

Edward Blake: College Student.

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Continued from last issue

But Edward's experience in the affair did not end with his part in the trial as one of the witnesses. There was another chapter, that might have proved even more exciting for him than it was if his training on the football field had not freed him in good stead.

It was during the week of the trial, and while the case was still dragging along with delays on technicalities, and the outcome of it was not certain, that Edward was surprised one evening in one of the hallways of a downtown office building by an attack made on him by some unknown person.

He had gone up to the top of the building to deliver a paper at one of the places that he knew was a low gambling den. Since the arrest of the gambler up town the proprietor of this place had kept very strict watch and Edward was not permitted to enter, as the sometimes had done. He threw the paper down at the bottom of the door, as he had been doing for several nights, when some one rushed out of a side hallway and struck at him with some heavy article that partly missed him in the dark, smashing his hat off his head and for a second stunning him slightly.

He instantly turned and grappled with a man when another figure came out on the opposite side of the hall and lunged himself on him.

But Edward was used to having several men fling themselves on him in football games, and, although he was very much taken by surprise now, his dogged, stubborn, slow nature was equal to the unexpected event, and he forced one of his assailants back into the hallway from which he had come, and heard him strike the floor in a heap. Then he turned his attention to the other, and instantly felt that he had his hands full, for his antagonist was a grown man, taller and heavier than himself, and he had struck Edward a heavy blow that pained him exceedingly. The two tugged and panted together, the stranger swearing and Edward silent, as usual, each trying to throw the other down. They swayed through the hall in the dark, and before either of them realized their nearness to the narrow stairway, they reeled down the first step, lost their balance and fell, still clinging to each other, and rolling over and over to the bottom.

Edward found himself even in the strange situation of that descent wondering who would be on top when the bottom was reached. Evidently his assailant was having the same idea. For when they struck the hall below and rolled over again he let go of Edward, and although Edward was on his feet with an agility that was remarkable considering his weight, the man rushed past up the stairs again and vanished in the darkness above.

"Discretion was the better part of valor" on this occasion, and so Edward did not wait for the man to come back, possibly re-enforced by his companion, but beat an orderly retreat down the other two flights of stairs and so out on the street minus his hat and plus several bruises.

He happened to be near a clothing store and went in and bought a hat and continued his route. When he reached his room on College hill, he took account of damages and found that, in addition to the loss of his hat, he had sustained several serious rents in his clothing. As he sat up late that night repairing the rents he questioned whether he had better make complaint to the police. But he finally decided not to say anything. He could not

identify the men. He did not know whether they belonged to the gambling crowd who were trying to get vengeance for his part in the arrest or whether they were part of the rough gang that had for years infested that part of the city and had attempted to hold him for a purpose of petty robbery. He said nothing about the matter either to the president or Freda until several weeks afterward. It was also significant of his stubbornness that he continued his route the next night the same as usual. He was not molested again that winter. And the event did not make any particular impression on him—not so much as it did afterward, when he told it to his sister and listened to her comments on it.

After the excitement due to these things centering about the gambler's arrest, trial and conviction had died out Edward found his mind going back more and more to Willis. As the days went on he did not feel satisfied. He met Willis in chapel and on the grounds and in the halls constantly. His face bore heavier marks of dissipation, and he was evidently running a fast pace with the fast set.

Mrs. Preston had also written again, urging Edward if possible to go back and room with her son. "I am sure," she said, "that Willis would welcome you, and you could keep him from many wrong things. I know he still has great respect for you. Your recent action in the matter of the gambler's arrest evoked his admiration. He wrote me a strong account of it and defended your motives, although, alas! I fear he himself was one of the frequenters of the place. Can you do anything? If so, will you not do it for the sake of Willis, if not for me? I cannot help feeling that he is going from bad to worse. But just what I fear I cannot define. I seem to be

waiting to hear of some final disgrace that he will suffer. In God's name, do all you can, Mr. Blake, and I will pray for you as I ask you to pray for me."

