The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1902. NO. 20.

...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.

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.

T. J. MUNKERS

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OFFICERS:

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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	12:15 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 3:55 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

That night is still as death itself, and the sparkling brilliance of the slow moving waters contrasts with it in tender fashion. Strangely attracted by it, Vera goes forward, moves down the stone steps that lead to the garden, and with eager footsteps gains the little pathway, steep and sudden, that leads to the beach.

Suddenly she draws in her arms, and a shiver runs through her; she turns her head—to see Dysart.

"You are going to marry Lord Shelton?" he says, his tone more assertive than questioning.

"It is an impertinent question," says Miss Dysart, calmly.

"You are disingenuous. If he has not yet asked you, you know he only waits the opportunity to do so. When he does——" He checks himself abruptly, knowing he has gone too far.

A little flame leaps into Vera's eyes.

"Has it occurred to you that I am very forbearing?" she asks, with a curious smile. "Does it not strike you as very remarkable that I do not on my part question you back again? that I do not ask you whom you are going to marry?"

He looks as if he was about to make her an angry rejoinder, but she checks him.

"No—don't be afraid, I am not going to put the question," she says, coldly; "and after all, why should I?"

"Do you mean," he goes on, "that you know of someone I want to marry?"

"Let there be an end to this hateful hypocrisy," cries she, turning to him with a burst of passionate anger. "You acted your part for Griselda this morning most admirably."

"Vera!" cries he, hoarsely.

She turns as if startled by that impassioned cry, and then, he hardly knows how it is, he hardly dares remember afterward, but somehow she is in his arms, and he is looking down into her frightened eyes with a terrible entreaty in his own.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he says, his miserable voice scarcely above a whisper. "My darling, my soul, have pity!" More closely his arms bind her. He bends his face to hers—nearer, nearer still, and then, suddenly, a great loathing of himself fills him. He draws back with a sharp shudder, and almost pushes her from him. "Go!" he says, vehemently; and in another moment she has turned the corner of the winding stairs, and is gone.

Gone!

With a heavy groan he flings himself face downward on the cool, sweet, shifting sands, that moon-smitten lie trembling, waiting for the dawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

As Mr. Dysart takes his way slowly around the house, the sound of running footsteps coming toward him from a side walk attracts his attention. It is Grunch, wild-eyed, haggard, her thin gray locks, unbound through her unusual haste, flying at each side of her lean, forbidding face.

"More haste, worse speed," says he, sarcastically. "Is the house afire, or my precious nieces dead, that you rush upon me with such indecorous abandon?"

"Hush," says she, sternly, with a glance behind her, "this is no time for words like those. Think only of this, Dysart," pausing and panting for breath, "that I have seen a ghost."

The old man laughs.

"Be silent!" hisses the woman savagely; "cease your gibes, I tell you. The ghost I have seen is—is——"

"My worthy father, for example," suggests he, with a sneer. "No? Well, come, who, then?"

"Michael Sedley!" The words fall from her as though they burn her lips in passing.

The sneer dies from Mr. Dysart's lips; a dark flush suffuses his face, turning it almost black for the moment, to fade presently beneath the ashen hue that makes him look like a corpse—a corpse with eyes of fire! He staggers back against a tree, and his hands catch convulsively at the bark of it.

"You are mad, woman!" he says, in a terrible voice.

"Ay, may be. So I say. Mad I am, if it was his ghost I saw. But if I saw him in the flesh, how then, Dysart? Why, sane. Well," with growing excitement, "shall it be mad or sane?"

"Mad, mad, mad!" shrieks he, furiously. "All my life you have been my bane, my curse, and now, now, what is this news you would tell me? Sedley! Why, he is dead, woman—dead, I tell you! Where have you seen him? Speak, I command you," cries he, seizing her arm and shaking her violently.

"On the avenue. I was there watching Miss Griselda, as you told me to, lest she should go into the woods again, when he came slowly toward me through the trees, prowling about. He's changed, he's gone to bone a deal; but I'd know him still among a thousand. Ay, and you'll know him, too."

