

TWO OLD-TIME MASONS

Two Washington county old-time Masons attended the Holbrook A. P. & A. M. anniversary held last week at Forest Grove. One was Almorau Hill and the other was Rev. W. D. Ewing, both of whom were charter members of the lodge.



Rev. W. D. Ewing

Almorau Hill

SAM'S STRATAGEM.

It Saved Mary's Lover When She Herself Would Have Failed.

By ARTHUR W. PEACH.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

The slim girl, busy in the garden patch, straightened suddenly as she heard her name called softly and suggestively.

"Here I am, Sammy," she answered clearly.

A little fellow shot from round the corner of the shed, his eyes wide and fearful. He swung himself on his crutches close to where she was standing and whispered hoarsely:

"Mary, they're going to shoot Jim tonight. I heard them say so."

With a low cry she dropped the trowel in her hand and grasped the little cripple's shoulder. "Sammy, where are they?" she asked.

"They're in the back room of the barn," was his answer. And she was gone.

Word had come among the mountain people that the government was sending spies among them in an attempt to discover where they were carrying on their illegal distilling, and Mary had known for some time that Jake Emmons, whom she and the cripple knew as their father, was trying to direct the suspicion of his friends toward the fine-looking stranger known as Jim Symons, who had recently come among them.

Symons in his ready, friendly way had made friends with her, and he often came to the little cabin to see her. She had warned him of his danger, but he had carelessly told her not to worry.

Now, as she slipped softly down the walk to the shed, her heart beating fast and hard, her only fear was that she would not be able to save the brave, fearless young fellow who had won her heart. She heard the low murmur of voices, and, kneeling close to the boards of the barn, she listened. Emmons was speaking.

"There's only one way to stop this once for all. If we don't some of us are going to spend the rest of our days

in a brick cell. The thing to do is for some one to walk up to his window about supper time and finish him. That's did you hear any noise then? All right! We must finish him and have it over with."

Another voice went on: "It's the only way. Let's draw for the man."

Mary, quivering with the tension, listened. "It's you, Emmons," she said.

She started to leave, when suddenly, with a swift bang, the door was flung open. She had a dizzy sensation of being seized and shaken hard. Then things steadied, and she found herself looking into Emmons' cruel eyes.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he snarled, his eyes burning into hers. "You would put that spy wire to what we're going to do to him? We'll see whether you will or not!"

His strong hands seemed to crush her flesh where he held her. "You come with me!" he snarled at her. "You come with me!"

He went into the house, and opening a door into her own room, he threw her in and slid the heavy bolt. He turned to the little cripple, who stood eying him steadily from the doorway.

"Now, you leave that door alone or I'll— He stopped, but the threat in his eyes made the little fellow quail.

Mary heard it where she had fallen in her room. Through her brain, crased with the thought of her lover in danger, sounded the last words she had heard. They were planning to shoot him in the night, and she was powerless.

Night came swiftly and silently. She stood near the small window and looked out. There was nothing to do save mark the hours as they passed until Emmons should return with his work accomplished. Sammy, with his deep dread of Emmons, would not dare to help her, nor, knowing the price he must pay, would she ask him.

Suddenly, when the dusk was heavy on the hills, the sound of Emmons' footsteps grew heavy and passed out on his murderous errand. Still as a statue, she listened. She caught the soft, low shuffle of the little cripple's crutches. There was a rattling at the door. She waited in nervous fear. Slowly she heard the iron slide back. She was free!

She swung back to the door and gathered him in her arms. He gripped her tightly. "My brave little Sammy!" she whispered.

He answered bravely, yet trembling. "He said he'd kill me, but I don't!"

In a few moments her preparations were made. She turned at the door, and a sob gathered in her throat as she saw the white little figure watching her with silent appeal. "Mary, take me," was all it said.

"How can I? I will come back," she answered hurriedly. "I am going to warn Jim."

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin and that she might reach him in time. Once she lost the path, and feverishly she hunted until she found it. At last she reached the slope above the creek, where among the low brush Symons had his shack. The light was burning; it looked peaceful, but well she knew that somewhere between her and the light Emmons was creeping with his rifle ready.

