The Love of Col. Pilkington

By D. H. TALMADGE.

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COL. LEROY PILKINGTON, aged 60, irongray of hair and beard, gruff of voice and kind of heart, paused one afternoon in the course of a stroll upon the streets of a great western city to gratify a whim. He plunged his hand (he had but one) into his pocket and drew forth a nickel, which he inserted in the slot of a picture machine. After which he put his eyes to the holes provided for the purpose, and saw things.

Capt. Dilforth, who was with him at the time, states that for an instant he thought the colonel's intellect had collapsed, for the colonel, after a brief period of attention to the scene the nickel had revealed to his gaze, gave utterance to an exclamation indicative of shock, immediately succeeding which he executed a most unsightly and unmilitary dance, while his face became distorted with emotion.

"The rose!" he cried. "The rose! At last! New York! Great heaven!"

"Yes," said the captain, taking him gently by the arm; "yes, yes, I know. Come, now. People are stopping to stare at us."

"Let 'em stare," vociferated the colonel; "it is none of their business."

"Captain," he said, in a choked voice, "were you ever in love?"

The captain beheld a mental image of a certain dwelling, in which he was wont to associate with a numerous collection of family and family's family, and replied promptly in the affirmative.

"I know, I know," the colonel went on; "hang it! I've gone a bit daft, I think. Your dreams have all come true, while mine—by George! I'm not sure but mine are coming true also. I've never married, captain. You may have observed that I have retreated in good order at the first suggestion of an engagement with a woman. I have a reputation, I believe, as a hater of the sex. My mind has been made up for 20 years to die a bachelor. I have been reconciled. But now—"

He looked about him, and perceiving a restaurant near by he made a motion towards it with his hand.

"Let us go in there while I tell you about it," he suggested. "I must tell some one or I shall blow up."

The captain was nothing loath, and they entered the refreshment place, calling for viands which they did not eat.

"I fell in love with a girl when I was a very young man," the colonel began. "She was a beautiful creature, winsome as claret to a fiery colt, such as I was then, but, like the rest of the sex, I presume, in disposition. She was mettlesome and inclined to chafe at the prospect of restraint. I proposed to her. She did not refuse me. 'I am not certain that I like you well enough for that,' she said, placing the most adorable emphasis upon the final word. 'Let me wait and think it over.' So I let her wait and think it over for a long time—a week, as I remember it—and then I pressed her for an answer. 'Not yet,' she said; 'dear me, I've not had half time enough.' And three times more this happened, but the last time was slightly different from the others for she told me that she had nearly decided and that I should have a definite answer at the May day festival, which was two weeks distant. 'If I decide to marry you, sir,' she said, with two dimples showing in her cheeks and one in her chin, 'I shall wear a white rose here,' and she lifted her hand to her head; 'but if I decide not to marry you,' and the expression of her face changed to one of gloom, and tears came to her eyes, 'the rose will be red.'

"Very well," said I, a trifle coldly, for I was exasperated, being naturally short of temper, as you may know, and did not take kindly to a further postponement. In fact, I had resolved that in case she refused me an answer on this particular instance, I would drop the matter entirely, pain or no pain, and go away to the war and get shot full of holes. I was rather foolish."

"You were," ejaculated the captain. "My wife acted in much the same manner towards me, and I simply took her by storm. It required more courage than was required to face the old troop into action at Shiloh; but I did it, and, by Jove, sir, it was precisely what she wanted me to do."

"The colonel groaned. "I see my mistake," he said. "I saw it long ago. I should have known by the dimples that my perspicacity not been so completely outweighed by my jackassity. But instead of doing what I should have done, I went off to the war without seeing her again. I did not attend the May day festival. I imagined that I was a devil of a fellow, which was true in a sense; and for months I kept my neck stiff and nursed my idle pride, or whatever it was, with considerable satisfaction. I drew fancy pictures of the scene which would ensue upon my return to the old town. I saw myself, erect, [illegible] the girl back [illegible] and taking her [illegible] y, as my wife. I heard myself saying, ironically: 'Why, my dear! Where is the rose you were to wear? Is the time not yet come for me to know my fate?' And I gloated in the tears I saw her shed. Dear, dear! How differently it all came about!

