The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1902. NO. 14.

...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	1:50 P. M.
" arrives Yaquina	6:40 P. M.

No. 1, returning:—

Leaves Yaquina	6:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis	11:10 A. M.
Arrives Albany	12:15 P. M.

No. 3, for Detroit:—

Leaves Albany	7:00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit	12:15 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 3:05 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
Albany 12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:55 a. m., 11:30 a. m.
" Sacramento 5 p. m., 4:35 a. m.
" San Francisco 7:40 p. m., 8:15 a. m.
" Ogden 7:45 a. m., 11:40 a. m.
" Denver 9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City 7:20 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Chicago 7:40 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1:20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso 5 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 8:25 p. m., 8:25 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. Pgr. & Pass. Agt.
Portland, Or.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Standing upon a mound near her, she places her hands to her pretty mouth, and, with a simple eloquence that cannot be too highly commended, cries "Hi!" to him, at the top of her fresh young voice.

Whether the breeze has played traitor, or whether the bending figure is of so gross material as to be deaf to this brilliant appeal, who can say. At all events, he never stirs or lifts himself from his task, whatever it may be. Nothing daunted, Griselda returns to the attack.

"Hi!" cries she again, with a sharper, freer intonation. And still nothing comes of it. The bending figure refuses to straighten his back, and things remain as before. It is really too bad. Getting down from her mound she clambers up on a higher bank, and once more sends out her voice upon the world.

"Hi, my good man!" This does it. As if compelled to acknowledge this tribute to his virtues, "my good man" upreers himself, looks vacantly round him—at every point but the right one first, and at last sees Griselda. The effect produced is not only instantaneous but marvelous. Down goes his rod, his cast, his choicest fly—an admirable orange grouse—and he comes steaming toward her at about twenty knots an hour.

His eyes, ever since they first lighted upon Griselda, have seemed to grow to her, and now, as he draws nearer, she too sees and recognizes him. The knowledge thus gained so surprises her that she very nearly falls off her high bank, and then grows very charmingly rosy, and as charmingly confused. It is none other than the young man who had helped to restore the carriage to its legitimate position.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is really you?" cries he, with unaffected delight, coloring warmly.

"It is you, too," replies she, reflectively, and as though it is a little unfair to throw all the personalities at her.

"So it is," says he, smiling gayly. "You wanted me? I hope you had not to call often?"

"Very often," smiling, too, and jumping down off her pedestal. "I thought I should never make you hear. Do you know the road to Greycourt? I don't."

"I do. It is a tedious way, and complicated. But I'm sure to tell you permit me to go with you and show it to you, Miss Dysart?"

"Oh, no. No, indeed. It is giving you quite too much trouble, and how do you know my name?" asks she, with a shy glance at him from under her long lashes.

"I asked somebody in the village," confesses he, honestly, "and he told me you were Mr. Dysart's niece. You don't mind that, do you?"

"No. I, too, heard of you," she says, "but then I didn't take for granted everything that was told me."

"What did you hear of me?"

"That you were a young man 'down from Lunnon town, an' as full o' tricks as a egg's full o' meat,' to replies she, demurely, evidently quoting somebody, and with a glance so "full o' tricks" on her own account that he laughs in spite of himself.

"Well," says he, "I'm not from 'Lunnon town,' certainly, and I hope I'm not a greater wretch than my fellows. As to my 'tricks,' I don't believe I've one."

"If not from London, from where?"

"Rather close to you. My sister lives just over the border of this county, a matter of twenty miles or so; and I spend most of my time with her."

"It was a very good thing for my sister and me that you came fishing," says Griselda; "or I suppose we should both be now either dead or dying." Here she looks round her. "Have we very much further to go?"

"About a mile."

"I wish it was less," nervously. "I am afraid Vera will be frightened at my long absence, and—and that my uncle will be angry."

"Perhaps he won't hear of it," says Mr. Peyton, hopefully. Griselda shakes her head.

"He looks just like a person who would hear everything," she says.

"I've heard a good deal about him off and on. People will talk, you know, and—he's eccentric, isn't he?"