Her feet found the path. She pressed on as carefully as she could, determined to reach him in time to save him, but as she commenced the climb she wavered. The strain was telling. Suddenly she saw the face of a man show for a moment in the yellow light as he peered stealthily into the window of the cabin. The face disappeared. Then a long, shining thing was leveled. All her will power she forced into her cry of warning, but it blended into the sound of the rifle as it gushed livid fire through the night into the window.

There was a crash of wood, the sound of speeding feet, a sharp cry and—silence. Mary staggered to the door, expecting to see her lover writhing in the death agony, but as she neared it the door was thrown open wildly, and a strong face black with powder and set in line of battle bent over hers as she fell.

"Mary! Great heavens, what does this mean?" he cried.

"Jim, they were planning—" She paused as she saw the look of understanding in his eyes. Then suddenly she saw the stain on his face. "Jim, you're wounded."

He rubbed the powder from his face. "No, but I ought to be. That gun went off full in my face. Come," he said shortly, "you and I must get out of this quick! Mary, will you go with me wherever I go, for good and all? His face was anxious and grave.

Her answer was not in words, but it seemed satisfactory.

A little later they rode away swiftly. At the pike Mary stopped her horse short. "Jim, there's Sammy. I told him I would come back for him."

"We will," was Symons' simple, quiet answer.

They had ridden only a short distance when sharply out of the darkness a little figure scuttled. It was Sammy. "Mary, Mary! I knowed you'd come. It's me."

Symons reached down from the saddle and gathered the frail little form in his arms. As they rode on she told him how the little fellow had released her that she might come to warn him. When she had explained it in a few tender words Sammy broke in:

"I fixed his gun too."

"How's that?" Symons asked, starting at the statement, for he knew he had looked squarely at a rifle muzzle and yet was unharmed.

"He loaded his gun while I was there and put it in a corner. I've loaded guns and knew what to do. I took the cartridge out when he wasn't in the room and squeezed the bullet off and put the cartridge back, and—"

"Sammy!" Symons' arm went round him tight—"It was you who saved my life."

Sammy snuggled close to him. "He keeps licking me, and I want to go—Where are you going?" he suddenly asked interestedly.

Symons laughed softly, a laugh of happiness. "I'm going to take you and Mary to a home where we can all be happy together."

Sammy sighed a long contented sigh as if he felt that at last he was on his way to peace.

Notes About Sleep.

One of the rudest acts in the eyes of a native of the Philippine Islands is to step over a person asleep on the floor.

Sleeping is with them a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

If you call upon a native and are told he is asleep you may as well depart. To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor, senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake. Then he will return to the low note and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.

Time to Go.

While at sea between Malaga and Mellilla rather an amusing incident occurred which shows us Englishmen "as others see us," says a writer in London *Black and White*. After dinner an orderly approached me unasked and produced a whisky and soda. After a pause of ten minutes he repeated the performance. At the third repetition I remonstrated and at the same time asked what I owed him. "Nothing, senor," he replied. "But we were told you were an Englishman and that we were to give you a 'whisky soda' every ten minutes before you went to bed, and we have to obey orders." I went to bed.

ANSWERED HURRIEDLY.

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin and that she might reach him in time.

By ARTHUR W. PEACH.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

The slim girl, busy in the garden patch, straightened suddenly as she heard her name called softly and suggestively.

"Here I am, Sammy," she answered clearly.

A little fellow shot from round the corner of the shed, his eyes wide and fearful. He swung himself on his crutches close to where she was standing and whispered hoarsely:

"Mary, they're going to shoot Jim tonight. I heard them say so."

With a low cry she dropped the trowel in her hand and grasped the little cripple's shoulder. "Sammy, where are they?" she asked.

"They're in the back room of the barn," was his answer. And she was gone.

Word had come among the mountain people that the government was sending spies among them in an attempt to discover where they were carrying on their illegal distilling, and Mary had known for some time that Jake Emmons, whom she and the cripple knew as their father, was trying to direct the suspicion of his friends toward the fine-looking stranger known as Jim Symons, who had recently come among them.

Symons in his ready, friendly way had made friends with her, and he often came to the little cabin to see her. She had warned him of his danger, but he had carelessly told her not to worry.

Now, as she slipped softly down the walk to the shed, her heart beating fast and hard, her only fear was that she would not be able to save the brave, fearless young fellow who had won her heart. She heard the low murmur of voices, and, kneeling close to the boards of the barn, she listened. Emmons was speaking.

