The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1902. NO. 15.

...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 ..... 12:30 P. M.
" Corvallis ..... 1:30 P. M.
" Arrives Yaquina ..... 6:45 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 ..... 12:15 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 (running 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 12:35 p. 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. Pgr. & Pass. Agt.
Portland, Or.

CHAPTER VI.

The last stroke of eight dies out from the old clock in the hall as Seaton Dysart enters the drawing room. The extreme dinginess and gloom of that melancholy apartment sinks into him as he moves rather discontentedly, but with a man's unfailing instinct, toward the hearth-rug.

It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises languidly from a low chair—a girl, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits—and advances about the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him.

They are wonderfully alike, the father and son, and yet how wonderfully unlike. It seems impossible that with expressions so utterly at variance so strong a resemblance can exist, yet it is there. The one, the old face, mean, cringing, suspicious, wicked; the other, cold, honorable, earnest and beautiful. The girl, watching him with distrust in her eyes, reluctantly acknowledged this last fact.

"I'm extremely sorry if I've kept you waiting for dinner," he says, advancing at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty girl in white, and holding out his hand. "But the fact is I was dreadfully tired when I arrived, and I'm rather afraid I fell asleep."

"The day is warm," says she, coldly. The likeness to his father seems clearer to her as he speaks, and kills for her all the charm of his face.

"Very; but I don't fancy my absurd fit of laziness arose from that. Rather from the fact that I haven't had a wink of sleep for the last two nights."

"Two nights!" says she with a faint accession of interest. "Toothache? Sick friend?"

"Oh, no. Ball—cards," returns he, concisely.

"Ah!" says she, this time rather shortly.

"You are Griselda, I suppose?" says he, pleasantly.

"Why should you suppose it?" asks she, with a faint smile.

"True. Why should I?" returns he, laughing. "Perhaps because," with a steady look at her, "I have been told that my cousin Griselda is a person possessed of a considerable amount of—of character."

"By that you mean that you have heard Griselda is self-willed," says she, calmly. "And as it is evident you think I look the part also, I am afraid you must prepare yourself to meet two self-willed cousins—I am not Griselda."

If she had fancied that this announcement would have put him out, she is undeceived in a moment.

"No?" says he, looking distinctly amused. "There is comfort in the thought that I cannot again fall into error, because you must be Vera."

"Yes, I am Vera," slowly.

"I fear you will find it very dull down here."

"Your father has been very good to us; more than kind," interrupts she, gently, but with decision. "He has given us a home."

"I should think he would be very glad to get you here," says he. At this moment Griselda enters the room. A charming Griselda, in white, like her sister, and with a flower in her sunny hair. She trips up to Seaton and gives him her hand and a frank smile, that has just the correct amount of coquettish shyness in it. A man, to Griselda, no matter out of what obnoxious tribe he may have sprung, is always a creature to be gently treated, smiled upon and encouraged.

"So you've come at last to this Castle of Despair," says she, saucily. "I must say, you took time to look us up. But I don't blame you; life down her is too lively for most. It has quite done up Vera and me."

The dismal sound of a cracked old dinner gong breaks in at this instant on Griselda's speech. They all rise and cross the hall to the dining room, but just inside it a momentary hesitation takes place. Dysart going to the foot of the table, Vera stops short, as if in some surprise, to look at him, question in her eyes.

"You will take the head of the table, I hope," says he, in a low tone, divining her perplexity.

"But——" quickly, and then a pause. "If you wish it, of course," she says, with a swift uplifting of the brows and an almost imperceptible shrug.

Her manner somehow irritates him.

"I wish it, certainly," says he, coldly. "But I wish still more to see you do only that which you like."

"I have few likes and dislikes," replies she, still in that utterly emotionless tone; and sweeping past him, she seats herself at the head of the table.

As for Griselda, the little jar in the social atmosphere around her goes by unnoticed, so overcome is she by the unwonted magnificence of the sight before her, a decent dinner table at Greycourt.

