The Santiam News.

VOL. VIII. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, APRIL 14, 1905. NO. 42.

The Santiam News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON

By T. L. DUGGER

TERMS

Per annum, at the end of the year $1.50
Per annum, in advance 1.25

Advertising rates made known on application. Transient advertisements must be paid for when the order is given for their insertion.

Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Oregon, as second class mail matter.

PROFESSIONAL

H. Bryant C. C. Bryant

H. BRYANT & SON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Goodwin Block ALBANY OREGON

L. H. MONTANYE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Notary Public and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents

Office, 232 West 2d Street ALBANY, OREGON

WEATHERFORD & WYATT

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Office over First National Bank.

ALBANY OREGON

WILBUR N. PINTLER, D. M. D.

DENTIST

Scio Oregon

S. C. BROWNE, M. D.

Graduate Eclectic Medical College

Cincinnati, Ohio

SCIO OREGON

A. G. PRILL M. D.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Scio, Oregon

Telephone Exchange No. 11.

R. SHELTON

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

Justice of the Peace Notary Public
Scio Oregon

R. W. HAGEY

Watchmaker and Jeweler

All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry promptly repaired.

SCIO OREGON

CORNER SALOON

J. A. TUCKER

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Pure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

Give Us a Call

SCIO OREGON

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING AT THE NEWS OFFICE AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE. GET PRICES

SCIO LIVERY & FEED STABLES.

Irvine & Myer, Props.

Hack connects with all trains at West Scio and morning train at Munkers.

Our rigs are first-class and our horses good drivers. Prices reasonable.

Frank Skipton Fred Tomlinson

THE SKIPTON STABLES

Good Turnouts, Prompt and Courteous Attention

REASONABLE RATES

Corner Second and Ellsworth Streets

Albany Oregon

—ALBANY—

LUNCH - COUNTER

McKillop & Churchill, Props.

ALBANY OREGON

The best 20c meal in the valley
Open all night,

Go To The

Keystone Shaving Parlors

Only First-Class Shop In The City

Shaving.....15 cents
Hair Cutting.....25 "
Shampooing.....25 "
Baths.....25 "

GEORGE DAVIE PROPRIETOR

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

SCIO, OREGON

THE

Scio State Bank

Scio - - - - Oregon

OFFICERS

President.....T. J. Munkers
Cashier.....W. A. Ewing

Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates and drafts issued on principal cities.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Co.

SHASTA ROUTE.

Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10.45 a. m. Leave or Albany at 2.45 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.
" Albany 12.10 p. m., 11.30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12.33 a. m., 11.30 a. m.
" Sacramento 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a. m
" San Francisco 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a

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 everal lines for Honolulu, Japan, China Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mrs. M. E. Woodnansee, agent at West Scio station, or address

W. E. COMAN, G. P. A.,
Portland, Ore

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

He turned aside, and remained silent for some seconds. When next he spoke it was in altered tones. "Tell me what you want? Is it money?"

"Money!" she cried. "Money from you! Look here," and she tore open a lady's reticule that lay upon the table; "there are the two hundred dollars you sent me enclosed in your farewell letter; look what I do with them!" And she tore them into shreds. "Here are the presents you gave me; see what I do with them!" And she took out some trinkets, and crushed them beneath her feet. "Now will you ask me if it is money I want of you?"

Her face was something awful to look upon in its deathly pallor, and convulsive quivering, and those glaring eyes. That man, with all his iron will, quailed before her.

"What do you want, then?"

"Respect, and I will have it. Let me refresh your memory. You found me in a traveling show. I was a mere child then, possessed of a strange power over certain minds—a power that to an ambitious, unscrupulous schemer like yourself, might one day prove invaluable. You saw no way to use me at the time, but you were loth to lose sight of so admirable an instrument. You wormed yourself into my confidence, and got from me that I was discontented with a mode of life which gave me but a bare living, and filled the pockets of my employer. I was vain of the attention of a fine gentleman—I who had been brought up in a back alley. You told my father that if he liked to go to Bury St. Edmund's you would help to set him up in business—that you would recommend him custom, as you possessed some influence in the neighborhood."

"Have you ever had reason to repent taking my counsel?"

