender still remained, the one as a practicing lawyer and junior partner of the firm, and the other as a student still, for he had not yet dared to offer himself for examination. Study was something which Henry particularly disliked; and as his mother had trained him with the idea that labor for him was wholly unnecessary, he had never bestowed a thought on the future, or made an exertion of any kind. Now, however, a different phase of affairs was appearing. His father's fortune was threatened with ruin; and he sat in the office with his heels upon the window sill, debating the all-important question whether it were better to marry Ella Campbell for the money which would save him from poverty, or to rouse himself to action for the sake of Mary Howard, whom he really fancied he loved.

Frequently since the party had he met her, each time becoming more and more convinced of her superiority over the other young ladies of her acquaintance. He was undoubtedly greatly assisted in this decision by the manner with which she was received by the fashionables of Boston; but, aside from that, as far as he was capable of doing so, he liked her, and was now making up his mind whether to tell her so or not.

At last breaking the silence, he exclaimed: "Hang me, if I don't believe she's bewitched me, or else I'm in love. Bender, how does a chap feel when he's in love?"

"Very foolish, judging from yourself," returned William, and Henry replied:

"I hope you mean nothing personal, for I'm bound to avenge my honor, and 'twould be a deuced scrape for you and me to fight about 'your sister,' as you call her, for 'tis she who has inspired me, or made a fool of me, one or the other."

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?" asked William, a little sarcastically.

"Hanged if I have!" said Henry. "I was interested in her years ago, when she was the ugliest little vixen a man ever looked upon, and that's why I teased her so—I don't believe she's handsome now, but she's something, and that something has raised the mischief with me. Come, Bender, you are better acquainted with her than I am, so tell me honestly if you think I'd better marry her."

With a haughty frown William replied: "You have my permission, sir, to propose as soon as you please. I rather wish you would;" then taking his hat he left the office, while Henry continued his soliloquy as follows:

"I wonder what the old folks would say to a penniless bride. Wouldn't mother and Rose raise a row? I'd soon quiet the old woman, though, by threatening to tell that she was once a factory girl. But if dad smashes up I'll have to work, for I haven't brains enough to earn my living by wit. I guess on the whole I'll go and call on Ella; she's handsome, and besides that has the rhino, too; but how shallow!" and the young man broke the blade of his knife as he stuck it into the hardwood table by way of emphasizing his last words.

Ella chanced to be out, and as Henry was returning he overtook Ida Selden and Mary Howard, who were taking their accustomed walk. Since her conversation with William a weight seemed lifted from Mary's spirits, and she now was happier far than she ever remembered of having been before. Mary could not find it in her heart to be uncourteous to Henry, and her manner toward him that morning was so kind and affable that it completely upset him; and when he parted with her at Mr. Selden's gate his mind was quite made up to offer her his heart and hand.

"I shall have to work," thought he, "but for her sake I'll do anything."

An hour later he sat down and wrote to Mary on paper what he could not tell her face to face. Had there been a lingering doubt of her acceptance, he would undoubtedly have wasted at least a dozen sheets of the tiny gilt-edged paper, but as it was one would suffice, for she would not scrutinize his handwriting—she would not count the blots, or mark the omission of punctuating pauses. An ardent declaration of love was written, sealed and directed.

Restless and unquiet, he sat down to await his answer. It came at last—his rejection, yet couched in language so kind and conciliatory that he could not feel angry. Twice—three times—he read it over, hoping to find some intimation that possibly she might relent; but no, it was firm and decided, and while she thanked him for the honor he conferred upon her, she respectfully declined accepting it, assuring him that his secret should be kept inviolate.

"There's some comfort in that," thought he, "for I wouldn't like to have it known that I have been refused by a poor, unknown girl," and then, as the conviction came over him that she would never be his, he laid his head upon the table and wept such tears as a spoilt child might weep when refused a toy too costly and delicate to be trusted in its rude grasp.

