

Under a Lamp Post.

Geoffrey Bellairs, pushing half way across London bridge in an aimless walk, leaned on the parapet and shivered, keenly conscious of the discomfort of the atmosphere. He was thin—very thin—meagerly-clad. His single-breasted coat was buttoned tightly over his chest and the collar of it was turned up; the coat was aggressively threadbare—an eloquent testimony to the condition of its wearer; its sleeves had shrunk, exposing a long expanse of wrists, unadorned by linen cuffs, and the edges of it were frayed. He wore a cap, dingy-colored and weather beaten; his boots gaped at the seams and their soles drank in the moisture of the pavements like a sponge. But if his attire did not sufficiently testify to the fact, one glance at Geoffrey Bellairs' face was enough to proclaim him instantly a traveler on the high road to destitution. The perception of contrast between what he was and what he had been smote him with a sudden inclination to break into a mirthless laugh, but the laugh was as suddenly checked upon his lips, and he started forward with a quick exclamation. A hansom had driven rapidly toward him, when, as it seemed without warning or reason, the horse had shied at a passing obstacle, and, taking fright, would have broken the next instant into a wild gallop had not Geoffrey Bellairs, by a prophetic instinct, taken in the possibilities of the situation before they had time to develop themselves, and, acting on the impulse of an old athlete's habit of earlier days, sprung forward and seized the horse's bridle as it passed him. For a yard or two he was dragged along beside the animal; but the weight of his body brought it to a sudden standstill beneath a lamp post close to the pavement. The whole instant had begun and ended within the limit of a few seconds, and the horse stood motionless, while the driver on the box called out his grateful thanks to the man who had, at considerable risk to himself, averted a possible accident. Bellairs did not need him. There was a lady seated inside the hansom. He bent forward, prompted by an old instinct of courtesy, to address to her a polite inquiry. "I trust," he began, "that you are not—?" then he stopped midway in his sentence, for the light of the lamp post shown full on the face of the lady. She was young, pretty and richly dressed.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed.

It may have been the cold night air, or the fright occasioned by the behavior of the horse, that sent a little hysterical shiver through the lady at sound of his voice. She turned quickly forward as Geoffrey Bellairs stepped back, and gazed uneasily at the man standing under the lamp post, with his coat collar turned up and his cap pulled over his eyes; a strange, half-frightened recognition leapt into her face as her glance rested upon him an instant with mute amazement.

"What! Is it you, Geoff?" she exclaimed in a low voice.

He already was turning away. She put out a detaining hand, delicately gloved, though she would have tried to stop him. He noticed the gesture, and by an impulse—almost a defiance—turned again and faced her.

"Yes, it is I."

"Geoffrey—Mr. Bellairs!" she murmured, with eyes still half incredulous and cheeks flushing.

Bellairs bowed.

"I hope you were not hurt?" he inquired formally.

She hesitated for the fraction of a second, then for a reply threw open the folding doors of the hansom.

"Will you please—get in?" she said, in a tone between impertinence and entreaty.

Bellairs glanced swiftly at his clothes, shrugged his shoulders, looked at her, and shook his head.

"I see—I know," she replied hurriedly. "But you must get in—I want to speak to you—"

He wavered. The thing had come upon him somewhat suddenly; of all women in the world at such a moment he had least expected—least, it may be desired—to see this one woman. Her eyes were bent strangely on his. He gave a reckless little laugh.

"If you wish it," he said; "but—"

He left the sentence unfinished; by a pause was eloquent enough. The driver, however, was a little surprised to see this ragged man suddenly step inside the hansom. The lady made room for him beside her with a dainty half-shy movement of invitation, and as Geoffrey Bellairs sat down she pushed open the trap door above and told the cabman to drive on.

"You wanted to speak to me?" said Bellairs, looking straight out before him.

"Yes."

"You look most awfully hard up." Her voice faltered.

"I look what I am." But had you not better stop the hansom and let me get out?"

"No—not yet."

He raised his eyebrows.

"You wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes."

Bellairs gave a curious laugh.

