

The Church Plate

How Robbers Were Prevented From Taking It

By THOMAS BROWNELL

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I was sleepin' sound enough to miss hearin' the last tramp, even if Gabriel had blown it right in me ear, when a snake did the business and I sat up in bed. At first I had an idea the horse was comin' down over me head, for at the moment a clap o' thunder like big guns fired one after another seemed to be right in the room with me. I was waitin' to be crushed, but the roarin' died away, and I heard Pat Du-gan say:

"Mike, git up! Ye're wanted."

"By the divil!" I asked, tryin' to collect me senses.

"No, by the divil's enemies. There's them that's goin' to rob St. Patrick's of the silver plate."

Not yet belin' more than half awake and not knowin' what else to do, I did what any one would do at bearin' of a sacrilege—I made the sign of the cross.

"Git up, I say; ye're to ride to head off the robbers and save the plate."

By this time I'd got some of the stiffness out of me and, gittin' out of

bed, I was puttin' on me britches, when I was blinded by a flash, and with it came another roarin'. I clapped me hands flat to me eyes, then to me ears, stoppin' puttin' on me clothes.

"Go on, ye spalpeen!" shouted Pat above the thunder. "Don't ye know the divil is sendin' it to delay ye? Your horse is standin' ready without and ye have a matter of eight miles to ride to save the plate."

"How do ye know it's to be taken?" says I.

"How do I know? Didn't one of 'em weaken at committin' a sacrilege? And didn't he come to me not ten minutes ago and tell me what his pals were goin' to do? He's gone down the road a bit to warn Father Conover, hopin' he may find some way to git to the church and take away the plate before the comin' of the robbers. But there's nothin' in that, for Father Conover has no way of gittin' there."

Out we goes to the front of the house, and there, sure enough, was me horse, a boy tryin' to hold him, the horse reinin', frightened by the storm. And I, by this time awake and ready for the mad ride I was to take, leaped into the saddle and, diggin' me heels into his flanks, went off like a ball out of a gun, a thunderclap comin' down from heaven at the same moment.

"It's a signal of St. Patrick for yer startin'," I heard Pat say, the last word soundin' far behind me like an echo.

The road lay windin' down to the stream, white for a moment in the lightning, then all as black as a millon crows. But I, trustin' part to me knowledge of the way and part to me horse's better seein' in the dark, never a bit drew rein, curved with the road and, knowin' I was right by me horse's hoofs soundin' on the stones. Then suddenly the tramp was changed from rock to wood, and by that and boilin' of the steam beneath screechin' like lost spirits I knew I was on the bridge.

Then came another flash, and I saw a pictur' of the white pike ahead of me, with never a twist or a turn.

The first mile we made in pitch dark, I not seein' me horse's head before me. But I trusted in St. Patrick, who was guidin' me, and a trifle in me horse. I knew by the way he made here and there a turn or swerved suddenly to pass something in the way that he could see what was ahead of him.

Then for awhile the storm slackened and, seein' a misty light in the heavens, I thought St. Patrick had called it off, but a bolt was the signal for a new openin', another army of clouds came trampin' up from the east and again I was under the heavenly battle-ground betwixt the good and the evil. At that moment in the middle of two thunderclaps, I heard the sound of



THE DIVIL KEPT GAININ' AND GAININ'

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RENOUNCED A TITLE.

Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden Prefers to Remain an American.



MRS. ARTHUR SCOTT BURDEN.

One of the most interesting and original young matrons in New York society is the beautiful Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, formerly Miss Cynthia Burke Roche, daughter of the famous beauty, Mrs. Fanny Burke Roche, and the Hon. James Boothby Burke Roche, heir presumptive of Baron Fernoy of the Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland.

One of the very original things which young Mrs. Burden has done in the past is formally to renounce all allegiance to the British government, of which she was born a subject. As her father or brother is certain eventually to become a baron of the realm, with the reversion to herself of the right to bear the title of honorable, this is all the more remarkable in an age when fashionable American women are so enamored of titles that they are willing to marry almost any dilapidated pauper who can attach a title to his name.

