THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, APRIL 30, 1905.

Recollections of an Oregon Pioneer of 1842

MALCOLM M'KAY, LAST OF THE HUDSON BAY MEN, NOW LIVING NEAR PORTLAND

E Clear intellect and markable memory that extends back over half a century, the greater part of which was strenuous in the extreme, Malcolm McKay, an old and trusted employe of the Hudson's Bay Company, is spending his closing years of life upon the farm at Scappoose, Coumbia County, where he has resided for over 50 years. Mr. McKay was born at Luis Island, Rosshire, Scotland, December 15, 1821, and emigrated to America (the Hudson Bay territory) in 1841, where he worked one year for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Edmonton, in the Rockies, and then at Fort Assiniboin, and on the 23d day of May, 1842, started for Hudson Bay (York Factory), the headquarters of the company, where the furs taken in all parts of the company's territory were gathered for shipment to England.

Twenty-two boats, loaded with furs, provisions and buffalo robes, with four men to each boat, from Edmonton to Norway House, a distance of 900 miles. made the trip, arriving about June 10. From Norway House, which stood on the northeast side of Lake Winnipeg. to York Factory, another terrible Journey of \$00 miles, eight men manned each boat, this being made necessary by the great number of portages, around which the beats and cargoes had to be packed through the timber, the cargoes, of course, being

1 out and reloaded. McKay and his comrades, about 60 in number, then made the long and tiresome return trip back to Edmon-ton, a great part of the way being harnessed to the boats and pulling them up against the rapid currents of the streams, having an occasional spell of comparative rest when they From Edmonton Mr. McKay started for Fort Assinibin, and then took boats up the Raskaba River to Chespard House, took pack horses from there and crossed the mountains to the headwaters of the Columbia River.

Into Oregon Territory.

Accompanying Mr. McKay on this trip were 60 men, among whom he remembers the following: The leader was an old Hudson Bay veteran named Anderson; others were Mustagh Mc-Leod, Donald Melver, Angus McLeod, John McDonald, Mustagh McDonald, Angus McDonald, Alexander Morrison, Norman Martin, John McLood, all of whom and probably all the others with the exception of Mr. McKay have probably passed over the divide that separates time from eternity. Then came the trip down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, 1000 miles of tranch-erous and unknown river, with hard-ships by day and untold danger by day and night, with uothing whatever except corn and dog to live upon. Think of that, you new people, who sometimes speak lightly of the enterold ploneers-s journey of miles through the wilderness, with neither bacon, beans nor flour; nothing but bolled Indian corn, seasoned with Indian dog, which they cured by trading a shirt to one of the natives. It seems that the Igorrotes are not to show their beastly Der sonages at the Lewis and Clark Ex-position, but old Malcolm McKsy should be one of the guests of honor, and to look upon the man who ale dog in the cause of the advancement of civilization will be a far more edifying sight

Men in Modified Slavery,

Mr. McKay's party arrived at Var

Malcolm McKay, Pioneer of 1842. a giant fir, which Mr. McKay says was fully 200 feet to the first limb and about four feet in diameter. It is interesting to look back through a portion of one man's lifetime and reflect on the changes that have occurred, and then to think forward as to subst the usy half comforward as to what the next half cen-tury has in store for this marvelous Ore-gon of ours-to picture the scene so short Horn. This was done by Factor Douglass. McLoughlin having gone to Oregon City. He was then transferred to Astoria, and

street, and then turn and contemplate the great white city of the Exposition. As far beyond the imagination of the street, and then turn and contemplate the great white city of the Exposition. As far beyond the imagination of the ploneer as the present so is the future to the average man today. A little of the veil is lifted, but the greatness of the perspective can only be vaguely con-cetived.

antion for his services than \$55 per year, though doing work that others were paid \$500 per year for, the company holding him strictly to the contract made prior to leaving the old country. In 1847 he was

as in 1895, with one exception. The first

their new ship, the Bass Rock, sailir two days' time from Southampton.

be in that morning for instructions, if

No; Mr. Holmes had no desire to

As to his character, he was reliable

but a wild, desperate fellow off the

eck of his ship-hot-headed, excitable

but loyal honest, and kind-hearted. That

the pith of the information

which Holmes left the office of the Ade

Cross telegraph office, sent off a message

"No, I couldn't do it, Watson," said he

as we re-entered our room. "Once that warrant was made out, nothing on earth

would save him. Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real

harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by hile crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the law of Eng-

Before evening, we had a visit from in-spector Stanley Hopkins. Things were not going very well with him.

