

PORT ARTHUR HERO COMMITS SUICIDE

GENERAL NOGI AND COUNTESS END LIVES TO SHOW THEIR SORROW

TRAGEDY AT MIKADO'S FUNERAL

Famous Japanese Captain Follows Custom of Forbear—General Falls on Sword in Street

TOKIO, Sept. 13.—Testifying according to the ancient custom of Nippon to his love and reverence for his dead emperor, Mutsuhito, whose funeral was held here this evening, General Baron Kiten Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, and his wife committed harikari in the public streets as they followed the coffin of the emperor to the public funeral services at the Aoyama parade grounds.

Nogi's sacrifice of his own life and that of his wife came before the eyes of hundreds of thousands of Japanese who, with torches lighted, lined the streets of Tokio behind a triplet cordon of police and soldiers to see the dead ruler's body go by in state.

The general was marching in the funeral cortege with a number of other prominent soldiers of the empire who were accompanied by their wives many of them ladies in waiting at the mikado's court. Shortly before the section of the parade in which he marched reached the Aoyama parade ground Nogi and his wife without a word of warning to their fellow, disembowled themselves according to the ancient rites of Japan, and fell dying in the street.

Not one of all the soldiers who fought and bled for Japan in the war with Russia won more glory than Nogi. Born in 1849 at Shosho, he fought as captain in the civil war of 1877, which resulted in the downfall of the Shoguns and the elevation of the mikado. In the Chino-Japanese war 1895 Nogi again distinguished himself. Later he was governor general of Formosa in 1896, and on the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, he was appointed commander of the third army which invested and took Port Arthur.

There, for weeks, Nogi's little brown soldiers fought their way inch by inch upon the cannon swept hills from which the Russian forces protected their last stronghold in the east. Nogi's determined attack, more than any other, caused the fall of Port Arthur, and when the war had ended he was made a baron in recognition of his valor.

Later Emperor William of Germany decorated Nogi with the first class of the Order of the Hohenzollern sword. He was also the holder of a score of Japanese decorations.

Vindicated

A Story of the Alps

By SARAH J. BAKER

There is a silent grandeur about mountains that cannot be felt those who dwell among them. It is their greatness, mingled with their stillness.

Then, too, mountaineers are constantly incurring dangers, and a certain sensitiveness grows up in people thus exposed as to their steadfastness in standing by a companion in peril. Indeed, they are very exacting with one another in this respect, and any disposition to save oneself at another's expense is treated with contempt.

Largely on this account there is no class of men with a greater sense of responsibility than mountain guides. A guide is held accountable for the safety of the person he conducts. If both are endangered the guide is expected to stand in the breach.

Recently a man of forty, prematurely gray, entered one of the hotels in Grindelwald, Switzerland, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and registered as coming from Colorado, U. S. A. He made no friends among the other guests of the hotel or the people round about, though he took long tramps among them and spoke the German language, but with the accent of a native who had lived long abroad. His uncommunicativeness gained him the name of the "silent stranger," though some called him the "melancholy stranger," for about him was that which indicated he had experienced some great grief.

Not long after his arrival while one of his tramps he stopped at a chalet, and ascending the steps, paused at the open door. A woman was within, bending over an oven. She did not turn, and he spoke to her. At the sound of his voice she started.

"Can you give me a little bread and cheese," he asked, "and some wine?"

The woman turned and faced him. It seemed, for a moment, that she was

intending to speak to him about something not pertaining to his request; then, with a simple "yes," she motioned to a table on the porch. He drew a chair to it and seated himself, while the woman went to a cupboard and from it brought him the refreshment.

"Do I address you as frau or fraulein?" he asked, looking up into her face inquiringly, as she stood waiting for further commands.

"Fraulein," she replied, lowering her eyes under his gaze, and seeming to reflect his melancholy. She was four or five years his junior, but retained a comeliness that must have been even more attractive when she had been younger.

"You love your home in the mountains?" he asked.

"Yes, I could not live anywhere but here."