She looks round her and loses herself a little in the touch of fairyland the room presents. It is, as it were, an echo from the past, a glimpse into the old life when her father still lived, that she hardly knew was dear to her until she had lost it. The glitter of the silver, the glass, the intense perfume of the glowing flowers, the rich tint of the fruits, all seem part of a dream; a sweet one, too.

Mr. Dysart is wondering why both girls should have taken so instantaneous a dislike to him. As a rule, women were civil enough; yet here were two to whom he was an utter stranger, and aggressive was the only word he could apply to their looks and words, though both were studiously polite.

"Do you stay long?" asks Griselda presently, looking at her cousin.

"I don't know how you may view it. I return to town the day after to-morrow—very early on that day. Whether I must or must not work for my living is a thing that does not concern me. I work—you will hardly believe it in this prosaic age—but I actually seek after fame. I should like to get on in my profession; to be more than a mere trifler."

"You are charming," says Griselda, saucily. "You talk like a book—a blue book. But you have not told me why your father will not let us see anyone, why——"

"Griselda!" says Miss Dysart, a little sharply. She rises as she speaks, and Dysart opens the door for her. As Griselda passes him he says, easily:

"I cannot tell you everything at once, you see; but I dare say there will be time given me. As for my father, he is eccentric, and, I fear, hard to live with. But if ever I can help you, call on me."

Griselda gives him a smile for this, and follows her sister into the drawing room.

"After all, he isn't half bad," she says, with a little nod.

"I was right, however. Did you ever see a father and son so like?" asks Vera, coldly.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, I'm off," says Griselda, poking her pretty head into the summer house, where Vera sits reading. It is next day, and a very lovely day, too."

"For your ramble," says Vera, laying down her book. "So you won't take my advice? Very good. Go on, and you'll see that you won't prosper." Her tone is half gay, half serious. "And don't be long," entreats Vera, with a sudden rush of anxiety. "Don't, now. Yes, I'm in deadly earnest. There is that man all over the place, let loose, as it were, for my discomfiture, and if he turns up in this part of the world I suppose I shall have to talk to him."

"What a calamity!" says Griselda, with a little feigned drooping of her mouth. "In this barren, wilderness even manna may be regarded with rapture—even Seaton! Better any man than no man, say I."

"So say not I, then," with great spirit. She has leaned forward upon her elbow, and her eyes are brilliant with a little suspicion of anger. "Give me a desert Island rather than the society of a man whom I know it will require only time to teach me to detest. And how you can call him so familiarly 'Seaton,' passes my——"

A pause! An awful pause. Who is it that has turned the corner of the summer house, and is looking in at them with a curious expression round his mouth? Griselda is the first to recover.

"Isn't it absurd?" she says, smiling rather lamely. "But I assure you, Seaton, your sudden appearance quite took away my breath. You should stamp when you come to a house like this. The grass all round is so thick."

"Too thick!" says Dysart, with a swift glance at Vera, who has lost all her color. "For the future I shall try to remember. I am very sorry I startled you." He has addressed himself entirely to Griselda, unless that one lightning glance of contemptuous reproach cast at Vera could be counted. "But I was on my way to one of the farms, and this is the lowest, the nearest path to it. I shall never cease to regret"—here he stops dead short, and turns his eyes unreservedly on Vera—"that I did not take the upper one."

He makes both girls a slight bow, and walks swiftly onward on the unlucky path he had chosen.

"Oh, Vera, do something!" cries Griselda, in a small agony of consternation, clasping her hands. Vera, thus admonished, springs to her feet, and, driven half by honest shame and half by impulse, rushes out of the summer house and runs after Dysart as he is fast disappearing through the shrubs. Reaching him, panting and pale with agitation, she lays her hand timidly upon his arm.

"I am so grieved," she says, her charming face very pained, her lips white. "There are moments when one hardly knows what one says, and——"

"There are such moments, certainly," says he, interrupting her remorselessly. "But they can hardly be classed with those in which the calm confidences of one sister are exchanged with the other. And why should you apologize? I assure you, you need not. I do not seek for or desire anything of the kind."

It almost seems to her that he has shaken her hand from his arm. Drawing back, she sees him proceed upon his way, and then returns to Griselda.