"I believe that you are a whard, Mr. Holmes. I really do sometimes think that you have powers that are not hu-

Now, how on earth could you know

land than with my own conscience, us know a little more before we act.

that the stolen silver was at the

"But you told me to examine it." "You got it, then?"

ver, and then throw it into the nearest

"It was certainly rather eccentric be

took it for a blind, as it were, then the

ild naturally be anxious to get rid

"But why should such an idea cross your

Well, I thought it was possible. When

they came out through the French win-dow, there was the pond with one tempt-

ing little hole in the ice, right in front

their poses. Could there be a better fing-place?" 'Ah. a hiding-place-that is better?"

seen with the silver, so they sank it in the pond intending to return for it when

Holmes-that is better than your idea of

mit that they have ended in discovering

"Quite so, you have got an admirable

clear. Excellent, Mr.

about his record and character.

ared to walt for him.

drawn

TPUD TI

of that pond?"

"Ah.

the

a blind."

coust was

"I didn't know it."

'Yes, I got it.'

I hope," said the lady, "that you have

"No," Holmes answered, in his gentles;

"No, no, Lady Brackenstall-it is no

Mietress and maid were both staring

"Think once more, Lady Brackenstall,

You may have heard of any little

"To tell me the truth."

olute fabrication."

Holmes rose from his chair

"Have you nothing to tell me?" "I have told you everything."

"I have told you all I know."

Mr. Holmes!

street once more.

officer, Mr. Jack Crocker, had been made

ass, turning in the gold dust at the same price he paid for it, in reward for which overhonesty the company paid his fare to California. He started on the first day of March, 1845, in a cance from Vancouver, to reach the ship which was lying at the mouth of the Columbia River, the river being frozen except in narrow strips along the bank. On March 4 he went aboard a Spanish bark, intending to start for California, but owing to stormy weather they were unable to sail for several days. The trip was made in 3½ days, without changing sheet or tack, which was going some for those days. At San Francisco the gold craze was at its height, and everybody was rushing for the supposed Eldorado. Mr. McKay and his party went to the middle fork of the American River, where he met considerable success, pan ning out as high as \$100 per day, until they were led, in hopes of "doing better," to attempt to reach the south branch of the north fork of the American River. The party became lost, but McKay and two others finally reached their destination where they found diggings panning from & to \$5 to the pan, but it soon ran out, and on returning to their aban-doned claim they found that others had taken \$20,009 out of the ground they had

Fought Indians for Glory.

Mr. McKay stayed two years in the gold field, when he returned to Portland, and, in company with Jonathan Moore, who now owns a fine place on Sauvies Island, started a pack train of 30 horses to pack flour to Jacksonville, in Southern Oregon, At Rogue River Dr. Ambrose in-formed them that the Rogue River Indians were on the warpath and entreated them and their two hired men-Roderick McLeod and William Cragie, to come to his house and help protect his family, which they did during the night, when Captuln Lambrick came with a squad of Moore turned their horses over to the Government and joined the company. Moores received pay for his horses, but McKay never received one cent from this great Government for his 15 horses. He was promised \$4 a day for his personal services and \$5 per day for each horse. When he was mustered out he was offered 50 for his discharge by Dr. Ambrois and Captain Lambrick, but refused, informing them that he would take it home to Scot-land with him. Either Ambrois or Lambrick got the money for the horses, and McKay received only 115 per month wages, and in his old age, after waiting many years, a grateful Republic has granted him is per month pension. The war ended and Mr. McKay moved to Sauvies Island. He purchased from his partner the goods stored at Jacksonville. Mr. McKay was married in 1853 to Lucinda Lam? and when he came back from Jacksonvill wife informed him that she had bought a farm and paid therefor the sum \$1000. This was the land upon which the McKays have lived from that day to this. and comprised 230 acres. There was con siderable gravel on the claim, and Mr. McKay thought his wife had paid a high price for the land, but he recently sold this same land to the Northern Pacific Railroad for \$50 per acre. Right here at appoose, Mr. McKay has resided, with the exception of a short trip to the Sal-River mines. He is probably the last of the old Hudson's Bay men, and at 84 years of age he has a good memory and a bright intellect. He has seen the country around him develop from a wilderness into one of the best agricultural sections miners of California, paying them in goods at the rate of \$5 per ounce for dust that was worth fully \$16. Everybody had