It is characteristic of the iron nature of the man—that rose above all petty cringings to a miserly fear—that as he enters the presence of the one creature whom on earth he dreads, he does so with a calm visage and one expressionless. His step is slow, methodical as usual; his face, gray in its pallor, a very mask. His brilliant eyes alone betray the keen life that still lingers in the gaunt old frame, and they look through and through the unwelcome visitor with an unblinking gaze.

"You!" he says, softly, nay smilingly, extending a graceful hand, with a good deal of languid indifference.

"Just that," says Sedley, in a tone so loud and common as to contrast painfully with the polished accent that had gone before. "Years since we met, mate."

"Many," says Mr. Dysart, sinking carefully into a rickety old chair near him. "And yet it seems like yesterday—that we parted."

"Take it like that! it shows what a downy nest you've been lyin' in," says the large, coarse-looking man, with a distinctly aggrieved air. "There's the injustice of it. You're as much right to this place as I have, when all's told. And if I can't get my share——"

"Sh—!" breathes Mr. Dysart, softly, lifting one hand. "And—well, so you have come back? Pining for the old country, eh?"

"To look you up," doggedly. "To see whether you were in the grave or out of it, partner."

"Partner?" repeats Dysart, as if in gentle interrogation.

"In crime?" roughly, as if angered by the other's tone. "That's what they'd call it, Dysart, at the Old Bailey, or whatever court it might come before. I'm not particular."

"No—no," assents Mr. Dysart, with gentle encouragement.

"I never blamed you, mind you that. But a lawyer's a worriting sort o' varmint. A man should stick to his word, ses I, and when the old gov'ner refused to stick to his, after all his promises to you, why, if you kept him to it, in spite of him, when he had no longer power to kick—well, who's to say you were wrong, eh?"

"You are very good; very—sustaining," says Mr. Dysart, slowly. His tone is, perhaps, a little fainter.

"Ay, that's what I am to them as stands by me. And you and I are in the same boat, Dysart; never lose sight of that. I don't. I'll back you up as fresh as though it was only yesterday we'd agreed on—on—you know what. Ha, ha, ha!"

The old man suddenly stiffens himself, and looks straight at Sedley.

"And now what is it you want?" he asks, tersely, his tone ringing cold and clear through the room, though very low.

"Now, I like that. I want part o' the swag. Five thousand pounds," says the other, coolly.

"Five thousand pounds! You must be mad."

"Not one penny less. My silence is worth that—and more. Come, don't imagine you can impose on me. I tell you, I would think as little of going into that room out there and telling your nieces of that first will, as——"

"Hush—hush!" says Dysart, in a sharp tone, wild with fear. "Not another word, not a breath on that subject here. Walls have ears. You know the old ruin at the end of the far garden? Meet me there to-night, and I shall see if we can come to terms."

With a last word or two he succeeded in getting Sedley to the door, and there summons Grunch, who in truth is marvelously handy.

"Grunch! Will you see to Sedley? He is as old a friend of yours as of mine, I think," says Mr. Dysart, in so genial a tone for him that Grunch involuntarily glances at him. "He is tired, and no doubt hungry. Make him comfortable in every way."

"Yes, sir," says Grunch, respectfully. She leads Sedley down the passage, and then, with a muttered word to him that she should get the keys of the cellar, runs back to Dysart, who stands staring after them with an unfathomable expression in his eyes.

"Your will—quick!" she says, in a low tone.

"Keep him out of sight. Let no one see him, or guess at his presence in this house," whispers Dysart, fiercely, after which he steps back into his room and slams the door, and locks it behind him in a frenzied fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is ten o'clock, and night, like a heavy shroud, lies over wood and garden. Tom Peyton is treading with cautious steps the upper part of the garden on his way to the ruin.

