

# The Governor's Pardon

Story of a Man Who Showed Himself Brave and True.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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The snow had been falling steadily for three days, and the long, low house at the edge of the woods was almost buried from sight.

A tall young man wearing a fur lined overcoat was busily engaged in removing heavy drifts from the wide verandas and in tunneling a pathway to the door. A great St. Bernard dog watched the performance with dignified approval.

It was a strange house to be placed alone in all this vast expanse of snowy landscape, built of logs, yet with white pillars supporting the veranda and over the doorway a rustic sign bearing the words, "The Bungalow." Behind the house, also built of logs, was a garage or small stable.

The man stopped his labor to pat the dog's head. "No walk for us today, old man," he said. "We must content ourselves with revering the day before yesterday's paper."

The dog followed his master into the house, one long room of which reached from end to end. The man threw more logs into the fireplace and as the day grew darker lit a great lamp and glanced again at the discarded paper as though longing for the sound of a human voice. He read aloud, and the dog flapped his tail understandingly.

"Here is a society notice, Laddie. We can't get away from society, you see, though we live in snowy solitude."

"Miss Antoinette Marlon Drew has left town for two or three weeks' rest. Upon her return invitations will be issued for her marriage to Governor James P. White. And, after the strenuous work of landing Governor White, Laddie, no doubt Miss Drew, whoever she may be, deserves a rest."

"The man yawned and cast the paper from him."

A loud knocking echoed through the house. He hesitated a moment, then, frowning, opened the door. A girl stood before him in the lamplight, a girl with white face peeping out from the scarlet hood of her cloak.

"May I come in?" she asked. "We have lost our way, and it is so very cold."

"Certainly," the man responded; "come in at once. You said 'we.' He peered questioningly into the darkness.

"My horse," the girl explained. "Have you any place to put poor Billy until we are warmed and rested?"

"If you will step in," the man said, "I will attend to the horse presently."

The girl seated herself before the fire as he drew on his overcoat and lighted a lantern. "Fortunately there are a stable and some fodder," he said, "and if Billy does not object to a stale meal we may make him fairly comfortable."

The girl removed her cloak and settled back into the leather chair with a sigh of comfort as the cheering warmth brought the rose color flooding back to cheeks and lips.

She told him that she was staying with Aunt Martha and Uncle Ben down near the village. He remembered the old red farmhouse which she described and offered to drive her safely there when the storm had abated, but the wind rattled the windows and shook the house to its very foundation, and later when he had forced the horse and sleigh to the roadway he staggered back blindly through the pelting ice to the house.

"You can't go," he told the girl, who stood ready in her scarlet cloak. "It would be impossible tonight. There is just one thing to be done—you must stay here with Laddie, who will guard you well, while the horse and I will try to find our way to the farmhouse to assure your people of your safety. If I should not return until morning you must not be alarmed. You must keep warm, and, above all things, do not let the fire die out." He turned to look at her as she still sat silent. "I am sorry that you must do this," he added, "sorry to leave you alone."

The girl came and stood looking up at him. "You must not think of me," she said. "Is it safe for you to go?" "Quite safe," he answered smilingly. Impulsively the girl put forth her hand, and the man clasped it. "Good night," she said. "I will be anxiously waiting for you, Laddie and I."

"I have been examining the doors and windows," the girl replied, "and am afraid it means that we are snowed in."

When the morning dawned he returned from a fruitless search. He slept till 9 o'clock and, noting that the house was dark, asked the girl what it meant.

The man hurried about the house, looking in vain for a glimmer of light from the outside. Presently he came back to her. "I am afraid it is true," he said. "You wonderful girl, do you take all your misfortunes so happily?"

The girl laughed merrily. "You cannot tell fits successfully, but I am very sure that Aunt Martha will not worry. It isn't her nature. She will know I have 'fetched up' somewhere."