more, and many a time since have I kneeled down in the darkness of the night watch and kissed the deck of that ship because I knew her dear feet had trod it. She was never engaged to me. She treated me as fairly as ever a woman treated a man. I have no complaint to make. It was all love on my side, and all good comradeablp and friendship on hers. When we parted she was a free woman, but I could never again be a free man, "Next time I came back from sea, I

heard of her marriage. Well, shouldn't she marry whom she liked? why 7 Tishould t are marry whom she have. It ile and money-who could carry them bet-ter than she? She was born for all that is beautiful and dainty. I didn't grieve over her marriage. I was not such a selfash hound as that. I just rejolced that good luck had come her way, and that she had not thrown herself away on a combine selfas. That her I lead Marr cenniless sailor. That's how I loved Mary Fraser.

"Well, I never thought to see her again but last voyage I was promoted, and the new boat was not yet launched, so I had to wait for a couple of months with my people at Sydenham. One day out in a country lane I met Therema Wright, her old maid. She told me all about her, about him, about everything. I tell you, gentlemen, it nearly drove me mad. This drunken hound, that he should dare to raise his hand to her, whose boots he was not worthy to lick! I met Theresa again. Then I met Mary herself-and met her again. Then she would meet me no more, Then she would meet me no more But the other day I had a notice that I was to start on my voyage within a week, and I determined that I would see her once before I left. Theresa was always my friend, for she loved Mary and hated this villain almost as much as I did, From her I learned the ways of the house. Mary used to sit up reading in her own little room downstairs. I crept round there last night and scratched at the window. At first she would not open to me, but in her heart I know that now she loves me, and she could not leave me in the frosty night. She whispered to me to come round to the big front window, hand I found it open before me, so as to let me into the dining-room. Again I heard from her own lips things that made my blood boll, and again I cursed this brute, who mishandled the woman I loved. Well, gentlemen, I was standing with her ing theside the side on in all incorpore. turn, and I went through him as if he had been a rotten pumpkin. Do you think I was sorry? Not I! It was his life or mine, but far more than that, it was his life or hers, for how could I leave her in the power of this madman? That was how I killed him. Was I wrong? Well, then, what would either of you gentlemen have done, if you had been in my posi-

am concerned, I regret nothing and fear nothing, and I would do it all again, and be proud of the job. Damn the beast, if he had as many lives as a cat, he would owe them all to me! But it's the lady. Mary-Mary Fraser-for never will I call her by that accursed name. When I think of getting her into trouble, I, who would give my life just to bring one smile to her on repeating our story to her mistress. of gettling her into trouble. I, who would give my life just to bring one smile to her dear face, it's that that turns my soul into water. And yet-and yet-what less could I do? I'll tell you my story, gentle-men, and then I'll ask you as man to man, what less could I do. "I must go back a bit. You seem to know everything, so I expect that you know that I met her when she was a pas-senger and I was first officer of the Rock of Gibraliar. From the first day I met her, she was the only woman to me. Every day of that yoyage I loved her more, and many a time since have I

start. I dropped the silver into the pond, and made off for Sydenham, feeling that for once in my life I had done a real good night's work. And that's the truth and the whole truth, Mr. Holmes, if it costs me my neck." Holmes smoked for some time in silence.

Then he crossed the rooff, and shock our visitor by the hand. "That's what I think," said he. "I

know that every word is true, for you have hardly said a word which I did not know. No one but an acrobat or a sailor could have got up to that hell rope from the bracket, and no one but a sailor could have made the knots with which the cord was fastened to the chair. Only once had this lady been brought into contact with sailors and that was on her voyage, and it was some one of her own class of life, since she was trying hard to shield

him, and so showing that she loved him. You see how easy it was for mo to lay my hands upon you when once I had start-

ed upon the right trail." "I thought the police never could have seen through our dodge."