"There's only one way to stop this once for all. If we don't some of us are going to spend the rest of our days

in a brick cell. The thing to do is for some one to walk up to his window about supper time and finish him. That's did you hear any noise then? All right! We must finish him and have it over with."

Another voice went on: "It's the only way. Let's draw for the man."

Mary, quivering with the tension, listened. "It's you, Emmons," she said.

She started to leave, when suddenly, with a swift bang, the door was flung open. She had a dizzy sensation of being seized and shaken hard. Then things steadied, and she found herself looking into Emmons' cruel eyes.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he snarled, his eyes burning into hers. "You would put that spy wire to what we're going to do to him? We'll see whether you will or not!"

His strong hands seemed to crush her flesh where he held her. "You come with me!" he snarled at her. "You come with me!"

He went into the house, and opening a door into her own room, he threw her in and slid the heavy bolt. He turned to the little cripple, who stood eying him steadily from the doorway.

"Now, you leave that door alone or I'll— He stopped, but the threat in his eyes made the little fellow quail.

Mary heard it where she had fallen in her room. Through her brain, crased with the thought of her lover in danger, sounded the last words she had heard. They were planning to shoot him in the night, and she was powerless.

Night came swiftly and silently. She stood near the small window and looked out. There was nothing to do save mark the hours as they passed until Emmons should return with his work accomplished. Sammy, with his deep dread of Emmons, would not dare to help her, nor, knowing the price he must pay, would she ask him.

Suddenly, when the dusk was heavy on the hills, the sound of Emmons' footsteps grew heavy and passed out on his murderous errand. Still as a statue, she listened. She caught the soft, low shuffle of the little cripple's crutches. There was a rattling at the door. She waited in nervous fear. Slowly she heard the iron slide back. She was free!

She swung back to the door and gathered him in her arms. He gripped her tightly. "My brave little Sammy!" she whispered.

He answered bravely, yet trembling. "He said he'd kill me, but I don't!"

In a few moments her preparations were made. She turned at the door, and a sob gathered in her throat as she saw the white little figure watching her with silent appeal. "Mary, take me," was all it said.

"How can I? I will come back," she answered hurriedly. "I am going to warn Jim."

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin and that she might reach him in time.

Once she lost the path, and feverishly she hunted until she found it. At last she reached the slope above the creek, where among the low brush Symons had his shack. The light was burning; it looked peaceful, but well she knew that somewhere between her and the light Emmons was creeping with his rifle ready.

Her feet found the path. She pressed on as carefully as she could, determined to reach him in time to save him, but as she commenced the climb she wavered. The strain was telling. Suddenly she saw the face of a man show for a moment in the yellow light as he peered stealthily into the window of the cabin. The face disappeared. Then a long, shining thing was leveled. All her will power she forced into her cry of warning, but it blended into the sound of the rifle as it gushed livid fire through the night into the window.

There was a crash of wood, the sound of speeding feet, a sharp cry and—silence. Mary staggered to the door, expecting to see her lover writhing in the death agony, but as she neared it the door was thrown open wildly, and a strong face black with powder and set in line of battle bent over hers as she fell.

"Mary! Great heavens, what does this mean?" he cried.

"Jim, they were planning—" She paused as she saw the look of understanding in his eyes. Then suddenly she saw the stain on his face. "Jim, you're wounded."

He rubbed the powder from his face. "No, but I ought to be. That gun went off full in my face. Come," he said shortly, "you and I must get out of this quick! Mary, will you go with me wherever I go, for good and all? His face was anxious and grave.

Her answer was not in words, but it seemed satisfactory.

A little later they rode away swiftly. At the pike Mary stopped her horse short. "Jim, there's Sammy. I told him I would come back for him."

"We will," was Symons' simple, quiet answer.

They had ridden only a short distance when sharply out of the darkness a little figure scuttled. It was Sammy. "Mary, Mary! I knowed you'd come. It's me."

Symons reached down from the saddle and gathered the frail little form in his arms. As they rode on she told him how the little fellow had released her that she might come to warn him. When she had explained it in a few tender words Sammy broke in:

"I fixed his gun too."

"How's that?" Symons asked, starting at the statement, for he knew he had looked squarely at a rifle muzzle and yet was unharmed.