"I really think I hate him," says Vera, vehemently. The recollection of his contemptuous glance, the way in which he had disdained her apology—above all, that slight he had offered her when he had displaced her hand from his arm—all rankle in her breast, and a hot flow of shame renders her usually pale face brilliant. "There, never mind him," she says, with a little frown. "Life is not staying long, fortunately, and this episode will be a good fruit of one sort at least. He will not trouble me with his society while you are away. Now hurry, Griselda, do."

Griselda, with a light laugh, drawn irresistibly by the gorgeous loveliness of the lights and shadows of the land below, runs down the pathway and is soon lost to view.

When she returns over an hour later she discovers to her amazement, that Vera is still in it.

"You are miserable about that wretched affair of the morning," cries Griselda. "Never mind it. If you will come to dinner I promise you to do all the talking, and as it has to be endured I do entreat you to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, yes. There isn't a decent chance of escape," says Vera, wearily.

"'Sh!" cries Griselda, softly, putting up her hand; the sound of coming footsteps, slow, deliberate footsteps purposely made heavier, smites upon their ears.

"Good heavens! Here he is," says Griselda, and indeed they have barely time to put on a carefully unconscious demeanor, when Seaton Dysart darkens the door of the summer house, and looks coldly down on them.

"They told me I should find you here," he says, speaking to Vera. "I have come to say good-by."

"But surely you are not going so soon—not before dinner, not to-night!" cries Griselda, thunderstruck by this solution of their difficulty, and a little sorry, too.

"I am going now. Good-by," holding out his hand to her with a determination not to be changed. Griselda takes it and shakes it genially, nay, warmly. His humor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquaints the old father of their incivility—Anything to propitiate him, she tells herself, will be the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and beams upon him with gentle entreaty in her eye.

"If you must go, do us one service first," she says. "Do you see that rose?"—a rather unkempt and straggling specimen of its kind that trails in unadmired disorder just outside the door. "It has baffled me many a time, but you are tall, oh, taller than most; will you lift these awkward tendrils, and press them back into shape?"

She is smiling divinely at him, a smile that Tom Peyton would have given several years of his life to possess; but Dysart is disgracefully unmoved by it, and, refusing to return it, steps outside, and, with a decidedly unwilling air, proceeds to lift the drooping tendrils and reduce them to order.

Griselda, naturally a girl of great resource, seizes the opportunity she has herself provided. Catching Vera's arm, she draws her back out of sight.

"Now's your time!" she says. "Say something. Do something. It doesn't matter what, but for heaven's sake smooth him down one way or another! If you don't you'll have the old man down upon us like——"

"I can't," gasps Vera, fearfully.

"You must," insists Griselda, sternly. "It's impossible to know what sort of man he is. If revengeful, he can play old Harry with us!"

Without waiting to explain what particular game this may mean, or the full significance thereof, she steps lightly outside and gazes with undisguised rapture upon Dysart's work.

Dysart returns to the summer house with all the manner of one in mad haste to be gone. It is merely a part of an unpleasant whole, he tells himself, that he must first say a chillingly courteous word or two of farewell to the girl who has openly declared toward him such an undying animosity.

"I am afraid," says Vera, speaking with cold precision, as one delivering herself of an unloved lesson, "that you are going away thus abruptly because of what you heard me say this morning."

"You are right. That is why I am going," replies Dysart, calmly.

"Yes?" in a chilling tone, and with faintly lifted brows, "I regret exceedingly that I should have so unfortunately offended you, but to go for that—it all sounds a little trivial, don't you think?"

"Not by going, I think. I don't see how I can do otherwise. Why should I make you uncomfortable? But you may call it trivial if you like, to talk of detesting a man you have only seen for an hour or two, and who in those hours——" He pauses. "Did I make myself so specially objectionable?" demands he, abruptly, turning to her with something that is surely anger, but as surely entreaty, in his eyes.

"As I told you before," indifferently, "one says foolish things now and then."

"Would you have me believe you did not really mean what you said?"

"I would not have you believe anything," returns she, haughtily. "I only think it a pity that you should curtail your visit to your father because a chance remark of mine that cannot possibly affect you in any way."

