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CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

Snapshot of the New York Millionaire on the Deck of His Yacht.



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BOURNE MAY BE CANDIDATE.
Rumor Says He May Oppose Selling for Senator.

Portland, Ore.—A rumor that has been in circulation for several weeks in political circles, that Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., who was defeated for renomination by Ben Selling in the republican primaries, will become a candidate for re-election on an independent ticket, took more definite form when it was learned that the senior senator from Oregon had been communicating with friends in Oregon as to the advisability of such a move.

It is reported that Senator Bourne will make an announcement in this regard following the progressive convention at Chicago, August 5.

On account of his adherence to Theodore Roosevelt, even when it seemed possible that Senator La Follette would secure the republican delegates from Oregon to the republican national convention, supporters of F. W. Mulkey, who has announced himself as candidate for the senatorship on the progressive ticket, declares that he is the logical progressive candidate and that he will remain in the contest to the finish.

BIG POTATO CROP.

Klamath County Will Outdo Itself This Season.

Klamath Falls, Ore.—Unless unforeseen conditions arise the Klamath country will this year outdo itself as a potato country. It is estimated that about 1,500 acres have been planted and at least two-thirds of the acreage will average better than 100 sacks to the acre. The year has been exceptionally favorable so far. Never in the history of the country has the potato crop, taken as a whole, looked so well, and never has there been so large an acreage planted to potatoes. Last winter the farmers of the Klamath country exported the first potatoes. They found it to be ready and easy money. Several hundred additional acres in potatoes are the result this year, and if the outside market is good, quite a sum of money should come into the country from the crop.

HONOR MEN FIGHT FIRE.

Westville Camp Turns Out at Call of Ranger.

Responding to the call of George West, forest ranger in charge of the Prospect district of the Crater national forest, the honor men stationed at Westville, on the Crater Lake road, have won new laurels for themselves by saving Uncle Sam thousands of dollars by extinguishing a forest fire near Union Creek, about 20 miles east of their camp. The men proved to be excellent help, according to reports from Prospect, and when the flames were extinguished returned to their camp on the road.

The Water Fay

A Legend of the River Rhine

By F. A. MITCHEL

A tourist viewing the ruined castles on the Rhine bank from the boat that piles up and down that historic stream, just above Wiesbaden, will see a broken pile of stones which mark the former home of Baron Korner. The baron's wife was in her youth considered the most beautiful woman in all Germany. Indeed, so beautiful was she that persons came from a distance to have a look at her.

As was to have been expected, the lady became so vain that her beauty, instead of being a source of comfort to her husband, was a matter of regret. He never complimented his wife on her beauty; consequently she cared little for him, devoting herself to admirers who went into raptures over it. The baron naturally became very bitter on the subject of woman's beauty, and when the baroness presented him with a daughter, Hildegard, since beauty is hereditary and the child would likely be a beautiful woman, he gave orders that no one should even tell Hildegard that she was beautiful. He also destroyed all the mirrors in the castle and disposed of the jewelry and other woman's adornments that tended to cultivate vanity. Then he gave orders that no one should bring any of these things into his home on pain of being thrown into the donjon under the castle.

The baroness died when Hildegard was but a few years old and long before the child could be conscious of her appearance. She grew up as beautiful as her mother and, never having seen her face, was unconscious of her attractive appearance. But she lived rather a lonely life, for her father admitted few visitors to the castle, and no one was supposed to enter without making a pledge not to give evidence of having noticed Hildegard's beauty, nor was the girl ever permitted to leave the castle.

Baron Korner as he grew older and his daughter's splendid beauty grew more transcendent formed a plan when Hildegard came to a marriageable age of marrying her to a husband who should keep up his policy with regard to her. Having no son, he selected a younger son of a neighboring baron to wed her and take his place at his death as lord of the domain. Carl Von Ehrenstein was the chosen man, but not before he had sworn a solemn oath to surround his wife with the same barriers to which she had been accustomed.

Soon after the celebration of the nuptials the baron was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting, and Carl Ehrenstein became the lord of the castle. He deeply loved his wife, but he had been thoroughly informed by the late baron of all he had suffered on account of her mother's vanity and was intent to prevent it in Hildegard. But she was now twenty years old, and it was not so easy for her husband to keep her shut up in the castle as it had been for her father to imprison a child. No sooner had there come an end to the late baron's obsequies than Hildegard began to evince a desire to see the world.

Now, Hildegard's nurse when her young mistress emerged from childhood became her maid, and the young baron consulted with her as to taking his wife outside the castle and still keeping around her the safeguards to which she had been accustomed. The maid, Gretchen, thought that the baroness could be taken on a tour without seeing a reflection of her person. Mirrors were not so common in those days as now, and Gretchen promised to watch for them and guard against her mistress being brought face to face with one. So the baron yielded to his wife's persuasions and set out with her, attended by her maid to show her the world.

The young husband was in terror from the first. Every person who passed them started on seeing Hildegard and looked at her rapturously.

"Why do these persons stare at me thus?" she asked.

"It is because, never having been out into the world, which is filled with wickedness," replied her husband, "your features show that the innocence to which you were born is still in you."

Hildegard was pleased with this, but not satisfied. They were at the time passing through different scenes from those to which her vision had been limited, and she was delighted with them.

"Shall I become wicked now that I have left the castle?" she asked.