"How monosyllabic you are!" he observed. "You used not to be," he added.

"I have not quite recovered from the shock of—"

"Discovering your old admirer in this somewhat undignified plight? No wonder! I was rather a smart chap once. But that's all over since—since—well, well what is the use of whining? I did not want to see you, Eleanor. I never wished to see you again. You cannot be surprised, I think."

"I suppose I should have no right to be."

"I suppose not. Under the circumstances it is, perhaps, less surprising still. The world is a funny place, a ding-dong affair, and even the best go

under sometimes, you know. I never myself laid claim to the distinction of being considered one of the best—or even the second best," he added candidly. "I fear I crush your skirt?"

—He moved ostentatiously a little further from her.

"Don't," she murmured.

Bellairs frowned.

The girl stifled something that seemed like a little sob.

"Hungry! Oh! Mr. Bellairs!"

"Kindly drop the 'Mr.' please. I hate anything in the shape of pity."

"And you have quite forgotten the old days," she murmured.

"Yes. It doesn't go to remember them when a man is down to bed rock. Then you are not yet married?"

She started slightly.

"No."

"Nor engaged? I take the liberty of an old acquaintance, you see."

"Nor engaged," she said slowly.

Bellairs looked at her.

"That is strange," he remarked, "for 'pon my soul, Miss Nugent, I never saw a prettier girl."

"You have not forgotten how to flatter, at any rate," she replied, with a nervous laugh.

"I didn't mean it as flattery, but you remember the occasion of our parting."

"Yes—I remember it."

"I asked you to marry me. You refused. You were wise," he added, smiling bitterly. "A girl should never marry a man she does not care for."

"It was not that."

Bellairs turned suddenly.

"Not that?" he repeated.

"I couldn't, I—yo—"

She faltered and stopped, confused. There was a moment's silence. Bellairs' eyes were fixed strangely on her face.

"What do you mean," he said in a hard tone.

"Well, surely you know!" she answered appealingly. "It was impossible. You were so—so poor!" She gulped at the word. The hansom turned a corner sharply and grazed the curbstone with a jolt. Bellairs' arm touched hers. His hand closed suddenly on her wrist.

"Then you—you cared for me all the time?" he exclaimed passionately, facing her with burning eyes.

Her response was inarticulate. Bellairs flung her wrist from him almost fiercely.

"My God," he groaned. "And if I had only known—only known!"

She touched his sleeve with a little, timid, frightened gesture.

"I—I thought you knew, I thought you would—come back."

He laughed hoarsely.

"If I had known I would never have gone! I would never have been what I am now—what you see me! But it's too late to rail; its over and done with, there can be no going back—the road's too long!"

"Please don't say that! Please try and—and—forgive me! I wanted to

tell you—my father—I hardly know how to—"

"Well, he said in an altered voice, "what do you wish to tell me, Miss Nugent? Your father—"

"Is dead. Do you understand? I—I am rich."

"I congratulate you," he said curiously. "That, however, is the more reason that I should relieve you of my society—instantly. I presume you are driving to your mother's house? You can hardly expect me to—escort you to the fall door?"

He rose and pushing open the trap, called to the driver to stop; the hansom pulled up.

"Must you force me to confess—everything?" she exclaimed in desperation. "I, too, have been miserable—for two years—and now?"

He looked at her, and a sudden tenderness crept into his wan eyes.

"God bless you, Eleanor, little girl!" he said gently. "Good by!"

"No, no," she faltered.

But he had already opened the door of the hansom and stepped out onto the wet pavement.

"Geoffrey!" she cried, stretching out her hands.

"Drive on," said Bellairs to the cabman.

And as the hansom appeared in the murky darkness beyond, Geoffrey Bellairs stood still and watched it with a smile upon his face.—W. H. Herman in Exchange.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

DEEDS RECORDED.