Safely he makes his way to the old house, to get the letter he knows will await him there. Poor darling, what will be in it? Further vexations? With a desire to avoid all risks, he elects to enter by the back, where a large rent in the dilapidated walls will enable him to squeeze through the room where the letter from Griselda will be.

Voices decidedly, and in the next room. The speaker at this instant is Mr. Dysart. The second voice is strange to him—coarse, vulgar and dictatorial, and very threatening.

The voices grow in wrath; the unknown one being loud in vituperation. And now, all suddenly as it were, the voices cease; there is a strained silence, as if each man waits with drawn sword for the other's next word, and then—a sickening sound. A dull, awful blow, as of oak meeting flesh and blood, a ghastly groan, and then—silence.

Great heaven! What has happened? Has he killed that old man? Peyton springs forward, looks upon the inner room, he stops short, as if shot, to stare aghast upon the scene before him.

Upon the earthen floor lies a huge figure, apparently dead, while standing over it is Mr. Dysart, his face alight with a ghastly hope, his wild eyes gleaming. A heavy oaken stick is in his hand. The murderous bludgeon is uplifted to complete crime already begun—to finish his work, to make sure of the helpless victim at his feet, when Peyton, uttering a loud cry, rushes from the spot where until now he lay concealed.

There is an instant's hush, a strange hush, and then a convulsive shiver runs through the old man. An ashen grayness has risen from chin to brow. He flings up his arms, for a second or two, clutches foolishly at the air, and then falls with a dull thud across the body of his enemy.

Peyton runs through the garden, never pausing or drawing breath until the house is reached. Knocking impatiently with his knuckles and receiving no answer, he so far gives way to the agitation that is consuming him as to smash a pane with a stone. This brings Seaton to the window in a minute or two, partially dressed.

"It is I, Dysart—Tom Peyton. Come out, come out quickly. Your father," panting, "is hurt—is very ill!"

"My father!" says Seaton, as if not believing. "But where—how?"

"In the garden—up there in the old ruin. Oh, hurry, man, hurry; you can hear all afterward!"

Seaton hardly dares to venture a remark, but, having with trembling fingers clothed himself, follows Peyton out through the window in the chill night air, and soon the two young men are tearing like hunted things through the gardens to that fatal old ruin at the end of them.

Here everything is just as Peyton left it. The old man lying dead, with a more peaceful expression on his face than had ever been there while he lived—the other, the stranger, almost as motionless as his enemy, save for a faint quiver of the lips and nostrils every now and then. Who was he? What had brought him here? Peyton turns to Seaton with these questions on his lips. It is imperative that something about the stranger be discovered—and at once.

Seaton is still holding his father's body in his arms, inexpressible grief upon his countenance. The old man had been stern, hard, begrudging, but he had loved his son well, and the son knew it. Peyton touches him lightly on the shoulder.

"Rouse yourself," he says, in a low, earnest tone. "You know this man?"

"No—not at all. I never saw him before."

"What! you can tell me nothing? Oh, think, Dysart!" says Peyton, with increasing anxiety. "If you know nothing we shall scarcely be able to see how to act. Exert your memory, man."

"It is useless. I swear I never saw him before." He compels himself to look again at Sedley, and a shiver of disgust shakes him. "I know only this—that he has killed my father."

"You forget," says Peyton, very quietly. He would have been thankful, glad, to be able to leave his friend in this belief, but he knew it would be impossible. "I saw the whole thing. There was a quarrel, about what I did not hear, but it was your father who knocked that fellow down."

"Well, it killed him," says Seaton, excitedly. "The excitement of that quarrel was too much for him. I still maintain that that man caused his death." He covers his face with his hands.

"Nevertheless, we cannot leave him here to die. Come, Seaton, take your courage in your hands. Think if there be no way to avoid the scandal that must necessarily arise out of all this. For—for the sake of your poor father's memory, bestir yourself."

It is a potent argument. Seaton flushes hotly, and the old touch of power returns to his face.

