

ROOSEVELT SAYS HE WILL ACCEPT Colonel Answers Governors, and Will be in Fight "Until the Convention."

New York.—"I will accept the nomination for the presidency if it is tendered me and will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference," is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's reply to the letter of seven Republican governors asking him to stand for a nomination. The reply was as follows:

"New York, Feb. 25, 1912.—Gentlemen: I deeply appreciate your letter and I realize to the full the heavy responsibility it puts upon me, expressing as it does the carefully considered convictions of the men elected by popular vote to stand as the heads of government in their respective states.

"I absolutely agree with you that this matter is not one to be decided with any reference to the personal preferences or interests of any man, but purely from the standpoint of the interests of the people as a whole. I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me and I will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference. One of the chief principles for which I have stood and for which I now stand and which I have always endeavored and always shall endeavor to reduce to action, is the genuine rule of the people, and therefore I hope that so far as possible the people may be given the chance, through direct primaries, to express their preference as to who shall be the nominee of the Republican Presidential convention.

Very truly,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

LAW IS TO BE TESTED

Method of Electing Delegates is Basis of Suit.

Salem, Ore.—Through the institution of a friendly suit in the Marion County State Circuit Court by John A. Carson, a Salem lawyer, the constitutionality of the initiative law governing the election of delegates to national political conventions and presidential electors, enacted by the people in the last general election, will be determined. The bringing of such a suit was indorsed at a meeting of the Republican state central committee.

The initiative law involved permits an elector to vote for only one delegate and five electors are to be nominated and elected by each party.

Eighty-six now in Political Race.

Salem, Ore.—All signs now point toward the list of candidates for the primaries of 1912 as being in excess in point of numbers to that of 1910. With still more than a month to go, there are 86 candidates who have so far filed in the office of secretary of state for the primaries of April 19.

AMERICAN TROOPS MAY CROSS BORDER

El Paso.—Four troops of United States cavalry are patrolling the Rio Grande with orders to cross into Ciudad Juarez, if necessary, to protect American life and property.

In case of fighting across the border line in the future, the American commanders have been instructed by the war department to send the usual notice that American lives and property shall not be endangered. If this notice is not heeded and a zone of safety respected, the American troops are directed not to hesitate to go into Mexican territory to enforce a proper degree of protection for American citizens.

Deceyng President: Francisco I. Madero as a "gringo lover," and one who has profaned the banners of Mexico "with the scurrilous hand of the Yankee," and declaring that American capital has backed him, a manifesto purported to have been signed by General Pascual Orozco, Emilio Vasquez Gomez and others, proclaiming General Gerardo Trevino, provisional president of Mexico, was widely circulated in northern Mexico.

Two Lose Lives in Hotel Fire.

Portland, Ore.—Costing, directly and indirectly, the lives of two men, deadly danger to 100 persons and a property loss roughly estimated at \$50,000, the old Gilman House, at First Alder street, once the city's leading hotel and landmark, was gutted by fire Monday.

Fatt's Manager is Certain He'll Win.

Chicago.—That President Taft will be re-nominated by the Republicans at the national convention in June, in spite of the open candidacy of Theodore Alder streets, once the city's leading hotel and landmark, was gutted by fire Monday.

C. A. Glossner, 24 Ontario St., Rochester, N. Y., has recovered from a long and severe attack of kidney trouble, his cure being due to Foley's Kidney Pills. After detailing his case he says: "I am only sorry I did not learn sooner of Foley's Kidney Pills. In a few days' time my backache completely left me and I felt greatly improved. My kidneys became strong, my dizzy spells left me and I was no longer annoyed at night. I feel 100 per cent better since using Foley's Kidney Pills."

A Veteran of the Light Brigade

A War Story

By F. A. MITCHEL

During the war between the states an Englishman named Larkins, who had been a sergeant in the British army, came over to America to seek service with the Federal army. If he failed he would try the Confederacy. A soldier of fortune, he had no preferences, though in England the people were overwhelmingly in favor of the south.