The union of the lovely Mrs. Burke Roche and her Irish husband was an unhappy one, and no doubt this fact and her grandfather's well known aversion to foreigners may have influenced Mrs. Burden, although she is well known as a young woman with well defined opinions of her own. She is particularly devoted to outdoor sports, and with her husband, she was one of the most interested and intelligent spectators at the recent international polo games, where this photograph was taken. Her gown, which is in the extreme of the mode, created a sensation. Mrs. Burden is said to be a peerless horsewoman, capable of holding her own on the back of the most spirited or unruly horse. Golf, tennis and all the sports of the fashionable set have found in her an ardent champion. As a whip wench she excels her, and as a swimmer she might wrest the title of society champion from the fair "Bobby" Sears of Boston.

NOVEL NEW CHAPEAU.

It is of Turkish Toweling and is Called the Wash Rag Hat.

The wash rag hat, as it is called, is one of the most dashing creations that fashion designers have put upon the market this season. Turkish toweling is the material used as the foundation



OUTING HAT. (Designed by Ora Cne. Photo by American Press Association.)

for this fetching chapeau, which is now to be seen upon the counters of the fashionable shops. A wire frame, usually one of the round crowned type, is covered with the toweling, a fine quality in pure white or ecru being chosen. The hat rim is then faced with velvet, and a bow of the material is then knotted at the front or sides. Royal purple velvet was used in trimming this hat. Blue makes a handsome decoration, while black is perhaps the most harmonious of all.

Canals in England.

Canals in England date back to an early period, for the Romans built two in Lincolnshire—the Foss dyke, forty miles long and still navigable, and the Caer dyke. The first British made canal was constructed in 1174 by Henry I. and joined the Trent to the Witham. It was toward the end of the eighteenth century that the greatest amount of energy was expended in the building of canals, mainly due to the Duke of Bridgewater and the skill of his engineer, James Brindley. In the last decade of that century a canal was dug.

THE "NIGGER TEACHER"

By WALTER B. HENDRICKS

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"Were you here when the war broke out?" I asked a citizen of Alabama during a visit to that state in 1868.

"Waal, yes, I reckon I war hyar about that time."

"Do you remember Cyrus Vandever?"

"Reckon I do remember Cyrus Vandever. Nobody who was hyar when he was hyar 'll forgit him, I reckon."

"Do they remember him kindly or unkindly?"

"They remember him mighty kindly about the time he went away, but when he first came down hyar they didn't take to him at all."

"What changed them? Tell me all about it."

"Well, sub, Cyrus Vandever was one of them abolitionists that didn't know enough to let the southern people alone to do what they liked with their niggers. At that time we didn't want our slaves to know too much, fo' if they did we would lose our property. Vandever set up a school fo' the blacks. Some of our most influential citizens went to him and protested. He said that he believed it to be his duty to teach 'em, and he proposed to go on with the work."

"They went away and consulted, but they didn't say anything mo' to Vandever, who continued teachin' the niggers. That was just befo' the war, and we was all gittin' mighty hot down hyar. Finally one night Vandever's schoolhouse was observed to be on fire. The darkeys ran fo' buckets to put water on it, but the committee stopped 'em, tellin' 'em they couldn't put on any water. Co'se the niggers was mighty cut up about this, and it made a heap o' trouble among 'em. The schoolhouse burned to the ground, and there was nothing left but a few charred timbers. Vandever wasn't nigh. He had gone to see a sick darkey that had been one of his scholars and didn't get back till his schoolhouse was burned to ashes."

"That was a very dry season, there not having been any rain fo' months. After the fire everybody went to bed. The wind rose, and—well, some 'spose it carried a spark, and some 'spose the spark got lodged in the shingles of the roof when the schoolhouse was burning. Anyhow, about 11 o'clock there was an aim' o' flash at Cunnel Woodbridge's house. The cunnel was playin' a game o' draw at Major Atwater's with Captain Sykes. Cunnel Thorpe and several other influential citizens. They had burned the schoolhouse and afterward gone to Major Atwater's fo' a julep and a game o' cyards. Cunnel Woodbridge started up when somebody rushed in and told him his house was afiah, sayin' he had left his little gal thar alone. The cunnel was a widower, with this little daughter, about twelve years old."

"By the time the poka party got to the house the downstairs was burnin', and nobody could get upstairs. Little Mary Woodbridge ran to a window and, seein' her father below by the light o' the flames, stretched out her arms to him and cried out:

"Papa, save me!"

"I was lookin' myself at the cunnel, and I neva' saw such an expression of agony on a man's face in my life. No one could get up to the child, fo' everything below was afiah."

"Just then a man come along and took in the situation. He was young and active as a cat. There was a rusty lightning rod in a corner of the house runnin' up right to the window wa' the gal was. Vandever he took hold of it and shinned up to the window and reached out an arm. The gal took hold of it and swung down beside the abolitionist, who held on to the rod with the other hand."