Early in the afternoon they sat, one on either side of the fireplace, the dog's shaggy length stretched at the girl's feet, while the man read aloud. Presently, feeling the concentration of her eyes upon him, he looked up from the book.

"John Ryder," said the girl suddenly, "why did you come here?"

"The man started visibly, and his face paled. "So," he said, "you know my name?"

She lifted a book from the reading table and, opening it, held it out to him in the lamplight. Upon the fly-leaf was inscribed, "To John Ryder, From His Mother." The man's face hardened, then he said: "You must have heard the whole miserable story. It has been well advertised throughout the country."

The girl leaned forward. "Will you let me tell you all that I have heard?" she asked gently. He made an impatient gesture of dissent.

"It will be better for you," the girl

urged, "to talk it over. Bearing so much alone has made you morbid."

"As you will," said the man and buried his face in his hands.

"I remember the day"—her voice was tender with sympathy—"that the newspapers were calling 'Extra' along the streets and I stopped to buy a paper with its glaring headlines, 'John Ryder Absconded.' I had heard about his extravagant entertainments, his generous gifts to charity. Now I read of widows and orphans left destitute, of homes destroyed because of his dishonesty. Then, while the world was still talking of his great crime, another extra was called—'John Ryder Dead.'"

As I read the sad story tears filled my eyes, for he was returning home, returning old and broken after one week to give himself up to the authorities, when they found him. But he never reached the prison walls. Heart disease, the papers said, though it seemed to me that, realizing the enormity of his crime and sorrowing for it, he had died. Then I read of the son left to bear the shock and disgrace. They had blamed him, too—the papers—with sharp, stinging words, hinting that, associated closely with his father in business affairs, he must have known that the money which provided him with every luxury was not honestly earned. Oh, I was glad when he showed himself true and longed to go to this second John Ryder to tell him how splendid he was, for he gave up everything—the independent fortune which his mother had left her son, his automobiles, not even withholding the beautiful horse which had been his pet and pride. Then, penniless and quite alone, he disappeared."

"John Ryder," asked the girl again, "why did you come here?"

"The man raised his face. "It was the coward instinct, I suppose," he said bitterly. "The fight was too strong for me, so I deserted. My mother loved this little place, and I could not let it go, so it was here we came to hide away from them all, Laddie and I."

"You a deserter," cried the girl, and her eyes were gleaming—"the bravest man that I have ever known! Shall I tell you why you came here to be alone for a time? It was that you might gather your forces together and then, going back into the very midst of the fight, show them, not what a John Ryder has been, but what a John Ryder can be."

The man's eyes seemed to have caught fire from hers. "I could do all that and more," he cried, "if you were waiting for me at the end!" The girl's face was very white. "Forgive me," said the man huskily—"forgive me if you can. I have been quite carried away." There was a long silence before the girl spoke.

"You have also heard my name," she said. "I am Antoinette Drew, the promised wife of the governor."

"You!" cried the man incredulously as he looked at the girl's face in its frame of curling hair.

"He was my father's friend," she explained, "and held me upon his knee as a child. It was mother, I think, who made him realize that he wanted me for his wife. We have been taught, my sisters and I, that to achieve prominence and wealth leaves nothing to be desired, and we have done credit to our teaching. Out here in the great white world I have been thinking things over, wondering if I dare be true. I, too, have a battle before me, and I am going to play the game fair. I am going back to brave my father's anger and my mother's displeasure—to tell the governor all and ask pardon for the great wrong done him. I am glad," she added softly, "that my decision had been made before I knocked at your door, else I might question my own motive today."

The man leaned forward. "If he holds you to your promise," he asked tensely, "what then?"

The girl sighed. "I shall at least have been honest."

"And if he releases you?"

With a rush and a slide a great weight of snow came thundering down from the roof. "John Ryder," cried the girl unsteadily, "our furlough is over. Get out your shovel and set me free."