In the County Recorder's department yesterday only two deeds to Marion county real estate were filed for record, the considerations of which aggregated the sum of \$2000, and one marginal satisfaction of a mortgage to real estate for \$125. The deeds follow:

David S. Goode to Isaiah Weaver, 70 acres of land in Henry Foster and wife d. l. c. No. 52, t. 9 s. r. 1 w. \$1200

A. N. Angerman to Christina Johnson and wife, a small tract of land in the J. L. Parrish d. l. c. W. D. 500

Total \$2000

A Negro Lynched.

Rome, Ga., April 1.—Walter Allen, a negro, charged with criminally assaulting Miss Blossom Adamson, a 15-year-old girl in this city yesterday, was taken from jail tonight by 400 men, who battered down the prison doors and hanged him to an electric pole in the principal portion of the city. A volley was fired afterward, and fully a thousand bullets entered the negro's body. Allen declared he was innocent, and prayed that the guilty party be found. Miss Adamson belongs to one of the most prominent families in Rome.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern:

That the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John D. Hurst, late of Marion County, Oregon, deceased, has filed his final account of said estate in the County Court for Marion County, Oregon, and that said Court has set the same to be heard on the 26th day of April, 1902, at one (1) o'clock p. m. of said day, at the County Room of said Court, in the county court house at the city of Salem, in Marion County, Oregon.

And that said final account and any objections thereto will be heard and passed upon by the said Court at said time and place.

Dated at Salem, Marion County, Oregon, this 25th day of March, 1902.

FRED HURST,
Administrator of the estate of John D. Hurst, deceased. 3:28-aw.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice to the creditors of Gilbert Bros. and A. T. Gilbert is hereby given that the Circuit Court of Marion County, State of Oregon, has heretofore, to-wit: on the 15th day of November, 1901, made an order extending the time to the 15th day of May, 1902, for the creditors to present their claims to the Receiver of said Gilbert Bros. and A. T. Gilbert, appointed in the case pending in said Circuit Court, wherein Tilton Ford, as Executor of the last will and testament of Wm. Gosper, deceased, was plaintiff, and A. T. Gilbert and others were defendants; and that said Court did on the 11th day of March, 1902, make an order requiring said Receiver to publish notice of said order. Each and all of said creditors are therefore notified to present their claims to the undersigned Receiver on or before the 15th day of May, 1902, at the bank of Ladd & Bush, in the city of Salem, Marion County, Oregon.

CLAUD GATCHE,
Receiver. 3:28-5L

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern:

That the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Marion County, Oregon, as the Executor of the last will and testament and estate of Theodore Gervais, late of Marion County, Oregon, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to the undersigned. And all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified according to law, to the undersigned at the law office of Tilton Ford, W. M. Kaiser and W. T. Slater, at the city of Salem, in Marion County, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated at Salem, Oregon, this 25th day of March, 1902.

W. M. KAISER,
Executor of the last will and testament and estate of Theodore Gervais, deceased. 3:28-5L

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO WITHDRAW INSURANCE DEPOSIT BY THE LION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

To Whom It May Concern:

In accordance with the requirements of the laws of the State of Oregon, relative to insurance companies, notice is hereby given that the LION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, of London, England, desiring to cease doing business within the State of Oregon, intends to withdraw its deposits with the Treasurer of said State and will, if no claim against said Company shall be filed with the Insurance Commissioner within six months from the 24th day of January, 1902, the same being the date of the first publication of this notice, withdraw its deposit from the State Treasurer. LION FIRE INSURANCE CO., LTD. By Wm. J. Landers, Manager for the Pacific Coast. Dated at San Francisco, this 6th day of Jan. 1902. 1:25-6mo.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO WITHDRAW INSURANCE DEPOSIT.

In accordance with the requirements of the laws of the State of Oregon, relative to insurance companies, notice is hereby given that the MAGDEBURG FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Magdeburg, Germany, desiring to cease doing business within the State of Oregon, intends to withdraw its deposit with the Treasurer of said State and will, if no claim shall be filed with the Insurance Commissioner within six months from the 11th day of October, 1901, the same being the date of the first day of publication of this notice, withdraw its deposit from the State Treasurer. MAGDEBURG FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. By Guntz & Frank, Managers for the Pacific Coast. Dated at San Francisco, this 23d day of October 1901. 10:11-6mo.

