The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1902. NO. 13.

...GO TO THE...

Keystone Shaving Parlors

WM. BILYEU, 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	6:40 P. M.

No. 1, returning:—

Leaves Yaquina	8:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis	11:30 A. M.
Arrives Albany	12:15 P. M.

No. 3, for Detroit:—

Leaves Albany	7:00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit	12:45 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:—

Leaves Detroit	12:45 P. M.
Arrives Albany	5:40 P. M.

Train No. 1 arrives 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 2:05 p. m.

Leaves Portland	8:00 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany	12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland	12:35 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	8:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
" City of Mexico	9:35 a. m., 9:35 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. Pgt. & Pass. Agt.
Portland, Or.

CHAPTER I.

Below, a great broad stretch of ocean, calm as death, slumbering placidly beneath the sun's hot rays; above, a sky of palest azure, flecked here and there by dainty masses of soft, fleecy clouds; and, far inland, a background of high hills, clothed with a tender foliage, a very baby leafdom, just bursting into the fuller life.

Toward the west the trees give way a little, letting a road be seen, that like a straight pale ribbon runs between the greenery for the space of quite a mile or so, and then reaches the small fishing village where the simple folk of Glowring Deatley toil from one year's end to the other, some in careless joy, some in ceaseless labor, some, alas! in cruel weeping, because of those "who will never come back to the town."

Along the white road, that gleams thirstily in the burning sunshine of this hot midday in June, a carriage is crawling with quite an aggravating slowness—an antiquated vehicle of a type now almost unknown, but which once beyond doubt "cost money." The carriage, being an open one, enables the people as it passes through the village to see without undue trouble that the occupants of it are two girls; both very young, both singularly alike, though in distinctly different styles.

"It is charming!" says the younger girl, with a little quick motion of the hand toward the sweeping bay, and the awakening trees, and the other glories of the landscape. "All charming, far better than I ever dared hope for; and yet my mind misgives me, Vera."

She turns a brilliant glance on her sister, full of terrible insinuations, and then laughs a little. Thus animated, she is a very pretty girl, half child, half woman, as fresh as the morning, and with eyes like stars. She lifts one slender black-gloved hand, and placing it beneath her sister's chin, turns her face gently to her.

Such a beautiful face! Very like the giante one beside it, yet unlike, too. There is a touch of sadness round the lovely lips, a mournful curve; indeed, a thoughtfulness too great for her years is stamped on every feature. A tender, loving, yet strong soul shines through the earnest eyes, and when she smiles it is reluctantly, as if smiles all her life had been forbidden to her.

"Oh! that reminds me," said Miss Dysart. "I quite forgot to tell you of it, but the day before we left Nice, Neil Stewart said that this cousin you speak of, if he does exist at all, at all events does not do it here."

"Which means?"

"That either he won't, or can't, life with his father. Can't, Neil rather led me to believe."

"Can't it is, you may be sure," says the younger girl, restlessly. "Fancy a father whose son can't live with him! And yet, after all, virtuous astonishment on that score is rather out of place with us. I can imagine just such a father."

"Well, never mind that," says Miss Dysart, hastily.

"Yes. Very good; let us then go from sire to uncle," says her sister with a little shrug. "Do you think we shall gain much by the change? This old relative of ours is, perhaps, as delightful as we could wish him, and yet I wish father had not left us to his tender mercies."

"Do not dwell on that," says Vera, with nervous haste; "do not seek for faults in the inevitable. He is all that is left us. You know the sudden decision arose out of a letter received by father from Uncle Gregory about a year ago. When father was—was—dying——" She pauses abruptly, and a tremor shakes her last words.

The younger girl turns quickly to look at her. There is infinite love and compassion in her glance, but perhaps a little contempt, and certainly a little impatience.

"Do you know," she says, "it may seem heartless—positively coarse, if you will—but I do not think our father was a man to excite respect, much less love or regret, or——"

"Oh! it is better not to speak like that," interrupts Miss Dysart, in a low, shocked tone. "Don't do it, darling. I know what you mean, but——"

"And I know that I shall never forgive or forget the life he led you," says Griselda, with a certain angry excitement.