"If you mean weak in mind you were never further out in your life," says Griselda; mournfully. "He is all mind, in my opinion. There isn't a weak spot in him. By the by, have you ever been to Greycourt?"

"No. I've often thought I should like to go on some Wednesday or other."

Some Wednesday! What Wednesday? And why Wednesday? Griselda is distinctly puzzled, but hardly likes to ask a question on the subject.

"It's a quaint old house," she says, "and might be lovely, I think, if the trees were cut away and some sunlight let into it, and—a little furniture. It's empty, positively empty."

"Surely you forget the galleries?" says he. "Is it indeed possible that you do not know that those pictures of your ancestors are absolutely priceless? Pure Lelys and Knellers, Gainsboroughs and Reynolds. Why, those galleries at Greycourt, I've often heard my father say, are about the finest in England. Your uncle is good enough to open them to the public every first Wednesday in the month at the very trifling charge of half a crown."

"Why!" cries Griselda, flushing so hot a color that the tears grow within her eyes. "Oh, you can't mean that."

"Well, why not?" says the young man, boldly, preparing with a stout courage to defend a vile cause. "It is to improve the tastes of the multitude that he does it, of course. And if he chooses to repay himself for the wear and tear of his carpets, who shall say he has not common sense on his side?"

At this moment the chimneys of Greycourt shone through the interstices of the trees on her left, and, with the knowledge that she had gained her home, comes, too, the sound of running water, and the thought that all through her return walk through the leafy woods that music had rushed as a chorus to her words.

"Ah! now I know!" cries she, stopping abruptly, and looking full at her companion, who grows somewhat guilty in appearance. "That noise of running water!—that is the river that flows beneath Greycourt. If I had only followed it I need not have given you all this trouble."

"It is no trouble," says he, plainly.

She holds out to him her hand. "Good-by," she says, gently.

"Oh, not good-by, I hope," returns he, anxiously, taking the slim little hand and holding it as warmly as he dares, perhaps more closely than he is quite aware. "I shall see you again?"

"Oh, no. No, indeed," softly. "You must not think that. Uncle Gregory does not permit us to know our neighbors."

He lifts his hat and Griselda, giving him a rather solemn little salute, turns away from him. A second later, however, she finds him again beside her.

"It—there is all the appearance of coming rain in the sky," he says, gravely. "Don't you think so? I fear we shall have a perfect storm before long. I thought I'd tell you, so that you might get as much good out of these woods as possible before—the deluge. This week, now, might be fine, but I should not answer for the next; and, indeed, if you will permit me to advise you, I should recommend you to take a walk to-morrow. Who shall say that rain might not fall the day after?"

Who, indeed?

It seems the soundest reasoning. So Griselda, having shown herself impressed by it, inclines her head to him once more, and, a turn in the path hiding him at last from view, takes to her heels, and hardly draws breath until, having found the small iron gate that admits to the garden at its lowest end, she enters by it and feels herself at last at home.

On the hall doorsteps, as if lying in wait for her, stands Mrs. Grunch, the housekeeper.

"Dear me, miss, and so you have returned," says she. "Dear! but master will be main glad to hear of it. He was that upset by your absence that we daren't so much as approach him." Griselda's blood grows cold. "But now he'll be sure to tell you himself how glad he is to see you back safe and sound."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Grunch, as Griselda left her, turned aside, and with darkened brow made for the library, Mr. Dysart's usual abiding place. Not finding him here, she hurries onward down the hall, until she comes to a heavy curtain, once handsome, now moth-eaten and dingy, and pushing it aside, reveals a long flagged passage, with a high, narrow door at the extreme end.

Stooping as she comes to it, she peers through the keyhole, and finding it empty, tries, with a cautious, quiet grasp, the handle of the door to find the latter locked. Still very cautiously she slips her hand into her pocket, draws out a key, well oiled, and inserting it in the keyhole, softly opens the door.