NOTICE.

Sheep shearers are liable for damage done by their careless use of clothing and implements that they have used in shearing diseased sheep, especially those affected with scab. Flock owners may under the laws recover from such shearers twice their estimated damage. Shearers coming from other counties where sheep are known to be infected with scab should be particularly careful. If shearers find they are shearing diseased sheep, when they have finished such bands or flocks, should burn their clothes used in such shearing, and put their shears in boiling water, letting them boil for fifteen minutes to one-half hour.

D. D. KEELER,
Stock Inspector for Marion Co., Ore.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO WITHDRAW INSURANCE DEPOSIT BY THE UNITED STATES FIRE INSURANCE CO.

To Whom It May Concern:

In accordance with the requirements of the laws of the State of Oregon, relative to insurance companies, notice is hereby given that the UNITED STATES FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York, New York, desiring to cease doing business within the State of Oregon, intends to withdraw its deposit with the Treasurer of said State and will, if no claim against said Company shall be filed with the Insurance Commissioner within six months

from the 21st day of February, 1902, the same being the date of the first publication of this notice, withdraw its deposit from the State Treasurer. UNITED STATES FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. By W. W. UNDERHILL, President. Dated at New York, this 27th day of February, 1902. 2:31-6 mo.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that the undersigned Executors of the Estate of Peter Kirk, Deceased, have filed their final account of said estate in the County Court of Marion County, Oregon, and that said Court has fixed as the time and place of hearing said final account and any objections thereto, on the 11th day of April, 1902, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the County room of said Court, in the County Court, House at the City of Salem, in Marion County, State of Oregon, and that said final account and any objections thereto will be heard and passed upon by said Court at said time and place.

Dated at Salem, Oregon, this 16th day of March, A. D. 1902.

R. E. KIRK and MATILDA M. KIRK, Co-executors of the last will, testament and estate of Peter Kirk, deceased. 3:14-5L

NEW TO-DAY.

The Statesman Pub. Co. has on hand several hundred copies of the OREGON CONSTITUTION. The price is 10 cents each as long as they last.

SEED BARLEY—Have seed barley for sale. Call at sheriff's office on farm on Howell Prairie, F. W. Durbin, Salem, Oregon. 4:4L.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED FARMS AND CITY PROPERTY at 6 per cent per annum; no commission. Please call or address Eugene Breyman, Remember the place, 270 Commercial street, one door north of Statesman office. dwif

ABSTRACTORS OF TITLE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1880.—Only complete set of abstract books in Marion county, Oregon. Concerning titles, consult us.—Salem Abstract and Land Co., Salem, Oregon, F. W. Waters, Secretary and Manager.

DR. C. GEE WU.

Wonderful Home Treatment.

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people in all operations that are given up to die. He cures with his wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, bark and vegetables, that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies, this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, cough, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder, female trouble, lost manhood, all private diseases; has hundreds of testimonials. Charge moderate.

Call and see him. Consultation free. Patients out of the city write for blank and circular. Enclose stamp. Address: The U. G. Wu Chinese Medicine Co., 123 1/2 Third Street, Portland, Oregon. Mention this paper.

Hops Hops Hops.

If you are interested in hop news and prices, it will pay you to get the reports of the N. Y. HOP REPORTING CO., 38 Whitehall St., New York City. EMMET WELLS, Gen. Manager.

Woven Wire Fencing

Just arrived, two carloads of field and lawn fencing. Poultry fencing a specialty. Send for catalogue and prices. WALTER MORLEY, 59 State Street, Salem.

SAVE TIME

by having castings made right here. Foundry newly equipped for work in either iron or brass. OUR WORK SUITS.

For sale—3 horse power Sprague electric motor.

SALEM IRON WORKS

(JAMES GILL, Lessee).

In Every Print Shop There Is The Devil to Pay

and besides him, we have to pay a force of over 40 men, who are employed in the several departments of our establishment in printing of various kinds. Everything printed here, from a calling card to a newspaper. Will you become one of our patrons and help to promote home manufacturing?