"And the police haven't, nor will they, to the best of my bellef. Now, look here, Captain Crocker, this is a very serious matter, though I am willing to admit that you acted under the most extreme provocation to which any man could be sul jected. I am not sure that in defense of your own life your action will not be unced legitimate. However, that is for a British jury to decide. Meanwhile I have so much sympathy for you that, if you choose to disappear in the next twenty-four hours. I will promise you that no one will hinder you."

"And then it will all come out?" "Certainly it will come out." I ne sailor flushed with anger.

"What sort of proposal is that to make a man? I know enough of law to under-stand that Mary would be held as ac-complice. Do you think I would leave her alone to face the music while I shunk away? No, sir, let them do their worst upon me, but for Heaven's sake, Mr. Holmes, find some way of keeping my poor Mary out of the courts." Holmes for a second time held out his

I have given Hopkins an excellent hint, and if he can't avail himself of it I can do no more. See here, Captain Crocker, the state of the s woman, and weited her across the face with the stick he had in his hand. I had sprung for the poker, and it was a fair fight between us. See here, on my arm, where his first blow fell. Theid it was my guilty?" "Not guilty, my lord," said I.

"Vox populi, vox Del. You are acquit-ted, Captain Crocker. So long as the law does not find some other victim you are safe from me. Come back to this lady in a year, and may her future and yours justify us in the judgment which we have pronounced this night!"

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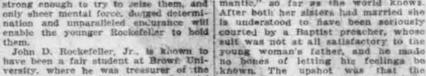
PORTLAND

arrives Portland

The Return of Sherlock Holmes Page Forty-Six which we want." She was an interesting person, this stern Australian nurse-taciturn, suspicious, un-gracious, it took some time before Holmes' pleasant manner and frank acceptance of all that she said thawed her into a corr term of the source of the Adelaide-Southamp-ton line, which stands at the end of Pall Mall, if I remember right. There is a sec-ond line of steamers which connect South Australia with England, but we will draw the larger cover first." Holmes' gard sant is to the source of the Adelaide-Southamp-ton line, which stands at the end of Pall Mall, if I remember right. There is a sec-ond line of steamers which connect South Australia with England, but we will draw the larger cover first." Holmes' gard sant is to the

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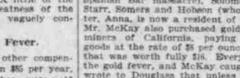
on? (Copyright 1306, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's Weekly, Copyright, 1906, by Mc-Human Side of Rockefeller Continued From Page strong enough to try to seize them, and mantic," so far as the world knows only sheer mental force, durged determi- After both her sisters had married she



suit was not at all satisfactory to the

them. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is known to have been a fair student at Brown Uni-versity, where he was treasurer of the football team, to its immeuse financial advantage. As a church member and a his presenter left Cleveland and withdrew his presenter left cleveland of the mul-

a time ago when the batteau of the Hud-son's Bay Company landed at the oak grove at the foot of what is now Oak with the Indians for their furs and sal-



Selzed With Gold Fever. Mr. McKay received no other compen-

pleasant manner and frank acceptance of all that she said thawed her into a cor-responding amilability. She did not at-long in acquiring all the information he er the 29th day of October, 1842, where tempt to conceal her hatred for her late they found Dr. John McLoughlin and employer.