Larkins had papers to prove his British citizenship, which enabled him to sojourn either in the north or in the south, as he pleased. He came over in a blockade runner to Charleston, S. C., and, going to Richmond, Va., made application for a commission. He was offered one, but by this time exhaustion had begun to show itself in the Confederacy, especially in a financial way, and Larkins was not pleased with the want of prospect of emolument in its service. So he concluded to try for a commission in the Federal army.

Having declined the southern offer, he asked for a pass to go through the lines to Washington, telling the authorities in Richmond that he had been called home to England. It was furnished him, and he left for the Army of Northern Virginia, at that time encamped between the two capitals, intending, after having been passed through the lines, to work his way northward. The route he desired to take lay through Fredericksburg, and encamped upon the road was a division commanded by a general whom I will call Beaumont. When Larkins presented his pass to the officer, telling him at the same time that he was a British subject, he was treated with consideration for the reason that the southerners were constantly hoping that the British government would interfere in their behalf, and they were always ready to show attention to such English persons as came among them.

General Beaumont showed great interest in John Larkins, regretting that his recall to England had deprived the south of his services. The general told him that if he would remain and accept a commission he would appoint him to a position on his staff. The Englishman was tempted; but, knowing that he must take his pay in depreciated Confederate currency, he adhered to his resolution, assuring the general that his recall was imperative.

A number of officers were introduced to Larkins, who looked upon him with considerable interest. This he attributed to the fact that he had told the general that he had fought in the Crimean war and took part in the celebrated charge of the Light brigade, of which he gave a vivid description. Whatever the cause, the ex-British soldier was much pleased with his treatment, and when he was urged not to hurry away he felt disposed to tinger in his pleasant surroundings. Every one had heard of the charge that had thrilled the world and had been commemorated by the British poet laureate Alfred Tennyson, so that one who had taken part in it was especially interesting to soldiers.

Larkins had reached General Beaumont's headquarters in time for luncheon and was invited by the general to lunch with him and his staff. During the afternoon Beaumont invited the Englishman to ride with him on a tour of inspection of his division, and in the evening the chief of staff, Captain Carter, asked the visitor if he would not like to call upon a southern family living in the vicinity. Larkins was not what would be considered in England a gentleman and he demurred at the invitation, but the general urged him to make the acquaintance of at least one household of southern ladies while in America, and he consented.

Larkins that evening met Caroline Fletcher, a captivating southern girl, who had only to smile upon him to make him fancy that she had been smitten with him. When he told her that he was simply passing through the lines and would go north the next day she pouted and insisted on a promise that he would call upon her the next evening. Gallantly led Larkins to promise, and he left her not quite knowing whether he was standing on his heels or his head.

The next day he was shown more attentions by the officers and in the evening called on Miss Fletcher. She received him on a veranda rich with the perfume of flowers. She was carefully attired and looked bewitching. She flirted with Larkins for awhile, then began to ask him on which side of the American conflict his sympathies were enlisted. He assured her that he had no preference, whereupon she coquettishly asked him if he would do her a service. Having declared that he would be glad to accommodate her, she told him that she belonged to a Union family and was bound up in the success of the Union arms. She confided to him that she was sending information to Washington and ended by asking him if he would carry a written communication for her to President Lincoln.

Larkins knew well that if caught by the Confederates with such information on his person his British citizenship would not save him from the gallows. He declined to be the bearer

of the message. The lady looked much disappointed, but forebore to press the matter and begged that he would not betray her. Larkins promised, and that ended the episode.

The next day the British said he would take his departure. He was informed that he must be sent through the lines with a flag of truce, and the situation was not just then fitted for the dispatching of such a flag. The enemy was restless, and there might be fighting at any moment. So Larkins was obliged to content himself at headquarters, which were not so agreeable as before the attentions that had been showered on him were discontinued—that is to say, he did not seem to excite the same interest as formerly.

During that day one of the officers brought up to him a citizen whom he introduced, expatiating on the ex-servant's experience in the Crimea. The man looked at him closely, made some commonplace remarks and withdrew. From that time Larkins began to realize that he was under surveillance. He had been furnished with a tent, which he occupied alone, and during the night was awakened by men talking outside. Curious to know what was going on, he got off his cot and looked out. Several privates were sitting on the ground close by his tent, smoking. He would climb by his tent, and what could it mean?