"When I returned she was not there. She had gone to visit a relative in California, and I was compelled to rejoin the regiment without having seen her. I wrote to her at the address they gave me at home, but we were ordered away to Georgia then, and if she ever sent a reply to my letter I did not get it. I did not go home again until the war was over. She was not there, and the aunt with whom she had lived was dead. None seemed to know where she had gone. She had left no forwarding address at the post office. She had told her friends that she was going west, that was all.

"So for ten years thenceforth I labored most strenuously for money, and spent it in searching for her. I visited California, where I obtained a slight trace; the girl had been there, but had sailed away on a boat, together with her relatives. I went here and there and everywhere, taking no one into my confidence, and of course getting no reward. Finally I gave up. For 20 years I have been—well, you know what I have been, captain; a moderately successful man, as the term is used; a modest patron of the arts and sciences and of the manly sports; but to woman—adamant. This afternoon in that picture of a New York street gathering I saw her face, and upon her bonnet was a rose. It may have been white or it may have been red—I could not tell its color. I recognized the locality by the buildings. It seems to me more than likely that she lives in that quarter of the city, and, such being the case, it will not be difficult to find her. I go to New York to-night. It may be—"

The captain involuntarily extended his hand and the colonel grasped it warmly. Then they arose and passed into the street.

"It may be," continued the colonel, clearing his throat and throwing back his shoulders, "that I am to come in for a share of love's young dream after all. I am no longer young, to be sure, but it is the same dream. Ah—er—ahem—captain, will you oblige me by information relative to the state of my cuticle? Do I blush?"

"You do not," replied the captain, frankly.

"Is not my pulse somewhat accelerated?" asked the colonel, presenting his wrist to the other's grasp.

"Nary," returned the captain; "it is like an eight-day clock."

"I go to New York to-night, at any rate," said the colonel, a bit disgustedly. "I shall write you, captain; and in the event of my bringing home a bride I shall look to you to make fitting arrangements for our reception. See to it personally that we have the bridal suite at the Grand Union, nicely warmed and ventilated and perfumed and all that sort of thing, you know. And a good carriage waiting at the station for us. And your wife and a few female friends to smile at us when we step from the Pullman might have a good effect and convey a heap of joy to the young wo—er—the bride's heart."

"I shall be only too happy to make the arrangements," declared the captain. "I trust you may have your fondest hopes realized, my dear friend. You certainly deserve immense happiness. God bless you, sir."

"May He bless you, sir," returned the colonel.

And then they parted, the captain charging home at a double quick to tell his wife the story, while the colonel marched rapidly but with dignity to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

He was absent six weeks. At the end of the second week a letter came from him to the captain. It was very brief:

"Have not found her yet," it said. "Have obtained copy of slot machine photograph, and am determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

At short intervals thereafter other letters came, all brief, all to the same effect, and the captain began to fear that his friend was doomed forever to disappointment. But at last, at the close of the fifth week, came a letter the very outside of which shrieked triumphantly. The captain's hands trembled with much violence as he opened it, and thrice his eyeglasses sprang from his nose.

"I have found her," were the first words that greeted him from the hastily scribbled page. "I have found her, and the rose she wore in the picture was white. I have talked with her face to face after all these years, and I have seen her face dimple as it used to dimple, though, alas! the dimples now are all but lost in wrinkles and the sparkle of her eye is but a suggestion of the long ago. She wept when she saw me, and I wept—d—n you, sir, I did, and I am proud of it—when she told me that she had worn a white rose upon her head every day for 30 years. And after awhile she introduced me to her husband, a retired sea captain, comfortably provided with this world's goods, whom she met in California; and to her children, of whom she has three; and to the five of her nine grandchildren, who are at home. She has been the companion of her husband in his voyages, else I should probably have found her and made a thundering ass of myself. She has been around and around the world—and she has not failed for a single day to wear a white rose. Talk of fidelity! Great heaven! Is it not wonderful? I seem hardly worthy of it. I have enjoyed my trip. Shall return next week. Do not trouble yourself about the bridal suite. Want to see you. Want to rest. I am not so young as I once was, but, by George, I have got a big load off my mind! Have not felt exactly right about that girl for 30 years. Do not suppose she has felt exactly right, either. She gave me the rose she had in her hair. She is not going to bother about wearing it any more. Thirty years is a very long time. Whoop!"

"Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated the captain.

He handed the letter to his wife, and then departed, somewhat precipitately, for the nearest telegraph office, where he scrawled upon a blank the word "Congratulations," which action he has been ever since at a loss to explain.

The Official Election Returns.

SALEM, Ore., June 26.—The election returns made public yesterday contained several suprises, the most important of which was the large average Republican plurality, reaching, as it does, over 15,000 votes. Though the registration fell 10,000 short of that of two years ago, the total vote for state officers was 4000 to 5000 greater than two years ago or four years ago. The general apathy that was said to exist proved not to be manifest on election day.

Another suprising feature is that the only candidate in whom the labor unions had a direct interest, J. E. Godfrey, for State Printer, did not run ahead of his ticket. His opponent for the State Printership ran behind 4000 votes or more but Whitney's loss was not Godfrey's gain Godfrey ran ahead in Multnomah county, where the unions are strongest, and in Marion county where he resides, but he lost in some other counties. His friends expected that the labor vote would make him a close contestant for the office.

If the vote on Supreme Judge or Secretary of State be taken as the standard, there is not now a Democratic county in the state. Bean carried every county, as also did Dunbar. The only counties carried by the Democratic candidates for Congress were Baker, Linn and Union. Baker is the home of the Democratic candidate from the Second District, and Linn the home of the same party's candidate from the First District, so it may be said that their majorities in these counties were due to local influences. Judging by the Congressional vote, Union is the only Democratic county left.

State Treasurer Moore carried every county except Harney and there he tied his opponent. Ackerman, Republican candidate of Superintedent of Public Instruction, swept every county except Polk, where the Democratic candidat has resided all his life.

Crawford, Republican nominee for Attorney-General, carried the entire state, with the exception of Douglas, where a personal fight was made on him, and Umatilla, the home county of his opponent. Baker and Union were the only counties carried dy the Democratic candidate for State Printer, for whom a heroic fight was made.

The vote for secretary of State does not indicate that the people took much interest in the persistent fight that was made against those officials who have been collector of fees. Dunbar's Democratic opponent made all sorts of promises that he would refuse to permit any fees to be drawn if he should be elected. Dunbar was pointed to as the official who received unconstitutional fees, but the people gave him a plurality of 17,066 votes, which is but 80 less the plurailty of Bean, who had only two opponents.

The official abstract of votes does not show the ballot for choice for United States Senator, for the reason that this is not an office filled by popular vote, and the law requires the returns to be certified to the Legislature. The vote for Senatorial candidates was as follows.

	Geer.	Wood.
Baker	1,847	1,752
Benton	950	729
Clackamas	2,337	1,393
Clatsop	995	721
Coos	1,177	797
Crook	458	515
Curry	297	156
Douglas	1,789	1,444
Gilliam	423	358
Grant	842	565
Harney	437	434
Jackson	1,631	1,479
Josephine	876	671
Klamath	484	361
Lake	427	286
Lane	2,498	1,847
Lincoln	539	255
Linn	1,743	1,896
Malheur	518	407
Marion	3,109	1,588
Morrow	611	447
Multnomah	8,823	5,276
Polk	1,150	881
Sherman	502	334
Tillamook	656	327
Umatilla	1,947	1,750
Union	1,321	1,353
Wallowa	684	584
Wasco	1,336	951
Washington	1,572	1,209
Wheeler	412	248
Yamhill	1,496	1,239
Totals	44,697	32,627

Scattering, 156.

The law requires that the returns of the vote for Governor be sealed and transmitted to the Legislature, so the canvass of the Gubernatorial ballot will not be made until the Legislature meets.

Following is the official abstract of votes cast at State General Election, June 2, 1902.

For Supreme Judge; Robert S. Bean, Republican, 49,876; B. F. Bonham, Democrat, 32, 730; C. J. Bright, Prohibition, 5,113; Bean's plurality 17,146.

