

LOSING THE SUBJECT.

Single Tax Seems to be Lost in the Shuffle of Personalities.

Editor Courier:—

I feel very much complimented over the fact that my humble little article so thoroughly disturbed the peace of the single taxers. When one writes an article of nothing but nonsense, it invariably fails to draw attention, and is not in the least molested. When I wrote the article I had no idea that my little battery would wrought such havoc in the recruits of the single tax army, that they would think it necessary to concentrate all their forces in order to at least stop this little battery way out in the country from doing any more damage. There is nothing for me to be excited about, except that I feel highly indignant over the assertion of Mr. Eggleston, that I would deign to lower myself to the low level of a corrupt politician and even to sign my name to an article written by anybody but myself. The proper words to convey my denial to said assertion would be that it is a damned lie. But not being fond of using such vocabulary, I will let Mr. Eggleston off quite easy, this time but will warn him to use better judgment next time if he does not wish to get a remark of the farmer's intellect that you his statement.

I don't have to sign my name to anybody's letters, and whatever I have written I did so without even consulting anybody about it, and if you do not believe this, Mr. Eggleston, I will challenge you to come to Oregon City and both deposit, as a bet, \$100.00 each in the bank, would rather say \$1000, if I had that much available at this time, and you proceed to prove your assertions, and I will prove how, when and where I wrote the article or any of them. Note, Brother Farmers, how Mr. Eggleston will dodge away from this challenge although it would be worth more to his cause if he accepted and could win than the \$100 would amount to. But he knows that he could not win and he'll go and hide. Such assertions, Mr. Eggleston, are entirely out of place, but this again proves that you have such a low opinion of the farmer's intellect that you don't think it possible that farmers can think for themselves or even express that which they do think.

Mr. Eggleston takes the pains to look up the records and not being able to find A. J. Kelnhofer on the assessment rolls, concludes that I don't pay any taxes. To this I will say that I do pay taxes even if the instrument conveying the title to me from my mother has not yet been recorded. Then he goes on to figure how much less I would have to pay under single tax, etc. Probably Mr. Eggleston will remember the pamphlet issued by the single taxers two years ago in which was quoted of how much less the woolen mills, the paper mills, Charman Bros., Olds, Wortman & King, Meier & Frank Company and numerous other rich concerns would have to pay under single tax. Now they tell the farmer how much less he will have to pay and so on. For goodness' sake, can't you see that if all pay less taxes that there necessarily must be a deficiency in the treasury?

Mr. Eggleston concludes by saying that if I have any questions to ask he will answer them briefly, but what's the use of asking any more questions when he does not answer the ones that were asked?

Mr. O. D. Robbins, apparently anticipating the inability of Mr. Eggleston to pull out of the matter, thought it took as wise a guy as himself to answer my article, and the attempt he made is real funny and ridiculous and would no doubt pass most excellently in "Puck's Magazine." A little Hobo also squealed that he was there yet with his nose just above the water level and snorted that he had a little right to live yet too, but being afraid of his identity simply howled. "Hobo" article, however not efficient enough to deserve attention.

A. J. Kelnhofer.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Perfect Laxative For Elderly People

Age has its attractions no less than youth in a more serene and quieter life. But it is this very life of rest without sufficient exercise that brings with it those disorders that arise from inactivity. Chief of these are a chronic persistent constipation.

Most elderly people are troubled in this way, with accompanying symptoms of belching, drowsiness after eating, headaches and general lassitude. Frequently there is difficulty of digesting even light food. Much mental trouble ensues as it is hard to find a suitable remedy. First of all the advice may be given that elderly people should not use salts, cathartic pills or powders, waters or any of the more violent purgatives. What they need, women as well as men, is a mild laxative tonic, one that is pleasant to take and yet acts without gripping.

The remedy that fills all these requirements, and has in addition

tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which thousands of elderly people use, to the exclusion of all other remedies. Trustworthy people like Mr. S. W. Hoffman, Astoria, N. M., and W. D. Jordan, 706 7th street, Glenwood Springs, Colo., say they take it at regular intervals and in that way only maintain general good health, but that they have not in years felt as good as they do now. You will do well to always have a bottle of it in the house. It is good for all the family.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 405 Washington Street, Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a post card will do.