Edward read this letter with a feeling of shame, as he had always felt more or less on reading Mrs. Preston's letters. She wrote, always assuming that Edward was a conscientious Christian and she always appealed to more than his morality. Edward did not call himself a Christian, and there was nothing in him that could respond to a part of her appeal. Nevertheless, he was moved so much by it that he was exceedingly unhappy. He even sought to see Willis that evening. He decided to go and have a talk with him and see if their former relations could be resumed. But when he went up to the old room, Willis happened to be having a card party of fellows most of whom were distasteful to Edward. So when Willis opened the door and Edward saw at a glance who was in the room he said briefly: "I wanted to see you. But I won't come in tonight."

Willis stepped out into the hall and shut the door. He was puffing a cigarette, and looked more than usually dissipated.

"Anything in particular?" he asked, not unkindly.

Edward hesitated. "Yes, but I can't talk with that crowd around."

"I'll send 'em away," said Willis carelessly.

"You needn't do that," said Edward slowly. Afterward he was sorry he had not taken Willis at his word, for Willis turned and went back into the room indifferently, and Edward slowly went down the stairs disappointed and more unhappy than ever.

It was perhaps a week after that that Edward was halted by one of the men in his hall as he came down to breakfast.

"Say! Heard the news? Preston and Williams and Hawley and half that gang were taken in last night and are likely to get fired for good. They stacked Wheaton's room, burned up all his Bibles and wound up by painting a lot of ballet dancers on the chapel tower. They were caught red handed and have confessed. Prexy won't stand the desecration of the chapel, and he'll give them their final papers, I guess."

Edward listened in silence. He felt glad of the news if it meant the dismissal of the fast set that were no credit to Hope. But he could not help wondering about Willis. He had known of his indulging in various pranks, such as tearing a student's room to pieces and piling the pieces up in the center of the room, which was called "stacking," but he had never known him to be guilty of such an immoral act as the one ascribed to him in connection with the chapel tower.

Later in the day the morning rumor was confirmed, and more too. It was said that Willis had confessed himself to being the principal offender in the chapel desecration. It was also said that the college authorities could not



He instantly turned and grappled with a man.

pardon it and that Willis, with half a dozen others in his set, would be not only suspended, but expelled from college.

On hearing the news, which came direct from good sources, Edward determined to see President Royce. He was not altogether clear in his mind concerning what he wanted to see him for. But he seemed impelled to go to him in Willis' behalf. Perhaps Mrs. Preston's letter had something to do with it.

He went over to the office at the usual hour in the afternoon when the president was in for students and knocked. In answer to the summons to come in he entered and found Wheaton in earnest conversation with the president.

"It's all right if Blake hears your story, Wheaton, isn't it?" asked the president.

"Yes, sir," replied Wheaton, nodding at Edward.

"Go on, then," continued the president gravely. It was very still in the little office as Wheaton began to speak.

CHAPTER XI.

"Of course I feel bad about the damage to my room," said Wheaton gravely, "and the destruction of my books, especially my Bibles and Sunday school helps, seems like a wanton and irreverent thing that is without excuse. But I wish to say for Preston that while he was present and helped to tear up the carpet and turn my stove bottom side up he did not touch any of my books, and I can swear to his remonstrating with one of the other men who did do it."

"But what I called to see you for especially, sir, was to tell you that Preston did not desecrate the chapel tower, as he claims he did."

"How do you know that?" asked the

president, a good deal surprised. "Well, sir, I came by the chapel late last night because I had been down to the night school across the river. The painting of the picture had not been done then, and it was nearly midnight. I went right up to my room and found my door off its hinges and Preston and half a dozen others inside tearing the room to pieces. When they were through they all rushed out of my room and the hall, except Preston, who staid until after 3 o'clock. And it was between midnight and 3 o'clock that the pictures were drawn on the tower, according to the testimony of Logan, who helped to apprehend a part of the men."

"How is that? You say Preston staid with you until 3 o'clock? How did that happen?"

"Well, sir," answered Wheaton, with some reluctance, "he had been drinking quite hard before he came up to the room and he was taken ill just as the men finished their work, and I made him go into my bedroom, which they had not touched, and he down there until he insisted on going out again."