"Well, that is over!" says Miss Dysart, with a quick sigh, heavily indrawn.

"What was this vendetta, this terrible lifelong quarrel that was kept up between him and father with such monotonous persistency?"

"That had to do with our grandfather's will. Papa was the eldest son, yet the property was left to Uncle Gregory; and that for no reason at all. Naturally, papa was very angry about it, and accused Gregory of using undue influence."

"Just so, and of course there is a good deal behind that you don't know. There always is; nobody ever tells quite everything. And besides— Oh! Oh, Vera! Oh! what has happened?"

Griselda clutches in an agonized fashion at the leather side of the crazy old chariot, which has toppled over to the left side and stands in a decidedly dissipated position. The ancient driver, presumably asleep, had let the horses wander at their own sweet will, and they being old and sleepy, too, the result was that they had dragged two of the wheels up on a steep bank and nearly capsized the carriage.

"Oh, thank you," says Miss Dysart, leaning forward and addressing with earnest glance and heightened color the young man who had risen—descended, perhaps, sounds pleasanter and more orthodox—like a good angel from somewhere—the wood on their right, no doubt. A fishing rod, lying on the road where he had flung it when preparing for his ignoble battle with those poor old horses, proclaims the fact that he has been whipping the stream that gleams here and there brilliantly through the interstices of the trees.

"Oh, no," says he, lifting his hat, "you mustn't thank me. It was really nothing. Poor brutes, I think they were asleep; they— It is hot, isn't it?" This last he says hastily, as if ashamed of his animadversion on the age of the sorry cattle in question—their horses, no doubt; and there is something wonderfully charming in the faint apologetic color that springs into his cheeks. As he finishes speaking he looks at Griselda so hard that she feels it incumbent on her to return his glance and to say something.

"We thought our last hour had come," she says, laughing softly, and looking at him a little shyly, but so prettily. "But for you, one cannot say where we should be now."

She bows to him, and so does her sister quite as graciously, and then the horses once more commence their snail-like progress, grinding through the dusty road at the rate of three miles an hour. The little episode is over; the young man settles his soft hat more firmly on his head, picks up his rod, regards it anxiously to see that no harm has come to it, and disappears once more into the shelter of the cool wood.

Half an hour later they are at the entrance gate of Greycourt, and practically at their journey's end. Both girls, with an involuntary movement, crane their necks out of the carriage to get a first glimpse at their future home, and then turn a dismayed glance on each other. Anything more dreary, more unfriendly, yet withal grand in its desolation, could hardly be seen.

"How dark it is," says Griselda, a nervous thrill running through her, as they move onward beneath the shade of the mighty trees that clasp their arms between her and the glorious sky—thus blotting it out.

A sudden turn brings them within view of the house. A beautiful old house apparently, of red brick, toned by age to a duller shade, with many gables, and overgrown in parts by trailing ivy, the leaves of which now glisten brightly in the evening sunshine.

The coachman, scrambling to the ground, bids them in a surly tone to alight. He is tired and cross, no doubt, by the unusual work of the day. And presently they find themselves on the threshold of the open hall door, hardly knowing what to do next. The shambling figure of a man about seventy, appeared presently from some dusky doorway, he waves to them to enter the room, and, shutting the door again behind them with a sharp haste, leaves them alone with their new relative, Gregory Dysart.

CHAPTER II.

Vera, going quickly forward, moves toward an armchair at the upper end of the room in which a figure is seated. She sees an old man, shrunken, enfeebled, with a face that is positively ghastly, because of its excessive pallor; a living corpse, save for two eyes that burn and gleam and glitter with an almost devilish brilliancy.

"So you've come," he says, without making any attempt to rise from his chair. "Shut that door, will you? What a vile draught! And don't stand staring like that, it makes me nervous."

His voice is cold, clear, freezing. It seems to the tired girls standing before him as if a breath of icy air had suddenly fallen into the hot and stifling room.