James Douglass, chief factors for the "Yes, sir, it is true that he threw a deanter at me. I heard him call my mis-Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. McLoughlin being in command. They were received treas a name, and I told him that he would not dare to speak so if her brother had been there. Then it was that he with great cordiality, each member of the party was given a pint of rum, and threw it at me. He might have thrown were allowed three days to recuperate in before being set to work. I have never seen any mention of the coma dozen if he had but left my bonny bird alone. He was forever ill-treating her, and she too proud to complain. She will pensation given these men, but Mr. Mc-Kay informs me that they were paid at the rate of £17 sterling per year, about \$5. In addition to this they received a not even tell me all that he has done to her. She never told me of those marks on her arm that you saw this morning, bushel of pointoes each week and 21 pounds of salt salmon. If they wanted tes, sugar or flour, they had to buy it but I know very well that they come from a stab with a hatpin. The sty devil-God forgive me that I should speak of him so. out of their wages. Sugar was worth 12% cents per pound; flour, \$ per barrel; old Hyson tea, \$ per pound; Congo tea. that he is dead! But a devil he was, if ever one walked the earth. He was all ney when first we met him 75 cents per pound: tohacco, 25c per pound. All Hudson's Bay employes were conmonths ago, and we both feel as if it were 18 years. She had only just arrived in London. Yes, it was her first voyagetracted for five years, and at the end of that time, instead of having anything to show for their arduous labors, they were she had never been from home before He won her with his title and his money generally in debt to the company and and his false London ways. If she made compelled to contract for another two years to work out their indebtedness. Mr a mistake she has paid for it, if ever a woman did. What month did we meet stedness. Mr. CKay says the service of the company, him? Well, I tell you it was just after so far as its laborers, were concerned, was no better than slavery. Personally min: wei, I tell you it was just after we arrived. We arrived in June, and it was July. They were married in January of last year. Yes, she is down in the morning-room again, and I have be doubt was well treated, being employed as salesman in the company's drygoods de-partment, where he remained for about she will see you, but you must not ask too much of her, for she has gone through ve years, occasionally being sent to Linuton (the present site) to receive wheat from the settlers on Tuslatin all that flesh and blood will stand." Lady Brackenstall was reclining on the Plaine. At that time the company had a granary and a store at Linnton same couch, but looked brighter than beexchanged goods for the wheat, or paid The maid had entered with fore and began once more to foment the bruise each for it. upon her mistress' brow,

Pioneers He Remembers.

not come to cross-examine me again?" Among those whom Mr. McKay remem bers as bringing their wheat from the rolee, "I will not cause you any unneces-Tualatin Plains to Linnton were: William sary trouble, Lady Brackenstall, and my whole desire is to make things easy for Baldra, a French Canadian named Wagener, the famous Joe Meek, Tom Otchin, you, for I am convinced that you are a Linn Smith (familiarly known as Porker Smith), John B. Jackson, Robert (Bob) much-tried woman. If you will treat me as a friend and trust me, you may find that I will justify your trust." "What do you want me to do?" and James Imbrie, William Beegle, John Ulysses Jackson, Hiram Jack-Hoovers, Pomeroys and others, none of whom are now living, but their escendants are smong the best and mos resperous citizens of Washington Coun Mr. McKay well remembers old Ben reputation which I possess. I will stake ellus, the father of "Colonei Tom," came to Linnton from the Cascades it all on the fact that your story is an in 1845 on the schooner California, commanded by Captain Cook, who made a rich harvest out of the immigrants, as at Holnres with pale faces and frightened eyes. he had a monopoly of the traffic, except such as was carried by two hatteaux. "You are an impudent fellow!" cried "heresa. "Do you mean to say that my Theresa. handled by Sam Ferguson, Bill Mausey, Mack Rice and Harry Bowman. Ben Cor-nellus was sick at the time he landed nistress has told a lie?" at Linnton, and stopped at Linnton for couple of weeks, where he frequently Mr. McKay, and a firm frien Would it not be better to be frank? existed between them to the time of Cor For an instant there was besitation in death. Mr. McKay's first visit her beautiful face. Then some new strong thought caused it to set like a was on the 11th day of November, 1842, while on his way to Oregon City to procure barrels from the factory at that place for use by the company mask Holmes took his hat and shrugged his in shipping its flour to the Sandwich Isl ands. These barrels were manufactured by a cooper named Johnson, who was shoulders. "I am sorry," he said, and without another word we left the room the Indiang in California in killed by and the house. There was a pond 1945. With Johnson, and sharing his fate, were a man named Motioy, from Clatsop Plains: Robert William Alexander, who in the park, and to this my friend led the way. It was fromen over but a single hole was left for the conve-

ran a launch between Clatsop and Port-land; Ben Word, who owned the islands nience of a solitary swan. Hoimes gazed at it, and then passed on to the lodge gate. There he scribbled a short note for Tongue Point, and others whom irs. McKay does not remember. The Stanley Hopkins, and left it with the lodgekeeper ish Bar, on the middle fork of the Ameri-