"I, too, live in a mountainous country. My home is in the western part of America. The mountains there are beautiful, but not so picturesque as your Alps. The snows in the Rockies lie in patches and are melted in summer, which gives them a bare appearance. The white peaks of the Alps mingle with the white clouds, and it is often difficult to tell cloud from mountain."

She made no reply to this, standing demurely and waiting.

"Supposing," he went on, "I had a mind to ascend the mountain, do you know of a guide I could employ to take me?"

"Herr would not need a guide."

"One Wilhelm Burche has been recommended to me by the landlord of the hotel. Can you assure me that he is a good man and a fearless guide?"

The conversation seemed to be wearing on the woman, and when her guest asked her this question with his eyes fixed searchingly on hers, a slight shiver passed over her. She did not reply.

"Speak," added the stranger without removing his gaze.

"I approve of, or condemn, no man," she answered. "Surely, I have never blamed any one."

The stranger at this relaxed the gaze he had fastened upon her. She turned



"IT WAS NOT CUT."

and went into the house. When a little later she looked out at where she had left her guest he was gone. The refreshment she had placed before him was untouched.

One morning the melancholy stranger announced that he had come to Grindelwald for a purpose. A friend of his many years before had attempted to make the ascent of the Jungfrau and had been lost in a crevasse. Doubtless the body had been in a measure preserved by the icy cold atmosphere, and he proposed to make an attempt to recover it. When asked why no such attempt had been made at the time of the accident he replied that the only person who had deemed a descent for the purpose possible was the guide who was making the ascent with the lost man, and no one could prove it practicable by an attempt without considerable assistance, involving expense.

The stranger hired a number of persons to go with him to join in the proposed work and procured a thousand feet of rope. He consulted with no one as to a plan or the best time for putting it into execution. It was known that some one was to be lowered into the crevasse, but whom and into what crevasse were not given out. When all was ready the stranger and his assistants, carrying the rope, attended by many curious persons, sallied forth to make the ascent to the place where the accident had occurred.

The way led past the chalet where the stranger had tarried not long before and conversed with the fraulein. She came out and stood looking at the troupe.

"Fraulein," said the leader of the party, "we go to find the body of a tourist who was lost in a crevasse or, rather, over a precipice on the mountain side years ago. His guide, Hans Richter, a young man of twenty, returned without him and displayed an end of the rope attached to his own person so frayed as to indicate that it had been broken. Richter explained that the tourist had slipped, the rope had broken and the tourist had gone into the crevasse. Richter claimed that he had braced himself so as to withstand the shock. One Wilhelm Burche charged Richter with having cut the rope in order to save himself, while his charge was dangling over the crevasse. We are going to lower a man to recover the body so that we may discover whether the end of the rope attached to it is frayed or cut, that we may prove Richter's guilt or innocence of Burche's charge."

"Who," asked the fraulein, "is to be lowered into the crevasse?"

"I."

There was silence for awhile, during which the woman appeared to be thinking; then she said:

"If you are in Richter's interest you may be charged with tampering with the rope before it is brought up."

"True, and on that account one who is to be trusted will be lowered with me."

"Who else dares to go down there?"

"One whom I will make independent for life if he is pulled up again."

The woman made no reply, but seizing wraps, put them about her and joined in the ascent.

No one, unless the woman, knew the crevasse referred to by the stranger, who guided the party to it as though he had been over the ground but yesterday. When he reached the gap there was a murmur among his followers that a descent into it was too perilous to be undertaken. But the stranger handed a large roll of banknotes to a man of the party, who counted a hundred thousand francs and handed them to a friend for safe keeping. Then ropes were placed around the bodies of each of the two men, who were handed alpenstocks to push themselves from the sides of the crevasse. Then after a short prayer the descent was begun, the stranger carrying the end of an extra rope.

Some time elapsed after the men signaled that they had reached the bottom before a signal was given to hoist on all three ropes. The two live men and a dead body came up nearly at the same time, and the crowd gathered round to note the result. The stranger stood looking down upon the body, which was perfectly preserved. One of the men seized the end of the rope, examined it and said:

"It was not cut."