"Vera, I presume," says Mr. Dysart, holding out his lithe white hand to permit her to press it. "And you are Griselda? I need not ask what lunatic chose your names, as I was well acquainted with your mother many years ago."

"I feel that I must thank you at once, Uncle Gregory, for your kindness to us," says Miss Dysart, gravely, still standing.

"Ay, ay. You acknowledge that," says he, quickly. "I have been your best friend, after all, eh?"

"You have given us a home," continues Miss Dysart, in tones that tremble a little. "But for you——"

"Yes, yes—go on." He thrusts out his old miserly face as if athirst for further words. "But for me you would both have been cast upon the world's highway, to live or die as chance dictated. To me, to me you are indebted for everything. You owe me much. Each day you live you shall owe me more. I have befriended you; I have been the means of saving you from starvation."

If so corpse-like a face could show signs of excitement it shows it now, as he seeks to prove by word and gesture that he is their benefactor to an unlimited extent. The hateful emotion he betrays raises in Griselda's breast feelings of repugnance and disgust.

"I have consented to adopt you," he goes on presently, his cold voice now cutting like a knife. "But do not expect much from me. It is well to come to a proper understanding at the start, and so save future argument. Honesty has made me poor. You have been, I hear, accustomed to lead a useless, luxurious existence. Your father all his life kept up a most extravagant menage, and, dying, left you paupers." He almost hisses out the last cruel word.

Griselda starts to her feet.

"The honesty of which you boast is not everything," she says, in a burning tone. "Let me remind you that courtesy, too, has its claims upon you."

"Hah! The word pauper is unpleasing, it seems," says he, unmoved. "Before we quit this point, however, one last word. You are beneath my roof; I shall expect you to conform to my rules. I see no one. I permit no one to enter my doors save my son. I will not have people spying out the nakedness of the land, and speculating over what they are pleased to call my eccentricities. They will have me rich, but I am poor, poor, I tell you. Always remember that."

Griselda's features having settled themselves into a rather alarming expression, Miss Dysart hurriedly breaks into the conversation.

"If you will permit us," she says, faintly, "we should like to go to our rooms, to rest a little. It has been a long journey."

Her uncle turns and touches the bell near him, and immediately, so immediately as to suggest the idea that she has been applying her ear to the keyhole, a woman enters.

"You are singularly prompt," he says, with a lowering glance and a sneer. "This is Mrs. Grunch," turning to Vera, "my housekeeper. She will see to your wants. Grunch, take these young ladies away. My nerves," with a shudder, "are all unstrung to the last pitch."

Thus unceremoniously dismissed, Miss Dysart follows the housekeeper from the room, Griselda having preceded her. Through the huge dark hall and up the wide, moldy staircase they follow their guide, noting as they do so the decay that marks everything around.

She flings wide a door for the girls to enter, and then abruptly departs without offering them word or glance. They are thankful to be thus left alone, and involuntarily stand still and gaze at each other. Vera is very pale, and her breath is coming rather fitfully from between her parted lips.

"He looks dying," she says, at last, speaking with a heavy sigh, and going nearer to Griselda, as if unconsciously seeking a closer companionship. "Did you ever see such a face? Don't you think he is dying?"

"Who can tell?" says Griselda. "I might think it, perhaps, but for his eyes. They"—she shudders—"they look as if they couldn't die. What terrible eyes they are! and what a vile old man altogether! Good heavens! how did he dare so to insult us! I told you, Vera"—with rising excitement—"I warned you that our coming here would be only for evil."

A moment later a knock comes to the door.

"Will you be pleased to come down stairs or to have your tea here?" demands the harsh voice of the housekeeper from the threshold.

"Here" is on Vera's lips, but Griselda, the bold, circumvents her.

"Down stairs," she says, coldly, "when we get some hot water, and when you send a maid to help us to unpack our trunks."

"There are no maids in this house," replies Mrs. Grunch, sullenly. "You must either attend to each other or let me help you."

"No maids!" says Griselda.

"None," briefly.

"And my room? Oh—is this mine, or Miss Dysart's?"

"Both yours and Miss Dysart's; sorry if it ain't big enough," with a derisive glance round the huge, bare chamber.

