The Santiam News.

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The Santiam News.

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By IRA A. PHELPS.

TERMS

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No. 3. For Detroit:—
Leaves Albany .... 1.00 P. M.
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Leaves Detroit .... 6.30 A. M.
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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.

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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.

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First to arrive with the telegraphic news—The Weekly Oregonian.

A Fair Revenge

By JOHN A. ST. CLAIR.

THE tender shades of an August eve were stealing over the classic haunts of Macatawa. On the hotel veranda sat two lovers. No sweet murmur of lovers' confidences made the air melodious or mingled with the ripple of the waves. That they were lovers appeared rather from the proprietary air with which the young woman regarded her companion and the tone of reproach in which she addressed him. There they sat, oblivious of all around, heedless of many a quizzing glance and significant toss of the head in their direction. The summer brigade from Chicago was keenly alive to the relations of the pair and mortified beyond measure that nothing of what was taking place could be overheard.

"My!" said Grace Medlicott, "I never could think what Percy Ten Broek saw in that green-eyed, red-headed Dorothy Smith. She's older than he is, too!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Tiny Mason. "She's certainly no Venus, that Dorothy; but what of him? His face will never be his fortune, and he has nothing but the few dollars he gets in Lawyer Shearer's office. His father has to support him. I wouldn't have him if every hair of his head were hung with diamonds."

"You didn't always think so," asserted Grace. "Last winter you and he were great friends. It's a case of the fox and the grapes with you."

"It's a case of green-eyed jealousy with you," retorted Tiny, and the pair of friends sauntered down to the lake in search of the eternal male.

Meanwhile the lovers moodily regarded each other. Their quarrels had been frequent of late and had reached a crisis.

"I think it is too bad, Percy, the way you treat me," said Dorothy, her auburn hair gleaming like gold in the twilight, her sweet American face with its reminiscences of a spirited ancestry beaming with intelligence, yet overcast with the consciousness of injustice. A fair picture she made, with her lithe athletic figure and look of honesty and hatred of all things mean.

"You deliberately slighted me last night at Mrs. Brown's dance. What is the meaning of this? You know you are engaged to me, yet you danced with me but once and flirted outrageously with that Medlicott girl. Now you resent my speaking about it. Do you think I have no spirit? Do you imagine I am going to sit down tamely under insult? Never! Percy. You know I have loved you. Through good report and ill report I have stood by you. I know you are extravagant. I tell you so, though I have denied the stories when others have repeated them. Though I have indignantly repudiated the idea when others said it, I am persuaded that it is too true that you have been, as they say, 'up against every game that's going.'

"I believe," she went on, passionately, "that you are in debt; that your only hope is this Philippine appointment that has been offered you. Yet, in spite of all, I am willing to marry you if you will only swear solemnly to reform. I will go with you at once to Zamboanga. What do I care for isolation and want of society. I care for love. The love you once promised me. The strong, deep, undying affection two kindred souls should have for each other. I believe in virtue, in honor, in honesty in man and woman, and I am ready to devote myself to you and to our household, come what will. You can't say I am unreasonable. I only ask that you love me in return. My father will object at first, but when he sees that my happiness is involved he will give way. Oh, Percy, we could be so happy!"

The young man's somewhat stolid countenance lighted up for an instant at the enthusiasm of his fair companion. His better nature stirred faintly beneath its cerements of selfishness for a moment. But immediately self-interest asserted its sway and stifled the incipient pleadings of honor and honesty. "Why, Dorothy," he said, coldly, "you surely have known me long enough to have learned that I never adopt a resolution without having carefully examined all reasons for and against it."

"Did you," broke in Dorothy, impulsively, "exercise this caution before you told me you loved me?"

Percy flushed angrily. "I believe," he went on, "in the old Persian proverb, 'Undertake nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.'"

"An excellent motto, truly," said Dorothy, coldly. "Since when, may I ask, did you adopt this most wise philosophy. It seems a pity it should have come to you so late. Do you think you have well considered the end you so evidently contemplate?" Feminine instinct had already warned her of the treachery the unworthy youth meditated.

"Oh, yes," he continued, "I know what I am doing. I have considered it all. I did avoid you last night. I want to bring this thing to an end," he added, brutally.

"Don't trouble yourself, Percy Ten Broek," replied the now indignant girl. "It is ended."

"Well, Dorothy," said Percy, somewhat nettled, for his self-love was hurt, "you did seem awfully in love with me. But I don't blame you for this misunderstanding. You should be glad that we have both discovered our true feelings in time, before we had become hopelessly bound to each other. It is best for you that I should leave you, best that we should part. I will return you your letters and presents, and you can throw my schoolboy effusions in the fire."