Ere long there was a knock at the door and hastily wiping away all traces of his emotion, Henry admitted his father, who had come to talk of their future prospects, which were even worse than he had feared. But he did not reproach his wayward son, nor hint that his reckless extravagance had hastened the calamity which otherwise might have been avoided. Calmly he stated the extent to which they were involved, adding that though an entire failure might be prevented a short time, it would come at last; and that an honorable payment of his debts would leave them beggars.

"For myself I do not care," said the wretched man, pressing hard his aching temples, where the gray hairs had thickened within a few short weeks. "For myself I do not care, but for my wife and children—for Rose, and that she must miss her accustomed comforts, is the keenest pang of all."

All this time Henry had not spoken, but thought was busily at work. He could not bestir himself; he had no energy for that now; but he could marry Ella Campbell, whose wealth would keep him in the position he now occupied, besides supplying many of Rose's wants.

Cursing the fate which had reduced him to such an extremity, toward the dusk of evening Henry started for Mrs. Campbell's. Lights were burning in the parlor, and as the curtains were drawn back he could see through the partially opened shutter that Ella was alone. Reclining in a large sofa chair, she sat, leaning upon her elbow, the soft curls of her brown hair falling over her white arm, which the full blue cashmere sleeve exposed to view. She seemed deeply engaged in thought, and never before had she looked so lovely to Henry, who as he gazed upon her felt a glow of pride in thinking that fair young girl could be his for the asking.

"And so my little pet is alone," said he, coming forward, and raising to his lips the dainty fingers which Ella extended toward him. "I hope the old aunty is out," he continued, "for I want to see you on special business."

Ella noticed how excited he appeared, and always on the alert for something when he was with her, she began to tremble, and without knowing what she said asked him "what he wanted of her?"

"Zounds!" thought Henry, "she meets me more than half way," and then, lest his resolution should fail, he reseated her in the chair she had left, and drawing an ottoman to her side hastily told her of his love, ending his declaration by saying that from the first time he saw her he had determined that she should be his wife! And Ella, wholly deceived, allowed her head to droop upon his shoulder, while she whispered to him her answer. Thus they were betrothed—Henry Lincoln and Ella Campbell.

"Glad am I to be out of that atmosphere," thought the newly engaged young man, as he reached the open air, and began to breathe more freely. "Goodness me, won't I lead a glorious life? Now, if she'd only hung back a little—but no, she said yes, before I fairly got the words out; but money covereth a multitude of sins—I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he quickly, as he became conscious of having rudely jostled a young lady, who was turning the corner.

Looking up, he met Mary Howard's large dark eyes fixed rather inquiringly upon him. She was accompanied by one of Mr. Selden's servants, and he felt sure she was going to visit her sister. Of course, Ella would tell her all, and what must Mary think of one who could so soon repeat his vows of love to another? In all the world there was not an individual for whose good opinion Henry Lincoln cared one-half so much as for Mary Howard's; and the thought that he should now surely lose it maddened him. The resolution of the morning was forgotten, and that night a fond father watched and wept over his inebriate son.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From one of the luxuriously furnished chambers of her father's elegant mansion Jenny Lincoln looked mournfully out upon the thick, angry clouds which, the livelong day, had obscured the winter sky. Dreamily for a while she listened to the patter of the rain as it fell upon the deserted pavement below, and then, with a long, deep sigh, she turned away and wept. Poor Jenny! the day was rainy and dark and dreary, but darker far were the shadows stealing over her pathway. Turn which way she would there was not one ray of sunshine which even her buoyant spirits could gather from the surrounding gloom. Her only sister was slowly but surely dying, and when Jenny thought of this she felt that if Rose could only live she'd try and bear the rest; try to forget how much she loved William Bender, who that morning had honorably and manfully asked her of her parents, and been spurned with contempt—not by her father, for could he have followed the dictates of his better judgment he would willingly have given his daughter to the care of one who he knew would carefully shield her from the storms of life. It was not he, but the cold, proud mother, who so haughtily refused William's request, accusing him of taking underhand means to win her daughter's affections.

"I had rather see you dead!" said the stony-hearted woman, when Jenny knelt at her feet and pleaded for her to take back the words she had spoken. "I had rather see you dead than married to such as he. I mean what I have said, and you will never be his."