"You mean, we are to have but one room between us?"

"Just that, miss. Neither more nor less. And good enough, too, for those as——"

"Leave the room," says Griselda, with a sudden, sharp intonation, so unexpected, so withering, that the woman, after a surprised stare, turns and withdraws.

CHAPTER III.

A few days later the girls are sitting in the garden. It is a beautiful day. Even through the eternal shadows that encompass the garden, and past the thick yew hedge, the hot beams of the sun are stealing.

"A day for gods and goddesses," cries Griselda, springing suddenly to her feet, and flinging far from her on the greensward the musty volume she had purloined from the mustier library about an hour ago.

"Perhaps I'll never come back. The spirit of adventure is full upon me, and who knows what demons inhabit that unknown wood? So, fare thee well, sweet, my love! and when you see me, expect me." She presses a sentimental kiss upon her sister's brow, averring that a "brow" is the only applicable part of her for such a solemn occasion, and runs lightly down toward the hedge.

She runs through one of the openings in the hedge, crosses the graveled path, and, mounting the parapet, looks over to examine the other side of the wall on which she stands, after which she commences her descent. One little foot she slips into a convenient hole in it, and then the other into a hole lower down, and so on and on, until the six feet of wall are conquered and she reaches terra firma, and finds nothing between her and the desired cool of the lovely woods.

With a merry heart she plunges into the dark, sweetly scented home of the giant trees, with a green, soft pathway under her foot, and, though she knows it not, her world before her.

It is an entrancing hour. She has stopped short in the middle of a broad, green space encompassed by high hills, though with an opening toward the west, when this uncomfortable conviction grows clear to her that she is lost. She is not of the nervous order, however, and keeping a good heart looks hopefully around her.

Far away over there, in the distance, stands a figure lightly lined against the massive trunk of a sycamore, that most unmistakably declares itself to be a man. His back is turned to her, and he is bending over something, and, so far as she can judge thus remote from him, his clothing is considerably the worse for wear. A gamekeeper, perhaps, or a—well, something or other of that sort. At all events the sight is welcome as the early dew.

(To be continued.)

To a Poet.

To learn poetry "for repetition" is doubtless a means of cultivating a knowledge of literature, but schoolboys sometimes regard the authors of poems learned as taskmasters and personal enemies. This view is amusingly expressed in a letter which was found among the papers of the venerable German poet Gelbel. It was written to him by some schoolboys of Lubeck, and is signed "Karl Beckmann, II. Klasse." The letter is printed in Literature. After stating that two boys had been flogged because they could not learn Herr Gelbel's "Hope of Spring," the letter reads as follows:

We suppose you did not think of such things when you wrote the poem. The Herr Lehrer says it is a very beautiful poem, but there are so many very beautiful poems and we are obliged to learn them. Therefore we beg and entreat you, esteemed Herr Gelbel, make no more beautiful poems. And to make it worse we have to learn the biography of every poet, what year he was born in, and what year he died in. We write to you because you are the only poet still living, and we wish you a very long life.

Senator Mark Hanna wears as a watch charm a gold nugget which is worth several hundred dollars. It was presented to him by a number of Methodist friends who reside in Cleveland, Ohio.

EXTEND THE ROAD

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN WILL BUILD 100 MILES THIS YEAR.

Additional Capital Stock for One Million Dollars For Branches to Ashwood and Prineville Also Extension of Main Line From Shaniko to Bend in Southern Oregon—Engineers Now in the Field.

Portland, Jan. 15.—E. E. Lytle, May Enright and E. R. Deyoe have filed articles of incorporation of the Columbia Southern Railway Extension Company. The object is to build an extension of the Columbia Southern Railway from Shaniko to Bend, a distance of about 100 miles, with branches to Ashwood and Prineville. The amount of the capital stock authorized is $1,000,000.

The extension will consist of, first, a line from the present terminus of the Columbia Southern at Shaniko in a general southerly direction, crossing Trout Creek and Crooked River, to a point on the Deschutes River, at or near Bend postoffice in Crook County; second, a branch up Trout Creek, via the Oregon King mine, to a point at or near Ashwood postoffice; third, a branch up the valley of Crooked River to Prineville.