He lay awake the greater part of the night wondering what object the general could possibly have in treating him, a British subject, as a guest, but really depriving him of his liberty.

The next morning when he awoke the men had gone. An officer came in and told him that a breakfast would be sent in to him. During the day he noticed that this same officer never lost sight of him. To kill time he thought he would go and call on Miss Fletcher.

"Where are you going?" asked his shadow.

"I'm going to pay a visit at the Fletchers. I expect to be going as soon as the general will send me through, and I think I'll say goodby to them."

"You won't find the Fletchers at home today."

This was said in a half commanding tone, as if meaning, "Stay where you are." Larkins said nothing, but turned and retraced his steps.

He was sitting in a camp chair that afternoon near General Beaumont's tent when an officer rode up, threw himself from his horse and went in to see the general. There being nothing but canvas to intercept the sound, Larkins could hear a part of what was said. After some talk that he could not make out:

"He's the man," the inferior officer said.

"Are you sure?" asked the general.

"Yes, general; the same fellow, playing a different game."

"When will he be here?"

"Within an hour."

"Very well. We'll be ready for him."

This was Greek to Larkins, but the treatment he had received and the fact of his being under surveillance, taken with the words "playing the same game," made him uneasy. As soon as the officer had left the general Larkins went into his tent and said:

"See here, general. I wish to go through the lines at once. If I am purposely detained I desire to know the cause."

"I'll send you through tomorrow morning," said the general, speaking in a tone to indicate that he meant to do what he said.

"Am I detained in your camp?"

"No. Go where you like."

"Very well, I'll wait till tomorrow. If I am detained longer I shall telegraph the British consul at Richmond to come out here at once."

"You'll not be detained—that is, unless a battle opens."

The next morning at daylight Larkins was awakened by General Beaumont's orderly, who said that the general would like to see him in his tent. Still uneasy, he arose and went to the general. An officer was there waiting.

"This is Major Clayton, Mr. Larkins. If you will go with him he will show you something to explain our present treatment of you since you have been with us. On your return I will be pleased to have you breakfast with me, and a flag of truce is ordered for 10 o'clock to escort you through the lines."

Larkins went with Major Clayton, walking down the road till they came to a clearing. A file of soldiers were standing, resting on their arms. Seeing the major approach, an officer went to a tent surrounded by a guard, led forth a man pale as death in citizen's dress and placed him before the soldiers.

He looked enough like Larkins to be his brother.

The Britisher knew at once that a spy was to be executed. Turning, he walked back to the general's headquarters.

"Permit me to offer my apologies," said the latter. "The man you saw taken out for execution is a northern man who was spying on us under cover of forged papers of British citizenship. This coincidence and the fact that he resembles you caused us to believe we had got one we have been looking for. Our catching him is a blessing to you, for we had almost made up our minds to try you by drumhead court martial and shoot you."

Larkins now saw through all that had occurred. The most mortifying circumstance was his realization that the southern beauty had been set upon him to endeavor to tempt him to betray himself as a spy if he really was one. Satisfied with his experience, he returned to England without service in either the Federal or Confederate army.

A DEED OF DARING

One of Mad Anthony Wayne's Remarkable Achievements.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

This Brilliant Feat of Arms, in Which Success Was Won at the Point of the Bayonet, Was One of the Most Desperate Incidents of Any War.

One of the most marvelous achievements credited to American bravery and strategy was that of the capture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne, who was one of the most picturesque figures of the American revolution. When he was superseded in command of the Pennsylvania line, even after his brilliant success at Monmouth on June 28, 1778, a less ambitious and patriotic man would have resigned his commission.

It seemed the irony of fate that the setback in his career should follow so closely the official encomiums for his work at Monmouth, but that very setback gave him Stony Point—the greatest opportunity of his life—and he made good.