"Is that how you look at it?"

"Is there any other way? Why should you care whether or not I detest you—I, whom you saw for the first time yesterday?"

"Why, indeed?" He regards her absently, as if trying to work out in his own mind the answer to this question, and then, suddenly:

"Nevertheless, I do care," he says, with a touch of vehemence. "It is the injustice of it to which I object. You had evidently determined beforehand to show me no grace. I defy you to deny it! Come, can you?"

Miss Dysart is silent. The very impetuosity of his accusation has deadened her power to reply, and besides, is there not truth in it? Had she not prejudged?

"By the bye," he says, "I am afraid you will have to put up with me for a few hours every week. I shall promise to make them as short as I possibly can. But my father likes to see me every seven days or so, and I like to see him. Do you think," a slight smile crossing his face, "you will be able to live through it?"

"I have lived through a good many things," says Vera, her dark eyes aflame.

"That gives you a chance here; practice makes perfect. I am sorry to be obliged to inconvenience you so far, but if I stayed away, I am afraid my father might want to know why. He might even be so absurd as to miss me."

"Why should you take it for granted that I desire your absence?" cries Vera, her voice vibrating with anger. "Come, remain, or stay away forever—what is it to me?"

And it was thus that they parted.

(To be continued.)

Not to Be Balked.

A comparison made by an old carpenter twenty years ago may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one hand had done just as well as the other.

"Um-m!" said the carpenter. "I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference betwixt those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it.

"If I was casted on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could point him out a hammer.

"But Cy!" added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life."

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.

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.

Gales and storms in Europe have caused great loss of life.

Forty persons were drowned in shipwrecks on the Italian coast.

Eighty-five miners were killed by an explosion in a Mexican mine.

Waterbury, Conn., was damaged to the extent of $2,000,000 by fire.

The murderer of a San Francisco policeman has been captured in Portland.

Manila is intensely interested in proposed legislation by congress for the islands.

The dowager empress of China gave a remarkable reception to the minister's wives.

An indecisive naval engagement was fought in Colombian waters.

Chicago drainage canal contractors offer to build an isthmian canal.

The first meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie institution has been held.

A parliamentary commission is considering the question of depopulation of France.

The ways and means committee will frame a bill for reduction of the war revenue taxes.

A new gold district has been discovered near Dawson which is claimed to be the richest yet found.

Admiral Schley's appeal to the president, asking for a review of the court of inquiry, has been made pubic.

Eight lives were lost in a Boston fire.

The Boers have made peace proposals through Holland.

There were 10,000 people present at a hanging in Pennsylvania.

The house committee voted in favor of a government owned Pacific cable.

A substitute for the Nicaragua canal bill has been introduced in the senate.

The general outlook in Batangas province, Philippine islands, is favorable.

A train wreck on a New York railroad resulted in the death of the engineer.

Four vessels are now on the Pacific searching for the missing English warship Condor.

A discharged soldier in San Francisco planned to go to New York in a box, but was discovered and turned over to the police.

Two prospectors in Montana have found a mine of almost pure silver. The average assay is 18,000 ounces, which gives it a value of nearly $8,000 to the ton.

Emperor William has celebrated his 43d birthday.

River navigation has been suspended above the Cascade Locks.

Two Negroes in Louisiana, who had murdered a white man, were lynched.

A train in South Carolina was held up and the express car rifled of its contents.

Governor Shaw, of Iowa, will assume the duties of secretary of the treasury February 1.

Liberals defeated the Conservative forces of Colombia in three successive engagements.

United Mineworkers will levy an assessment to help strikers fight battle with operators to the end.

The delay of the committee in reporting the canal bill to the senate means a saving of much time later.

The treaty for the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States calls for the payment of $5,000,000.

Intense cold continues to prevail throughout the middle west. Many trains are delayed on account of snow.

An extra session has been called of the Colorado legislature to make corporations pay taxes on full valuation, the same as private citizens.

There is a movement to hold an exposition at Manila in December next.

The Manila chamber of commerce asks that Chinese be admitted to the islands.