The president and Edward learned afterward that Wheaton had staid up and tended Willis as carefully as if he had been his dearest friend.

"But Preston was caught with the rest of the men near the chapel," said the president.

"Yes, sir; but you see he left my room after the crowd had done the work on the chapel, and walked around the hall right into the midst of them only a few minutes before they were caught. So he couldn't have been guilty of the offense."

The president was silent and thoughtful. "Why should he confess, then, that he is the guilty party? He insists upon it that he planned and executed most of the work."

Wheaton was silent, because he evidently had no good reason to give for Willis' conduct, and Edward spoke up.

"I think I can make a guess at that," he said, as the president turned toward him. "Preston has been borrowing heavily of his society friends, notably from Rankin. I have good reason to suppose that he is a good deal involved with them, in one way and another. He considers that this event will mean his discharge from the college anyway, and he has confessed to being guilty of this act of desecrating the chapel in order to shield the other men, who really did it, and to whom he is under such heavy obligations, in order to retain their favor. And the other men are mean enough to keep still and let Willis lie about it, just to save themselves, seeing he is in so deep with them on the money question."

"It's a shrewd explanation," replied the president, "and you may be right." In fact, as it afterward came out, Edward had hit upon the exact truth in the matter, as Willis himself confessed. "But now the question still faces the faculty as to the punishment to be meted out. If Preston is not guilty of the particular offense of which he is charged, he is more or less of a ring-leader among the worst set in Hope, and we cannot let such an affair as that of last night go by unnoticed or unpunished."

Wheaton looked at Edward and was evidently disturbed in his mind. But after a silence, which neither the president nor Edward attempted to break, he said:

To be continued.

Union Hall.

John Burns and T. J. Grimes are cutting railroad wood. They have a contract to cut 100 cords.

John Aimes and Charlie Thomas started for California last Monday. Charlie is going to work in Soquel, Cal. We will miss his smiling face from our midst.

Messrs. J. L. Thomas and L. P. Burns made a business trip to Canby last Saturday.

School will close at this place in about four weeks.

Joseph Peringer and family contemplate moving into the new wing of their house that they had recently built this winter. They will move in about next Saturday.

Joseph Streje and wife, of New Era, were visiting Mr. Streje's parents Sunday last.

Mrs. Martha Burns went to Canby one day last week.

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The weather looks as though spring is at hand.

Mrs. Effie Rauch has been staying at Canby for some time.

Otto Striker, who is working at the Adkins Bros' logging camp near Mulino, visited his parents Sunday last.

Mrs. Caroline Thomas was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Nettie Riggs, last week.

Oscar Striker is helping Reuben Fanton run his woodsaw this winter. They are cutting wood on Mr. Shindler's place.

I heartily agree with the Liberal correspondent that it is unjust for a woman's property to be taxed and her not being allowed to vote. Does it look just? Indeed, it does not. I hope to see the day not far distant when a woman can go and cast her vote the same as any other citizen.

BACKWOODS.

Barlow.

The weather is as fine as one could wish for and our health is generally good. Considerable spring work is under way.

We have a new family with us direct from Kansas, Mr. Skinner by name. They have rented the Hoke place on the banks of the Molalla and we wish them success.

The euchre club met last Thursday evening at the usual place and hour and had an enjoyable time, but there was occasion for sadness even to a euchre club sometimes. A resolution of

of condolence and sympathy was offered and carried unanimously, for two of our members, Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Barlow, who are in California attending the funeral of Mrs. Barlow's father, Mr. Thos. Pusey.

The teachers' institute met in the M. E. church last Saturday and held what seemed to be a very interesting and instructive meeting to the few that were in attendance. To help them along Judge W. W. Jesse gave them his experience in that line of work fifty years ago and Uncle Billy Barlow had a letter read by his daughter, Miss Mary Barlow, a teacher of Portland, on "School Life Sixty-five Years Ago." It was interesting to the teachers of the present time to which we scribe could have added his bitter experience with a long shanked, taller, fatter, thick-skulled boosier with beach rod, fifty years ago. Have I ever forgotten or forgiven did you say! I don't think I have. By which teachers of these days may take warning, that one seldom forgets a wrong done in childhood days. We voted Alex Thompson, the best looking teacher; A. W. McLaughlin, the brightest; Miss Fannie Porter, the wittiest; Miss Hattie Cochrane, the best conversationalist, and so on. Superintendent Zinzer seems to be well qualified and practical enough for the office he now holds. Come again ladies and gentlemen, when you so desire and we will try to entertain you.

