The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1902. NO. 18.

...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.

Undertaking.

A Full Line of Caskets, Coffins and Robes always on hand at reasonable prices, at the

SCIO PLANING MILLS

SCIO, OREGON.

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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.

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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	6:45 P. M.

No. 1, returning:—

Leaves Yaquina	6:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis	11:30 A. M.
Arrives Albany	12:35 P. M.

No. 3, for Detroit:—

Leaves Albany	7:00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit	12:15 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:—

Leaves Detroit	12:40 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 3:50 p. m.

Leaves Portland	8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany	12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland	12:30 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	6:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
" Denver	9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City	7:35 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	9:05 a. m., 9:05 a. m.
" Houston	4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans	6:25 p. m., 6:25 a. m.
" Washington	6:47 a. m., 6:47 a. m.
" New York	12:45 p. m., 12:45 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

R. B. MILLER, G. P. A., Portland, Oregon.

CHAPTER XII.

Griselda, darting homeward through the twilighted garden, after another stolen meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the father unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathlessly, sinking into a seat and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said goodby to him forever!"

"What did he say? Was he very much upset?" with burning interest.

"He said he'd manage to see me in some way or other," says Griselda, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetful of prudence at sight of her sister's grief. "He seems from all I have heard from you a—a sort of a person who would be difficult to baffle. I think I should put faith in that declaration of his if I were you."

"Oh, he said more than that," cries Griselda. "Why, it appears that Tom—Mr. Peyton—knows Seaton quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says that he, Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Riverdale's."

For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singularly pale. No doubt the surprise is great.

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am: it is only what I might have expected from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory father."

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.

"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the threshold.

"The master wishes to see you, Miss Dysart, in the library." There is an expression of malignant amusement in the woman's eyes as she says this.

Vera had gone into the library with a pale face, but it was with one paler still she came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look of passion on every feature not to be subdued. She might perhaps have given way to the blessed relief of tears if she had had time to escape Griselda; but as she finds herself looking at Seaton Dysart, who has at this moment entered the inner hall leading to the room she has just left, all her being seems to stiffen into a cold horror of contempt.

She stops short and fixes her heavy eyes on his.

"So you betrayed me!" she says, in a low tone that vibrates with scorn.

"Betrayed you?" echoes he, starting. There is that in her face not to be mistaken, and a presentiment of coming evil sends a hot flush to his brow.

"You are a bad actor," says she, with a palesmile; "you change color, at a crisis; you have still a last grain of honesty left in you. You should see to that; kill it quickly, it spoils your otherwise perfect role."

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," says he, with a frown. "I am, however, at a loss to know what you mean."

"Oh, are you ashamed to keep it up—the deception?" cries she with a sudden outbreak of wrath. "Oh, how could you do it?"

"Great heaven! how can I convince you that I have done nothing?" exclaims he, growing pale as herself.

"There was no one else awake, there was no one to see me," says she, trying to stifle her agitation. "What, then, must I think but that you were the one to tell your father of that unlucky night when I was locked out in the garden?"

"He has heard that?" Seaton, as if thunderstruck, looks blankly at her.

"Why do you compel me to tell you what you already know?" says she, with a little irrepressible stamp of her foot. "If you will listen to what is already no news to you, learn that your father sent for me just now—a long time ago, hours ago, I think," putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way, "and accused me of having spent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden."

"And you think that I——"

"I don't think," with a condemnatory glance. "As I told you before, I know. Your father has insolently accused me of an impossible thing; but even if I had stayed in the garden with you that night, of my own free will, I cannot see where would lie the disgrace he connects with it."

"You are right, no one could see disgrace where you were," says Seaton, calmly. "My father is an old man, he—"

"Is old enough to know how to insult a woman," coldly, "when," with a terrible glance at him, "shown the way. Oh," laying her hand upon her breast in a paroxysm of grief, "it was abominable of you, and you said—twice you said it," coming closer to him, and lifting accusing eyes to his, "'Trust me,' I remember it as though you uttered it but now, and I believed you. 'Trust me,' you said."

"I should say it again," says Dysart, "a hundred times again. Come," he says, and leads her back again to the library she has just quitted.

Gregory Dysart still sits in his usual chair, his arms on the elbows of it, his face is set, as though death had laid its seal on it, save for the marvelously, horribly youthful eyes, so full of fire and life.