An unknown hypnotist put a Spokane man to sleep and doctors can do nothing to rouse him.

Prince Henry will be given a military farewell when he leaves Germany for the United States.

The Prince of Wales received a very chilling reception on the occasion of his visit in Germany.

Investigation of the Iowa mine disaster disclosed the fact that the explosion was caused by too heavy a charge of dynamite being placed by one of the men who were killed.

The cotton crop of the United States now almost equals in value its wheat crop.

The gold mines of Mysore, India, are worked by American electrical devices, the power being from the melting Himalayan snow.

Swiss papers record a decline in the export of wood carvings, and attribute it to the lack of variety in the carvings, the subjects being monotonously repeated.

YUNG LU IN FAVOR.

Two Reform Edicts Issued by the Chinese Empress.

Pekin, Feb. 4.—The pre-eminence of General Yung Lu in the councils of the Chinese court has been officially proclaimed. Today he made a tour of the foreign legations here, endeavoring to regain the favor of the ministers. An edict has appeared, promoting General Lung Lu to be first grand secretary, an office not necessarily powerful, but of the highest honor and vacant since the death of Li Hung Chang. Wang Wen Shao has been advanced to the second grand secretaryship to succeed Yung Lu. The pilgrimage of Yung Lu was made with considerable pomp. He denied the fact of his responsibility for the attacks upon the foreign legations.

The dowager empress has issued two edicts, the first reciting that many Chinese had formerly studied abroad, but were not Manchus, and orders the Manchu courtiers and generals to nominate Manchus between the ages of 15 and 25 to go abroad, there to study foreign branches of knowledge. The second edict abolishes the prohibition of intermarriage between Manchus and Chinese, which has been enforced since the beginning of the dynasty, and directs officials, by diplomatic methods, to discourage the binding of the feet of Chinese female children, because this is a barbarous custom.

ALL ARE ENTOMBED.

Explosion in a Mexican Mine Kills Eighty-five Men.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 4.—Eighty-five miners killed and 75 more buried under debris is the awful record made by a dust explosion at the Hondo mines in Mexico, news of which was received here tonight. At the time the explosion occurred there were 160 miners at work in the mine, all of whom were entombed by the shaft being choked up by falling earth and stone loosened by the explosion. Just how many are dead is not at this time known, but at last accounts received here by wire tonight, 85 bodies had been recovered. It is feared that the death list will be greatly over 100.

The Hondo mines are located at Coahuila, at the terminus of a branch of the Mexican International Railroad, about 100 miles south of Eagle Pass, and are the most important in that state. Details of the disaster are meager, no names of the victims being learned here.

MILLIONS POUR IN.

Rockefeller Duplicates Morgan's Offer to Harvard Medical School.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 4.—Following the announcement at the Harvard commencement exercises last June that J. P. Morgan had agreed to erect at a cost of more than $1,000,000 three of the buildings required for the accomodation of the Harvard Medical School, in carrying out their new plans for medical education and research, President Eliot announced to the medical faculty tonight that J. D. Rockefeller proposed to give $1,000,000 in furtherance of this great project, provided that other friends of the university will raise a sum of money in the neighborhood of $500,000, to be used by the Harvard Medical School for lands, buildings and endowment. It was stated tonight that there can be little doubt this condition will speedily be complied with.

LOSS IS $2,000,000.

Fire in the Business Section of Waterbury, Conn., Threatened the Whole City.

Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 4.—In the hardest gale of the winter, Waterbury struggled with a fire that destroyed a large area of the business section of the city and threatened to wipe it out completely. An estimate of $2,000,000 as the amount of loss on buildings and contents is considered conservatie by insurance men. The fire was undiscovered until it had gained tremendous headway.

When the department reached the scene flames were issuing from every window and it was evident that the structure was doomed and the entire business section of the city was imperilled.

The fire started in a drizzling rain, with a rapidly rising wind, and with increasing cold the rain turned to snow. The wind was at first shifting, but it settled toward the east and carried destruction with it.

Northwest Branch Mint.