For days he haunted the little post-office. His last memory of her had been as she stood upon the platform of the train that was carrying her away. Just as the car turned the curve she drew herself erect and made a stiff little military salute. There had been a smile upon her lips and tears in her eyes. The picture came back to him this morning as the postmaster handed out a businesslike looking envelope and then a small square one. He hurried out into the sparkling world to be alone.

"It has come, Laddie," he said to the dog; "it has come at last." For a moment he feared to break the seal, then stood still as the full significance of her message came to him. "The governor has granted our pardon," he read.

The man went running up the shingling roadway, the great dog leaping and barking joyously at his side. When they had gone some distance he remembered the other envelope and tore it open. It was an offer of a position of great trust and was signed by the governor.

## LOU AND JESSIE.

By M. QUAD.

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Mrs. Spencer had dropped in on the bride of four months. She had had her eye on young Mrs. Gray for some time and was now prepared to shatter her idol.

After observing that there were five cases of married couples separating recorded in the paper this morning she went on to add that the way husbands were carrying on these days was something perfectly awful.

"I never read about those things," replied the young wife. "Of course there are good and bad husbands, but my Billy is one of the very best."

"Yes," said Mrs. Spencer grudgingly and with a look of pity in her eyes. "I thought my husband was almost an angel for several years, and then he was arrested for having five wives."

"But Billy is different, you know."

"Perhaps. On Monday I was in the

telephone booth at Calder's drug store to talk with my daughter. It's a double booth, you know. Just as I was ready to ring up, your husband entered the other booth and called up a young woman and had a conversation with her."

"But he didn't say anything to me about it," replied the wife. "What name did he call the lady by?"

"There were two of them before he got through, and he called them Lou and Jessie. He said he'd have more money for them soon. Mrs. Gray, don't go on deceiving yourself as I did."

"But—but I don't think he knows any ladies by those names," faltered the wife as her eyes filled with tears.

"You mean he hasn't told you that he does. Of course not. My husband didn't tell me that he had four other wives. Husbands are sleek, slick and sly. You have got to be crafty to find them out. However, if you want to sit here and do nothing I've no objections."

"But what can I do? I don't know who Lou and Jessie are."

"What can you do? You can be in the telephone booth at noon today; you can hear him talk; you can get sight of him; you can go home and pack your trunk; you can stand right up to him and tell him that his perfidy is discovered."

At noon young Mrs. Gray was in one of the telephone booths at Calder's. Up to the moment she started from home she had said to herself that she wouldn't go.

She had been waiting in the booth only five minutes when a step she knew entered the store. Then some one sat down in the other booth. Her heart was throbbing as central was rung up and a voice called:

"Give me 2043 Jackson."

The number went down on a slip of paper in the booth at the man's back.

"Hello! Is that you, old man? Well, how are Lou and Jessie today? I didn't sleep two hours last night for thinking of 'em. Haven't moved yet, eh? Oh, no. I'm not going to throw up my hands. I'll send you a check by messenger at 1 o'clock. I picked Lou and Jessie, and I'm going to stand by 'em. Goodby."

At the usual hour of 6 o'clock Billy Gray came home whistling. He was happy, also hungry, also longing for the kiss that always greeted him. He entered the sitting room to find a woman seated on a trunk.

She had her hat on, and some things she had failed to find room for in the trunk were piled on a chair. The woman was his wife, and she looked up at him with a cold stare.

"Is it you, Ruby? Good lands, but what does this mean? Is your mother dead?"

"Stand back, sir!" she replied as she motioned him off. "I am neither Lou nor Jessie!"

"But what is it? You are pale. You have been crying. You have packed your trunk. Tell me what has happened."

"Sir," she said as she rose from the trunk and extended a piece of paper, "here are the proofs. I don't think you'll want to ask any further questions."

"No. 2043 Jackson," he read and then asked: "But what is it? What does this mean?"

"It means Lou and Jessie, sir! I was right there in the telephone booth this noon when you conversed with them. You picked Lou and Jessie and you'll stand by them! Will you have the kindness to get me and my trunk to the depot? I am going to mother. If you think Lou and Jessie will object I can find a cab myself."