"You will be so good as to explain to Vera at once," begins Seaton, in a dangerous tone, "how it was you learned of her being in the garden the other night."

"What night? She may have been out every night, for aught I know; she tells me she is fond of moonlight," replies the old man, impassively.

"You understand perfectly the night of which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low but terrible voice.

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dysart, shortly; something in his son's face warned him not to go further.

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to Vera. "It was Grunch who betrayed you. You are satisfied now?"

"On that point, yes. I suppose I should offer you an apology," says she, icily. "But," with a swift glance at his father, "how can I be satisfied when——"

Her voice breaks.

"Sir," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have you deliberately insulted your brother's child?"

"There was no insult. I may have told her that if she chooses to do such things as society disapproves of, she must only submit to the consequences and consider herself ostracised."

"Compromised,' you said."

"Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him, "let us have no more of such petty scandal. You forget," sternly, "that when you seek to compromise Vera, you condemn me, your son."

Dysart shrugged his shoulders.

"The man is never in fault; so your world rules," says he, lightly.

"You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You still say that she——"

"I say that, and more," replied the old man, undaunted, a very demon of obstinacy having now taken possession of his breast. "I feel even bold enough to suggest to her the advisability of an immediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that is sure to arise out of her impudence."

"Go, Vera; leave the room," says Seaton, with great emotion.

"Why should she go? It seems to me you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dysart, looking from one to the other with a satirically friendly glance. "Let her rather stay and discuss with us your marriage with her."

If he had been so foolishly blind as to hope by this bold move to force Vera into an engagement, his expectations are now on the instant destroyed by his son. "Understand me, once for all, that I shall not marry Vera," says he, white with anger, and some strong feeling that he is almost powerless to suppress. "Were she to come to me this moment and lay her hand in mine, and say she was willing so far to sacrifice herself, I should refuse to listen to her."

Vera, for the first time since her entrance, lifts her head to look at him. Was he thinking of Miss Butler? Was he true at last to her? A little bitter smile curls her lip.

"I thank you," she says, with a slight inclination of her head toward her cousin, and with a swift step leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four long days have crept languidly into the past, four of the dullest days Griselda Dysart has ever yet endured, as she is compelled to acknowledge even to herself. Slowly, with aimless steps, she rises and flings aside the moldy volume she had found in one of the rooms below, and which she has been making a fruitless effort to read, and looks out upon the sunless pleasure-ground beneath her window. She becomes suddenly aware of an unfamiliar figure that, kneeling on the grass before one of the beds, seems to be weeding away for its dear life.

It is certainly the new gardener. Poor creature, whoever he is, what could have induced him to come here? Uncle Gregory had evidently found no difficulty in replacing his former employe. Had he secured this new gardener on the old poor terms? Unhappy creature! poverty indeed must have been his guest before he and his clothes came to such a sorry pass! At this moment the "unhappy creature" lifts his head, turns it deliberately toward her, and—she finds herself face to face with Tom Peyton!

A little sharp cry breaks from her; she stifles it, but turns very pale.

"You! you!" she says.

"Don't look like that!" he says, in a low tone, but sharply. "Would you betray me? Remember, it was my only chance of getting near you. Don't faint, I mean, or do anything like that."

"Oh, how could you do such a thing?" says she, in a trembling voice. "And—and how strange you look, and what dreadful clothes you have on!"

"Well, I gave a good deal for them," says he, casting an eloquent glance at his trousers; "more—four times more—than I ever yet gave for a suit. I'm sorry you don't approve of them; but for myself, I think them becoming, and positively glory in them; I would rather have them than any clothes I've ever yet had, and I think them right down cheap. It's rather a sell if you don't think they suit my style of beauty."

He is disgracefully unalive to the horror of his position. He is even elated by it, and is plainly on the point of bubbling over with laughter. Given an opportunity indeed, and it is certain he will give mirth away; Griselda, however, declines to help him to this opportunity.

"It's horrid of you—I don't know how you can laugh," says she, beginning to cry. "I can't bear to see you dressed like that, just like a common man."

"Well—I think you're a little unkind," says he, regarding her reproachfully. "I did think you would be glad to see me. I thought, I fancied—I suppose I was wrong—that when we parted on that last day you were sorry—that you would like to see me again."

"Well, that was all true," says Griselda, sobbingly.