Washington, Feb. 4.—The house committee on coinage today acted favorably on the bill appropriating $600,000 for establishing a branch mint at Tacoma, Wash. The general purpose of this new branch is to give added mint facilities for the gold and silver coming from Alaska. Although votes were not taken on bills for other branch mints, the prospects are that the establishment of one at Tacoma will operate against the establishment of other branches in that section of the country. Director of the Mint Roberts was present, and stated that one branch in the Northwest would be sufficient for all government needs.

China Pays First Installment.

Pekin, Feb. 4.—The first monthly installment, amounting to 1,820,000 taels, of the Chinese indemnity was paid yesterday to the bankers' committee of the powers at Shanghai.

Montana Railroad Town Burned.

Helena, Mont., Feb. 4.—The railroad town of Clancy, 20 miles south of Helena, was nearly wiped out by a fire last night. The loss is about $14,000, on which $8,000 of insurance was carried.

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.

Business men of Grants Pass have organized a board of trade.

Some trouble is being experienced with the Indians on Umatilla reservation.

The postoffice at Spikenard, Jackson county, has been moved one mile northeast.

A number of sales of hops have been reported from Dayton at 12½ cents per pound.

The site of the postoffice at Anlauf, Douglas county has been moved a short distance to the southwest.

Mrs. Martha Proctor Spencer, who came to Oregon in 1852, died at her home in Hillsboro, a few days ago.

Two lumber schooners left Tillamook a few days ago for California points, carrying 1,750,000 feet of Oregon fir.

Oregon insane asylum trustees have renewed the contract with Alaska, whereby this state will for another year care for the demented of the far north.

A number of prominent mining men are taking active steps toward putting in a smelter in Southern Oregon. At a meeting held by them, Merlin was decided to be the best location.

Eugene school district voted a 6 mill tax at the annual meeting last week.

Many hogs are dying around Pendleton from what may prove to be cholera.

The company owning the hot artesian wells at Vale, has decided to erect a fine hotel for the accommodation of guests.

Work is progressing smoothly at the oil well being sunk at Vale, Malheur county.

Fire damaged the Ashland Iron Works to the extent of $1,000 a few days ago.

The merchants of Baker City have agreed to close their stores at 6:30 every evening except Saturday.

A preliminary survey of the route of the proposed electric road from La Grande to Cove has been completed.

Oil has been struck in one of the wells being bored near Nampa, in Eastern Oregon. Samples analyze 78 per cent paraffine.

The Gopher Mining Company, whose property is in Southern Oregon, is installing a five stamp mill, and will have ore to keep it going steady.

The Woodburn school tax will be 10 mills this year. This, with the county and state tax, will make a total of 43, the highest ever known.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Quiet. Walla Walla, 63@63½c; bluestem, 64@64½c; Valley, 63½c.

Barley—Feed, $19@20; brewing, $20@21 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.10@1.25; gray, $1.05@1.15.

Flour—Best grades, $2.80@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, $18 per ton; middlings, $21; shorts, $20.50; chop, $17.

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

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 90c@$1.25 per cental; ordinary, 70@85c per cental, growers' prices; sweets, $1.75@2 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 11@13c.

Eggs—20@21½c for fresh Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½c; Young America, 14@15c; factory prices, 1@1¼c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3@3.50; hens, $4@4.25 per dozen, 9@10c per pound; springs, 10c per pound, $3@3.50 per dozen; ducks, $6.50@7.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11@12½c; dressed, 14@15c per pound.

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

Hogs—Gross, 5¾c; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal—8½@9c per pound, dressed.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¾@4c; steers, 4@4½c; dressed, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—11@12½c per pound.

Wool—Nominal. Valley, 13@15c; eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 21@21½c per pound.

There is now in operation in Belgium 11 extensive mills where cornmeal is ground. One mill at Alost has a capacity of 170,000,000 pounds per year. It is said that all the mills are crowded at present.

A million dollars a week is the cost of the United States army.

American manufacturers of silver are preparing to enter the market in England.

The Italian government has declined an invitation to take part in the St. Louis exposition.

The Baltimore & Ohio road will spend $50,000,000 on improvements, mostly on the line between Pitteburg and Chicago.