Together they carry the two bodies into the house, under cover of the silent night. Mr. Dysart to his own room, and then up the stairs, and through the endless corridors, that other groaning, scarcely living burden; up always until a disused chamber in a remote corner of the old tower is reached, where it is beyond probability that any one in the house save these three who know, will ever seek to penetrate.

(To be continued.)

HATS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Changes that Have Taken Place in Manufacturing Headgear.

"Speaking of the hat business," said a veteran of the business to the local historian, "most wonderful changes have taken place since 1850. In olden times soft felt and derby hats were not known, and it was as late as 1843 when silk dress hats were first introduced in this country, this being a French invention, and all silk plush used for hats in the world was, up to this time, made in France. When Kossuth came to America he introduced the soft felt hats, wearing one himself. It did not take American hatters long to take up the idea, and in less than one year old and young Americans covered their heads with Kossuth hats. They were in shape nearly the same as tourist hats now, only being trimmed up with a nice, long ostrich plume. Along about 1858 an English tourist came along with the derby hat, and in a very few years they became the general headgear in the country, and up to the present date the demand for soft hats and derby hats is nearly evenly divided.

"In those days all the best class of soft hats were imported from France, and stiff derbies from England. This, however, has taken a material change, as American hats are now sold in all parts of the globe, and it is a known fact that we produce the most tasty and best hats made. Before the arrival of Kossuth and the English tourist, however, the Americans did not go bareheaded, but contented themselves with napped otter and napped beaver hats, for the more expensive, and the so-called scratch-up or brush hats for the cheaper. Brush or scratch-up derive their name from the fact that nap was raised on them by means of a stiff brush constructed of whalebones. The first manufacturers who made American production in those goods popular and world-renowned, and who forced French and English hats out of this market, were Rinaldo M. Waters, John B. Stetson, J. D. Bird and B. J. Brown.

"During the early periods of 1840 and 1850 a dealer was a hatter in fact, else there would have been no room for him, as all made the hats they sold, all handwork, no machines of any kind, and one who knew how to make a napped otter or beaver hat was an artist, earning $40 to $60 per week being nothing unusual, many making from $75 to $100."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hardly So.

In no situation, probably, is the stammering infirmity more calamitous than in making a proposition of marriage. An exchange gives us this dialogue:

Mr. Stutterly to Miss Grace ——: "M-m-m-iss G-G-G-G-G-Grace, I-I-I-I w-w-w-w-w-want you to b-b-b-b-be m-m-m-m-my——"

"What did you say, Mr. Stutterly?"

"W-W-W-W-W-W-Won't you b-b-b-b-be my wu-wu-wu-wu-wife, I-I-I-I-I-s-s-s-s-said!"

"O, George, this is so sudden!"

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.

Prince Henry sent a wreath to be placed on Genreal Grants' tomb.

The president has signed the Philippine tariff bill.

A message is expected from the president on the Cuban question.

All arrangements are completed for the homeward journey of Prince Henry.

Russia has taken advantage of the bandit trouble in China and sent troops there.

England will reorganize her army and place it on the same plan as that of the United States.

Two boats collided on the Canton river and 150 Chinese drowned.

Queen Alexandra launched an English battleship.

Taft says that in two years, at the most, the Filipinos will be able to maintain a permanent government of their own.

The revolutionary movement in Russia is spreading.

Prince Henry visited the military academy at West Point.

Fifteen persons were killed and many injured in a train wreck in Texas.

The Spanish regency may be prolonged, owing to the incapacity of King Alfonso.

The president will not permit his daughter to attend the coronation of King Edward.

Five men were killed and several injured in a coal mine explosion in Pennsylvania.

The steamer on which Prince Henry will return home is being fitted up for the royal party.

Six firemen were seriously injured by coming in contact with live wires at a fire in Beatrice, Neb.

The street car strike at Norfolk, Va., remains unbroken.

The Eastern states are in the midst of another snow storm.

A candy trust, with a capital of $5,000,000, is the latest combine.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will go to Cuba to visit General and Mrs. Wood.