There were two important factors, discipline and valor, that entered into this remarkable achievement, the capture of a fortress on the Hudson held by the British and considered almost impregnable. Stony Point was an island and the fortress was built on a rock which was precipitous and rough. It was guarded by three redoubts and protected by a double abatis of logs that extended across the peninsula. The post was garrisoned by 607 men, who felt so secure in their position that they were wont to refer to the post as the "Little Gibraltar."

On July 14 General Wayne assembled all his troops at Sandy Beach, and at that moment none of his soldiers knew the plans of their commander. The following day the march began over a wilderness trail and in perfect silence. Not a man was allowed to leave the column under penalty of death. By 8 o'clock that night they were within one and one-half miles of the British fortress. Then the men were told of the desperate work ahead of them and the battle order read.

No man was allowed to load his musket, and the battle was to be won or lost with the bayonet alone. One portion of the order provided that any man found retreating a single foot was to be put to death at once.

Close to midnight the order to advance was given. The fort was to be attacked from all sides. Once in motion General Wayne lost no time. The British opened fire with guns, both great and small. Seventeen of the twenty men in one advance guard were shot down, but the companies in the rear eagerly pressed on. General Wayne himself, struck in the head with a musket ball, fell stunned. He recovered in a moment and, rising on one knee, shouted: "March on! March on!" Then, turning to his aids he begged them to take him into the fort so that if his wound was mortal he would die at the head of his column.

General Wayne's wound drove his followers to a frenzy. They dashed up the hill and battered down all opposition. Colonel Fleury, a French officer in the American service, at the head of his determined band forced his way up the redoubt and as the soldiers poured into the fort grasped the British flag and lowered it. The victory was complete. The British lost 53 killed and 543 taken prisoners, of whom 70 were wounded. The Americans lost 15 killed and had 83 wounded. It was one of the most daring and desperate incidents of any war.

From every point of view the storming of Stony Point was a remarkable feat of arms, but back of the success of that night was a story of preparedness, the cause which has always been overshadowed by the brilliancy of the result. General Wayne had trained his men, stimulated their pride, enforced rigid discipline, had them at the point of attack at the right moment and then with inspiring valor led them.

The victory at Stony Point naturally aroused a tremendous enthusiasm, and it came at the right time. The country was depressed if not quite discouraged, and Stony Point was like a tonic. It gave the people more strength, more courage and at a time when they sorely needed it. Not only did General Wayne receive official recognition, but he was in receipt of hundreds of congratulatory letters expressing popular and professional opinion—Chicago News.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Cold, Lagrippe, then Pneumonia

It is too often the fatal consequence, and coughs that hang on weak on the system and lower the vital resistance. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable medicine that stops the cough promptly by healing the cause; soothes the inflamed air passages; and checks the cold. Keep always on hand. Refuse substitutes. Jones Drug Co.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Gold, Lagrippe, then Pneumonia

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

Very Serious

THE FLETCHER'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver purgative with a larger sale than all others combined.

SOLD IN TOWN

A REAL MAGIC CAP.

Curious Experience of a German Organist in St. Petersburg.

Not very long ago a German organist who went to St. Petersburg to live had taken an experience with a new cap that for a time almost made him believe in the magic of the Teutonic fairy tales.

The organist bought the cap during his first day at the Russian capital and wore it the next day when he went out for a walk. On his return to his lodgings he was amazed to find two gold purses in his pocket, one of which contained a sum equivalent to \$50.

The next day, after his usual walk, he found four purses in his outside pocket, a find that caused him to doubt his senses. A third day, with a similar profitable result, sent him to the chief of police to tell his story.

The authorities detailed a detective to go with the German to the tailor who made the cap. Investigation disclosed the fact that it had been constructed of an odd piece of English cloth brought in by a stranger. From it the tailor had made five identical caps to order. Having a bit left, he had constructed a sixteenth cap, which was the one sold to the organist.

The detective then followed the organist through the streets of the city, when the mystery was solved. The cap, it appears, was the emblem of a gang of pickpockets working co-operatively. The one who secured a purse dropped it into the pocket of the first confederate he saw. The cap had identified the German, and he had reaped the reward.