"He loaded his gun while I was there and put it in a corner. I've loaded guns and knew what to do. I took the cartridge out when he wasn't in the room and squeezed the bullet off and put the cartridge back, and—"

"Sammy!" Symons' arm went round him tight—"It was you who saved my life."

Sammy snuggled close to him. "He keeps licking me, and I want to go—Where are you going?" he suddenly asked interestedly.

Symons laughed softly, a laugh of happiness. "I'm going to take you and Mary to a home where we can all be happy together."

Sammy sighed a long contented sigh as if he felt that at last he was on his way to peace.

ANSWERED HURRIEDLY.

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin and that she might reach him in time.

By ARTHUR W. PEACH.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

The slim girl, busy in the garden patch, straightened suddenly as she heard her name called softly and suggestively.

"Here I am, Sammy," she answered clearly.

A little fellow shot from round the corner of the shed, his eyes wide and fearful. He swung himself on his crutches close to where she was standing and whispered hoarsely:

"Mary, they're going to shoot Jim tonight. I heard them say so."

With a low cry she dropped the trowel in her hand and grasped the little cripple's shoulder. "Sammy, where are they?" she asked.

"They're in the back room of the barn," was his answer. And she was gone.

Word had come among the mountain people that the government was sending spies among them in an attempt to discover where they were carrying on their illegal distilling, and Mary had known for some time that Jake Emmons, whom she and the cripple knew as their father, was trying to direct the suspicion of his friends toward the fine-looking stranger known as Jim Symons, who had recently come among them.

Symons in his ready, friendly way had made friends with her, and he often came to the little cabin to see her. She had warned him of his danger, but he had carelessly told her not to worry.

Now, as she slipped softly down the walk to the shed, her heart beating fast and hard, her only fear was that she would not be able to save the brave, fearless young fellow who had won her heart. She heard the low murmur of voices, and, kneeling close to the boards of the barn, she listened. Emmons was speaking.

"There's only one way to stop this once for all. If we don't some of us are going to spend the rest of our days

in a brick cell. The thing to do is for some one to walk up to his window about supper time and finish him. That's did you hear any noise then? All right! We must finish him and have it over with."

Another voice went on: "It's the only way. Let's draw for the man."

Mary, quivering with the tension, listened. "It's you, Emmons," she said.

She started to leave, when suddenly, with a swift bang, the door was flung open. She had a dizzy sensation of being seized and shaken hard. Then things steadied, and she found herself looking into Emmons' cruel eyes.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he snarled, his eyes burning into hers. "You would put that spy wire to what we're going to do to him? We'll see whether you will or not!"

His strong hands seemed to crush her flesh where he held her. "You come with me!" he snarled at her. "You come with me!"

He went into the house, and opening a door into her own room, he threw her in and slid the heavy bolt. He turned to the little cripple, who stood eying him steadily from the doorway.

"Now, you leave that door alone or I'll— He stopped, but the threat in his eyes made the little fellow quail.

Mary heard it where she had fallen in her room. Through her brain, crased with the thought of her lover in danger, sounded the last words she had heard. They were planning to shoot him in the night, and she was powerless.

Night came swiftly and silently. She stood near the small window and looked out. There was nothing to do save mark the hours as they passed until Emmons should return with his work accomplished. Sammy, with his deep dread of Emmons, would not dare to help her, nor, knowing the price he must pay, would she ask him.

Suddenly, when the dusk was heavy on the hills, the sound of Emmons' footsteps grew heavy and passed out on his murderous errand. Still as a statue, she listened. She caught the soft, low shuffle of the little cripple's crutches. There was a rattling at the door. She waited in nervous fear. Slowly she heard the iron slide back. She was free!

She swung back to the door and gathered him in her arms. He gripped her tightly. "My brave little Sammy!" she whispered.

He answered bravely, yet trembling. "He said he'd kill me, but I don't!"

In a few moments her preparations were made. She turned at the door, and a sob gathered in her throat as she saw the white little figure watching her with silent appeal. "Mary, take me," was all it said.

"How can I? I will come back," she answered hurriedly. "I am going to warn Jim."

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin and that she might reach him in time.

Once she lost the path, and feverishly she hunted until she found it. At last she reached the slope above the creek, where among the low brush Symons had his shack. The light was burning; it looked peaceful, but well she knew that somewhere between her and the light Emmons was creeping with his rifle ready.