"Then what are you crying about?"

"I am unhappy that because of me you must be made so uncomfortable."

"If that's all," says he, beaming afresh, "it's nothing. I'm not a scrap uncomfortable. It strikes me as being a sort of a lark—h'm—a joke, I mean. I feel as jolly as a sand-boy, and," with a tender, earnest glance, "'tae jollier, because I can now see you."

"But how long is it to last?" says she, nervously. "It can't go on like this forever, and Seaton comes down here sometimes, and he knows you."

"I dare say I shall manage to avoid him. Though I have often thought lately that it would be a good thing to take him into our confidence."

"Oh, no, no, no indeed," cries she; "he might tell his father, and then all would be up with us."

"Well, there's my sister, Gracie—she's a very good natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would tell Seaton, and between them they might manage something. There's a step! Go away, and try to see me to-morrow if you can."

They have barely time to separate before the gaunt figure of Grunch is seen approaching through the laurels.

CHAPTER XIV.

To-day is wet; a soaking, steady downpour that commenced at early dawn is still rendering miserable the shrubbery and gardens.

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders aimlessly throughout their dreary length and breadth. These rooms are well known to her, and presently wearying of them she turns aside and rather timidly pushes open a huge, faded, baize-covered door that leads she scarcely knows whither. She pushes it back and looks eagerly inward.

It is not an apartment, after all. A long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimly lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped and literally hung with cobwebs.

Curiosity grows strong within her. Catching the ancient handle of this door, a mere brass ring sunk in the woodwork, she pushes against it with all her might. In vain. But not deterred, she pushes again and again; and at the last trial of her strength a sharp sound—a ring of something brazen falling on a stone floor—crashes with a quick, altogether astounding noise upon the tomblike silence that fills the mysterious passage.

At the same moment the door gives way, and she, unexpectedly yielding with it, steps hurriedly forward into a dark and grewsome hole.

The poverty of the light has perhaps dimmed her sight, because after a little while a shadow on the opposite wall, that resolves itself into an opening, becomes known to her. It is not a door, rather a heavy hempen curtain, and now, resolutely determined to go through with her adventure, she advances toward it, pulls it aside, and finds herself face to face with Gregory Dysart!

He is on his knees, next that peculiar cabinet described in an earlier chapter, and as he lifts his head upon her entrance, a murderous glare, as of one hunted, desperate, comes into his curious eyes.

The side of the cabinet is lying wide open, and, as he involuntarily moves, the chink of golden coins falling one upon another alone breaks the loud silence that oppresses the atmosphere. In his hand he is holding an old and yellow parchment.

"I—I am sorry," murmurs Vera, terrified; "I did not know; I——"

"What brought you here, girl—here where I believed myself safe? Go, go—there is nothing—nothing. I tell you—they lied to you if they told you anything—go, I say!"

He has entirely lost his self-possession, and is still kneeling on the floor, now hugging, now trying to hide beneath him the paper he holds with his sinewy, nervous fingers. "Go, go, go!" he shrieks, beside himself. He is in a perfect frenzy; all dignity is gone; to the girl standing trembling there it is a loathsome sight to see this old man on the brink of the grave thus crouching, abased, dishonored.

"I am going," she says, faintly. She is ghastly pale; the sight of him in his horrible fright, cringing thus upon the ground, has so unnerved her that she actually grasps at the curtain for support.

(To be continued.)

Mutually Surprised.

There must have been about four hundred people at Lake Bennett, writes Mr. Secretan, in his entertaining book, "To Klondyke and Back," making four hundred different varieties of death-dealing conveyances, for each had to construct his own boat for descending to the Yukon River. The owner of a little wheezy, portable sawmill, which was puffing away day and night, tearing spruce logs to pieces for one hundred dollars a thousand feet, was getting rich.

Anything that would float was at a premium. Once in a while you would see something resembling a boat, but not often. As a general rule, the soap-box and coffin combination was the most popular pattern.

Some men could not wait to be supplied by the wheezy sawmill, but went in for whipsawing on their own account. One man stands on top of the log, and the other below, and the saw is then pushed up and down along a chalk mark.

A story is told of two "pardners" who commenced whipsawing. After working a while, till his tired muscles almost refused duty, the lower one excused himself for a moment, and having hired the first man he met to take his place in the pit, disappeared. The sawing proceeded until the uppermost "pardner," all unconscious that he was working with an entire stranger, bethought him of a device to rest. Making some ordinary explanation, he got down from the log and quickly hired an Indian to take his place at the saw.