LIVE WIRE DISCUSSIONS.

Continued from page one

Foundation, a society which furnishes free of charge plans, blue prints, etc. for such movements as this one. However there is no fund in connection with the Sage society, and the city cannot look for any appropriation, as was published in a morning paper.

B. T. McBain brought up the matter of county division by the reading of a letter from the secretary of the new county committee asking that the Live Wires go on record on this matter. The matter was put in the form of a vote and without a dissenting voice the club went on record as opposing the division.

Mr. McBain reported that Major McIndoe says the deal with the government for the transfer of the locks property is practically closed, but that work on the lower canal will not start before October, at the low water stage, and that the other work would probably not be commenced until next year. Mr. Sullivan said the work would take about two years.

UNION MILLS.

Haying is the next thing in order, and building railroad follows. The Canby Molalla railroad agents were up this way buying up the timber recently.

Mrs. A. Durst is in Portland visiting her sister, Miss J. Fulley, who recently met with a serious accident.

Miss E. Husbands is in the Oregon City hospital, having undergone an operation, for appendicitis recently. She is getting along nicely.

Mrs. John Keller is having lumber hauled for a new house.

EAGLE CREEK

Again we are enjoying fine weather.

Mrs. R. B. Gibson called on Mrs. Howlett of the afternoon of Decoration Day.

Miss Mary Woodie, after spending a week with her grandmother, Mrs. Howlett, left last Saturday afternoon for home.

Fred Hoffmeister was hauling some lumber one day last week.

Alice Berghouse is working for Mrs. Huntington.

The social dance given last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Douglass was very well attended and everyone present spent a pleasant evening. A fine luncheon was served during the evening.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, Mrs. Marie Gibson, Mrs. Mehnke of Barton and Miss Lily Frost of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. John Ried, Theodore and Chester Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Udell, and children, Iva, Agnes, Herdert and Alice H. S. Gibson, Chester Dean and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Gibson, took dinner and spent the afternoon with Mr. James Gibson Sunday. Mrs. Lazarus, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Marshall and Mrs. Katie Douglas were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Howlett. Miss Bina Douglass visited with Mrs. Jones Sunday evening. H. S. Gibson was a Barton visitor Monday.

Fred Bartholomew of Estacada, was over this way Saturday evening.

Miss Myrtle Woodie came over on Monday to stay a short time with Mrs. Howlett.

It is now well known that not more than one case of rheumatism in ten requires any internal treatment whatever. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts at each application. Try it and see how quickly it will relieve the pain and soreness. Sold by Huntley Bros. Co.

Makes the Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. It is the quick healer of boils, ulcers, eczema, sore lips or piles. 25 cents at Huntley Bros. Co.

Home Thoughts.

Through many a day have I pined to see
The wonders of the earth;
For weary and dull and plain to me,
Was the homeland of my birth.

But now when I've drifted away,
And far
Across the briny deep,
A vision comes, and seems to mar
The quiet of my sleep.

It is the hills of home in spring-time glow,
Just the breath of the forest, the
sweet smells of May,
And the clear gleaming Clackamas
lashing away
On the bank where the fir trees
grow.

On a sun-kissed slope where the
breezes play,
Runs a woody path I know,
And near beside its winding way,
The fresh wild roses grow.
There all among the hazel brush,
Between the waving grasses,
The wild strawberries hide and
blush.

As shy as any lassies,
And just beyond the bottom land,
Green with its gardens, and sweet
with the hay,
The wild, winding Clackamas
dashes away,
For the distant ocean strand.

From dullest clover and maple
flower,
A cheery work song flows,
While the patient farm horse,
hour by hour,
Weaves through the long green
rows.

In the old barn yard and orchard
near,
A poultry chorus swells,
And far in the pasture are chiming
clear,
The lazy dairy bells.

There's a song all day where the
peach trees nod,
Every field has a fragrance, sweet
odor of May,
Where the bonny blue Clackamas
flashes away.

In the chosen land of God,
W. R. Bailey.
Kobe, Japan, May 17.