"It may be a hit, or it may be a miss, "It may be a mit, or it may be a hirs, but we are bound to do something for friend Hopkins, just to justify this sec-ond visit," said he. "I will not quite take him into my confidence yet. I think our Mr. McKay camped at the CAR foot of what is now Oak street, but which van then occupied by a grove of magon streets (in that vicinity) there stood next scene of operations must be the the silver."

mmitted a murder in Kent last night. needed. In June of 1895, only one of their fatal, Mr. Holmes-absolutely faline had reached a home port. It was the Rock of Gibraltar, their largest and best Still, there are other gangs of three besides the Randalls, or it may be some boat. A reference to the passenger list showed that Miss Fraser, of Adelaide, with her maid had made the voyage in heard. her. The boat was now on her

with

bottom

"Quite so; it is perfectly possible. What, are you off?" Australia, somewhere in the south of the Suez Canal. Her officers were the same

"Yes, Mr. Holmes; there is no rest for me until I have got to the bottom of this calness. I suppose you have no hint to give me?

have given you one." a captain, and was to take charge of Which?

"Well, I suggested a blind." lived at Sydenham, but he was likely to

"But why, Mr. Holmes, why?"

"Ah that's the question, of course. But commend the idea to your mind. You night possibly find that there was some but would be glad to know more You won't stop for dinner' thing in it. Well, good-bye, and let us His record was magnificent. There was not an officer in the fleet to touch him.

Dinner was over, and the table cleared Holmes alluded to the matter He had lit his pipe and held his before again. slippered fect to the cheerful blaze o the fire. Suddenly he looked at his watch "I expect developments, Watson, "When?

laide-Southampton Company. Thence he drove to Scotland Yard, but, instead of "Now-within a few minutes. I dare say you thought I acted rather badly to Stan ley Hopkins, just now?" "I trust your judgment." entering, he sat in his cab with his brows

trawn down, lost in profound thought. Finally he drove round to the Charing "A very sensible reply, Watson, s unofficial, what he knows is official.) and then, at last, we made for Baker

have the right to private judgment, but he has none. He must disclose all, or he is a traitor to his service. In a doubtful ase I would not put him in so painful a position, and so I reserve my information intil my own mind is clear upon the mat-

'But when will that be?"

The time has come. You will now be resent at the last scene of a remarkable ittle drama."

There was a sound upon the stairs, and our door was opened to admit as fine a specimen of manhood as ever passed through it. He was a very tall young man, golden-mustached, blue-eyed, with a skin which had been burned by tropical suns, and a springy step, which showed that the huge frame was as active as it was strong. He closed the door behind him, and then he stood with clenched hands and heaving breast, choking down overmastering emotion

"Sit down, Captain Crocker. You got visitor sank into an arm-chair, and

ooked from one to the other of us with uestioning eyes. "I got your telegram, and I came at the

"I am very glad if I have helped you." "But you haven't helped me. You have made the affair far more difficult. What sort of burglars are they who steal slihour you said. I heard that you had been down to the office. There was no getting away from you. Let's hear the worst. havior. I was merely going on the idea that if the silver had been taken by per-sons who did not want lt-who merely What are you going to do with me? rest me? Speak out, man! You can Ar You can't sit there and play with me like a cat with a mouse."

"Give him a cigat," said Holmes. on that, Captain Crocker, and don't let our nerves run away with you. I should not sit here smoking with you if I thought that you were a common criminal. may be sure of that. Be frank with me and we may do some good. Play tricks with me, and I'll crush you.

"What do you wish me to do?" "To give me a true account of all tha happened at the Abbey Grange last night cried Stanley Hopkins. "Yes, yes, I see it all now. It was early, there were folk upon the roads, they were afraid of being -a true account, mind you, with nothing added and nothing taken off. I know so much already that if you go one inch off the straight I'll blow this police whistle from my window and the affair goes out of

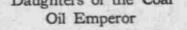
my hands forever." The sailor thought for a little. Then he struck his leg with his great sunburned hand.