Billy didn't rush forward and try to throw his arms around her. He didn't try to explain. He simply got down on the floor and laughed and rolled over and kicked about until the stern faced wife wondered if the sudden blow had taken away his reason.

She had almost decided to send for a doctor when he got a hold on himself and rose up and pulled her down on the trunk beside him and said:

"No. 2043 Jackson is the office of a stockbroker. I can bring you the telephone book and show you. Lou and Jessie are the names of two copper mines I am interested in. The broker is carrying me on a margin. The stock is dull and down, and I've lost a bit, but I am hoping for a rise and hanging on. Here's a circular telling all about the Lou and Jessie and several other mines."

"And you—you?"

"I am not a perfidious wretch. Hush! that hat off and I'll help you get dinner."

He Wasn't It.

"Where did you suffer the most?"

"At a wedding."

"A wedding?"

"Yes."

"Toothache?"

"Oh, no."

"What was it?"

"Embarrassment. I played opposite the bride."

Explained.

"What is meant by habit?"

"Habit?"

"Yes."

"Well, habit?"

"Go on."

"It is doing what you don't want to do because you just can't feel comfortable unless you do it."

Natural Impression.

"Where did Mrs. Speakup get her idea of men?"

"Why?"

"She thinks they are all so quiet."

"She never meets them when they are alone, and when she is there they never have a chance to do more than nod their heads."

Maudie's Way.

Maud Muller on a summer day. Concluded haying didn't pay.

So she hung out a sign of tin—"Some Summer Boarders Taken In."

## THIRTY ONE PASS 8th GRADE HILLSBORO DISTRICT PASSES ALL Others in Number

8 GRADUATES FROM HILLSBORO List of Successful Writers, Examination in January

Superintendent M. C. Cave submits the list of Eighth Grade graduates for Washington County at the examinations held January 20-21, and Hillsboro district leads them all in point of numbers, having eight who passed, and one who passed conditionally. The list follows:

Dist. 7, Hillsboro—Mabel Gotham, Beryl Linton, Eva Gotham, Vera Tipton, James Larson, Anna Bohm, Bertha Southers, Margaret Gregg.

Dist. 25, Cornelius—Charles Boege.

Dist. 30, Gales Creek—Mac McCann.

Dist. 37, Beaverton, R. 3—Fred Van Kleeck, Wayne Van Kleeck, Clara McDonald, Ward Cutting, Claude Anderson.

Dist. 67 Jt. Portland—Florence Miller.

Dist. 74, Portland, R. 2—Emma Elliger, Hulda Truesdel, Jonathan Klatt, Rose Stoffers, Theresa Ketrli, Alma Ritter.

Dist. 88, Sherwood—Mamie Thulin, Myrtle Hanke, Edith Adams.

Dist. 95, Hillsdale, R. 1—Peter Gertsch, Edna Freddeen, Elizabeth Von Bergen, Viola Oleson, Ida Von Bergen, Katherine Meyer.

Those passing conditionally: Dist. 7, Hillsboro, R. 4—Violet Webb.

Dist. 11 Jt., Gaston—Sadie Ward.

Dist. 13, Banks—Ellis McGraw, John Schulmerich, Mildred McConnaughy.

Dist. 25, Cornelius, R. 2—Harry Boege.

Dist. 26 Jt. Tualatin—Ralph Burns.

Dist. 30, Gales Creek—Norman Lilley, Bruce McCann.

Dist. 37, Beaverton, R. 3—Lila Willis, Joseph Bonn.

Dist. 74, Portland, R. 2—Nelson Frost, Otto Schultz.

Dist. 88, Sherwood—Valeria Peters, Cora Archer.

Dist. 90, Banks R. 1—Emma Wilson, Mattie Clark.

Dist. 95, Hillsdale, R. 1—Mary Patton.