"My friends," said the stranger, "I am Hans Richter, and this," turning to the woman who had joined them, "was at the time this accident happened my sweetheart, Wilhelm Burche wished her, and when I came down from here and reported the loss he strove to ruin me by spreading a report that I had cut this rope and purposely frayed the end attached to my waist. I was told that my betrothed believed the calumny, and, pained beyond endurance, I went away to America. There as a miner I have made a fortune, a part of which I have spent to clear myself of this charge."

Then all gathered around the American with congratulations, and the older ones, who had known him as a young man, were loud in their sympathy. He approached his former sweetheart, who gave him her hand and said:

"True as there is a God above I never believed you guilty."

Then the party descended into the valley.

When Richter and his former sweetheart were alone he said to her:

"When did you discover who I am?"

"When I first heard you speak."

"And you did not marry my rival?"

"You see that I did not."

"Can you leave your Alps to come and live with me in the Rockies?"

"I will go with you anywhere."

"It is more beautiful here, but too silent. There one hears the sound of the stamp mill and the voices of busy men. Since you will, let us go home."

Not So Bad.

A young lawyer who has recently hung out his shingle here was retained by a criminal with \$5 and a very poor defense.

"Well, you got a case, son?" said his proud father.

"Yes, dad."

"And what advice did you give your client?"

"After listening to his story I collected what money he had and advised him to retain a more experienced lawyer."

—Kansas City Journal.

Plain Cooking.

A girl who had been through a culinary course in an elementary school was asked what she understood by plain cooking. Her answer is given by Miss M. E. Egan in her book, "The Common Growth."

"Plain cookin'," she replied, "is when you puts the whole of the egg inside the puddin'. Fancy cookin' is when the yolk's inside, and the white's outside. And it's a waste of time, she concluded, with 'decision, 'for it's on'y the same one egg wherever you puts it."

Stories from Out of Town

BARLOW

Paul Rodby, of Portland, who was picking hops for Mr. Keil at Aurora, spent the day with Elmer Irwin last Thursday.

Fred Jesse went to Spokane Friday, where he has employment.

W. S. Tull finished picking his hops Saturday. Merrit and Winnifred Freeman are picking hops here. They are old residents of this place.

Mrs. Stuart, mother of Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Misa Keebaugh, of California arrived here Sunday morning. Mrs. Stewart will make her home here.

Mrs. L. L. Irwin has been quite ill for some time past but is recovering.

Leonard Parmenter's baby fell over in a chair one day last week severely hurting his nose. Dr. Dedman was called and sewed up the wound and the little fellow is getting along nicely.

Several of the children won prizes at the Juvenile Fair from here. Leona Parmenter won first prize on layer cake. The writer had the pleasure of testing the cake, and it was certainly fine. Keep it up Leona and you will be a professional cake baker some day. Marion Evans also won a prize on cake baking and Edward and Chas. Dregnie won prizes. Edna Phelps won a prize.

Barlow will not have an exhibit at the county fair this fall.

Miss Zada Van Winkle returned home from Sehridan Sunday where she has been with her father in the art studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill went to Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jesse, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jesse, Fred Jesse, Mr. Wurfl, Mr. Andrews and Henry Howe attended the State Fair last Thursday.

Mrs. L. B. Irvin, of Aurora, was visiting Mrs. Quint and Mrs. Irwin Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Andrews has returned home after an absence of three months with her daughter, Mrs. Perry Keebaugh of Milwaukee. Mrs. Keebaugh and children came home with her mother.

ELWOOD

Farmers are glad to see a favorable change in the weather, as grain even in the stack, was beginning to sprout.

A number of Elwood families are away enjoying an outing and picking hops.

Gustie Powers visited Mrs. Della Vallen Tuesday.

J. Johnson has returned from Portland where he spent a few days visiting his parents, who reside there.

C. Bittner came home last Wednesday. It is reported he intends starting up his sawmill soon.

Mr. Melike and Mr. Stahlnecker were in Estacada Wednesday shopping.