"Waal, there he was. He couldn't come down hand ovah hand with only one hand, and he couldn't hold on long. Anyhow, it was gittin' hotter all the while, and he and the gal would burn to death. But he hung on. While he was thar the room wa' the child had been burst into a flame. It looked as if both of 'em must perish when some one come with a ladder and, puttin' it up to 'em, Cy dropped Mary on to it and she got down. Then Cy followed her."

"You just order seen Cunnel Woodbridge when he got his daughter from the man whose schoolhouse he had helped to burn. And his burnin' the schoolhouse was what burned his own house, and if it hadn't been for Cy Vandever's would 'n burned Mary. The cunnel couldn't look the nigger teacher in the face. He just put out his hand and said nothin'."

"That was the night befo' Fo't Sumner was fired on, and the next mornin' when they looked fo' Cyrus Vandever he wa' not no whar to be found. They reckoned he'd lit out to the no'th to fight the south."

"What's become of Mary Woodbridge?" I asked.

"Oh, she's livin' here with her aunt. She's grown up now. Lots o' young fellers want to marry her, but she says she's waitin' fo' that nigger teacher that saved her from burnin'."

"Where can I find her?"

"Over thar in that white house." As I walked away he called: "Say, stranger, what do you want of her?"

"I'm the nigger teacher. I've been waitin' for her too."

"BUGS" RAYMOND ENCOUNTERS NEW WORD.

Sombody told "Bugs" Raymond that "Rube" Marquard was amidestuous. "Yes," said "Bugs," lowering his voice, as "Rube" was near, "you want to watch that guy; he'd just as soon shoot you in the head as look at you."

REIDY'S LIMIT WAS REACHED.

Former St. Louis Twirler, Shone as a Comedian, But—

"I often wonder," says Jimmy Callahan, the veteran-outfielder of the Chicago-Americans, "what has become of Bill Reidy, the sweet singer and vaudeville performer. Bill was supposed to be a pitcher and as such was signed by Jimmy McAleer for the St. Louis Browns some years ago."

"Bill never pitched more than three or four innings, his arm being on the blink, but he managed to stay on the payroll for many days—namely, through his vaudeville abilities."

"One afternoon he was coaching at third base and ran one of his men into a double play. When he came back to the bench McAleer addressed him. 'Bill,' said McAleer, 'you have sung for me, whistled for me, danced for me and told me funny stories. You have used up all of your material at least eight times. Now, then, you either have something new for tomorrow or else you'll have to pitch.'"

BARROW MAKING GOOD.

New President of Eastern League Trying Hard to Stamp Out Rowdiness.

For the first time in its history the Eastern league appears to have a man at its head who is determined to stamp out senseless kicking and umpire baiting on the ball field. Edward Barrow has started out as if he intended to make a record in this respect regardless of the outcome. He comes up for election again next winter, and while there will undoubtedly be opposition to his continuation in office by some of the club owners, the public will be for the man who is trying to stamp out rowdiness.

Baseball has prospered ever since the rowdies were eliminated from the ball field, and the Eastern league would be a more powerful organization if it had had a man of the Barrow type at its head years ago.

ALEXANDER FIND OF SEASON.

Philadelphia Nationals' Young Twirler New Sensation of Old Circuit.

Grover Cleveland Alexander, the sensational young member of the Philadelphia team is the leading pitcher of the National league, with a record of twelve won and two lost in twelve games but sixty-two hits have been made off his delivery. He has fanned



ALEXANDER, PHILLIES' SENSATIONAL YOUNG PITCHER.

eighty-one men and walked forty-three. Alexander has proved to be the pitching find of the season. The club obtained the young twirler for a song by drafting him from Syracuse last fall. He not only struck out ten of the Pirates in one game recently, but fanned Clarke, Wagner and Miller in succession.

FIND FOR SOME CLUB.

Joe Jackson Says His Brother is a Phenomenal Player.

Joe Jackson, the Cleveland American crack outfielder, offers a free tip to the "greatest ball player I know," and he says the club that can shackle the man will land the best man in the bush leagues.

"The man I'm talking of," said Jackson, "is my brother Dave, but he will not leave Carolina. He can do everything I do. I think he hits the ball harder. He likes the south, and I don't think he will leave, no matter how much money they offer him. I don't pose as a judge of ball players, but Dave is a better player than I am, and the club that can coax him away from home will land a wonder."