"My father hit upon a more easy and profitable trade than shoemaking," she went on, not heeding the interruption. "Had we depended upon your promises, we might have starved. You thought no more of them, and years elapsed after our parting at Spalding before I ever heard anything of you again. One day we met in the streets of Bury. Although years had elapsed, we recognized each other instantly. You expressed great delight at the meeting, which certainly was not feigned, as it gave into your hands the exact tool you required, to fashion one of the most diabolical schemes that was ever hatched in human brains. But before you dared to propose it to me it was necessary to make me your slave. When you last saw me I was an ungainly looking, ugly girl; now I was a well-grown woman, with good looks enough to have secured several offers of advantageous marriage. But I was proud, ambitious; the life I led, and all its associations, were hateful to me—I longed to be free of them all, and I waited and waited. You, with your fiendish cunning, divined my secret; professed love for me. Blinded by ambition and vanity, I believed you—believed that you, the fine gentleman, would marry me. But at that time you simply lied, to serve your own purpose. You were very cautious, too—you bound me down to breathe no word of your secrets to my father. You said, once in his power, you would never be free from his extortions."

"Silence!" thundered Rodwell, springing to his feet.

"Well, enough of that for the present. After the girl's flight, you left Bury, and I did not see you again for a long, long time. At last, you returned. So you have got her into your clutch again. What is it to be this time—murder or marriage?"

How my heart leaped! Could it be Clara of whom she was speaking? The portrait I had seen in his namesake's cottage—the likeness to her, forgotten until that moment, flashed upon me with the force of conviction. Oh, how eagerly, how breathlessly, I listened now!

"How dare you speak such words to me in the presence of a stranger?" he cried. "You are venomous enough to endeavor to establish such a charge against me!"

"I believe you to be capable of any crime, John Rodwell," she answered, disdainfully; "although you would give the preference to that which compromised you least."

"Suppose I admit that I intend to marry her, what then?" he demanded, boldly. "You will seek to thwart me?"

"I keep my intentions to myself. But I had forgotten; perhaps you are not aware you have a rival?" she said, mockingly. "You would not imagine Mr. Carston in the character of a gay deceiver; yet, I can assure you that, during a short absence from his loving wife, he was making violent love to Miss Clara as a single gentleman, and not unsuccessfully, I believe."

"This is no subject to jest upon," he said, haughtily. "Do you mean to say that this fellow has dared——"

He advanced menacingly towards me; but, weak as I was, I rose up, and confronted him. I felt no fear of him, although I was too agitated to speak—too overwhelmed by the thoughts of my worse than powerless position.

He paused; then, with a look of supreme scorn, he turned upon his heel and addressed Judith. "Such an object is too contemptible to excite anger. However, I presume that for the future you will restrain in him such roving propensities, more especially after the confidence you have chosen to repose in him this evening. Now let me understand. Do we part friends or foes?"

"I pledge myself to nothing either way. For years you used me as a tool. Now we have the reverse of the medal; you are utterly within my power, and I will use that power to minister solely to my own interest, or caprice, as the case may be, without one thought of you. You should have remembered that those who love intensely, hate intensely."

He regarded her for a moment with a disconcerted look, which she met by one of determination. He tried to laugh off the effect of her words, but the laugh was a woful failure. "What a fool I must be to stand listening to the words of a mad woman!" he cried.

He was leaving the room when she called to him. "Where are you going? If you are going to her room, I have the key. I will accompany you."

He looked more aghast than ever; then he broke out into strong anathemas against Montgomery, against whom he vowed the most deadly vengeance.

"Montgomery has served me well, and I dare you to harm him in any way," she said, in the same tone of calm superiority. "Do so, John Rodwell, and before two hours your uncle shall know all that I can tell him. Do not fall into a passion. You have fallen into the trap, and you will never get out of it by beating yourself against the bars!"

He muttered and laughed scornfully, but he was conquered—cowed. Her triumph was complete. Presently they left the room together, Judith double locking the door behind her.

I saw no more of Judith or Mr. Rodwell. As soon as they were gone I crawled back to bed, utterly prostrated both mentally and bodily. Soon afterwards the nurse returned, and after giving me my medicine, and some beef tea, wrapped herself up in a blanket, and putting the key of the door under her head, as was her custom, lay down upon the sofa to take her night's repose.