"Very well, Percy," returned his discarded fiancee. "I'll throw them in the fire. That will be the first time they will have had any warmth in them."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Percy, uneasily. "You are positively brilliant." He did not like the fact that Dorothy gave him his freedom so readily. It somewhat depreciated the high value he set on himself. "Believe me," he said, pompously, "I shall always entertain the highest opinion of you. But you know yourself that your father is not able to give you a dowry, and that the position in the Philippines is worth only $1,000 a year. How could two people live on that? I with my tastes and you with yours."

"I don't choose to discuss the matter with you, now that I have released you," said Dorothy; "but be pleased not to refer to my tastes. It is true I was born in luxury and accustomed to have every taste gratified, but I have never let that fact stand in my way since we lost our wealth. The fact that I was willing to marry you was sufficient proof of that. However, that is nothing. Good-by, Percy. Keep up your spirits. This incident will soon be forgotten. You have quite dispelled any foolish ideas I may have had. Still, we can be friends. Call occasionally, and people will think there has never been anything between us." Had Percy known anything of what was going on in Dorothy's mind he would have as soon entered a lion's den as have called at the Smith mansion again.

Dorothy returned to town, resumed in earnest the training of her voice, which at first she had taken up as a pastime, and made such good use of her tuition that her naturally flexible soprano voice of wide range acquired brilliancy and came so perfectly under control that a bright future opened before her. At the same time fortune, as if tired of frowning on the Smiths, gave such a turn to Dorothy's father's business that the gloomy aspect in his affairs that had first frightened away the selfish Percy vanished, and one fine morning the merchant by a successful deal was able to pull out of speculation into his legitimate business with a large fortune.

Percy began to think he had made a mistake, and took to frequenting the Smith residence with regularity; but Dorothy treated him with absolute frankness. "I am wedded to my art now," she said, "even if you had not effectually cured me of all the folly. Next month I go to Germany to study; but, my dear Percy, before I go I wish to prove my friendship for you. Mrs. Vansittart is living at the Lexington. She has two daughters. One is an angel of beauty, but poor as a church mouse; the other has been left $5,000,000 by her uncle, the copper king. It is an awful pity, though, that she is ugly, dull, and some say an epileptic. Go down there. You know Mrs. Vansittart. You met her at our house last winter. Call, make yourself agreeable. Make love to the ogress. Five million dollars will gild the most bitter pill. I hear she is full of romance and would be charmed if some one would elope with her."

A hint was enough. Avarice dulled Percy's apprehension of everything, and he lost no time in ingratiating himself with Mrs. Vansittart.

"Old chap, it's all right," he said to his friend Billy, the trainer, a few weeks after his conversation with Dorothy. "It's all right, old boy. I'll pay you that $1,000 next week. I have the heiress hypnotized. Maud's her lovely name. Ye gods! but she's ugly! Maybe I haven't played on her poor little sentimental heart. "Come into the garden, Maud," and all that sort of thing. We might as well be married with her mother's consent, but I've persuaded her that the old lady is dead against us, and we will elope to-morrow. Next day we will be on the road to San Francisco, and I'll send you a check from that city, just before we sail for the Philippines. She would have me go out there, though I wished to take an appointment at home. We'll soon be back, though, and won't I make the epileptic's dollars fly! There's a lot of fun in $5,000,000. I'll have her declared insane after a year or so, and then we'll see about the horses. You'll be in it, old chap. Ta-ta—auf wiedersehen—as my old flame, Dorothy Smith, would say."

The elopement took place next night on time. The unfortunate epileptic, with ecstatic countenance, and the fatuous Percy reached San Francisco, where they had an explanation and a scene. Leaving his wife on the Pacific coast, he returned to Chicago to borrow funds, for the deluded couple were desperate and penniless.

Arrived in Chicago, the truth of the whole affair came out. Everybody was wondering at the elopement, but the wonder gave way to merriment when the explanation was given. Percy was walking moodily along Lake Shore drive the day after his arrival, when he met the radiant Dorothy, beautiful as Venus, emerging from the foam of the Adriatic.

"How d'ye do, Percy?" she said, archly. "You always were changeable, you know; but who would have thought you would have surprised your friends this way? You used to say you would never marry unless your fiancee had money. What on earth made you go and fall in love with Maud Vansittart? It is very beautiful to know of such disinterested affection. She's not only plain, but poor. I thought I told you that her lovely sister May had been left $5,000,000. What? I told you, did I not? Surely, I did not make a mistake. There is no telling how much one can be deceived in a man. We all thought you a money hunter, but it is charming to know that pure affection still exists on this sordid earth. I suppose you are anticipating a life of perfect loveliness—love in a cottage—a Philippine one, too! How charming! Good-by, Percy. I sail for Hamburg Saturday. Remember me to Maud. Good-by!"