Now that an initiative and referendum bill has passed both houses of the legislature by a unanimous vote, except one lone populist, who perhaps got his whiskers tangled up in the hay rake, poor fellow, "wuz" a pop; we know how it is to get tangled up. Now let's all extend a vote of thanks to the Hon. George Brownell to be delivered as soon as the supreme court decides it to be constitutional. You see the Hon. George is so much like lightning that we never like to get from under the feather bed until the last cloud has blown away and if it is finally decided in favor of the people we will be one of the first to say "Long live Hon. Geo. O. Brownell."

With your permission, Mr. Editor, we would like to ask any qualified Catholic friend to tell us through the Courier-Herald why the Pope issues an encyclical to the church for prayers for the Queen after she is dead? CORONAL.

In Memoriam.

On the death of Mr. P. H. Miller, section foreman, at Canby, Or., who was killed by a passing engine, while on his way to work, Jan. 28, 1901:

Another victim! Vengeful iron steed,
Whose fervid heart beats with exultant fire,
But knows no throb of pity, love or fear
We mourn our comrade, victim of thine ire.

The faithful toiler stricken by thy might,
And spurred aside by thy remorseless wheel,
Has labored for thy good, through these long years,
And earned thy gratitude, if thou could'st feel.

How oft he smoothed the pat'way for thy tread,
At home, nor grief, nor joy prolonged his stay.
By day or night thy claims were paramount
He owned them all and would not brook delay.

'Mong the gray shadows of departing night,
Thou swept upon his trail with muffled tread
Silent and swift fell the assassin stroke
And now thy servant and our friend lies dead.

What tho' accumulated speed or power
Mark thee triumphant in the strife for gain
The crimson stain along thy head gear
B'ent,
Marks thee forever, like the brand of Cain.

We'll miss thee comrade, on the iron road
Thy cheery voice will ne'er be heard again,
Thy lab'ring form amid the summer's heat,
Thy faithful vigil 'mid the blinding rain.

We'll miss thee in the lodge, thy kindly smile
And hearty hand grasp, fraught with right good will,
Although thy place be vacant, in our hearts,
Sweet memories of our friend will linger still.

Strong hands and tender bore thy unconscious form
To friendly shelter, and assistance near
Perchance thy lingering spirit hovered o'er,
And marked love's offering, and affection's tear.

Farewell, dear Pete, kind friend and comrade true,
No matter when or how fate's die be cast,
May we thy brave example keep in view
And follow duty fearless to the last.

W. O. C.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted by Miller lodge No. 48, Order of Washington, of which he was a charter member, and after whom the lodge was named:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Creator to permit the hands of death to take away from our midst an honest, upright and estimable citizen, and from bereaved children a loving father, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as neighbors, friends and brothers mourn the loss of an honorable man, and that it is only a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother to say that we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard and that we sincerely condole the deceased's children.

Fraternally submitted,
ANDREW KOCHER,
JOSEPH SHILL,
S. T. FISHER,
Committee.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Clackamas county, executor for the estate of Leonora Elizabeth Lacey, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified, as required by law, at Springfield, Oregon, or to my attorney, Robert A. Miller, at Oregon City, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

ALBERT LACEY,
Executor of the estate of
Leonora Elizabeth Lacey, deceased.
Dated this 31st day of January, 1901.

Molalla.

Times have been rather dull since the holidays.

Mrs. Byland has resigned as principal of the Molalla schools which leaves only one room. Miss Harrington's room is in operation. Our directors though have employed O. W. Robbins to finish the term in Mrs. Byland's room. It is to be hoped that our winter term of school will now be finished without further trouble and probably will be as Mr. Robbins taught one term and succeeded in teaching a good school.