Jenny knew William too well to think he would ever sanction an act of disobedience to her mother, and her heart grew faint and her eyes grew dim with tears, as she thought of conquering the love which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. There was another reason, too, why Jenny should weep as she sat alone in her room. From her father she had heard of all that was to happen. The luxuries to which all her life she had been accustomed were to be hers no longer. The pleasant country house in Chicopee, dearer far than her city home, must be sold, and nowhere in the wide world was there a place for them to rest.

Mr. Lincoln entered his daughter's room, and bending affectionately over her pillow said, "How is my darling to-day?"

"Better, better—almost well," returned Rose, raising herself in bed to prove what she had said. "I shall be out in a few days, and then you'll buy me one of those elegant plaid silks, won't you? All the girls are wearing them, and I haven't had a new dress this winter, and here 'tis almost March."

Oh! how the father longed to tell his dying child that her next dress would be a shroud. But he could not. He was too much a man of the world to speak to her of death; so without answering her question he said: "Rose, do you think you are able to be moved into the country?"

"What, to Chicopee? that hornet, dull place? I thought we were not going there this summer?"

"No, not to Chicopee, but to your grandma Howland's in Glenwood. The physician thinks you will be more quiet there, and the pure air will do you good."

Rose looked earnestly in her father's face to see if he meant what he said, and then replied: "I'd rather go anywhere in the world than to Glenwood. You've no idea how I hate to stay there. Grandma is so queer and the things in the house so fussy and countryfied—and cooks by a fireplace, and washes in a tin basin, and wipes on a crash towel that hangs on a roller!"

Mr. Lincoln could hardly repress a smile at Rose's reasoning, but perceiving that he must be decided, he said: "We think it best for you to go, and shall accordingly make arrangements to take you in the course of a week or two. Your mother will stay with you, and Jenny, too, will be there a part of the time;" then, not wishing to witness the effect of his words, he hastily left the room, pausing in the hall to wipe away the tears which involuntarily came to his eyes as he overheard Rose angrily wonder "why she should be turned out of doors when she wasn't able to sit up!"

"I never can bear the scent of those great tallow candles, never," said she; "and then to think of the coarse sheets and patchwork bedquilts—oh, it's dreadful!"

Jenny's heart, too, was well-nigh bursting, but she forced down her own sorrow, while she strove to comfort her sister, telling her how strong and well the bracing air of the country would make her, and how refreshing, when her fever was on, would be the clear, cold water which gushed from the spring near the thornapple tree, where in childhood they so oft had played. Then she spoke of the miniature waterfall, which not far from her grandmother's door made "fairy-like music" all the day long, and at last, as if soothed by the sound of that far-off water, Rose forgot her trouble, and sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

In a few days preparations were commenced for moving Rose to Glenwood, and in the excitement of getting ready she in a measure forgot the tallow candles and patchwork bedquilt, the thoughts of which had so much shocked her at first.

"Put in my embroidered merino morning gown," said she to Jenny, who was packing her trunk, "and the blue cashmere one faced with white satin; and don't forget my best cambric skirt, the one with so much work on it, for when George Moreland comes to Glenwood I shall want to look as well as possible; and then, too, I like to see the country folks open their mouths and stare at city fashions."

"What makes you think George will come to Glenwood?" asked Jenny.

"I know, and that's enough," answered Rose; "and now, before you forget it, put in my leghorn hat, for if I stay long I shall want it; and see how nicely you can fold the dress I wore at Mrs. Russell's party!"

"Why, Rose, what can you possibly want of that?" asked Jenny, and Rose replied:

"Oh, I want to show it to grandma, just to hear her groan over our extravagance, and predict that we'll yet come to ruin!"

Jenny thought that if Rose could have seen her father that morning when the bill for the dress and its costly trimmings was presented she would have wished it removed forever from her sight. Early in the winter Mr. Lincoln had seen that all such matters were settled, and of this bill, more recently made, he knew nothing.

"I can't pay it now," said he promptly to the boy who brought it. "Tell Mr. Holton I will see him in a day or two."