When your child has whooping
cough be careful to keep the
cough loose and expectoration
easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy as may be required. This
remedy will also liquify the tough
mucus and make it easier to
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Evelyn Pierce

A Story of the Old U. S.
Army

By EDWIN THORNTON

The days of army posts on the western frontier, a garrison shut up by itself with no outsiders to see or talk with, or even hear about are over. Then, too, in those days—they are not so far distant—occasionally Indians must be driven back on to their reservations, and sometimes they would be too strong for the little garrison, and days and nights of agony would pass in expectation of their making a break in the walls and murdering every one inside the inclosure, including women and children.

Yet there was a pleasant side to the life. The garrison shut off from the world constituted a family consisting of two divisions, the one being composed of the officers and their families, the other of the men and their families. Between officers and men was a dividing line as to association on familiar terms, but there was a union of heart. The enlisted men understood that this line had from time immemorial been considered necessary to the discipline and efficiency of an army.

Years ago there was one of these army posts in what is now a sovereign state in the American Union. One day when a supply train arrived it brought something to stir the tiresome life of the officers' division—a young lady. She came to visit Mrs. Major Bertrand, wife of the commandant, whose niece she was. Her coming had been talked about, but her appearance was disappointing. She was not especially pretty, though she possessed a soft dark eye which was very expressive, though of what no one could exactly determine.

Within four hours after her arrival she had divided the garrison into two sections, consisting of those who liked and those who distrusted her.

However, it was not long before her friends were converted to the opposite side by the fact that she was caught talking with a private in the ranks named Conover. A few of those who had fancied her remonstrated with her, telling her that perhaps she didn't know that association with an enlisted man by the families of the officers was prohibited. She listened to them demurely with those singular eyes of hers fixed on them, but said nothing. Nevertheless only a few days had passed when she was again seen talking with the same man.

The matter now came to the ears of Mrs. Bertrand, who gave her niece a lecture and told her that if she was again caught talking with any one of the enlisted men as an equal she should be sent home. Then Evelyn—Evelyn Pierce was her name—asked with real or feigned innocence—her aunt could not tell which—why she could not treat one in the ranks just as she would treat an officer. Mrs. Bertrand could only say that it wasn't the custom and had been an unwritten law in the army.

And so Miss Pierce was in disfavor. Those who showed their condemnation most openly were the women of the garrison. The officers, whatever they thought of the young lady's action, though they refrained from showing her marked attention, always treated her with studied politeness. This was due the commandant's wife, whose niece and guest she was. But it was not long before several of the unmarried officers began to find it difficult to let Miss Pierce alone. There was something about her that the cloud hanging over her could not obscure. Furthermore, she had voluntarily brought that cloud upon herself and gave no evidence of being ashamed of it. Possibly an attraction in her was that no one could quite make her out. Some said she was a fool, others that she was very shrewd.

One day an Indian came into the fort and told the major commanding that those of his tribe on the reservation the fort was intended to keep in order were preparing for war. He said that he knew in the end an uprising would be disastrous to his red brothers and that the move would be a grievous error. At any rate, he had come to warn his white brother, and, having come, he could not go back. He must remain in the fort or be killed. He was, of course, suffered to remain.

The coming of this redskin, who soon became known as Uncas, cast a deeper blot upon Miss Pierce. He was seen to look at her covetously, and she was seen chatting with him, as she had chatted with Private Conover. Soon after this conversation she went to the major and told him to look out for Uncas. The major asked her on what she based her distrust, and she replied that he had a wicked eye. The major told his wife what Evelyn had said, but as no one else had noticed any wickedness in the redskin's eye and as Mrs. Bertrand was very much troubled about Evelyn's actions she lost her equanimity and attributed her niece's accusation to a desire to hide the real cause of her treatment of him. The major did not entirely agree with his wife, but he couldn't send Uncas out on suspicion to be murdered by his own people, so he took no action in the premises.

One evening when darkness had fallen Uncas met Evelyn just going into her aunt's quarters and beckoned her to follow him, whispering, "I show you something to prove me the white man's friend." She did as he desired, and he led her to the back of the magazine, which was hidden from view, and, removing some rubbish, exposed a hole through which, by stooping, one might pass.

"Go in," he said. "I show you what I mean."

Evelyn drew back.

"I show you that somebody here is traitor; he goes to blow up magazine."