Henry Russell is preparing to go to his Ogle Creek mines on the headwaters of the Molalla. Just as soon as the snow will permit him to get to work, Mr. Russell made some new discoveries, late last fall in that section, which will undoubtedly prove valuable. There is no doubt, but in a few years' time Ogle Creek will be a rich mining camp. Mr. Russell has a fine prospect of coarse gold that he took from his ledge last fall. A mining expert, who has recently settled in this neighborhood, is greatly interested in samples of the ore that he has seen from there and will visit the mines this season. That country has had but little prospecting done through a large number of so-called prospectors have visited it.

At our school meeting last Saturday a two mill tax was voted to raise money for school purposes and to repair the property.

Quite a number of men have left this vicinity to get work in the mills and logging camps. Hands are going to be scarce here when spring work commences.

Peter Anderson and several others are preparing to go to the Alaskan gold fields as soon as it will be safe to start.

The Artisans will give a ball at the school hall on the night of February 14. Music will be furnished by the Dibble orchestra. Good order will be maintained. Supper at Perry's hotel. Tickets \$1.00.

Mr. Yenny has moved his family to town. They expect to go to Spokane in the spring.

John Dickey and Frank Smith are engaged in hunting and trapping animals for the bounty and fur. They report wildcats are scarce very scarce in the Pine and Trout Creek mountains.

John Bagby will start to the mountains soon on his regular annual cougar and wildcat hunt. He has up to the present time succeeded in killing 39 cougars in all his hunting. Is there a hunter in the county that can beat his record for cougars.

J. R. Shaver and Major Hungate drove several head fine beef cattle to the Oregon City market recently.

Uncle Dan Halpruner visits us regularly on Saturday evenings as dancing teacher. He has a large class here and understands his business as a teacher.

Uncle Billy Vaughan had the misfortune to come in contact with the frame of a gate with a bucket of hog feed. While a hungry sow was on the opposite side came in contact with the gate. The gate met Uncle Billy half way, and a very black eye will explain the balance. Uncle Billy said he thought that the world had turned upside down and then he had to hold to the grass to keep from falling.

Jan. 30. X Y Z.

First-class board at reasonable rates can be obtained at the Red Front House.

Evergreen

These pleasant days cause the farmers to think about sowing grain.

There is almost an epidemic of la grippe about here, but most of the cases are mild.

J. Schwartz and L. D. Yoder are hauling potatoes to Hubbard.

Our road supervisor, A. Montandon, is busy replacing the bridges that were washed out by the recent high water.

Warren Haskins is hauling lumber for the bridge across Bear Creek.

Prof. T. M. Yoder, accompanied by Mr. Waterman and son, all of Portland, were visiting with the former's parents over Sunday.

Miss Sallie Crocker was the guest of Miss Wolverton last Sunday.

Walter Watson made a business trip to Portland last week.

J. Wesley Yoder expects to go to Pendleton soon, where he has a position as salesman in a music store.

Lawrence Hein and wife, of Elliott Prairie, were the guests of Mr. Crocker Saturday.

D. D. Rosen and wife were visiting friends in Salem last Saturday and Sunday.

J. K. Hart will soon have his new house completed.

Miss Mable Schwartz has returned to Portland.

Jan. 28. S.

Garfield.

We are having fine weather, but there are places in the roads that are almost impassable—deep mud or chuck holes. Where is our road boss?

There are a great many around here who have had la grippe, and some are still sick with it.

Our postmaster, J. P. Irvin, has been confined to the house for over a week with la grippe.

Rev. Rich preached three discourses in a very able manner at our school-house the 26th and 27th of January. He will be here the 23d and 24th of February.

Alex Irvin was home Saturday and Sunday to visit his parents. He still works at Stone's sawmill near Gresham.

William Ostfield, Russ Wilcox and Ed Duncan have gone to work for Mr. Stone.

Mrs. Rena Duncan has la grippe. Mrs. Pinkley has an attack of la grippe.