For Secretary of State; Frank I. Dunbar, Republican, 47,623; D. W. Sears, Democrat, 30,557; N. A. Davis, Prohibition, 4,935; C. W. Barzee, Socialist, 5,589; Dunbar's plurality, 17,066.

For State Treasurer; Charles S. Moore, Republican, 46,418; Henry Blackman, Democrat, 30,506; T. S. McDaniel, Prohibition, 5,269; W. W. Myers, Socialist, 5,763; Moore's plurality, 15,912.

For Superintendt of Public Instruction; J. H. Ackerman Republican, 47,045; W. A. Wann, Democrat, 31,840; R. W. Kelsey, Prohibition, 4,876; Ackerman's plurality, 15,205.

For Attorney-General; James H. Raley, Democrat, 32, 311; A. M. Crawford, Republican, 45,423; T. H. Goyne, Prohibition, 5,104; Crawford's plurality, 13,112.

For State Printer; J. R. Whitney, Republican, 42,649; James E. Godfrey, Democrat, 31,010; W. W. Brooks, Prohibition, 5,102; J. E. Horner Socialist, 5,223; Whitney's plurality, 11,639

For Representative to Congress, First Distric; Thomas H. Tongue, Republican, 23,585; J. K Weatherford, Democrat, 16,213; R. F. Ramp, Socialist, 2,576; Hiram Gould, Prohibition, 2,185; Tongue's plurality, 7,372.

For Representative to Congress, Second District; J. N. Williamson, Republican, 23,397; W. F. Butchee, Democrat, 15,598; Diedrich T. Gerdes, Socialist, 2,753; F. R. Spaulding, Prohibition, 1,957; Williamson's plurality, 7,799.

For Proposed Constitution Amendment, Initiative and Referendum; Yes, 62,024; No, 5,668.

Total number of votes cast, 92,920.

Still No Sign of Convict Rogers.

MILTON, June 26.—Still there is no trace of the hiding convict, Rucker Rogers, who escaped from Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla Sunday afternoon, and whom 30 men and two bloodhounds were pursuing until today. The cold truth is that Rogers has probably gotten away. A penitentiary force is still watching for him in the crevasses of the foothills and striving to prevent his break away into the mountains, but they do not know but what he has already gone. Many of the pursuers have returned home.

A glimpse at the famous country into which the escaped convict has probably fled is interesting, because convict after convict, deserters from Fort Walla Walla, thieves eluding arrest, and rogues of all descriptions, flee there for refuge. An outlaw is rarely if ever caught once he makes his way up one of the canyons east and southeast of here into the Blue Mountains, where he finds safety in the logging and wood cutting camps that are scattered around. It is thought that Rogers is unquestionably heading for one of these. All rascals in this part of the country know the place.

Once safe in the mountains, these men are smuggled mysteriously away and kept concealed for several months until it is safe to emerge at some distant point. The escaped convict has the whole range of Blue Mountains with their fastness to hide in, and capture is practically impossible.

A number of ranchers east of here claim to have seen Rogers, but there is no practical clew.

Wanted to Climb the Gate.

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," come the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody come to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

$25.—[illegible] acres of tested unimproved land, covered by ditch that [illegible] ample water for irrigation purposes. Can raise tomatoes and all kinds of [illegible] on the place. These [illegible] are fenced with barbed wire fence. Covered with chemeeta, sagebrush and scattering timber. Finest [illegible] in county, adjoining, where owner can turn out his cattle and has little feeding necessary during winter. Address BOURNE Real Estate Agency, Prineville, Oregon.

FOR SALE—A two story dwelling with barn and outhouses in the city of Prineville. This property is well situated and is watered by irrigation. It covers one-fourth of a block and is one of the best residence locations in the town. Price reasonable.

FOR SALE—One of the best located farms in the famous alsea belt in the Synaca creek country, consisting of 160 acres. 35 acres in clover, 30 good bern fields and all under fence. Long house and other ordinary improvements. Good garden raised every year and a variety of small fruits. 120 acres of fine timber that will eventually be worth more than the price now asked for the entire farm. All under private irrigating ditch that goes with the property.