CHAPTER XXV.

Hour after hour I lay tossing about in a sleepless, mental agony. Clara was undoubtedly in the same house with me, exposed to heaven knows what sufferings and persecutions; and yet, for any hope of seeing or succoring her, I might as well have been hundreds of miles away.

At last, unable to lie there any longer, I rose and dressed myself. A fire was still smoldering in the huge grate, and a night light was burning upon the table. The nurse, by her hard, regular breathing, seemed to be in a deep sleep, and I moved about cautiously. Her face was turned to the open side of the sofa. I crept behind it and inserted my trembling hand beneath the pillow, feeling further and further until my fingers touched a hard substance—it was the ward key. Little by little I drew it away—she still sleeping profoundly—fitted it noiselessly in the lock, turned it, and the next moment found myself in a large, dark hall, at the foot of an immensely wide staircase.

I closed the door softly behind me. A long window, that stretched upwards from the first landing, admitted sufficient light to guide me, and, with a noiseless step, I crept up the stairs. At the top of the first flight was a long corridor, on each side of which, as far as I could see, for the further end was lost in obscurity, was a line of doors. Now came my difficulty; the slightest error would not only defeat my present object, but consign me to a stricter surveillance than ever, and perhaps bring about Clara's removal to some spot to which I could obtain no clue. Suppose, by chance, that I should go to Judith's chamber door? I shuddered at the thought.

I stood for some moments at the head of the corridor, irresolute what to do, listening eagerly for the slightest sound that might guide me. But the silence was deathlike. Down the corridor I moved noiselessly. Through the crevices of the third door came faint streaks of light and faint muffled sounds, either moans or a low, monotonous singing—the walls and doors were so thick, that it was difficult to distinguish which.

I listened more eagerly, until I fancied I could distinguish Clara's voice. I paused for a moment, and then, with my heart beating in my throat, tapped gently. Breathlessly I waited for several seconds. No answer. Then I tapped a second time a little louder. A sound of moving, and then a soft, tremulous voice, that thrilled my very soul, asked faintly, "Who is there?"

I could doubt no longer. The key was in the lock outside. I tried it—turned it—opened the door—met her whom I sought—heard a low cry of astonishment, and my darling was in my arms.

At that moment I fancied that I heard a sound like the click of a lock in the corridor. I suddenly turned, disengaged myself from her arms, and looked out. All seemed precisely as I had left it—no light, no object, no sound; it must have been fancy. I gently drew the key from the outside, and, reversing it, locked the door from within. We were alone—no one could surprise us now.

To her eager questions, how had I discovered her, I scarcely knew what to answer; for, the first excitement of our meeting over, I repented that I had ever sought it. Could I have freed her from her enemies then, and then only, would it have been justifiable? As it was, I was feeding my own hopeless passion, and engaging more and more closely the affections of a simple-hearted girl, beneath the very roof that sheltered the implacable woman who claimed as her husband. Oh, all this was weak, criminally weak; and I felt it so, and yet I had not the courage to end it honestly.

After a while I asked her what happened upon the fatal night that we lost her—how she came to be separated from us.

She told me that a rush of people had suddenly impelled her forward, and that by the time she could turn her head to look round, she found that she had been carried out of sight of Mrs. Wilson.

At that moment a young man, evidently the same who had delivered Montgomery's message to me, touched her upon the shoulder, and said that I was waiting for her in a cab a little way down the street.

"He was hurrying me along all the time he was speaking," she went on; "and I was too bewildered by my situation to offer the slightest resistance. There was a long line of cabs and carriages; the one he pointed out as ours was the last of all, and stood up an unfrequented side street. He opened the door and pushed me in; at the same moment a strange man jumped in past me, the door was slammed, the windows raised, and the horses were off at full speed, before I could recover my breath."

From her description, I discovered that this man who accompanied her was Montgomery.

"I am such a poor, nerveless creature—so utterly destitute of all presence of mind—that I could only crouch in a corner and sob with terror."