The boy took the paper with an insolent grin, for he had heard the fast circulating rumor "that one of the big bugs was about to smash up;" and now, eager to confirm the report, he ran swiftly back to his employer, who muttered, "Just as I expected. I'll draw on him for what I lent him, and that'll tell the story. My daughters can't afford to wear such things, and I'm not going to furnish money for his."

Of all this Rose did not dream, for in her estimation there was no end to her father's wealth, and the possibility of his failing had never entered her mind.

(To be continued.)

Punishment Postponed.

Father (sternly)—Now, sir, come with me. I'll teach you to tell the truth, and—

Willie—Pa, do you always tell the truth?

Father—I do.

Willie—Well, pa, the other day you said "the child is father to the man." Suppose you hand that strap over to your father, now.—Philadelphia North American.

A Sense of Security.

"Doesn't it worry you to have your husband spend so much time in the corner store talking politics?"

"No," said the woman with the weary look in her eyes. "I know that when he is talking politics, he isn't letting anybody sell him bad mining stocks or gold bricks, or green goods. It keeps his mind occupied, and perhaps it is better so."—Washington Star.

Words of Awful Import.

"What would you do if you was to git convicted of a penitentiary offense?" asked Plodding Pete.

"I'd never serve me term," answered Meandering Mike.

"Maybe you'd have to."

"No. De law would lose its grip on me right dere. As soon as I heard de judge say 'imprisonment wit' hard labor' I'd drop dead."—Washington Star.

No Lack of Mascots.

"No," candidly admitted Noah, "the ark is not exactly a Herreshoff fin-keel, I didn't know anything about aluminum when I planked her top sides, and her canvas is not cross-cut, nor does she carry a spinnaker.

"But," he added, complacently, "we are right in it when it comes to mascots!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Otherwise with the Poor.

"'I feel sorry for the rich.'

"Why?"

"When a rich man gets a counterfeit quarter he can't remember where he got his dollar bill broken."—Chicago Record.

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 steel workers' strike is now on.

Two attempts were made to burn Aberdeen, Wash.

Santos-Dument's airship trial at Paris was not successful.

The Perry monument was unveiled at Kurihama, Japan.

The fall of the Bastile was celebrated throughout France.

Lamont is slated to succeed Mellen as president of the Northern Pacific.

The excess of exports over imports last year was the greatest in our history.

A general strike has been ordered in sheet steel, steel hoop and tin plate mills.

There is no prospect of immediate relief from the drought in the middle west.

Kitchener may be succeeded in South Africa by General Sir Bindon Blood.

Attempt to shoot a judge is the climax of fishermen's strike on Fraser river, B. C.

Washington bicycle tax law declared illegal by Superior Judge Miller, at Vancouver.

Steyn, ex-president of the Free State, narrowly escaped capture by Broadwood's brigade.

Thirteen Polish students are on trial at Posen, charged with belonging to revolutinary societies.

The Congregational church at Forest Grove, Or., which was built in 1858, was burned. Incendiarism is suspected.

A proclamation withdrawing about 500,000 acres from Olympic reserve, Washington, has been sent to President McKinley.

Turkey pays the American claims of $95,000.

Registeirng for Oklahoma lands has begun.

Ohio Democrats have nominated James Kilbourne for governor.

The salmon combine will be incorporated in New Jersey with $32,000,000 capital.

Fraser river, B. C., fishermen say they will fight before they will give in to the Japanese.

The government has chartered the steamship Palatinia to load at Portland for the Philippnies.

Sixteen persons are dead and 30 injured as a result of a collision on the Chicago & Alton near Kansas City.

Treasurer Hollander, of Porto Rico, has resigned.

There is an increased demand for Oregon cherries.

Cubans are ready for the adoption of a constitution.

Chinese court still shows great honor for dead Boxers.

Prince Christian, of Denmark, is coming to the United States.

A crazy man in Denver killed a woman and fatally stabbed a little girl.

A Chinamna was lynched in a California lumber camp for assaulting a woman.

There is a shortage of $255,267 in the funds of the endowment rank, K. of P.