STATESMAN JOB OFFICE

'Phone Main 2041

Washington, April 1.—The House today made rapid progress with the sundry civil appropriation bill, completing ninety-three pages of the bill. The efforts to amend the bill were successfully defeated as a rule, by Cannon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, who was personally in charge of the measure.

MURDERED BY THEIR SERVANT

A Philadelphia Family Killed by the Colored Butler.

HE FEARED ARREST FOR STEALING AND SHOT THE LADY OF THE HOUSE AND TWO DAUGHTERS—HE WAS CAPTURED IN CAMDEN, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 1.—Fearing that he would be arrested for theft, William H. Lane, a colored butler, shot and killed his employer, Mrs. Ella J. Furbush, her 12-year-old daughter, Madeline, and probably mortally wounded another daughter, Eloise, aged 7 years. Lane today was captured in Camden, N. J., and confessed his crime.

Lane had been suspected of stealing money from his employer, and when a warrant was sworn out today by Mrs. Furbush for his arrest, he committed the crime in revenge. Mrs. Furbush and Eloise were on the third floor of the house, and Madeline was on roller skates in front of the house. After killing the mother and fatally wounding one child, Lane called Madeline into the hall and she followed him up stairs to the third story, where he shot her in the head. He then ran down stairs and made his escape. The bodies of Mrs. Furbush and Madeline and the injured child, Eloise, were found by a policeman who had gone to the house to serve the warrant on Lane.

There was a colored servant in the kitchen ironing when the murders were committed, and when the policemen questioned her she said she had not heard the shooting and did not notice the departure of Lane. The coroner has taken charge of the house. Mr. Furbush has not yet been located by the police, and it is stated that he has gone to New York.

Lane had been employed by the family for about two years. His home is said to be in Trenton N. J. Lane was brought back to this city and locked up in a cell in the city jail.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

The Oregon Fire Relief Association has been a success ever since it began business in January, 1895, and is now growing faster than ever before.

Its annual report of December 31, 1901, shows a net gain in amount of insurance in force of \$2,628,787, which is 50 per cent more than the net gain of any previous year. It paid 155 losses during the year, amounting to \$23,600.

It is strictly a mutual institution which furnishes the best of Fire Insurance at Cost.

For further particulars, address A. C. Chandler, secretary, McMinnville, Oregon, or if you reside in Marion county, call on or address H. A. Johnson, (agent), Salem, Oregon.

Legal Blanks—Statesman Job Office.

THE DEACON AND THE GIGGLERS.

'Twas at the prayer meeting when arose old Deacon Heep And started off a-singing that he was a wandering sheep. And then—well, we're sorry for it—came a giggle; yes, and more, From some young, thoughtless people sitting 'way back by the door.

The deacon stopped his singing and in horrified surprise Glanced at the frightened gigglers—now the target of all eyes— And when his breath came back again he called on Brother James To ferret out the culprits and make record of their names.

Before a rural jury in the country court next day The meeting house disturbers stood in penitent array. Old Deacon Heep had testified, and when he stopped it looked As if the youthful prisoners were for the lock-up booked.

To cross-examine Deacon Heep their lawyer then arose. "Well, Deacon," said he smiling, "you're complainant, I suppose. Now, on your oath, remember—you were singing at the time This sad occurrence happened that to you seems such a crime."

"I was," snapped out the Deacon. "Ah! I thought so. Now—will you Repeat the tune exactly as you sang it in the pew?" Up jumped the prosecution. "I object, your Honor. I—I think that foolish question doesn't call for a reply."

"Your Honor!" cried the other. "If your Honor please, I must Insist upon the witness doing as I ask. Be just! I have a reason for it that will later be plain."

"The court rules that the witness," said the judge, "must sing again."

Now, when at prayer meetings is a singing deacon heard, He can't be said to warble with the sweetness of a bird. His notes start from the cellar and by fits and starts mount higher Till with a burst of thunder they end 'way up in the spire.