Suggs Has New Twister.

Pitcher George Suggs of the Cincinnati Nationals has a new curve called the rural delivery.

CHARITY.

Charity is a naked child, giving honey to a bee without wings—naked because excuseless and simple, a child because tender and growing, giving honey because honey is pleasant and comfortable, to a bee because a bee is laborious and deserving, without wings because helpless and wanting. Deny such and thou killest a bee; give to other than such and thou preservest a drone.—Quarles.

At the Portland Theatre

LAST CAR LEAVES FOR OREGON CITY AT MIDNIGHT

FERRIS HARTMAN COMING.

Popular Comedian "The Toymaker" at the Heilig Theatre.

The most popular comedian which the West has ever known, Ferris Hartman, who has just completed the most successful season he has ever had in Los Angeles, will visit Portland where he will appear at the Heilig theatre, in his wonderful creation of "The Toymaker." This charming and delightful



WALTER DE LEON WITH FERRIS HARTMAN AT HEILIG.

Ferris Hartman in the musical comedy "The Toymaker," at the Heilig Theatre, Tuesday, July 4.

Favorite play will be seen with Ferris Hartman, at the Heilig Theatre, Tuesday, July 4. Popular price souvenir.

His huge revolving drum, its clear and beautiful girl chorus, its atmosphere of light and gaiety, its peculiarly attractive, in addition to the names mentioned, the company contain the names of Oliver L. Joseph Fogarty, Miss Josie Hartman, many others. Seldom or never a comic opera been given such a full music as Audran has supplied "The Toymaker" and rendered in the manner of the Ferris Hartman Company. It proves a source of delight.

Popular prices will prevail in engagement. See display advertisement in this issue.

HEILIG THEATRE

7th and Taylor Streets. Phones Main 1 and A-1122.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday Nights, July 2, 3, 4. Special Price Matinee, Tuesday, July 4, when a Toy will be given to every child in attendance.

The Favorite Comedian FERRIS HARTMAN

With Walter De Leon and Miss "Muggins" Davies in the Musical Comedy Success "THE TOYMAKER"

Splendid Company, Superb Production. Evenings: \$1, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c. July 4 Matinee: 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

SEATS NOW SELLING FOR ENGAGEMENT. COMING TO HEILIG THEATRE July 13, 14, 15. Matinee Saturday.

Harrison Grey-Blake Presents MRS. FISKE and the Manhattan Company in Mrs.

BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH An American Comedy by Harry James Smith Seat Sale opens Tuesday, July 11

July 17, 18, 19. ETHEL BARRYMORE.

The Water in the Ocean. One per cent of the water of the ocean would cover all the land areas of the globe to a depth of 290 feet.

Swift Falcons. A falcon trained to carry messages has been known to cover 750 miles in sixteen hours.

A Chinese Custom. Cripples are seldom seen in China. When a deformed child is born it is at once put to death.

Tired Feet. Bathe tired feet at night in very warm water to which a generous handful of salt has been added.

A Clever Mute. Emanuel Philibert, prince of Savoy, a deaf mute, who died 1700 at the age of fifty, mastered four languages.

Moran. Hewitt—I don't feel like myself. Jewett—It's too bad you don't look the way you feel.—New York Press.

Superstitious Musicians. Musicians are often singularly superstitious. Paderewski once ordered an expensive apartment in London, but refused to enter when he found it was No. 13 of a certain street, although he paid for it. Massenet has written twenty-one operas and many other compositions, but on all of his manuscripts page 12 1/2 is written in place of 13.

A Warm Ad. It must have been a corking hot day that prompted the following ad, which appeared in the New York Tribune on Aug. 7, 1891:

"Hot, Hotter, Hottest.—The dog star rages. The sun pours a flood of burning rays. Music pours its melting strains, and the people, sweating at every pore, are pouring into Nos. 4 and 6 Burling slip to purchase ice pitchers of Lucius Hart."

\$2.00 a year for a daily newspaper by mail
\$3.00 a year for daily newspaper by carrier

IT IS LITTLE
YET THAT IS THE TOTAL COST TO YOU
CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT?

Buy From Us
Sell to Us

We Pay Top Prices
We Sell Reasonably

Dealers in Wool, Flour, Meal, Grain, Feed, Coal, Salt, Sugar, California Fruits and Produce

Oregon Commission Co.
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Oregon City