American astronomers secured the best photographs of the eclipse in May last at Sumatra.

Conferences are being held by the officers of the steel workers' union and the employers to settle the big strike.

A pleasure launch containing nine persons was swamped near Santa Barbara, Cal., and all on board lost.

Frederick White, son of United States ambassador to Germany, committed suicide on account of ill health.

Two lady tourists in the Yellowstone Naitonal Park fell into the boiling mud "paint pots" and are badly scalded.

A passenger train ran into a freight on the Lake Shore road and killed the postal clerk and engineer and injured many passengers.

The condition of the national banks is declared to be exceptionally good. Their resources are said to be greater than ever before.

Japanese fishermen on the Fraser river have the best of the struggle between themselves and the striking union fishermen.

It it reported in England that the Boer forces are in a very bad plight, and would lay down their arms if the men were allowed to know the real truth of the situation.

The Minnesota state building at the Pan-American grounds has been dedicated.

Annie Dobbie, a young singer of great promise in New York, is being trained at the expense of Andrew Carnegie.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroa officials approve the pension and sick benefit system for their employes, to become effective in September.

BUTTE HOTEL FIRE.

Leading Hostelry Burned—Firemen Were Unable to Locate Fire.

Butte, Mont., July 16.—At 2:40 this morning a still alarm was turned in from the Butte Hotel, a four-story structure on Broadway. When the firemen reached the scene the building was enveloped in smoke, which appeared to pour from every open window. The firemen were unable to locate the fire for 30 minutes, and the greatest confusion prevailed. A number of guests on the lower floors succeeded in groping their way down stairs in the smoke, escaping with nothing but their night clothes. Scores of others were rescued from the upper windows, where the panic-stricken guests shrieked for succor and threatened to jump to the sidewalk below.

At 4 o'clock the fire was completely under control and the hotel management state that, to the best of their knowledge, all the guests and help have been accounted for. There were five injured. The loss will amount to $25,000.

COVERING UP WAR MARKS.

Making the Chinese Emperor's Entry Into Pekin Pleasant.

Pekin, July 16.—The Chinese officials are making elaborate preparations for the emperor's entry into Pekin. All evidence of the destruction wrought by the war along the streets to be traveled by the emperor will be temporarily disguised. Great pagodas will be erected. The Chen Men gate, which was nearly demolished by the bombardment, will be repaired with wood and plaster, painted to resemble stones, and the damage to the walls and outer buildings will be similarly masked.

Li Hung Chang has deferred the withdrawal of the foreign troops from the temples and palaces not later than August 15. The ministers of the powers have acquiesced and have notified the various commanders of their decision. The Americans and British will probably camp near the summer residences of the legations in the western hills until their barracks are completed.

Guards of honor of Americans, Germans, Italians and Japanese escorted General Gaselee, the British commander, to the railway station on his departure. The members of the United States legation awaited him at the station, together with representatives of all the other legations, except the Russians.

$300,000 IN KLONDIKE GOLD.

About One-Third of Treasure Was Brought Out by Four Women.

Seattle, Wash., July 16. — The steamship Humboldt arrived this morning from Skagway with 40 passengers and $300,000 in Klondike gold. The treasure was distributed between a dozen passengers from Dawson and varied in sums from $1,000 to $62,000. These people left the interior subsequent to July 4, and bring news that three of the river steamers are partly wrecked on the river between Dawson and White Horse. The Humboldt left Skagway July 9.

A strange feature concerning the personnel of the Humboldt's Dawson passengers is the fact that four women possess about one-third of the treasure which came out on the steamer.

Purser Shoup reports that considerable gold has been started down the river from Dawson and will come out via St. Michael and the ocean route. Several large consignmnets left Dawson after July 1, but the exact amount is not known. It will be brought down on the Roanoke and several of the other ocean steamers from Nome.

BOAT BLEW UP.

Two Boys Killed and a Dozen Other Persons Injured.

Sunbury, Pa., July 16.—An excursion boat anchored in the Susquehanna river at the foot of Market street, this city, blew up with terrific force today, killing two boys and injuring a dozen other persons, two fatally. One man is missing and may have been killed.