Engineers Now in Field.

The incorporators are officers of the Columbia Southern Company, Mr. Lytle being president. Miss Enright secretary, and Mr. Deyoe auditor of the old corporation. The whole property will be practically one line from Biggs to Bend. The route has been reconnoitered, but the definite location has not yet been made. This work is now in progress, engineers having been in the field for some days.

President E. E. Lytle says the filing of these incorporation articles means the building of the extension at once. Construction will be begun as soon as the weather in that region is suitable, and the line will be put through to completion this year unless some unexpected obstacle shall be found. It is said not to be a difficult country to build in.

Great Resources of Territory.

For a year or two work has been in progress toward opening the agricultural, timber and mineral resources of the region to be penetrated by the proposed extension of the Columbia Southern. Irrigation companies have been in the field and have extensive reclamation projects under way. Lumbermen from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Iowa have acquired large tracts of pine timber along the Deschutes in Crook County, and are ready to erect saw mills the minute there shall be transportation for the product. Three Eastern companies own 44,000 acres covered with yellow pine, all accessible from the proposed extension. Mining development in the vicinity of Ashwood, a new town on Trout Creek, has reached a stage that demands transportation facilities.

Portland Will Be Benefited.

Portland trade field will be greatly extended by the construction of the proposed extension. A considerable part of Lake and Klamath Counties which now have their commercial relations with San Francisco will find it easier to reach Portland after the road to Bend shall have been completed. A wider extent of country will be drained this way, and its rapid development will amount to opening a new empire at our door. Further extensions of this railroad are contemplated, one prong to go to Lakeview and another to Burns. Those may come next year. Then Interior Oregon will be fairly supplied with transportation lines that will tend to bind Oregon together rather than tear it in parts.

E. E. LYTLE.

President Lytle, of the Columbia Southern railroad, which is about to extend its line 100 miles further south into central Oregon, was born in Pennsylvania in 1861. He learned the railroad business with the Pennsylvania railroad, and came to Oregon in 1889. He was agent for the O. R. & N. Co. at Touchet, Hood River and The Dalles until 1897, when he took a leading part in organization of the Columbia Southern railroad company, and he has been at the head of that corporation ever since. Seventy miles of road are now under operation, and it is the most profitable line in Oregon, considering the mileage.

LOCOMOTIVE BLEW UP.

Caused the Derailment of a Passenger Train on the Rock Island.

Victor, Iowa, Jan. 21.—As the Denver limited passenger train No. 5, of the Rock Island, was passing through this town this morning at 5:55, the boiler of engine No. 503 exploded, resulting in the death of the engineer and fireman and slightly injuring two porters and a brakeman.

The accident took place within 200 feet of the depot and the noise of the explosion aroused every person in the town. The force of the explosion threw every one of the seven coaches of the train off the track, but only overturned the Des Moines Pullman.

Fortunately the passengers were uninjured. Pieces of the wrecked engine were strewn around for a distance of 200 feet and the boiler was found 150 feet away from the scene of the accident.

The Hohenzollern Sails.

Kiel, Jan. 21.—The imperial yacht Hohenzollern sailed for New York at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

Soldiers Must Shoot Better.

Washington, Jan. 21. — American soldiers in the Philippines must shoot with more accuracy. This is the burden of an order recently issued by General Chaffee, copies of which have been received at war department. The general points out that as the result of lack of regular target practice, both officers and men in the division of the Philippines have fallen far below the desirable proficiency in this most important of the soldier's qualifications.

No Hope of Saving Austrian Miners.

Breux, Austria, Jan. 17.—The water in the Jupiter mine, which was suddenly flooded January 14, when the escape of 43 men, including the manager of the mine and two superintendents, was cut off, does not subside, and hope of saving the men has been abandoned. The disaster was due to the overflowing of the River Bila near the mine. Precautions to prevent the flooding of the mine were taken too late. One engineer was saved. Subsequently nine men courageously went into the mine a second time, and never returned. Thirty-one of the victims were married.