After a drive, which seemed to her excited fancy to endure for hours, they stopped before a tall iron gate, which, after a time, was opened from within. They drove over a long, winding walk, at the end of which was a large, gloomy looking house, before which the vehicle stopped. Then, assisted by Montgomery, she was suffered to alight. A female servant conducted her to the apartment in which I found her.

"She was very kind to me." Clara went on, "and assured me over and over again that no harm would be done to me—that I was among friends, and whatever I liked to ask for I should have, but that she could not permit me to leave that room. But no entreaty could wring from her who her employer was. I have been here now nearly a fortnight—everything I have expressed a wish for has been given me, and I was growing quite reconciled to my position, for I can be content in any place where I am treated kindly; but this evening, just as I was watching the great red sun sink behind the trees, I heard my door open, and upon looking round I saw——"

She buried her face in her hands, seemingly unable to proceed. I knew perfectly well whom she had seen, although I asked the question.

"Those terrible eyes!" she answered, sinking her voice to a whisper.

By the aid of words I had heard spoken a few hours before, I began to understand it all now, but only dimly. I asked her what she meant.

"Ah, I have never told you!" she said, with a shudder. "I will tell you now, that you may understand my fearful position, and that you may take me away from it."

She knelt down at my feet, and nestled close to me as she told her story, speaking in a subdued voice.

"I was brought up by a dear, kind grandfather, the only friend I ever knew; for my father, who was an officer, died in India, when I was very young, and my mother followed him within less than a year. She was my grandfather's youngest and favorite daughter; and, after her death, he seemed to have transferred all his affection to me, for he literally doted upon me. I had a cousin who was much—much older than myself, but, like myself, an orphan. I never liked him—or, I should rather say, I was always frightened of him; yet everybody called him handsome, especially all the women. Until my mother brought me home, a little girl, from India, he was the favorite nephew, and was supposed to be the heir to all his grandfather's wealth. John Rodwell hated me, and showed it, too, and that turned the old gentleman against him. When I was about thirteen, grandfather made a fresh will; and as he was never content to have me a moment from his side, it was dictated to the lawyer in my presence. In it I was named heiress to all he possessed, with the exception of an annuity to John, and the former will, by which John would have inherited all his wealth, was destroyed. I was very much troubled when I heard this; and I told grandfather how much happier I should be if he would let things remain as they were, as I was certain Cousin John would know better what to do with the money than I should.

"Well, in some way or other Cousin John found out that a new will had been made, and that I was present at the time. Once or twice he put some questions to me in an off-hand kind of manner as to its contents; but mindful of the strict injunctions I had received, I was very cautious, and finding that he could elicit nothing from me, he gave up the attempt. But he became a more frequent visitor to us. He also took great pains to ingratiate himself into grandfather's good graces, and not unsuccessfully.

(To be continued.)

COW LIKED THE SMOKE.

But She Refused to Give Usual Supply of Milk.

Alfred James, of the University of Virginia, was a disturbing element in farm life one day last week, says the Baltimore Sun.

He went out to Reisterstown to visit a friend. He found the young man in the barn about to begin the day's milking. His friend is a civil engineer, but is spending the summer at his country home, in Baltimore county, and delights in the simple occupations of the farm. One of his hobbies is milking the cows, and he was about to begin on a very ladylike old brindle when Mr. James climbed the fence and called out to him.

Mr. R., the gentleman of bucolic tastes, came to meet him, and the two shook hands and chatted for a few minutes.

"Excuse me, old man," he said to Mr. James, "while I milk the cow."

"Go ahead," the latter replied. "I'd like to watch you do it."

Thereupon Mr. R. put his stool in place, arranged his legs as long-limbed milkmen have to do and proceeded. Mr. James walked to the cow's head and gently stroked her neck, saying appropriate and endearing things the while. He had his pipe in his hand and held it under the cow's nose.

She sniffed, looked about, sniffed again and loked about, and then sniffed. She seemed to like it. Mr. James began to laugh, but in a few minutes Mr. R. got up in disgust. He said a few things about the cow and complained that the "blooming old thing won't let down a drop of milk."

He then kicked her in the ribs, drove her into her stall and turned the job of milking over to one of the farm hands as he went off with his guest.

The cow was so delighted with the odor of the smoke that she forgot all about giving milk as usual.