All the boys killed and injured were fishing on a near-by wharf when the explosion occurred. The engineer was absent at the time, leaving the boat in charge of the pilot. When he left there was a pressure of 60 pounds in the boiler, and he says he opened the firebox door. No cause is given for the explosion.

Ran Into a Meat Train.

Kansas City, July 16. — South bound passenger train No. 1, on the Kansas City Northern Connecting Railroad, due here at 5:40 P. M., collided with an extra Rock Island meat train at the Rock Island crossing, one mile north of Weatherby, Mo., at 3:15 this afternoon. One man was killed and four others severely injured.

Steamer Wenatchee Burned.

Wenatchee, Wash., July 16.—Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock the steamer Wenatchee, of the Bailey & O'Conner line, which had been taken out of the water for repairs, took fire and was totally destroyed. A watchman sleeping on the lower deck barely escaped with his life. All the effects on the boat went up in smoke. Loss, $4,500; insurance, $3,500.

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.

Mount Angel college is developing a model dairy.

A 15 pound nugget was picked up last week in Spanish gulch, Malheur county.

The Climax mine in Grant county is showing a large body of ore running $11 to $28 to the ton.

C. J. Plumarth, of Ashland, sold $160 worth of strawberries this season from a patch 100x100.

W. N. White, an English apple dealer has been looking over the Southern Oregon orchards.

Twelve thousand crates of strawberries were shipped from Milton this season mostly to the mining districts.

The government rages in the Greenhorn mountains are reported badly overstocked with outside sheep from Morrow and adjoining counties.

Many farmers in Nebraska, Kansas, etc., are writing for locations in the Willamette valley and Eastern Oregon. They want to get away from the bugs, grasshoppers and hot winds.

The $1,000 appropriated by the last state legislature for the improvement of the mineral springs at Sodaville is now being expended in numerous much needed improvements.

The First Southern Oregon District Agricultural Society will hold a fair at Ashland, September 13-22. There will be no racing, but prizes will be given for baseball and band contests.

Game is said to be disapearing rapidly in Malheur county, on account of increased numbers of stock which take all the grazing. The mountain sheep has been extinct there since 1884.

Brome grass is being extensively used on the Eastern Oregon ranges to replace the rapidly disappearing bunch grass. It seems to flourish on hard dry soils with a minimum of moisture.

Through the efforts of Mr. Edwin Stone, manager of the C. & E. railroad companvy, 10,000 young eastern brook trout will be shipped to Albany within a few days, to be planted in the tributaries of the Santiam.

Salmon are scarce this year in the rivers of Walowa county.

Indications are good for a record breaking prune crop in Benton county.

A sheep herder of Clark's creek killed an eight foot cougar with a 22 caliber rifle.

The Roaring Gimlet placer mine, near Gold Hill, frequently takes out $50 to the pan.

Many good prospects are being developed in the Calapooia side of the Blue river district.

Ten car loads of horses were recently shipped from Elgin, Union county, to the Kansas City market.

Some fine asphalt croppings have been found on Lost Creek in Crook county. Hopes of oil are also entertained.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 57c per bushel; bluestem, 58½c; valley, nominal.

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

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

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

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

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

Butter—Fancy creamery, 15@17½c; dairy, 13@14c; store, 10@12c per pound.

Eggs—17@17½c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12@12½c; Young America, 13@13½c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.75@3.50; hens, $3.25@4.00; dressed, 9@10c per pound; springs, $2.00@4.00 per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $2.50@3.00 for young; geese, $4 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12½c per pound.

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

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

Veal—Small, 7½@8c; large, 6½@7c per pound.

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

Hops—12@14c per pound.

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

Potatoes — $1.25 per sack; new potatoes, 1½@1¾c per pound.

The town of Natick, Mass., on July 4th celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that place.

Oklahoma fruit growers have begun the annual shipment of peaches to the northern markets. The crop is estimated at 750,000,000 bushels.

The circulation per capita in the United States is now the largest in the country's history, amounting to $28.13. One year ago it was $26.71.