A grim smile overspreads her face as she looks toward the further end of the room. There, on his knees beside a cabinet, kneels Mr. Dysart. It is open, and Mr. Dysart, in his worn and shabby old coat, is kneeling before the secret opening, gloating openly upon its contents. Piles upon piles of yellow sovereigns are so built one on the top of the other that they reach from one narrow resting place to the other above, and so on. Dull, heavy gold that scarcely glitters, save in the eyes of the wretched miser bending over them.

Yet it is not so much on the money as on a paper he holds in his hand that his attention is concentrated. He is so bent on the perusal of it that he hears neither the turn of the key in the lock nor the woman's entrance. And now, as a malicious chuckle breaks from her, it so startles him that he springs to his feet as if shot, and a sharp, horrid cry, that is almost a shriek, escapes him. His face has grown deadly white, great drops of sweat stand out upon his brow.

"Comforting yourself with a look at it," says she, with a malignant leer. As she speaks she points not at the gold, but at the paper he has tightly clutched in his hand.

"How did you come here, woman?" demands he, in a shrill tone. He is trembling, and with nervous fingers presses the paper into the secret recess in the cabinet, and shuts to the oaken woodwork.

"Why, through the door," retorts she, sullenly. "How else? You should remember to lock it when engaged on work like this."

"I could have sworn I locked it," says he, still shaking. "See! here is the key in my pocket. I tell you," with increasing agitation, "I did lock it. Are you a fiend that you can follow me through bolted doors?"

"Hush! Don't give way to foolish fancies. And after all, why need my coming fluster you? Surely," with a mocking air, "your occupation was an innocent one; you were but refreshing yourself with a glimpse of——"

"Be silent, woman! Are you mad?" cries he, lifting his arms like one in mortal fear.

"You're but a poor sort after all," she says, contemptuously. "Too poor for faith or trust of any sort. What! can you not even believe in me, who has served you and yours long and faithful for forty years? Is it likely I'd betray you now for his children?"

"Ay, he served you falsely once," says Gregory Dysart, a savor of pleasure in his tone.

"He took my best—my life, my soul—the heart of everything," says she, slowly beating one withered hand upon the other. "Though years have rolled by I have not forgotten; I shall not forget at all. When first I saw them I felt as though, if power were given me, I could have blasted as they stood those insolent humbles upstairs."

Something out of the goodly past, some vague touch of decency belonging to the days when he was young and happy, and when honor was still a word to which he clung with all his might, renders this coarse epithet, as applied to the pretty orphans committed to his care, insupportable.

"You hardly remember, perhaps, that you are speaking of my nieces," he says with an angry frown.

"Holty toity! None of your airs with me," says she, sternly. She advances a step nearer to him. "Remember, Dysart, that I can either make or mar you. I, and I only."

"I would I were sure of that," says he, moodily. "But— Have you forgotten Sedley? He knew."

"Pish! He's dead; let him rest. What a one you are to worrit! Twenty years and more, and no sign of him, and I ask you was he the one to remain quiet, if he saw a way to forcing a sovereign out of you?"

"True, true," says Dysart, eagerly catching at this suggestion. "And yet I would give much to know that he was in the grave."

"Ay, and I in mine! I know you," says she, with an evil look. "You fear me."

"I fear nothing," says he, coldly.

"What," says she, slowly, regarding him closely, "not even that your son should know?"

She pauses, pleased with her work. All at once, as if were, on hearing this question, the old man quails before her like a beaten hound. The life goes out of him, he seems to shrink into himself, and puts out his hands as though to ward off some fatal blow.

"Not that. Anything but that," he mutters, feebly.

"Well, don't drive me to it," says she, sulkily.

"Remember, it was for him I did it," cries he, sharply. "After all my love, my care, my secrecy, to have it now laid bare to him! I tell you"—his fingers working convulsively—"rather than that he should know, it seems to me that it would be a sweet and simple thing to murder him who would betray me."

"I'm not going to betray you," says she. "And as for saying 'twas for him you did it, why——"

"For him. For his sake only."

"Partly, I think," says she, dryly.

"Entirely, altogether. What other creature had I to love me—to love?" His mother, as you know, hated me; and when she died I was glad," says he, crushing his fingers together.