Mr. James thought it was a great joke on a suitable occasion. But the funniest part of the joke didn't seem to appeal to him so much the morning following the incident, when at breakfast coffee had to be drunk without cream, as it did the afternoon before.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.—Bovee.

FOUND IN TRUNKS

Federal Grand Jury Has Secrets of Beef Trust.

BOOKS GARFIELD DID NOT FIND

Chicago Inquisitors Dive Into Eight Trunks Containing Story of Packers' Dealings.

Chicago, April 11.—The contents of eight mysterious trunks, unearthed by government secret service men in the vaults of the National Safe Deposit company, occupied the attention today of the Federal grand jury which is investigating the affairs of the beef trust. A subpoena duces tecum for Daniel Peckham, secretary of the safe deposit company, was issued by Judge Landis to force the company to produce the trunks in the jury room. The trunks were taken to the office of District Attorney Morrision, where, it is said, they were opened and their contents examined.

What the trunks contained and what connection they have with the case is not known, as the government officials refuse to discuss the matter, declining to either deny or confirm the explanation current that the trunks might belong to the packers.

District Attorney Morrision instituted the action by which the trunks were seized after a witness, whose identity is carefully guarded, had startled the grand jurors with revelations as to the former business methods of the packers. He is said to have testified that a double system of bookkeeping had been employed by certain packing firms, one set of books showing the secret relations of the alleged combine and being accessible only to trusted employes, and the other set showing figures to which the packers invited the attention of the government experts who investigated for Commissioner Garfield.

While Mr. Peckham declined to disclose the identity of the person or persons who stored the trunks with his company, he admitted that this was done on March 23, three days after the grand jury began its investigations.

Suspicions have been entertained for a long time by the Federal officials connected with the investigation that the readiness with which the packing firms welcomed an examination of their books by the government experts was not altogether genuine. The work of the secret service operators produced results, it is said, which tended to strengthen these suspicons, and when a witness who testified more than a week ago let drop the hint that Commissioner Garfield's experts had not seen all the books of the packers, he was called upon to explain.

NO EIGHT-HOUR LAW ON CANAL

European Nations Will Appoint Engineers to Advise Commission.

Washington, April 11.—Chief Engineer Wallace, of the Isthmian canal commission, had an interview with Secretary Taft today, in which the conditions on the canal were discussed. Afterwards Mr. Wallace met those members of the commission who are in the city. As to the right of the commission to employ labor for more than eight hours per day, there is a belief that the eight-hour law does not apply to the canal zone.

Chief Engineer Wallace says that it would very seriously impede work to have the eight-hour law in effect during the construction of the canal. It would be impossible to make uniform hours for all labor, because some labor must be employed 12 hours, while 10 hours is the rule for most of the workingmen.

The session of the canal commission today was devoted to an explanation of existing conditions on the isthmus, engineering and otherwise, by Chief Engineer Wallace, who attended the meeting as a commissioner for the first time. Chairman Shonts is expected to be present at the meeting tomorrow.

American Squadron is Out.

Manila, April 11.—The American vice consul at Singapore reports that a Russian fleet consisting of six battleships, six cruisers, six converted cruisers, eight torpedo boat destroyers, one hospital ship, one repair ship and 16 colliers, have passed Singapore, headed this way. The American cruiser Raleigh, the torpedo boat destroyers Barry and Chauncey and the supply ship General Alvarado, have been dispatched to patrol the west coast of Palawan island to enforce neutrality. Three other destroyers are preparing to sail.

Can't Convict for Deporting Miners.

Cripple Creek, Col., April 11.—District Attorney Clarence Hamlin today nolled the cases of the people against Nelson Franklin and 46 other prominent citizens of Cripple Creek district who were charged with the deportation of certain persons August 20 last and prior to that time, and with looting union stores. Mr. Hamlin said the cases had already caused an expense of nearly $5,000 and in his opinion there was small chance of convicting.

Brands Officers as Cowards.

Gunshu Pass, April 11.—General Linievitch has pilloried a number of officers who displayed cowardice during the battle of Mukden, publicly disgracing them by posting their names at all the division headquarters, while some of them were ignominiously drummed out of camp.

NO HOPE OF TARIFF REVISION.

Hansbrough Says Next Session Will Be Devoted to Rate Question.