Mr. Schesterrine of Portland, paid a visit to Lewis Vallen's this week.

Miss Hazel Freeman visited Miss Montie Cox Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Park is staying with her father, Eld Dibble, for a few weeks.

Lee Cadinau and a friend, Mr. Nelson, of Astoria, visited in this vicinity and took a short hunting trip in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Bonney are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

East Wood's are going away from this place and Mr. Sherman's intend moving on the vacated place. Mrs. East Wood's health has been poor and they are going to another climate. We hope she may be benefited thereby.

C. E. Surfus was a visitor in Estacada last week.

Miss Nouna Vallen visited in Estacada last week.

Miss Montie Cox was in Estacada Saturday.

Will Freeman has gone to Portland to work in an automobile shop.

Mrs. Blanche Elliott, Miss Alma Hubbard and Miss Effie Cox visited Mrs. Stahlnecker Monday afternoon.

Misses Montie and Effie Cox, Miss Hazel Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stahlnecker visited Mrs. W. M. Surfus Sunday.

Threshers are expected in Elwood this week.

WILSONVILLE

Mrs. H. D. Aden went to Lebanon Monday to spend a couple of weeks with Miss Hazen at her home.

The railroad commissioners of the

Oregon Electric were in our village Tuesday, on business.

Mrs. Marion Young accompanied some of the juvenile fair children to the fair at Salem.

Mrs. J. W. Thornton went to Portland on Wednesday.

Miss Kate Wolbert and Mrs. Aden spent Wednesday in the Rose City.

Mr. Rhelmers and family left for their new home in Idaho this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone, of Sacramento, visited Mr. and Mrs. Black this week.

James Say and Rhetha Vincent will enter Newberg High School on the 23rd of September.

Hop picking is about over in most of the yards near here, including McGinnis, Henry, Wilhelm's, M. C. Young's, Graham's, Thompson's, and others, and the hops are reported as very good indeed.

Wilsonville school will not begin early this year, on account of the building not being finished.

The Hasselbrink baby is a sure winner, carrying off one of the big prizes at the State Fair.

Several ladies from Wilsonville attended the fair on Mothers' Congress day.

Paul Jaeger won second prize on celery at the State Fair. Mena Balsa won a prize for aprons, and several other prizes coming to our village are as yet unidentified on account of the tags tearing off. We hope it can be straightened out.

At a recent meeting of the Union Grower's Association, J. L. Seelye was elected trustee, and Mr. Rand secretary and treasurer.

Among state fair visitors from Wilsonville were H. D. Aden, Mrs. M. C. Young and family, Mrs. Morris Young, Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham, Miss Hagman, Andy Hasselbrink, Emma Stangel, Mr. Brobst and daughters, Mrs. Gould, Lois Melvin, and Mrs. Walter Brown and children.

Chas. Wagner who has been on the sick list since the fair, is somewhat improved.

Miss S. M. Graham and two nieces will return to Portland this week.

The recent rains have kept back the harvest somewhat, but the threshing machines are all going at full blast again, making up for lost time.

The business men of Wilsonville, and farmers, who have subscribed so liberally to the juvenile fair, held here recently may be proud of the fact that we had more money subscribed and paid up than any other.

Mrs. Helms and Mrs. S. Boutz called on Mrs. H. T. Dunsan Tuesday.

Miss Nina Hay visited her friend, Mrs. Sadie Tedeman, recently.

Miss Iva Whitton has been living in Portland with her sister, Mrs. Thos. Savage, since the death of their mother.

Miss Ethel Baker and Mr. Will Cook visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wanker.

Miss Harriet Dunsan stayed over Friday night with Mrs. S. Boutz.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wanker and daughter, Lulu, visited Saturday and Sunday with friends and relatives in Portland.

Church services at the Hazella school house Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. every Sunday.