With this clue it was an easy matter for the Russian authorities to catch the whole gang.—Youth's Companion.

Wrong, but True.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher after she had explained the meaning of the word, "I wish you would write a sentence containing 'defeat.'"

After a struggle which lasted for about twenty minutes Johnny announced that he was ready to be heard.

"Please read your composition," the teacher directed.

"When you git shoes dat's too tite," Johnny read, "it's hard on de feet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MALARIA

headache, biliousness, indigestion, rheumatism, pimples, blotches, yellow complexion, etc., are all signs of poisons in your blood. These poisons should be driven out, or serious illness may result. To get rid of them, use

Theodor's Black-Draught

the old, reliable, purely vegetable, liver medicine.

Mrs. J. H. Eastler, of Spartanburg, S. C., says: "I had sick headache, for years. I felt bad most of the time. I tried Theodor's Black-Draught, and now I feel better than when I was 16 years old." Your druggist sells it, in 25 cent packages.

Insist on Theodor's

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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FORTUNE TELLING

I overheard this: "What do you think? I had my fortune told today."

"Yes. And what did the woman tell you?"

"Oh, a lot of things. Do you know, I believe there is something in it. She said I had a fortune coming to me from the old country, and that's true, and I am to take a big journey. And my life line is crossed by a great sorrow. And—"

"Let me see—"

"Oh, yes. I am to be married twice. A dark haired man and a blond woman are mixed up in my destiny, and an enemy will cause me trouble. The gypsy asked me the date of my birth, and my horoscope shows—"

And both women agreed they had been considerably disturbed by the babblings of some swartzy gypsy on the alleged revelations of some palm reader or star prophet.

Foolish ones!

If one may judge by the advertisements of the clairvoyants and mediums and their like there must be a host of people who patronize the fakers.

Silly tribe of humans!

What, think you, do the poor itinerants who go faking from place to place know about the future?

When reduced to the last analysis they "reveal" very little of a startling character.

If you live long enough you are likely to make a journey, if one amounts to anything he will have one or more enemies, sorrow is the common heritage of the race, there are a lot of black haired men and blond women in the world, and most persons have imaginary fortunes coming.

With plenty of trouble in the world why reach out for more—at the end of a fifty cent piece?

Witless patrons!

How humans have been fooled by the folk who, from the witch of Endor down, have assumed to "summon spirits from the vasty deep"—for a small price in hand paid!

The future is veiled.

And happily so. Do you fancy Providence has committed itself to some greasy gypsy or soothsaying peddler? Let the future be. The present is all you need.

Germs Spread in Skin

Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles are caused by myriads of germs at work in the skin. Unless these germs are promptly destroyed they rapidly multiply, gnawing their way deep into the sensitive tissue. This is what causes that awful itch, and what seemed a mere rash may grow worse and develop into a loathsome and torturing skin disease with its years of misery.

Don't take any chances! Destroy the germs at the beginning of the trouble with that soothing and cleansing wash, the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema. A 25c bottle will prove this to you.

We have had experience with many remedies for skin trouble but have never seen such remarkable cures as those from D. D. D. Prescription. Instant relief from the very first application.

We are so confident that D. D. D. will reach your case that it will give you nothing if the very first full size bottle fails to make good every claim. If you have skin trouble of any kind we certainly advise you to drop in and investigate the merits of D. D. D. anyway. We know that D. D. D. will help you.

Jones Drug Co., Oregon City.

The Courier's Ad.

For the benefit of Courier Readers in particular, and for the Courier's benefit on the side, we offer to Clackamas County, or any other old county, the following big combination bargains

FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1912

The Oregonian, Daily, and Courier..... \$6.00

The Regular Price of the Oregonian is \$6.00

The Journal, Daily, and Courier, both..... 5.40

Weekly Oregonian and Courier, both..... 2.00

Semi-Weekly Journal and Courier, both..... 2.00

Bryan's Commoner and Courier..... 2.00

This offer holds good during February

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The Courier will stand by any man when he stands right, and quit him when he goes wrong.