Mrs. Irvin entertained a few friends at her home on January 26th, in honor of Miss Clara Holmstrom's birthday. Those present were Miss A. Hinchbottom, of Viola, Misses Ethel Jones, Florence Davis, Agnes Davis, Miss Holmstrom; Harry Austin, of Lozan; Ross and Kay Wilcox, Elmer and Marion Davis, John and Alex Irvin. Delicious refreshments were served at 11 o'clock. At a late hour the guests departed for

their homes wishing Miss Clara many more happy birthdays.

Miss Holmstrom will soon close her five months' term of school here. The patrons and pupils hate to lose such a good teacher.

John T. Irvin is doing some slashing on his place.

We are about to lose one of our estimable young men, John Porter, who talks of going to Iowa to see his best girl. We wish you well, Johnnie, when you go.

Mr. McMillan, of Salem, is here working on Emanuel Krigbaum's dry house.

We are sorry to report that our little friend, Ruby Wagner, is quite ill with some nervous trouble.

Stone.

It has been some time since I have seen any items from this neck of the woods so I will try it a crack.

The Stone creamery is progressing finely (on paper) and we believe that it will be a real creamery before long, as there are plenty of good energetic enterprising citizens here, who are not afraid to help (do the wind work) to push it along, and we will have creamery butter to put on our flapjacks and biscuits.

The Stone schoolhouse will soon have a new fence around its ground. George Stewart and J. Hattan have the posts all set and most of the lumber on the ground.

Stewart and Mumpower have finished their contracts of farm building, and feel free again.

J. W. Watts says that his boy has been helping do the chores of late.

William Skivvin was taken to a Portland hospital last Saturday. He was too sick to ride in a wagon so the neighbors carried him to Oregon City, and was taken on the boat to Portland, where he could have the best of care and treatment. We hope he will soon be back with his family and friends.

The clear days and warm sun are giving some of the boys the spring fever, and we think that some of them have been love struck, and fear that their cases are past recovery, but of course we won't give up all hope yet.

Walter Sheppard has sold his place and has gone to stay with relatives in the East.

The Hatchery Literary and Debating Society was badly beaten in a joint debate with the Breeze Hill Society, and the society adjourned to meet next November. Breeze Hill society is still active and is doing justice to all important questions.

Jan. 30. C.

Rural Dell.

Mr. Montandon, our road supervisor, is building a new bridge across Bear Creek, as the old one had been washed out by high water.

Louis Moshberger made a flying trip to Portland last week.

William Austin was in our midst last week.

Mr. Irving, the cattle buyer, drove a large band of young cattle through this place to his ranch a few days ago.

Henry McNulty has been laid up with la grippe.

Farmers are taking advantage of the good weather.

D. D.

Elliott Prairie.

Revival meetings began yesterday at the church, and will continue for a week or ten days under the management of Mr. Dick, pastor, and Mr. Staver, of Forest Grove. I see no use in such meetings in these enlightened days, when preaching can be heard every Sunday, and people have the liberty of reading bibles as much as they like in their own homes. Your truly religious person needs no reviving, and those who are not, are only filled for the time with a burst of religious fervor that soon passes away.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church at Halbard last Sunday over the remains of Mrs. Effie Hamilton, daughter of Mrs. Reed, who not long since lost her eldest boy, Jim, in the Philippines. She has our sympathies.

We are sorry to hear that Grandma Coldron is sick in bed.

Jake Sweeney's life is fast drawing to a close. For some time he has been confined entirely to his bed, and now he is almost unable to take any kind of nourishment.

Mr. Peterson, our school teacher, had a touch of la grippe and had to close school for a week. We are glad he is again able to resume his duties, as he is an excellent and successful school teacher.

We met Arthur Todd having a fine spin on his wheel. He was on his way to visit Dr. and Mrs. Carton, of Gervais.

John Tyler is settling accounts, packing up and making all arrangements to

No, not to get married, but to go to Monmouth in search of greater wisdom. Our best wishes go with you, John, and may you find the fountain of knowledge and drink deeply therefrom.

ARMORHO.

School Report.