MACKSBURG

The storm that continued for two weeks has cleared away. The weather Sunday and Monday was bright and bracing, gladdening the hearts of the grain and hop growers. The threshers are working in full force, while the hop yards are filled with

LOGAN

A. J. Johnston came home from Gresham with an abcess on his arm. He was with G. Gerbers' threshing crew.

Surely this corner of the globe will not need surveying soon for it has been done lengthwise, crosswise and every way for the past two months and still at it.

The natives were treated to a genuine surprise Tuesday when S. G. Kirchem came, delivering nice fresh beef. Come again.

Saturday about thirty members met in regular session at Harding Grange; owing to the busy time the crowd was not as large as usual, but nevertheless the usual program was carried out and the discussions were very interesting. A resolution endorsing Governor West's anti-vice crusade was read and adopted and is as follows: "Be it resolved in regular session assembled, that we heartily approve of the law enforcement and anti-vice crusade inaugurated by Gov. Oswald West and that we hope for a great measure of success and a greater future in the way of better laws and better enforcement. Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Gov. West and to the Oregon City papers for publication, also to the Oregonian and Journal."

Creamery patrons received 34 cents a pound for butter fat for the month of August.

A. R. Smith has resumed his duties in the creamery.

A new bungalow is to be built on the Casper Moore place and will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Eaden.

The weather this year is like the 1912 politics—can't tell today what tomorrow will bring forth.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

MARTIAL MORTALS.

The human race is brave.

The fact is proved by the other fact that it continues to live. Occasionally a tired, sick hearted member of the race throws up his hands and surrenders, but he is the exception.

Humanity is brave.

Daily do men and women face dangers that might daunt the intrepid gods. Think you because they go about with smiling faces they face no foes?

Here is a strong soul fighting to keep in subjection his lower nature. He fights a deadly duel every day. He is a brave man, as brave as ever couched a lance in rest against a foe.

And here is one who fights the wild beasts in the arena of business competition and keeps the whiteness of his soul.

And here is one who struggles with the thorn in his flesh and smiles.

Humanity is brave.

This woman faces poverty and limitations. And this one undergoes pain or strain upon her sympathy. An arch angel might well shudder to undertake the whole gamut of suffering that comes with everyday wifehood and motherhood. And there is no shrinking, no shirking of the duty!

Humanity is brave.

Womanhood suffers and gies and gives no sign. Womanhood lives and smiles in the front of fate.

Humanity is brave.

In this arduous life of ours the real men and women of the race sleep each night as the soldier sleeps—on the battlefield. And revolve wakes each mortal mortal to daily battle—some to fight the good fight with willing hands and some with brains and some with hearts.

Humanity is brave.

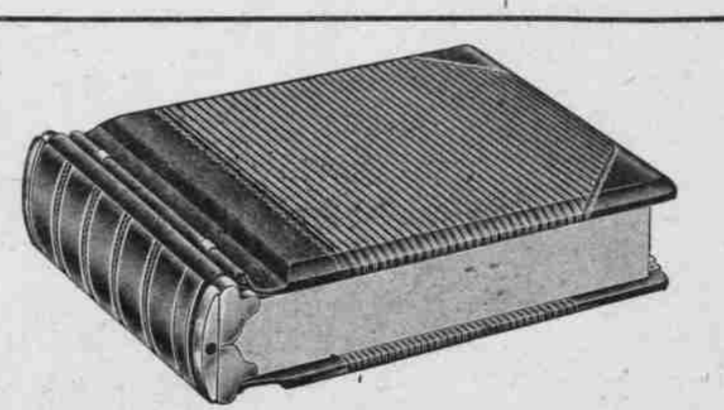
Look about you. See the battlefields. Some are fighting with broken swords. Yes; humanity is brave.

But it needs daily to repeat the prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson:

"The day returns and brings us the round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting place weary and content and undishonored and grant us in the end the spirit of sleep. Amen."

He Told Her.

Teacher—Willy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice? Willy—Yes, ma'am. When you are afraid yourself that is caution, but when the other fellow's afraid that's cowardice.



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