"I'll chance it" he cried. "I bellev theory. I have no doubt that my own "Til chance it" he cried. "I believe ideas were quite wild, but you must ad-you are a man of your word, and a white man, and I'll tell you the whole story,

Bible-class teacher he has no superior, It is true that his exposition of Bible. texts is sometimes almost naive in umination of the teacher's mental promatter of course-to run almost startlingly along material lines, even though religious teaching is the subject matter. But his scholars don't object-in fact, to hard-headed chaps, with an eye to the main chance, such as they are, mostly, 3901. this quality must appeal with a good

deal of force. As a husband and father, young John D. Rockefeller is as near the ideal, ap-parently, as it is given to mortal to be.

Daughters of the Coal



ONLY one of John D. Rockefeller's

children has married into a multimillionaire family. The husband of Edith, the second daughter, is Harold And it was in Chicago that

Mes. McCormick, like all the John D. Rockefellers, is exceedingly loyal to her father and deprecates the attitude assumed toward him by many writers for the press. She fully appreciates her father's remarkable power and unexampled achievements, and she be lieves nothing but good has come of his sojourn'in the world. At the dinher party in quesilon she said some-thing of this sort in a very general way to Mr. Lee, adding that she thought some thoroughly competent writer of biography ought to make her father's life the subject of a book Perhaps Mr. Los might suggest such a writer.

"Quite so," returned Mr. Lee, with me degree of enthusiasm, "I agree with you as to the value and interest a well-written blography of your father would posses. I am not very conver-sant with the work of your American biographers, but I should say, from the work of her pen which I have seen, that Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the author of a life of Lincoln, which I hear is very popular, and of a most important history of the Standard Oil, would be quite

equal to the task. Why do you not try to interest her?" At this point in the conversation the British writer noticed that the subject In hand seemed no longer to interest Mrs. McCormick, but it was not until

later that he learned from a fellow diner what a "break" he had made. His explanation was sufficient to satisfy his friend that he was not quite stupid as he seemed.

As a matter of fact, he had not the

least idea that the woman he was talking to was born a Rockefeller, As many others have done, he had con-fused Mrs. Harold McCormick with Mrs. R. S. McCormick, the wife of the diplomatist. The two McCormicks are brothers, but the father of Mrs. R. S. with whom Mr. Lee supposed he was talking, was the daughter of the late Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago

John D's daughter Alts is the only Rockefellor who has passed through an But one thing I will say first. So far as I experience that might be termed

ti-multionalre's daughter. Some time later Mrs. Harold McCormick invited her sister to visit her at Chicage where 2 the latter met E. Parmeleo Prentice, g 19:25 A. M., 4:19, 0, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only. maire's daughter. Some

member of a family that had been of "social prominence in Chicago ever since betwe the fire." The Prentice-Rockefelduf marriage tool place in 7.55, 11:10 P. M. Daily ercent Surder 5, 19:00 P 9:55, 21:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:25, 7:25, 9:30, 10:20, 11:45 A. M. Except Mon-day, 12:25 A. M. Sunday enty, 10 A. M. Leave from same depot for Dailas and In-

John IM, Rockefeller's eldest child. termediate points daily except Sunday, 4:10 Elizabeth, married the Rev. Dr. Charles Strong, of the Baptiat theological fam-P. M. Arrive Porliand, 10:10 A. M. Tha independence-Monmouth motor line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, conily. Dr. Strong's father being the president of the Rochester Theological Sem-inary at the time of the marriage. Sur-face indications would seem to war-rant the assumption that Elizabeth is secting with S. P. Co. trains at Dallas and independonce, First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, \$20; berth, \$5. her father's favorite. Soon after John Rockefeller transferred his affec-

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also tions from Rochester to Chicago, young Dr. Strong was appointed professor of psychology at the then newly-founded Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia. CITY TICKET OFFICE, corner Third and Washington streets. Phone Main 712.

Chicago University. Later, however, after Mr. Röckefeller had made a big addition fo the endow-ment of Bryn Mawr College for Women near Philadelphia, Elizabeth's husband accepted a chair in the Bryn Mawr fac-ulty. This makes it possible for the coal oil emperor's favorite daughter to live much nearer her father than formerly. In fact, they live practically next door, a good part of the year, for Mr. Rockefeller built a home for the Strongs at Lakewood some years ago

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