He gets a swaying motion and his face with redness grows; He blinks his eyes and beats the time and sings right through his nose. Sometimes they have to stop him so that others can be heard, And when they do there's trouble, for his anger then is stirred.

"We're waiting," smiled the lawyer, "for the witness to proceed. Come, Deacon! Don't be bashful. Give the evidence we need." And then the Deacon had to, so, he tuned his throat awhile, And started "I'm a Wandering Sheep" in good old meeting style.

The crowd began to titter, and the jury bite their lips; The judge behind a paper hid his face, and Mr. Pipp's, The solemn clerk, who never smiled, just grinned from ear to ear. The Deacon, having closed his eyes, sang on without a fear.

And now the crowd—including those upon the Deacon's side— And all the jury—ha-ha-ha—were laughing till they cried. The judge for order pounded on his desk with might and main. But as he, too, was laughing, all his efforts were in vain.

While every one was laughing save the Deacon who, in doubt, Had stopped to gaze with angry eyes on every one about; The court was brought to order and the lawyer most polite Released and thanked the witness, who was mad enough to fight.

Then turning to the justice, "If your Honor please," he bowed, "We rest our case. If any one in this enlightened crowd Can find my clients guilty after hearing our good friend, We all must share the punishment that you may on them send."

The case went to the jury and the prisoners were freed, Because they couldn't help it, all the jurymen agreed; And now at prayer meetings where good Deacon Heep is found, There isn't any laughing—when he takes the plate around.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall Farmer.

THE FLAX INDUSTRY.

Editor Statesman:

I commend and appreciate the promptness and good will with which the business men of the city responded to the demand of the Commercial Club in order to fulfill its engagement with me. They seem to realize my earnestness, and prove that they are ready to succeed in this flax enterprise. I am pleased to seize this opportunity to repeat, publicly, that on my part nothing will be neglected to cultivate and har-

ONE CASE IN SUPREME COURT

Arguments Heard by the Justices in an Appeal

FROM COLUMBIA COUNTY—MINOR ORDERS ENTERED/RECORD—ANSWER MADE IN CASE PENDING IN THE STATE CIRCUIT COURT.

(From Wednesday's Statesman.)

In the Supreme Court, yesterday, Curtis E. Bowers, an infant, by D. C. Bowers, his guardian, respondent, vs. Star Logging & Lumber Co., appellant, an appeal from Columbia county, was argued and submitted by T. J. Cleeton and A. E. Clark for respondent, and Wirt Miner for appellant.

The following orders were also made: John McCourt, respondent, vs. John E. Beant, appellant; ordered on stipulation that respondent have until April 5th to appear and answer the order of the court heretofore made herein.

Wm. Heinbothem, respondent, vs. Interstate Savings & Loan Association, appellant; ordered on stipulation that appellant have 60 days from April 1st to serve and file its brief.

In the suit to foreclose a mechanic's lien upon certain property in the business portion of this city, to recover the sum of \$225.39 with interest thereon at 6 per cent from October 25, 1901; \$5 fees for drawing and \$1.40 for recording said lien, and for \$50 attorney's fees which the plaintiff, Otto Hansen, alleges to be due him from the defendants, Clara F. Brey, et al, for mechanical services performed and materials furnished, one of the defendants, W. D. Pugh, yesterday made reply to the defendant's first further and separate answer, wherein the defendants allege that he as an architect, estimated the probable cost of the improvements and agreed to perform the work for the estimated amount.

W. D. Pugh in his answer denies that he entered into any agreement with the defendant by the terms of which he was to do all or any of the work or furnish any of the materials except as to act as the supervising architect for the nominal consideration of \$5.

Salvador Arbitration.

Washington, April 1.—The initial meeting of the Salvador arbitration committee, made up of Chief Justice Strong, of Canada, Hon. Don M. Dickson, of Michigan, and Dr. Jose Romo Foz, of Salvador, was held tonight. They are to render decision on the claim whose original amount aggregated \$500,000 in gold, filed by the Salvador Commercial Company, of California, against Salvador, for the alleged annulment of the concession made to a Salvador corporation.

CABOTAGE.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*