Percy stood gazing after her, thinking unutterable things.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Real Estate Transfers.

Caroline Cole to Mary Bates, 8 acres; $1.

Caroline Cole to Leonia Dobson, 16 acres; $1.

Mary E. Wilbanks to Ernest E. Antoony, 68 acres; $1,000.

H R Shultz et al to Albany, alley way; $1.

Jas E Rerwick to Chas W Butler, 59.27 acres; $2,000.

S J Archibald to G A Overton, 236 acres; $2800.

J F Venner to Diantha Venner, 18x105 feet, Brownsville; $800.

J R Bone to Mary W Mc Williams, 2 lots, Halsey; $350.

R M Crawford to R Flinn, 3,49 acres appjoining cemetery; $ 340

M G Shepherd to J G Lamoreaux, 70 acres; $1,080.

Martin E Roth to J J Dolesd, 47 acres; $2,000.

Sarah J Randall to Clara C Thompson, 52 acres; $936.

AS GOOD AS A SEA SERPENT.

A Large Meteorite Falls at a Seaside Summer Resort and Relieves the Monotony.

The sea serpent has failed to put in his annual appearance at the coast resorts this summer, but a substitute has been found, says an eastern exchange. Atlantic City was startled the other day when an unusually loud clap of thunder, accompanied by a blinding flash of lightning and a slight trembling of the earth, occurred shortly after four o'clock. At first it was thought that the bolt had struck a large building, but this was found to be incorrect.

Later it was learned that a large meteorite weighing nearly three tons had fallen upon Chelsea Heights, almost a mile north of Columbia avenue and across the Beach thoroughfare. It had fallen upon a piece of waste land and had buried itself to a depth of nearly ten feet in the soil. The shape of the mass of mineral matter from space is somewhat irregular, though resembling to a slight degree an egg flattened upon one side, with a corresponding protuberance upon the other. Its color is a blackish gray, streaked with bright scintillating lines, which run irregularly across the upper portion. The presence of sulphur was observed from the smell which permeated the air for several feet around it.

All day long crowds went over to gaze upon this strange visitor from other worlds. It is said that a local scientist has communicated with the Smithsonian institution in Washington as to what shall be done with the meteorite.

There are in this country a million and a half tramps, of one kind and another—some of them mere drunken "hoboes," and a small percentage proud and "tony." Instead of "Rube," which is the showman's appellation, they call each other "Gabe."

Bobolinks rear their young on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and then go to Cuba to spend the winter. To do this twice a year they fly 2,900 miles, with one stretch of 200 miles over water when they cannot light to rest. Some of them even continue on to Porto Rico.

Earthenware reservoirs are rapidly taking the place of ordinary oil tanks at Beaumont, Tex. Two companies have recently undertaken to establish reservoirs, each to hold about 200,000 gallons. The soil is of such a nature that earthenware reservoirs can be used to excellent advantage, and they are much cheaper than anything else.

HOUSEWORK.

Too much housework wrecks women's nerves. And the constant care of children, day and night, is often too trying for even a strong woman. A haggard face tells the story of the overworked housewife and mother. Deranged menses, leucorrhœa and falling of the womb result from overwork. Every housewife needs a remedy to regulate her menses and to keep her sensitive female organs in perfect condition.

WINE OF CARDUI

is doing this for thousands of American women to-day. It cured Mrs. Jones and that is why she writes this frank letter:

Glen-Jeane, Ky., Feb. 10, 1901.

I am so glad that your Wine of Cardui is helping me. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. I am doing my own work without any help, and I washed last week and was not one bit tired. That shows that the Wine is doing me good. I am getting fleshier than I ever was before, and sleep good and eat hearty. Before I began taking Wine of Cardui, I used to have to lay down five or six times every day, but now I do not think of lying down through the day. Mrs. Richard Jones.

$1.00 AT DRUGGISTS.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department", The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Spring Suit Styles

Any particular nice thing to wear that you want you will find right here. There will be just the correct number of buttons on your coat—just the right roll to the lapels—just the correct curve in your trousers. They would be just the right width and shape. It will be a hard matter for you to find fault with your Spring Suit if you get it here, for we believe that our suits are just right in every way—as well as being just right in price.

Not a link is missing in our chain of attractive suits.

Blain Clothing Co.

Albany - - - Oregon.

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We are prepared to fill all orders. Lumber delivered if desired. We have now all kinks of

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER

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