Boer envoys called on the president, but were told by him that he was unable to help them.

Canada will pass a Chinese exclusion law similar to that before the United States senate at present.

The house is considering a bill authorizing the purchase of the Giant Tree tract in California for a national park.

Rear Admiral J. A. Howell will be retired the 16th inst. Next to Admiral Dewey, he is the ranking officer of the navy.

Prince Henry visited Niagara Falls and crossed over to the Canadian side, where he was welcomed by representatives of Lord Minto.

A number of the leaders in the Barcelona, Spain, riots have been executed.

Thomas J. Humes, Republican, was elected to succeed himself as mayor of Seattle.

Santos-Dumont will visit the United States and give an exhibition of his flying machine.

The difficulties between the National Cash Register Company and its employes have been settled.

William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, has been mentioned as a successor for Secretary of the Navy Long.

Mob of strikers in Norfolk, Va., gained possession of streets and held them against police and militia.

Prince Henry, before he leaves the United States, will be presented with a Masonic emblem valued at $10,000.

Maryland legislature has passed a law authorizing the admission of women as practicing lawyers in the state court.

The worst of the flood in the East is over.

Boers killed, wounded and captured 632 British in a recent fight.

Pope Leo XIII celebrated the 24th anniversary of his coronation with great pomp.

American horses were praised in a parliament paper on remount service in South Africa.

President Roosevelt will visit the Charleston exposition to show that his action in the Tillman case had nothing to do with feeling toward the state.

The work of rescuing snowslide victims at Telluride, Col., had to be suspended. Many new slides have occurred and heavy snow fall continues.

The pope told an American visitor that there are 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States.

Prince Ching says the Chinese government will protect rights of Americans in the Canton-Hankow railroad concession.

Colonel John A. Polk, aged 82 years, a cousin of President James K. Polk and doorkeeper of the house during President Cleveland's first administration, died at Kansas City.

OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

Trouble in Morong Province is not Serious—Chaffee and Wright Report.

Washington, March 11.—Desiring to ascertain the facts as to conditions in the province of Morong, Luzon, Secretary Root recently cabled inquiries to Commissioner Wright and General Chaffee, which have brought the following replies:

"With reference to your telegram of the 6th inst., the facts from Morong are: About a week ago the presidente of Cainta was kidnapped. The perpetrators of this act was a new organization gathered in Morong province about 60 strong. They were vigorously searched for and driven to hiding and will probably be captured in a day or two. They have inflicted no material damage. No special significance need or should attach to this event.

"CHAFFEE."

"There is no foundation for the statement of insurrection in Morong or that the inhabitants are fleeing. Small fragments of ladrone bands, dispersed and driven out of the mountains of Laguna by Bell's operations, and from Cavite through recent operations of the constabulary, in the mountains there, having about 15 guns, gathered in the mountains of Morong and probably aided by a few outlaws of that section, raided the village, kidnaping the presidente. A small detachment of constabulary under a native sergeant attacked them but made no impression, being short of ammunition. Assistant Chief Atkins was on the ground in a few hours with an adequate force of constabulary, and, assisted in every way by the native governor of the province and the inhabitants, gave pursuit. They have already killed two, injured one, captured six and are running the band down. The presidente has been released without harm. So far from there being hostility on the part of the mass of people to American authority, they give us full information of what is passing and aid us as much as possible. These ladrones do not interfere with the whites and confine their operations to levying tribute upon and occasionally kidnaping natives in remote localities. There is nothing new in this, as it was in existence under the Spanish government, less so now than then. They are being rapidly broken up and exterminated by the constabulary. There is no political significance in their operations. WRIGHT."

RUSHING WORK ON WARSHIPS

Phenomenal Advance at the Union Iron Works in Construction.