Dist. 99, Forest Grove, R. 1—Martha Macy, Tina Loynes, Albert Dristig.

Mrs. F. S. Myers, of Portland, formerly a Miss Lois Parker, was struck by a highwayman within a block of her home, 515 Hancock Street, Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock. Mrs. Myers was waiting for a street car, when the assault took place. The ruffian grasped her, but she broke away, and he finally struck her a blow which landed her in the street. She screamed, and the assailant fled. He struck her repeatedly over her head and broke her glasses, a piece of the glass penetrating one of her eyes, which may impair the vision. Mrs. Myers is the wife of the well known traveling man, who is a son of W. H. H. Myers, of Forest Grove. Mrs. Myers was also well known at Forest Grove, where she attended Pacific University.

Eminent evangelists and singers at the M. E. Church—Next Sunday, Jan. 30, Rev. John Lewtas, famous as a traveller, lecturer, tenor singer and evangelist, and Rev. J. C. Reed, a fine baritone singer, will open a series of revival services. They come here from a series of meetings in central Oregon and Washington. The papers of Bend and Waterville speak highly of them. They have sung together over 2000 times, and their coming will be a treat to M. E. circles, as well as the general public. The pastor and directors invite the public—and extend a special invitation to the business men—to be present next Sunday, at the opening service.

Mrs. Martha Nelson, widow of the late W. F. Nelson, one of the original promoters of the DesChutes railroad, of Portland; Mrs. S. J. Nelson, his mother, of Spokane; and Mrs. Fred K. Dyar, a sister, of Boston, Mass., were in the city Tuesday, and dined with Mrs. Joa Downs. Mrs. Nelson is now assured that her husband's estate will realize on his holdings in the DesChutes project and this will mean a handsome income to her holdings.

Banner Tent K. O. T. M., of Greenville, installed officers Jan. 22, J. W. Sherwood, state commander, acting as installing officer. N. Albert Vanderzanden is the new commander; Millard Burnett, lieutenant commander; and L. F. Carstens, record keeper. After the installation a banquet was served and a general good time enjoyed. The Ladies of the K. O. T. M. assisted in the exercises.

C. E. Lytle, who returned the last of the week from a Tillamook trip, says he witnessed one of the worst coast storms he had ever seen, last week. Huge breakers broke on the Twin Rocks and threw spray hundreds of feet. C. E. says it was an awe-inspiring sight, and that he is glad that he is a fresh-water sailor instead of a genuine marine.

J. C. Oliver and wife, of John Day, Grant County, are guests at the H. M. Basford home, southeast of the city. Mr. Basford and Mr. Oliver have known each other for 20 years up in the John Day section. Mr. Oliver thinks seriously of coming to the valley to locate.

The county court has hired a man and cleaned up the street next to the chain, Tuesday, and a general street cleaning result followed:

L. J. Palmater, who formerly conducted the confectionery now owned by Mr. Koerber, is postmaster at La Mesa, Cal.

# Extra Values

## While They Last

### IN SWEATERS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Regular	\$3.50	values for	\$2.60
"	3.00	"	2.05
"	2.50	"	1.75
"	2.00	"	1.50
"	1.50	"	1.00
"	.95	"	.50
"	.50	"	.40

Mens heavy wool sox, 60c and 50c values for 40c.

Men's tan high top shoes, regular \$5.50 values for \$4.25

Men's tan high top shoes, regular \$5.00 values for \$4.00

Special values in ladies and children's Shoes.

## BAIRD

Between the Drug Stores

# NEW WALL PAPER STORE

OPEN FEBRUARY 15

The Largest and Best Selected Stock and the Finest Patterns ever brought to Hillsboro. Before you get ready for your Spring Decorations be sure and see this splendid line of WALL PAPERS.

We will not only sell you the Finest Lines, but we will give you estimates and put up the paper on your walls.

## Celebrated Keystone & Peats Papers

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A complete line of paper, tools, paint brushes, etc. Oil and Dry Colors.

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