"Yet the deed was scarcely necessary if done for him," says Grunch, holding her ground. "That old aunt of his—the mother's sister—put want out of the question for him."

"I knew nothing of her desire to make him her heir—then."

"You know it now, anyway," says she, with a nasty sneer. "And it is never too late to mend—to find by accident that paper you have just locked up."

"I have thought of it," says he, with lowered brow and eyes bent upon the ground, "dreamed of it; and all my dreaming has but convinced me that things had better stay as they now are. Into what better hands could they have fallen? Who would have husbanded it all like me? You know the care, the trouble, the sleepless days and nights I have devoted to the management of—of it. You know whether it has ever been a joy to me—rather a grief, a wearying of the flesh, a curse!" The word comes from between his lips with a little hissing sound. "But it is all for him, for him," he says, in a dying tone.

With restless, feeble steps he begins to pace the room.

"He believes in me. He trusts me; he alone—now! But if ever he were to learn the truth he would spurn me from him. I swear to you"—he turns and fixes his burning eyes on hers—"I'd strangle you with these hands," holding them out before her, trembling with passion, yet strong and lithe, "before the words could pass your lips."

"I'm not going to play traitor. I've told you that," says she, frowning. "I've had a chance before this if I wished to do it; and I'm not going to help his children, whatever happens." Her brow grows black and her eyes lighten. "May curses follow him wherever he be, even through the gates of death!"

"Amen," says Dysart, carelessly. Then, in a different tone: "Seaton is coming home to-morrow."

"You have a design," says she, fixing her sharp eyes on him with a searching regard.

"True; and I think well of mentioning it to you," says Dysart, slowly. "After long and careful thought I have decided on abandoning more ambitious schemes and wedding him to my elder niece, Vera."

(To be continued.)

Chinese Compliments.

There is one point in which Chinese etiquette, so often absurd, is much more sensible than ours. That is in its failure to regard the imputation of mature age as a discredit to either man or woman, or, on the other hand, the imputation of youthfulness as a compliment to persons of either sex. An example of Chinese politeness, connected with the visit of the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia to Shanghai, is amusing, as it reflects on our own false notion of the complimentary in such matters.

The German prince and princess were visiting a notable mandarin, one of whose first questions to the prince—this being an invariable matter of Chinese politeness—was:

"How old are you?"

"A little more than thirty-six," answered the prince, smiling.

"Indeed!" said the mandarin. "Your highness appears fifty."

The mandarin then turned to the interpreter—Herr Voight, a German—and inquired the princess' age. She answered, "Thirty-two." The interpreter interpreted, and the mandarin made a remark in Chinese evidently intended to be complimentary. The interpreter blushed uneasily, and hesitated to translate the remark. The prince saw the difficulty, and laughingly commanded:

"Out with it Voight!"

"He says," the interpreter then translated to the princess, "that your highness looks like sixty!"

He had meant it well, and of course the princess had sense enough not to take it ill.

The sweetest type of heaven is home.

UNFAIR TO THE COLONIES.

Australia Complains That Meat Contracts Go to Argentina.

Sydney, N. S. W., Jan. 28.—The placing of contracts in Argentina by the British war office, to supply meats and other produce for the troops in South Africa, has engendered extreme irritation throughout Australasia. This action of the imperial authorities is regarded as evidence of reprehensible indifference to the claims of the colonies, as ill accorded with the expressions of imperial solidarity, as poor repayment for the sacrifices of the colonists, and generally as grave injustice. Most of the premiers of Australasia and the premier of New Zealand have cabled to the imperial government strong protests in practically identical terms, saying that the two colonies are able to supply the war office requirements in South Africa three times over. Both colonies, it is pointed out, have more meat than consumers, and when they are doing all in their power to build up and strengthen the empire, it is incomprehensible that trade is given to foreigners, especially Argentina, thus bringing into the field a keen competitor with the people of Australasia. The premiers further declare that they feel such action is wrong and unfriendly, and that the blunder should be promptly retrieved.

OBSERVE M'KINLEY'S BIRTHDAY

Move to Mark the Day by Services and Contributions to Memorial Fund.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 24.—The request by Governor Nash, of Ohio, has received hearty response from the governors of all the states and territories invited to join in asking the people to properly observe the 59th anniversary of the birth of William McKinley. Nearly every governor has either issued a proclamation or semi-officially requested that there should be memorial services on the Sunday preceding January 26th in all the churches, that contributions be there received, and that all people testify by their voluntary offerings their love and devotion to the dead president. In many states, notably Kansas, public schools will hold special exercises and give to the fund.

In any community where there is no local auxiliary of the McKinley Memorial Association, contributions by business, fraternal or labor organizations, schools or churches, may be sent to the treasurer, Myron T. Herrick, Cleveland, Ohio. The funds will be applied to the erection of a fitting memorial tomb to William McKinley, over his last resting place at Canton, Ohio. Judge William R. Day, ex-secretary of state, is president of the association.

The Manchurian Treaty.

Pekin, Jan. 28.—It is expected that the Manchurian treaty will be signed within a week. Diplomats here do not manifest much interest in it, as they do not believe any written treaties in the slightest degree affect the policy of Russia in Manchuria. A separate contract with the Russo-Chinese bank secures to the bank complete control of the railroads and mines.

Her Release is Near.

Sofia, Jan. 28.—The semi-official Bulgaria announces that the American delegates bearing the ransom for Miss Stone, the captive American missionary, have arrived at Jumaya, and that Miss Stone and her companion, Mme. Tsilka, will be released within 24 hours after the money is paid.

Tired of Useless Struggle.

Pretoria, Jan. 28.—Lord Kitchener has authorized General Vilomel, a surrendered burgher, to raise an additional Boer corps of 1,500 men. General Vilomel has written a letter to ex-President Steyn, warning the latter of his intention to form such a corps, and adding that the Boers in the concentration camps are tired of the useless struggle and are determined to help the British end it.

MINE DUST EXPLODED.

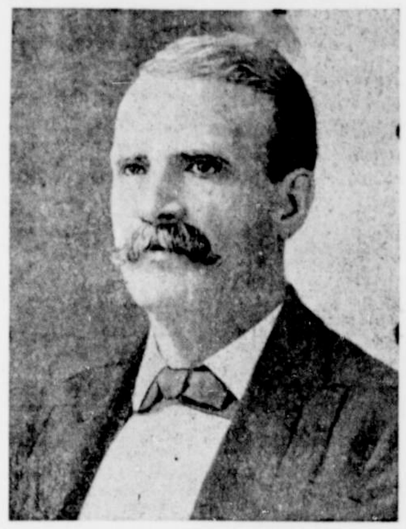
Disaster in Iowa Cost Many Lives—Several Men Seriously Injured.

Oskaloosa, Ia., Jan. 27.—The Lost Creek coal mine was the scene today of a terrible disaster, which cost the lives of 21 miners. Eight others were seriously injured. The bodies of the dead men were recovered from the mine, and lie tonight in an improvised morgue near the scene of their destruction. The injured, all of whom are frightfully cut, bruised and burned, are under the care of surgeons in a temporary hospital equipped near the mine.

The Lost Creek mine is 10 miles south of Oskaloosa, and three miles north of Eddieville. The explosion occurred at the noon hour, and was what is known as a dust explosion. The miners had just fired their usual noon shots, one of which proved to be a fizzle, the powder flame igniting the gas and causing the explosion. Smoke and debris were blown out of the mine in a column 200 feet high. A part of the top works was torn away, and the fans and cages were wrecked. This made the work of rescue very slow, and it was 3 o'clock before volunteer forces dared to venture into the east entry, where the explosion occurred.

The men of the rescue party fought their way into the mine, where a shocking sight met their gaze. The dead and injured were terribly burned and mutilated, some of them almost beyond recognition. Beyond where the bodies lay the fire was burning fiercely, and for a time it was feared the workings would be wholly destroyed and the bodies incinerated. Finally, however, the flames were subdued. The bodies were then collected and taken to the top of the shaft.