The "pardners" were mutually surprised to meet each other shortly afterward in an adjacent saloon.

A Certain Way.

"How can you tell mushrooms from toadstools, little boy?"

"Easy! If de guy dat eats 'em is alive next day deys mushrooms. If he's shifted off de mortal coil den deys toadstools."

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.

Cortes, a leading Filipino rebel, has been captured.

Miss Stone, the American missionary, has been released.

Secretary Hitchcock is expected to leave the cabinet soon.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Nineteen lives were lost in the Park Avenue hotel fire in New York.

The Philippine Commission favors modifying the Chinese exclusion order.

The provinces of Laguna and Batangas have been entirely cleared of insurgents.

Barcelona, Spain, rioters continue their depredations upon the stores and factories.

A severe sleet storm that prevailed on the Atlantic coast tied up all traffic for a time.

Senators Tillman and McLaurin, of South Carolina, engaged in a fist fight and were required to apologize to the senate.

Fire in Portland destroyed $94,000 worth of property and for a time threatened to get beyond all control of the firemen.

Prince Henry and staff arrived in New York one day late. They were delayed on account of a severe storm off the Atlantic coast.

Twenty lives were lost in a $2,000,000 hotel fire at New York.

A tidal wave on the Salvadorian coast caused the loss of more than 50 lives.

The riots continue at Barcelona and other Spanish cities. Almost the entire nation has been placed under martial law.

The house committee on territories unanimously voted to report bills for the admission of the territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, giving England's assent to the construction of a canal across Central America by the United States, has been ratified.

Hundreds of forged Bank of England notes have been put in circulation in London during the past few days. They are hard to tell from the genuine.

A financial crisis is about to occur in Chile.

Germany will abolish the bounties on sugar.

Rich gold and copper discoveries have been made in Africa.

The president has made public his decision in the Schley appeal.

The Corean army will be reorganized with British officers in charge.

Two hundred persons have been killed in the riots at Barcelona, Spain.

A broken rail caused a wreck in Ohio in which one man was killed and five injured.

Organized laborers to the number of 7,000 are employed by the diamond dealers and jewelers of Amsterdam.

The Tyrol, following the example of Norway, is trying to encourage the winter tourist business by offering better facilities for winter sports.

Valletta, Malta, being midway in the Mediterranean, between Gibraltar and Port Said, imports more than half a million tons of coal for the use of passing vessels.

SPANISH RIOTS CONTINUE.

Serious Conflicts Still Occur at Barcelona—Troops Fire on Strikers.

Madrid, Feb. 24.—Official dispatches received here assert that calm has been restored at Barcelona, Saragossa and Valenci, but newspaper telegrams report that the situation is still serious.

The rioters at Barcelona are devoting their energies to preventing food supplies from entering the town. In one such case the troops escorting a convoy were obliged to fire on the rioters, several of whom were killed or wounded. A serious conflict also occurred today in the center of the town. The orders of the captain general to persuade the dock laborers to resume work have failed, and the entire trade of Barcelona is at a standstill. Revolutionary proclamations are still being circulated there.

The most stringent measures have been prepared to protect traffic and business. The strikers have few rifles, but are well supplied with revolvers and daggers.

The search of suspected houses continues, resulting in the arrest of large numbers of anarchists and revolutionists of all kinds, who are considered to be the prime movers in the troubles. The cosmopolitan character of Barcelona makes it a resort for representatives of all the revolutionary elements in Europe, and the ranks of the malcontent workmen have been swelled by French and other foreign political agitators. The Republicans are busy among the troops, urging them not to use their arms against their own class in defense of plutocrats.

The working people of Madrid favor the strikers.

Martial law has been proclaimed at Tarragona. The strike is spreading in the Llobregat and Cardona valleys. There is a general cessation of work at Castellon de la Plana and Gave, and much excitement prevails at Bates. Forces of gendarmes have been dispatched to those places.

LONG MAY SOON RESIGN.

Now That the Schley Controversy Is Settled He May Soon Retire.