Washington, March 11.—Apparently phenomenal advance in the work on some of the war vessels building at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, is the feature of the monthly progress report issued by Admiral Bowles, chief of the bureau of construction and repair. The report shows a gain during the month of February of 12 per cent on the battleship Ohio, 20 per cent on the protected cruiser Tacoma, and 5 per cent on the monitor Wyoming. Moreover, 1 per cent of the work on the armored cruiser California, which vessel had formerly been the only one of that class of vessels showing no start, was completed.

It is explained at the navy department that during the prevalence of the strike at San Francisco a great mass of material had accumulated and made ready for placement, and with the ending of the strike and the return of the men to work, it had been possible within the last month to make a great change in the status of the work on the vessels.

Freight Handlers Strike.

Boston, March 11.—Four hundred and fifty freight handlers employed in the freight houses of the Haven & Hartford Railroad at South Boston struck tonight because of the refusal of the company to reinstate several men who had been discharged for refusing to handle freight delivered by the R. S. Brine Transportation Company, aganist whom the union teamsters are on strike. Although a strike of freight handlers had been threatened for the past two or three weeks, it was from an entirely unexpected quarter that it finally came. The strike is expected to be far reaching in its effects.

Priest Captured by Bandits.

Peking, March 10.—Bandit soldiery have captured a priest at Jehol, about 100 miles northeast of Peking. Both the French and Russians are anxious to send troops to rescue the priest, but as Jehol is a rich mining district, the court has ordered General Maiyuwan to hurry and release the prisoner, in order to forestall the entry of foreign troops into the district.

Results of Shamaka Earthquake.

Bauk, Russian Trans-Caucasia, March 11.—The official report of the committee which has been investigating the recent earthquake at Shamaka shows that 126 villages, with a total of 9,084 houses, were included in the area of the disturbance; that 3,496 houses were destroyed and 3,943 damaged. Besides the dwellings 4,163 farm buildings, 11 churches, 41 mosques, 11 factories and three schoolhouses were seriously damaged.

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.

A large cold storage building and ice plant will be erected at The Dalles.

Bandon, in Coos county, has raised its quarantine against places outside of the city.

During February 32,800 acres of state land was sold. Most of it was in the eastern part of the state.

Complete returns from Wasco county Republican primaries show that Moody supporters received 72 votes and Williamson 34.

The Democratic convention for Douglas county has been called to meet in Roseburg April 8. The primaries will be held March 29.

Fish Warden Van Dusen says the legislature will be obliged to make some provision at its next session for increasing the revenues of the fisheries department if the proposed work in connection with artificial propagation is continued.

The new tax law is having a good effect in Linn county on payment of taxes. There is a universal desire among taxpayers to secure the 3 per cent reduction. A large force in the sheriff's office is kept busy day and night. At the close of the first five days of colletions almost $25,000 was taken in.

Several new oil wells are being bored in Malheur county.

The business men of Harrisburg have formed a board of trade.

The new Catholic church at Hubbard will be dedicated March 9.

Two new one story brick buildings are in course of construction at Athena.

The first 11 days the Clackamas county sheriff collected $20,610.68 of the 1901 taxes.

Samuel Engle, a Clackamas county pioneer of 1847, died at his home at Molalla, aged 70 years.

The Milton Creamery Company has declared its second dividend. The stockholders were paid 5 per cent.

The next meeting of the Union County Teachers' Association will be held in Union some time this month.

The county convention of the Union county Democrats will be held April 3 in Union. Primaries will be held March 27.

Secretary of State Dunbar is in receipt of many letters daily from persons in the East, writing for information concerning Oregon.

Prospecting of the vein of coal on Lower Powder river, near Baker City, which was recently discovered, will begin in a short time. Samples taken near the surface show a good value.

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@1½c 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@8½ for small; 7@7½ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¾@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.

Prince Henry, soon after returning from the United States, will celebrate the quarter centenary of his service in the navy.

A Kansas City judge granted Frank James' request to enjoin the play in which he and his brother are exploited as train robbers.

A New York court has ordered George J. and Helen Gould to pay $54,485 judgment obtained in Paris courts against Countess de Castellane.