"Not if you remain with me and Gretchen and do not mingle with the throng."

Hildegard meditated for some time over this and at last said:

"I don't care to be perfect. I think I shall risk being corrupted by mingling with a few persons."

The young baron had arranged to take his wife for their first stop to the home of Heinrich Reinheart, a friend of his living near Worms. He had confided to this person the plan on which his wife had been brought up and had secured the promise of the removal of all mirrors from the premises and that all persons there should refrain from appearing to notice the beautiful guest.

A few hours after their arrival at

their stopping place, which was situated in the center of beautiful grounds, Hildegard slipped away from her guardians and went out to walk by herself. On the peak where she had been born there was no water except the Rhine flowing far below. In Reinheart's place there was a very beautiful sheet of water. As soon as Hildegard saw it she ran toward it, clapping her hands with delight. There was no breeze, and the surface was perfectly placid. The young wife was enraptured with the smoothness of it, surrounded as it was with verdure, which on the opposite side was reflected in it. She wondered if the brink on which she stood was thus reflected. Looking down into it, she saw the blue sky there and white clouds sailing slowly along. Bending, she saw her reflection gazing at her.

Instantly a look of admiration came upon the reflected features.

"Who are you down there, a water fay? Whoever you are, you are very beautiful."

No answer came, but Hildegard noticed that the lips of the image moved while she herself was talking.

"You must be an immortal else you would give me some reply. Strange that you should live down there in the water. I have heard of mermaids, but there is nothing of the fish in your composition. You must be a human being, who instead of breathing air breathes water; but, though you can see me, you can't communicate with me. Therefore you must be a human being who has grown to my age and died. Oh, dear! I wonder what you are!"

She ran back to the house and called to her husband: "Oh, Carl! Do come and see the beautiful girl living in the under world."

The baron knit his brows. He feared that the secret was out—that she had seen her image. He went with her to the pond, she chattering on the way about the vision of loveliness she had seen and wondering if it would be there when she returned. Carl meanwhile feeling confident that she had seen herself was trying to invent a story that would satisfy her. When they reached the pond she ran ahead of him and bent over it.

"There she is!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Come and see her."

But Carl hung back. "I know whom you are looking at," he said, "a water fairy. Come away. She will contaminate you."

"No, no! She is as good as every beautiful. I can see purity in she is beautiful."

Should Carl lean over the water to see the fairy his own face would be reflected there, and his wife would recognize it at once. This would lead her to understand that the other reflection was her own.

"No, no, sweetheart," he said. "Should I look at her she might encharm me. Not for the world would I risk being drawn away from you."

"Would she?" exclaimed the girl in a tone that betrayed both fright and disappointment. "Then it would be your fault. She would never tempt you."

"Come away. This is the Lorelei, who has come from the banks of the Rhine. You know how she lures boatmen to their death. She would draw me down into the water, and I could never return to you."

Hildegard, fearful that her husband might be right, knit her brows and saw her image do the same.

"Ah," she said, "I see that you are evil, after all. You have lured me here that you may take my husband from me, and now that you see he is not to be tempted you frown. Good-by. You are beautiful, but you are evil."

With this she rejoined Carl and, putting her arm through his, returned with him to the house.

When again they set out on their journey Carl persuaded his wife that they must not go near any more water, for the fairy would be in any water they approached and he might see her before he could withdraw. And once seeing her he feared the worst. Hildegard was quite sure the girl she had seen was the Lorelei of whom she had heard so much and was ready to avoid the waters in which she lived. And so fearful was she of losing her husband that she proposed they go back to the castle, where there was no danger.

This pleased the young husband, who was in constant terror lest the admiring glances of the persons they met would betray the secret of his wife's beauty.

So they returned to their home, where there were no mirrors, no sheets of water and where every one was trained to refrain from showing admiration for the beautiful baroness. Presently a little son came to take up her attention, and she did not again feel any desire to see the world, or, rather, she feared to leave the castle with her husband for fear the water fay would get him.

This worked in two ways—the baroness not only remained at home, but would not permit her husband to go even down to the Rhine. This kept him with his wife and his family and his retainers. When the physical beauty of his wife faded it left an expression of purity, of unconscious beauty of soul. Persons who had formerly come to see her as a marvel of bodily perfection now came to view a saint.

It was not till this time that the baroness discovered that she had been so hedged about that she did not know that she was the fairy she had seen in the water and that it was she who had already enthralled her husband. But by this time she and he and their children had become welded together in one loving family, and her past beauty was not a matter of regret to her.

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WANT PERMANENT EXHIBIT.
Treatment and Care of Tuberculosis Subject of Interest.

The interest in and success of the exhibit and splendid series of lectures on the prevention, treatment and cure of tuberculosis has given rise to the suggestion that the state should provide a permanent exhibit of a similar kind and keep it constantly on display at some public place.

Mr. Cosper, who has charge of the exhibit at the Salem armory, said the supreme purpose of the movement was to awaken an enduring interest everywhere in the stamping out of the white plague, and that no better evidence of genuine appreciation of the efforts of philanthropists behind the movement could be shown than actions by states to provide and maintain permanent exhibits.

It was Mr. Cosper's idea that the state board of health could properly get behind such a proposition, and it is believed the movement would be enthusiastically indorsed and abetted by labor, religious, fraternal and civic bodies generally.

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