Washington, April 11. — Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, a strong advocate of a readjustment of the tariff, believes that the chance of tariff revision has passed and that nothing will be done in the immedate future looking to the readjustment of the Dingley rates to meet changing conditions. While Mr. Hansbrough is a strong protectionist, he believes the existing tariff should be readjusted, but he has come to the conclusion that the stand-patters have convinced the president that no revision is necessary.

He thinks the postponement of the extra session until October 15 put an end to all chance of tariff revision. It is his opinion, and the view is shared by many other men in Washington, that a session called to meet October 15 for the purpose of passing a railroad rate bill will not find opportunity to consider another such weighty topic as the tariff. He declares that congress will consume the time from October 15 to December 1 in organizing committees and getting ready for actual work. He furthermore believes that the two or three weeks preceding the holiday recess will be wasted on some pretext or other, and that congress will not get down to business before the second week in January. In his opinion it will be easy enough to drag out the discussion of the railroad rate bill through the entire long session, leaving no time for a consideration of a tariff bill. This being the situation, as he sees it, Mr. Hansbrough has abandoned all hope of having the tariff revised.

PUT NO TRUST IN MINES

Fortification Experts Favor Submarines for Coast Defense.

Newport, R. I., April 11.—The third committee of the fortification board, of which Admiral Charles N. Thomas, U. S. N., is chairman, is devoting special attention to the dangers incident to the use of submarine mines, and it is learned that emphasis will be placed on the advantage of substituting submarine boats for mines for harbor defense. Discussing this subject, a member of the committee said today:

"Mines cannot be relied on in times of war. Trials given submarines in Narragansett bay resulted unsuccessfully, due chiefly to the strong currents which sweep trhough the harbor and entrances to the bay and make these defens extremely dangerous. This is one of the important subjects that the fortification board has already taken up and will thoroughly examine during the inspection of fortifications and the land and floating defenses.

"The established fact that a number of the Russian warships were blown up by their own submarine mines, and the present practice in England of discarding submarine mine defenses to a great extent in harbors where there are wide channels to defend and where the tides are strong, and placing there submarine boats, has added to the sentiment in favor of replacing mines with boats."

JAPANESE EQUALLY CONFIDENT

Believe Russian Fleet Has Secret Base in Pacific Ocean.

Tokio, April 11.—Vice Admiral Rojestvensky's second Pacific squadron has not been reported since it passed Singapore. Its whereabouts and the plans of Rojestvensky are subjects of the keenest speculation.

It is quite generally assumed that Rojestvensky does not desire an immediate battle and that he will attempt to reach Vladivostok, where there are docks and shops, or seize a base. The latter course is deemed unsatisfactory, on account of poor facilities and the danger of political complications.

Many believe that the Russian naval commander has a second rendezvous in the Pacific ocean, and that he will speedily quit the China sea and go eastward of the Philippines. If Vladivostok is his objective, the Pacific is considered to be more favorable for the accomplishment of his purpose, although it largely depends on Rojestvensky himself.

The Japanese newspapers and public express relief and pleasure over the approach of the Russian squadron, and confidence that Togo will win.

Put Togo Between Two Fires.

St. Petersburg, April 11.—There is reason to believe that Vice Admiral Rojestvensky's entrance into the China sea has been followed by orders for the cruisers which have been ready for some time at Vladivostok to put to sea. Their appearance outside the roadsted of Vladivostok will constitute a potential threat against Admiral Togo's rear which will compel the retention in or dispatch of a number of fighting ships to Japanese waters. Thus Admiral Togo seems to be actually placed between two fires.

New Mexican Steamer Lines.

Mexico City, April 11.—Considerable progress has been made toward the inauguration of a steamship line between Mexcian gulf ports and Canada and it is probable that steamers of the new line will begin their trips next month. The question has arisen as to whether steamers shall call at Cuban ports, as first intended and afterward changed. The government objects to making stops at Cuban ports, but it is hoped to secure its consent to this.

Designs for Mexico's New Coins.

Mexico City, April 11. — President Diaz has issued a decree regulating the designs for the new coins of the republic. Provision is made for the new gold coins of $10 and $5 each, and for new silver dollars differing but slightly from the present coins.