Evelyn hesitated, but not for long. Possibly the man whom she knew had been captivated by her appearance—she had spoken to him but once and then to warn him not to trouble her—had a secret which he would give to her alone. Bending low, she went through the opening. She could see nothing for the darkness. On a shelf stood a lantern, which Uncas instantly lighted; then, after pretending to look for something, seizing her and clapping his hand over her mouth, he dragged her through another opening, and she found herself outside the fort.

What she had suspected was plain to her now, though so great was her terror that it only flashed through her mind. Uncas had come to the fort to effect an entrance for his comrades. He had secretly made the opening to the magazine, concealed it and made another through the wall of the fort. Desiring to possess her, he had arranged to take her with him when he went back to his people. Doubtless long before dawn he would lead them through the magazine into the fort and massacre the garrison before they could form to repel the attack.

Evelyn was very strong for a girl. She had not been captured long before summing all her strength for a supreme effort—it was enhanced by terror—she wrenched herself from the Indian, and before he could get his grip on her again she darted away for the fort. She ran in the dark, but took no thought of falling. Fortune favored her in this, while it deserted the Indian. He fell, and while he was getting on his feet again Evelyn gained sufficient advantage to reach the opening into the fort and pass through it. When Uncas entered through the same aperture she was standing by a barrel of gunpowder, from which the head had been removed, holding the lantern directly over it.

"Come a step farther," she said, "and I'll drop it."

She stood at bay ready to sacrifice herself and the Indian. Savage as he was, he at once began to look for some stratagem by which he could again get the advantage of her. Drawing away, he feigned fright, then, penitence, telling her he had been tempted by his passion for her to take her to his own wigwam and make her his wife. He would rather die than harm her.

This and other things he said, watching her like a cat for an opportunity to catch her off her guard and get her again in his power. Meanwhile she was thinking how to get out of his clutches. She could hear a sentry walking on the parapet, though his steps were only audible to her when he came to that end of his beat nearest the magazine. He had turned and gone to the other end when she formed a resolution. She listened to Uncas as though moved by his penitence till the sentry came back to the end of his beat nearest her, then gave a shriek so loud that had it not been inclosed would have awakened the garrison.

Major Bertrand had given orders that a key to the magazine door should hang in the sentry box of the man who guarded it. Since the magazine was never unguarded the key was always within reach of a sentinel. The man, hearing the shriek, seized the key and, opening the door, saw Evelyn standing by a powder barrel. The moment she saw him she pointed to the hole in the wall leading from the magazine by which the Indian had beaten a retreat.

A hasty explanation ensued, and within a few minutes men in harness-back started after Uncas. In his fall when chasing Evelyn he had received a sprain which deterred him in his flight. Hearing his pursuers near upon him, he crawled under a bush, but they had caught sight of him and, pressing on, dragged him out.

When they reached the fort with him they took him to the commandant's quarters, where Evelyn had gone and, after a fainting spell, had regained somewhat of her equanimity.

After a brief examination Uncas was taken out and shot.

So ended an attempt of the Indians to gain by stratagem possession of the fort, which doubtless would have been successful had not the man to put it in practice lost his head over a woman. Had he not attempted to take Evelyn with him he could easily have introduced his red brothers and caught the garrison napping.

A great change came over those who had turned a cold shoulder upon Evelyn. She had warned them against the savage and by her heroism had saved them from being massacred. And not long afterward another matter was cleared up.

Private Conover was not Conover at all, but Eugene Werner, a gentleman's son, who had enlisted in the ranks for the life, the experience and a possible commission in the army. Evelyn had recognized him as such when the others had either failed to do so or had declined to take notice of the fact. After the episode which had nearly become a tragedy Evelyn openly associated with him, and Major Bertrand for her sake recommended the young man for a commission. Then he and Evelyn became engaged and were married at the fort.

It was then that a latent information several of the officers had conceived for Evelyn flamed up, and they condemned themselves for not having made an effort to win her.

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A FEW SPECIALS

STILL LEFT IN OUR DRY GOODS STOCK!

LADIES' FINE SERGE SUITS

The Kind you Paid \$25 to \$35 go for only **\$15.85**

LADIES' SKIRTS

in Serges, French Voiles, regularly sold for \$5 to \$1