At the time of the explosion more than 100 men were in the mine, but all except those in the east entry escaped with only slight injury. The total property loss will be about $10,000. Nearly all of the men were married and leave families in poor circumstances.



HENRY C. PAYNE.
New Postmaster General who took oath of office January 15.

NEWS RECEIVED QUIETLY.

No Demonstration at St. Thomas, Danish West Indies.

St. Thomas, D. W. I., Jan. 28.—The announcement which reached here of the signing of the treaty by which Denmark sells the Danish West Indies to the United States, was received quietly. There was no open manifestation, but much anxiety prevails regarding the developments. Nothing official has yet been received from Copenhagen. The governor of St. Thomas has declined to be interviewed.

The Danish cruiser Valkiren will remain here indefinitely, it is reported, so as to guard against disturbances, which it is believed, however, are not likely to occur.

Plebiscite of Danish Antilles.

Washington, Jan. 28.—The Danish government will not take the plebescites of the Danish West Indian Islands to determine whether they shall be ceded to the United States until the United States senate has ratified the treaty of cession. This circumspection is supposed to be the outcome of the senate's action in rejecting a former treaty of cession after Denmark had accustomed the islanders to the idea of transfer.

China Repaid.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Secretary Hay today handed to Minister Wu a draft on the United States treasury for $376,600, being the value of the silver bullion captured by the American marines at Tien Tsin.

Franking Privilege Extended.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The president has signed the bill providing for the free transportation of all mail matter sent by Mrs. Ida S. McKinley, widow of the late President McKinley.

Plague in China.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Consul McWade, at Canton, has cabled the state department that there have been over 100 deaths from the plague at Shu Ting, about 250 miles south of Canton.

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.

Oil has been struck in quite a large quantity near Myrtle Creek.

The telephone line from Union to La Grande has changed hands.

The net valuation of taxable property in Baker county is $3,523,346.

Hop buyers at Salem are offering 12¼ to 12½ cents per pound.

The postoffice at Independence has been moved into new quarters.

Extensive tests are being made with silage at the agricultural college.

The mayor of Pendleton has ordered slot machines of all descriptions out.

A franchise has been granted for the erection of an electric light plant at Burns.

Asbestos has been discovered in paying quantities in Josephine county, near the state line.

The Salem school district levied an 8 mill tax for running expenses and 1 mill for a sinking fund.

Preparations have begun for the building of a large saw mill on Foots creek near Grants Pass.

Extensive preparations are being made for a thorough test of the existence of oil near Monmouth.

The expenditures of the agricultural college for 1901 were $41,507.93. Total receipts, $63,285.93.

About 600 were in attendance at the annual convention of the Knights of Pythias in Pendleton this week.

Farmers around Ontario are making arrangements to import ferrets to clean out the gophers, which are very numerous.

A new Degree of Honor lodge has been instituted at Milton, in Eastern Oregon.

A new lumber company has been formed at Wasco. It has a capital of $10,000.

A company has been formed at Huntington, with $1,000,000, to enter the oil industry in that section.

The Baker City council is considering the proposition of paving the streets with chemically prepared wood blocks.

A small fire in La Grande a few days ago destroyed some property. The loss was small, but not covered by insurance.

The scaffold and other arrangements are completed for the hanging of Dalton and Wade in Portland on January 31.

Mrs. Henrietta Harrington, an early pioneer, died at her home at Ely, Clackamas county, a few days ago, aged 86 years.

The Oregon Pine Company, with headquarters at Astoria, has filed articles of incorporation. Capitalization, $50,000.

Woodmen of the World are preparing to have a big time at Pendleton April 21-22, when 1,114 candidates will be initiated.

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—8@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; ½@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.

A New York syndicate is negotiating for 180,000 acres of Nova Scotia timber land.

Sir Ernest Cassel placed at the disposal of King Edward a fund of $1,000,000 to be used in the crusade against consumption in England.

Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, says the entire northwest is back of him in his fight against the Northern Pacific merger, and that he will begin action in the courts at once.