Washington, Feb. 22.—Now that the Schley matter has been settled officially, it is understood that Secretary Long feels he is at liberty to carry out the project cherished by him to retire to private life. However, this is not expected to ensue at once, for there is no certain knowledge of what may follow in congress, notwithstanding a belief by the administration that the case is now settled beyond revival. Therefore, it is understood that the change in the cabinet circle will not take place before the adjournment of the present session.

Factory Fire at Toronto.

Toronto, Feb. 22.—Fire that started tonight by spontaneous combustion in the finishing rooms of the Menzee Manufacturing Company, Ltd., manufacturers of furniture, and spread to the adjoining premises of the Merchants' Dyeing and Furnishing Company, did damage to the extent of $2000,00.

Claim Swindlers in England.

London, Feb. 24.—The operations of American swindlers, who are extorting money in England through representations regarding fortunes awaiting their victims in America, have become so extensive that Mr. Boyle, United States consul at Liverpool, has published a letter warning people not to be deceived by the statements made by these men.

Correctness of Russia's Intentions.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The United States government is now perfectly satisfied as to the correctness of Russia's intentions respecting Manchuria. The pledges heretofore obtained from Russia have been renewed and reinforced so strongly that they must be accepted as satisfactory, unless our government is prepared deliberately to question Russia's integrity, which it has not the least disposition to do.

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.

Ninety-nine grain ships were dispatched from Portland this season.

Colonel N. B. Knight, a prominent Oregon attorney, of Salem, is dead.

The Polk county Republican central committee will meet in Dallas March 1.

The Red Boy and Concord mines in Eastern Oregon have been consolidated.

A gray eagle, measuring 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip was shot a few days ago near Astoria.

The Fish lake irrigation ditch in Southern Oregon will be completed by May 1. The ditch is 65 miles long.

As a result of the recent cold snap in Umatilla county, about 25 per cent of the grain sowed last fall must be resowed.

Two Jacksonville prisoners, who were being held for burglary broke jail a few nights ago in some mysterious manner and escaped.

The mill dam across Long Tom river at Monroe, which furnished power for the large roller mills there, has been washed out by the high water.

At the recent teachers' examination in Douglas county, five applicants received state papers. For county certificates there were 32 applicants, 20 of whom passed.

The Democratic state convention will be held in Portland April 10. The Democratic convention for the Second congressional district will be held at the same time and place.

The price of land in general is advancing in Benton county. Farms which a few years ago could have been purchased at $10 per acre are now held at $20 to $25 an acre. Many new families are seeking homes in that section.

A company has been formed at Dallas for the operation of a creamery.

Fifty horses for government artillery service have just been purchased near Eugene.

The Socialist party of Clackamas county will hold its county convention March 8.

Clackamas county commissioners are looking for a suitable location for a poor farm.

A club has been formed at Joseph to advance the interest of that town and neighborhood.

Business men of Pendleton are considering a plan for the establishmen of a paper mill.

At the annual meeting of the Tillamook Creamery company a dividend of 10 per cent was declared.

Umatilla county has been asked to increase the assessments of railroad and telephone companies $3,000,000.

The contract has been let for building an opera house in Albany, to cost $5,000. It will have a seating capacity of 700.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 65@65½c; bluestem, 66@66½c; Valley, 64@65c.

Barley—Feed, $19@19.50; brewing, $20@20.50 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.15@1.25; gray, $1.10@1.20.

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

Millstuffs—Bran, $19 per ton; middlings, $21; shorts, $21.50; chop, $17.50.

Hay—Timothy, $12@13; clover, $7.50@8; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, $1.10@1.35 per cental; ordinary, 75@85c per cental, growers' prices; sweets, $2@2.50 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 13@15c.

Eggs—22½@25c for Oregon.

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

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.50@4.50; hens, $4.50@5.50 per dozen, 10@12c per pound; springs, 11c per pound, $3@4 per dozen; ducks, $5@6 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12½@13c; dressed, 15@16c per pound; geese, $6@7 per dozen.

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

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

Veal—8@8¾ for small; 7@7¾ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3½@4c; steers, 4@4½c; dressed, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—11@13c per pound.

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

The area of Greater New York is now 318 square miles, against Greater London's 700 square miles.

Riveting of boilers and the like is now done almost entirely by a compressed air hammer, which strikes 5,000 times a minute.

The Norwegian council of state has decided to negotiate for a loan of $2,000,000, to be used for the construction of railways and a thorough telephone system throughout Norway.