Her feet found the path. She pressed on as carefully as she could, determined to reach him in time to save him, but as she commenced the climb she wavered. The strain was telling. Suddenly she saw the face of a man show for a moment in the yellow light as he peered stealthily into the window of the cabin. The face disappeared. Then a long, shining thing was leveled. All her will power she forced into her cry of warning, but it blended into the sound of the rifle as it gushed livid fire through the night into the window.

There was a crash of wood, the sound of speeding feet, a sharp cry and—silence. Mary staggered to the door, expecting to see her lover writhing in the death agony, but as she neared it the door was thrown open wildly, and a strong face black with powder and set in line of battle bent over hers as she fell.

"Mary! Great heavens, what does this mean?" he cried.

"Jim, they were planning—" She paused as she saw the look of understanding in his eyes. Then suddenly she saw the stain on his face. "Jim, you're wounded."

He rubbed the powder from his face. "No, but I ought to be. That gun went off full in my face. Come," he said shortly, "you and I must get out of this quick! Mary, will you go with me wherever I go, for good and all? His face was anxious and grave.

Her answer was not in words, but it seemed satisfactory.

A little later they rode away swiftly. At the pike Mary stopped her horse short. "Jim, there's Sammy. I told him I would come back for him."

"We will," was Symons' simple, quiet answer.

They had ridden only a short distance when sharply out of the darkness a little figure scuttled. It was Sammy. "Mary, Mary! I knowed you'd come. It's me."

Symons reached down from the saddle and gathered the frail little form in his arms. As they rode on she told him how the little fellow had released her that she might come to warn him. When she had explained it in a few tender words Sammy broke in:

"I fixed his gun too."

"How's that?" Symons asked, starting at the statement, for he knew he had looked squarely at a rifle muzzle and yet was unharmed.

"He loaded his gun while I was there and put it in a corner. I've loaded guns and knew what to do. I took the cartridge out when he wasn't in the room and squeezed the bullet off and put the cartridge back, and—"

"Sammy!" Symons' arm went round him tight—"It was you who saved my life."

Sammy snuggled close to him. "He keeps licking me, and I want to go—Where are you going?" he suddenly asked interestedly.

Symons laughed softly, a laugh of happiness. "I'm going to take you and Mary to a home where we can all be happy together."

Sammy sighed a long contented sigh as if he felt that at last he was on his way to peace.

BOWSER HUNTS SNIPE

Starts Early in Morning on Annual Quest For Birds.

NATIVES DENSELY IGNORANT.

After Fruitless Efforts Samuel Reaches Home, Believing He is the Victim of a Plot—Wife Tries to Console Him, but It's No Use.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

M R. BOWSER should have due credit. Dinner had been finished half an hour when he suddenly said to Mrs. Bowser:

"Tell the cook to put me on a little something for breakfast. I'll be up at 6, and I'll want a bite before I go. Neither of you need get up."

"What is it you are going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser in astonishment.

"Why, I go on my annual snipe hunt tomorrow. I have been going for seven years now. The druggist is going to lend me his shotgun."

"Are you going alone?"

"Yes, I don't propose to take any one along to scare the snipe away. The snipe is a wary bird, Mrs. Bowser. He must be trailed down with caution."

"You are sure you don't mean a duck?" was queried of Mr. Bowser.

"Can a snipe be a duck? Can a duck be a snipe? I said snipe. A child four years old ought to know what a snipe is."

"Yes, I reckon so, but we are a distressed family and don't try to knock much. We have chills and bites and fevers and lots of other things and taxes are raising all the time. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next house. They are Democrats there and don't have nothing but good luck. I'm going to turn my coat this fall."

The next house was more than half a mile distant. Mr. Bowser reached it to find a woman and a dog at the gate. The one surveyed him with suspicion and the other with distrust.

"Madam," he said, "I am out from town to hunt snipe."

"Waal, hunt away," was her brusque reply.

"Are there any around here?"

"If there was I'd pick 'em myself."

"Pick 'em? How do you pick snipe?"

"Never you mind, but go on about your business or you'll get into trouble. We had a calf stolen last night."

"But you can't for one moment think that I did it?"

"I've got my suspicions, and you can see how bad the dog wants to get hold of you."

"My dear woman"—

But she started to open the gate, and Mr. Bowser started off, headed for town this time. As he came along to where the "distressed family" dwelt the farmer accosted him with: