

The Mountain Man

Secret of His Solitude Is Solved
By Agnes G. Brogan
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The three had attracted much attention from the time that they had started out upon their long journey—the beautiful woman with the somber eyes, her golden haired little son, who made his way with confidence into the arms and hearts of passengers alike, and the bright faced girl who devoted herself tirelessly to both mother and child.

"Who is she?" a curious one asked of the boy. "Your governess or mother's companion?" And Bobbie wrinkled his brows thoughtfully.

"Most of the time," he answered. "she is just our friend."

The train slowly wound its way up the mountain slope one sunshiny morning, then stopped at a little settlement, where many passengers alighted to enjoy the view. The beautiful woman gazed listlessly at the glorious panorama spread out before her, while the girl caught Bobbie by the hand.

"Come," she said; "we will gather some wild flowers."

At length the train whistled called shrilly, and the people ran laughing and crowding up the steps. The girl flushed and breathless, came last. The mask of indifference fell from the woman as she leaned forward.

"Where is Bobbie?" she cried.

"He started back long ago to bring a flower to you."

In a moment all was confusion. Eager helpers searched the cars unavailingly, and the whistle blew a last warning as the girl drew Bobbie's mother hastily into the road.

"We will have to stay over until we find him," she said.

A searching party was instituted at once, while the two women waited all day long at the shack which did duty as a hotel, but as night fell no trace of the missing boy had been found. Many messages were dispatched to

isolated spot, where a log cabin was almost barred from sight among the tall trees which surrounded it. The door stood open, and, motioning the official to wait outside, she entered unannounced. A man at the farther end of the room looked up startled at her appearance. His dark eyes shone out weirdly from a white haggard face, and his short laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The mother." The girl did not reply to this, but, coming forward, placed the baby's shoe upon the table between them.

"I have brought this back to you," she said quietly, "and I have a reason for asking how it came to be found here."

"This shoe was worn by my boy. How old was he? Two, or three perhaps, and yet—a manly little fellow. We had a pretty big estate back there, and he delighted in following me about, loved to ride upon a horse's back when I would hold him, or, better still, to sit before me on the saddle as we cantered wildly about the fields. These rides were a source of torture to his mother, and I would laugh at her fears as she stood, tense and white, waiting to have him safe in her arms again."

"We promised to give them up for her sake, but the boy coaxed very prettily one day for—just one more ride, and I yielded, vowing that this would be the last time." The man gazed unseeing through the doorway.

"It was the last time," he continued huskily. "I shall never know how it happened—the little body slipped suddenly from my grasp and lay motionless upon the ground. When I stooped blindly to raise him in my arms the mother was there before me, and at the accusing light in her eyes I drew back afraid. She bore him tenderly into the house, and when I would have gone to her she repulsed me bitterly.

All night long I waited outside my boy's door as the physician watched at his bedside.

"How is he?" I asked at dawn, and the old doctor shook his head gravely and clasped my hand in sympathy. Later a note was handed me. I read it over now when the longing to go to her becomes unbearable.

"You have killed my child," she wrote, "and I will never willingly see your face again."

"So I lost them both. It did not take very long to arrange my affairs, to make sure that her future would at least be provided for. Then I came away, traveling abroad a greater part of the time, trying to forget, or spending the summer months in this silent place, where I write my books and further my experiments undisturbed. I did not realize my depth of loneliness until I met that little lad of yours and sought to keep him at my side. A host of memories came thronging back at the sound of his voice. I showed him my collection of golden butterflies. A strange madness seized me—I could not let him go."

He had been talking excitedly. Now he arose, and his tone was calm. "The child has been content, waiting for mother to call for him. He is asleep down there in the little shack that I use for experiments. I will bring him to you."

He laughed again harshly as he turned toward the door. "I shall be under arrest, no doubt. Concealing a child for two days will be rather a difficult matter to explain."

The girl put forth her hand impulsively, looking up with tear bright eyes. "Bring the child," she said, "and leave the rest to me."

The detective's face expressed amazement as the man returned carrying the boy. Bobbie greeted the girl joyously, but his little arms did not loosen their hold.

"It is all right," the girl said, facing the official. "This man is the boy's father. He has been spending some time here in order to pursue a certain course of study, though we did not expect to find him at this exact spot. The child is quite safe in his care, you see, and I will return with you presently to end his mother's suspense."

The detective hesitated and then quietly withdrew, and the girl laughed unsteadily as "the mountain man" eager, questioning eyes met hers.

"It is all true," she said gently. "Your child lived, and that cruel note was written when the worst was feared, written in a moment of despair. Since then Elizabeth has been breaking her heart in bitter repentance. As she told her sad story I secretly determined to find you. This seemed a discouraging task, but, hearing that you had been located in these mountains, I persuaded Elizabeth to take this trip under pretense of benefiting her health, hoping desperately the while that some fortunate chance might lead us to your hiding place."

She turned to go, then looked back. Her eyes shone. "I could not foresee Bobbie's part in the plan," she said, "but my purpose has been accomplished."

The waiting detective lingered a moment more undecidedly, then slowly followed her flying figure as she sped down the narrow path. And a very short time later, as the father still sat holding his golden haired lad, the crude door was thrust open to admit a beautiful woman, whose eyes were somber no longer, but brilliant with joy.

"Phillip," she cried, and in an instant he was at her side.

"Elizabeth," his voice entreated, "can you forgive?"

"It is I who beg forgiveness," she said brokenly, "for having left you to suffer alone so long."

And the girl who was "the most of the time their friend" had a confused vision of mother, father and child all foisted together in a close embrace as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the early night.

A LOVER'S TEST

By MARGARET KELLY
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In Constantinople there once lived a young girl whose father and mother, dying, had left her a snug fortune. Moreover, her parents being dead, she was at liberty to choose a husband for herself.

Now, Fatima—that was the girl's name—was very particular about one thing in the man who should be her husband. She wished him to be a brave man. Superstition at that time hung like a pall upon the Turks as well as the Christians. But Fatima was more enlightened than others and had a contempt for any young man who would be terror stricken at a supposed apparition.

Three lovers sought her hand. To the first she said: "My father last night appeared to me in a dream and told me that if I would send one whom I thought of marrying to the sepulcher in the cemetery where his body and those of others of our family lie he would appear to the suitor and give me to him. Go there and receive me from my father, and in the morning return to me. Then I will marry you."

The young man, whose name was Abdallah, reluctantly accepted the situation and said that he would go to the sepulcher as soon as it was dark and wait for the ghost's appearance.

Then Fatima told the second lover, Hamid, what she had done, adding that if he would go to the sepulcher and appear to Abdallah as a ghost and scare him away she would accept Hamid for her husband. Hamid was quite pleased at what he considered an easy way to get a rich wife and agreed to abide by the result of his effort.

The third suitor, Bismillah, was an independent fellow, and Fatima preferred him to either of the others. She told him of the arrangement she had made with them and said that she would also give him a chance for her hand. Whoever of the three was found in the sepulcher in the morning she would marry.

"Nonsense!" replied Bismillah. "I'm not going to make a guy of myself by sleeping in a tomb."

"Oh, I thought you loved me," replied Fatima.

"So I do, but not well enough to risk my life by remaining all night in a cold sepulcher. What good would it do me to win a wife and die?"

"It is very plain," said Fatima, "that you do not love me."

"I don't call love giving way to a whim."

"It is not a whim; it is a test."

"Very well, test these other men. I have no mind to enter such an absurd competition."

He turned on his heel and left her. She was very much disappointed. She had given her word to the other two to marry the one who should fulfill the conditions, relying on Bismillah, whom she knew to be brave and free from superstitions, to occupy the sepulcher and thus win her. His refusal upset all her plans and would give her a husband she did not wish to marry.

She lay awake all night bemoaning the miscarriage of her plan and thinking how foolish she had been to undertake it. She knew Bismillah would not fear to remain all night in any uncanny place, and she respected him for not being willing to win her in such fashion. Besides, his indifference only made her more anxious to have him for her husband.

She fretted over the matter all just before dawn, when she determined to go herself and try to frighten away the suitors she did not wish to marry. Dressing herself, she wound a sheet about her and hurried to the cemetery. Approaching the sepulcher of her ancestors, she heard a sound and stopped to listen. Could it be a snore? Surely it was a snore. One of the men she had sent there had got rid of the other, gone into the sepulcher and fallen asleep.

All now depended on Fatima's frightening away the man in the sepulcher. The moon had risen, and there was light enough from this and the coming of dawn for her to be distinctly seen, though it was too dark for her to see the man in the sepulcher. Standing before the door, which was open, she gave a shriek. There was a sound as of some one turning, the creaking of a bed, and a voice came:

"Go away from here and cease to disturb my slumber."

"Leave this abode of the dead," said Fatima in a sepulchral voice, "or I will drag you with me to Tartarus."

"That would please me greatly," replied the voice inside. "By coming here I have put myself in an unpleasant position. A girl told me that if I would occupy this place till morning she would marry me. I refused; then, lest she should think me cowardly, I came. I brought my bed with me and drove away two fools I found here. Now I suppose I shall have to marry this girl. I would prefer going with you to Tartarus."

There was silence for a few moments, then Fatima gave a sob, then a laugh, and Bismillah, who knew from the first it was she, sprang from the cot he occupied, took her in his arms and checked her sobs and her laughter with kisses.

Then, taking up his bed, he carried it, walking home beside her.

There wasn't any trouble about her choosing a lover after that. The two other suitors took a back seat, and Bismillah occupied the only front one.

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THE MAN RETURNED, CARRYING THE BOY.

various places, and in the morning, following a night of suspense, a detective arrived from the nearest city.

"The boy's mother is a wealthy woman," he explained to the girl, "and the police suspect that this may be a case of kidnaping."

She listened wide eyed as he sharply questioned the rough men who lounged about the wooden platform. At last one was found who could give a helpful clue. He had seen a yellow haired boy who wore a scarlet cap going far up the lonely trail with "the mountain man."

"Describe him," the detective said quickly. "Where does he live?"

The informant hesitated a moment doubtfully. "He's a queer one," he answered. "Lives away up that by himself; never speaks to one of us, and no one knows what he comes from or what his name is. That's why we just call him 'the mountain man.' I'll show you his shack," he agreed suddenly, and the men departed.

When the official returned later in the day the girl came forward to meet him.

"The child's mother is too ill to be disturbed at present," she said. "Will you tell me what you have learned?"

"Very little," he replied, "though we found this mysterious 'mountain man.' He was fishing in one of the small streams and was not disposed to talk, answering our questions in monosyllables. When we told him that the boy had been seen in his company yesterday he coolly gave us permission to search his cabin home. We have done so."

"And you found?" she asked breathlessly.

Fumbling in an inner pocket, he drew forth a tiny crumpled shoe and laid it in her palm.

"Only this," he replied.

"Why, it is too small!" the girl cried wonderingly. "This is a baby's shoe."

She stood thoughtfully regarding the little bent shoe.

"I should like to talk to this strange man," she said at length. "Please, will you take me to him?"

He looked up in surprise. "I am afraid it would be useless, and the fellow is not very civil."

"Still, I should like to go," she insisted.

So he led her up and up the steep mountain path, pausing at last in an

isolated spot, where a log cabin was almost barred from sight among the tall trees which surrounded it. The door stood open, and, motioning the official to wait outside, she entered unannounced. A man at the farther end of the room looked up startled at her appearance. His dark eyes shone out weirdly from a white haggard face, and his short laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The mother." The girl did not reply to this, but, coming forward, placed the baby's shoe upon the table between them.

"I have brought this back to you," she said quietly, "and I have a reason for asking how it came to be found here."

"This shoe was worn by my boy. How old was he? Two, or three perhaps, and yet—a manly little fellow. We had a pretty big estate back there, and he delighted in following me about, loved to ride upon a horse's back when I would hold him, or, better still, to sit before me on the saddle as we cantered wildly about the fields. These rides were a source of torture to his mother, and I would laugh at her fears as she stood, tense and white, waiting to have him safe in her arms again."

"We promised to give them up for her sake, but the boy coaxed very prettily one day for—just one more ride, and I yielded, vowing that this would be the last time." The man gazed unseeing through the doorway.

"It was the last time," he continued huskily. "I shall never know how it happened—the little body slipped suddenly from my grasp and lay motionless upon the ground. When I stooped blindly to raise him in my arms the mother was there before me, and at the accusing light in her eyes I drew back afraid. She bore him tenderly into the house, and when I would have gone to her she repulsed me bitterly.

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"How is he?" I asked at dawn, and the old doctor shook his head gravely and clasped my hand in sympathy. Later a note was handed me. I read it over now when the longing to go to her becomes unbearable.

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"So I lost them both. It did not take very long to arrange my affairs, to make sure that her future would at least be provided for. Then I came away, traveling abroad a greater part of the time, trying to forget, or spending the summer months in this silent place, where I write my books and further my experiments undisturbed. I did not realize my depth of loneliness until I met that little lad of yours and sought to keep him at my side. A host of memories came thronging back at the sound of his voice. I showed him my collection of golden butterflies. A strange madness seized me—I could not let him go."

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CORRESPONDENCE

BARLOW.
The majority of the residents of Barlow attended the celebration at Canby on the Fourth. Many young folk took in the dance in the evening.

A number attended the barbecue at Aurora Saturday and the dance was well represented by Barlowites.

Miss Anderson, of Astoria, spent the Fourth in Barlow. She also attended the dance in Aurora and Canby.

Miss Anderson is visiting Mrs. C. G. Tull. She has signed a contract to teach in the primary department for the next term of school. A friend of Miss Anderson, Miss Lewis, of Astoria, has been elected principal of the school.

Mrs. Andrews had friends from Portland visiting her from Saturday until Tuesday evening.

A number of Mr. and Mrs. Harter's friends from Portland spent the Fourth with them.

The New Era campmeeting will begin next Saturday and continue until August 7. Good music will be furnished and interesting speakers have been obtained.

MOUNTAIN VIEW.
Canning cherries is the main order of the household.

A serious accident happened to E. M. C. Brown Monday while moving to his new home. He fell and sustained a fracture of his leg. Dr. Strickland took him to Portland for treatment.

Everett Hickman and wife, of Spokane, Wash., spent the Fourth of July with Mrs. A. L. Hickman.

Mrs. Mary Turner, of West Oregon City, spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. P. Roehl.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Allmon, of Indiana, and Mrs. Emma Gladdon, of Tiffamook, returned to their home after visiting friends here.

Mrs. Amos Harrington and children, of Highland, have moved into town and will live with Mrs. Maggie Harrington on Pleasant avenue.

Joe Jackson is at home after spending the winter in Eastern Oregon.

Miss Winnie returned to Eastern Oregon last week.

Henry and Emil Schwack, of Eastern Oregon, spent the Fourth of July with their parents.

Herman Brand, of Portland, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. Morrison was taken to a hospital in Portland Tuesday.

Garrett and Curtis Martin, who have been working for Bert Cummins in the sawmill, spent Sunday and the Fourth with their mother.

Curtis Selby went to Canby Sunday to see the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Mantz went to Eastern Oregon Saturday to their claim.

Mrs. Anna Richards, of Goldendale, Wash., arrived here Friday to spend a month with her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Matz.

TWILIGHT.
The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Caldwell gave them a farewell party Saturday evening at their home in Twilight. Cards were the feature of the entertainment.

A beautiful picture was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell by A. H. Harvey in behalf of friends. A delicious luncheon was served the guests.

The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Lazelle, Mr. and Mrs. Bullard, Miss Bertha Bullard, Miss Marie Harvey, Miss Florence Bullard, Miss Murphy, of Portland, Miss Frances Caldwell, Miss Violet Caldwell, Mr. Thomas Kelland, Mr. Fred Oliver, Mr. Bert Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schreiner spent the Fourth in Canby.

A Spiritualist campmeeting will be held at New Era from July 8 to August 7, 1911. Good speakers will be provided.

Mrs. Marian Thompson entertained her Sunday school class Thursday at

noon at her home. A delicious luncheon was served.

Mrs. Curtis visited friends in Portland last Thursday.

Relatives from the East have been visiting a few days at Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harvey's.

HARMONY.
A number of Harmony residents are attending the Chautauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Boatman.

Will Millard, who has had a lame back, is able to be up and around again.

Kate Fortner, of Portland, visited relatives over Sunday.

On last Thursday evening a number of our young men and some of Sunnyside, gave a free concert at the home of the "newly-weds," Mr. and Mrs. David Kanne. The crowd was served with oyster cakes and lemonade and oranges.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Kanne has her barn about completed.

Rev. Hovelling was picking cherries last Friday at the home of Kanne Bros.

Mrs. Mitty, of Bickleton, Wash., who visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, has returned home.

MOLALLA.
Several farmers are plowing hay ground while the hay is yet on the ground. Much hay was spoiled by the rain.

E. K. Dart's, Harry Everhart's and Mr. Dickenson's dwellings are nearing completion.

Horman & Kayles have purchased a new wing feeder for their threshing machine which will be a great convenience, as this feeder reaches out a rod from each side of the machine for the sheaves.

Mrs. Sprague is recovering. She is able to sit up some. She has lost 124 pounds.

Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Perrin and son Wilmer, Mark Sprague and Miss Alice Sprague made a visit to Stone last week.

Mrs. M. B. Lett started on a visit to Portland, Seattle and other towns

last Sunday where she expects to spend the summer.

Mrs. Ira Jones, of Oregon City, and her daughter, Mrs. Wickham, of Denver, arrived at Oak Point Farm the first of the week. The former will remain a while and the latter will go to Colorado the last of the week.

E. E. Judd has his auto in good shape after the collision. W. H. Stebbins, W. O. Vaughn have purchased "Reds," W. J. E. Vick and B. F. Dickey "Buicks."

Chester Dickey returned last Saturday to spend his vacation at the home of his mother recently in Eastern Washington.

C. W. Herman is building a cement foundation garage. The Oak Point garage was the first cement floor garage built in this end of the county. Everything his taken on new lots since the rain.

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\$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?

Reassuring Him.
Mr. Newcomb—I was so glad to meet your mother; I didn't think she was so—er—exceedingly stout.

Miss Wantam—Oh, yes. But I'm sure that I'll never grow to be like her. I take after papa, you know—Exchange.

A Publisher's Advice.
The Author—Would you advise me to get out a small edition? The Publisher—Yes; the smaller the better. The more scarce a book is at the end of four or five centuries the more money you realize from it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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We Sell Reasonably**

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