Recoinage of Hawaiian Silver.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The bill for the recoinage of the silver coinage of Hawaii, introduced by Representative Hill, of Connecticut, was today favorably acted upon by the House committee on coinage, weights and measures. There is about $975,000 of silver circulating in Hawaii, most of it in silver dollars.

Federal Building at Evanston.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The Senate committee on public buildings and grounds has authorized a favorable report on the bill for $100,000 for a Government building at Evanston, Wyo.

Government Ownership of Telegraph.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Senator Harris today introduced a bill providing for the Government ownership of the telegraph lines of the United States.

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 total indebtedness of Albany $11,731.17.

A syndicate has commenced boring for oil near Vale.

Interest in Josephine county mines continues unabated.

The Concord mine, one of the richest in Eastern Oregon, has been sold for $300,000.

The expenses for 1901 of Clackamas county, not including roads, were nearly $70,000.

Articles of incorporation have been filed for the erection and operation of a new sawmill at Astoria.

Baker City chamber of commerce has adopted resolutions favoring the opening of the Upper Columbia.

At the end of the last quarter there were 10 more convicts in the state penitentiary than at the beginning.

Buyers are offering to contract the 1902 hop crop at 11 cents. This is slightly higher than the first offers for the 1901 crop.

The farmers of Eastern Oregon are fearful that the present fair weather will make a wheat shortage next year. Miners also would like to see snow.

The voters of Albany school district have ordered the erection of another school building in that city to accommodate the increased number of children.

Philomath is to have an opera house.

Total tax levy for Josephine county has been fixed at 32 mills.

Hop growers around Salem refuse to sell their crops for less than 12 cents per pound.

A local company has been organized for the purpose of boring for oil near Monmouth.

The 1901 assessment roll of the state shows an increase in property valuations of $4,000,000.

Pendleton's city council has dismissed the chief of police and city recorder for corruption.

Active operations will be commenced at Baker City in the near future of the beautifying of the city parks.

The new Catholic church at Hillsboro, with a seating capacity of 1,000, has been formally dedicated.

The Uncle Sam Mining and Milling Company, of Blue river, is making extensive repairs to its property.

Cahpooia school district is considering means for raising money with which to erect a new school building.

The public schools and churches of Coquille City have been closed on account to the number of cases of smallpox in the city.

The Badger Mining Company, of Susanville, expects to install a reduction plant on its property in the near future. The plant will involve an outlay of $100,000.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 59@60c; bluestem, 61c; valley, 59½@60c.

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

Oats—No. 1 white, $1@1.10; gray, 95c@$1.

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

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

Hay—Timothy, $11@12; clover, $7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Mutton—Lambs, 3¼@3½c, gross; dressed, 6½c per pound; sheep, wethers, 3¼@3½c, gross; dressed, 6@6½c per pound; ewes, 3¼@3½c, gross; dressed, 6@6½c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5½c; dressed, 6@6½c per pound.

Veal—5@9c per pound.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3½c; steers, 3½@4c; dressed, 3@7c per pound.

Butter — Creamery, 25@27c per pound; dairy, 18@20c; store, 12½@15c.

Eggs—20@22½c for cold storage; 22@25c for Eastern; 28@30c for fresh Oregon.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.50@3; hens, $3.50@4; 8½@9c per pound; springs, 9@10c per pound, $2.50@3 per dozen; ducks, $5@6 for young; geese, $6.50@7.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11@12½c; dressed, 13@14c per pound.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½c; Young America, 14@15c.

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

Hops—8@10c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@14c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 21@21½c per pound.

Senator Clark bought 66 paintings in Vienna for $320,000.

Three children of Jacque Mondry, aged 10, 7 and 3 years, were burned to death in their home at Buffalo, N. Y. The mother and a two-days-old baby were rescued.

The First National Bank of New York has declared a semi-annual dividend of 10 per cent on its increased capital stock of $10,000,000. This makes a total of $21,310,000 which the bank has distributed among its stockholders since 1883.