

# The Grant County News.

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## A CHURCH MOUSE.

"I must trust to your instinct," muttered the traveler, letting the bridle fall upon his horse's neck. "The eyes of an owl would be at fault on such a night as this. Be quiet, you brute! Do you mean to repay my confidence by breaking my neck?"

The animal had shied so violently as nearly to throw his rider, and stood trembling in every muscle. His master peered through the darkness in the endeavor to make out the cause of his terror. He could perceive before him the dim outline of a dismantled church, with its brood of gravestones clustered about it. Beside the road, so close that he could have touched it with his whip, he discovered an indistinct white object crouching upon one of the graves.

Resolved upon knowing what it was, he dismounted and approached it. As he did so, it arose and fled rapidly away. With his curiosity not fully aroused he followed it. As it neared the church it turned suddenly and confronted him. At this moment a broad glare of lightning flashed athwart the sky and he saw before him a young girl dressed in a thin, water-soaked garment, her hair falling in drenched coils upon her shoulders. For an instant her white, scared face was turned toward him and her large, sorrowful eyes met his with an appealing look, then she seemed to melt into the solid body of the church.

As well as the darkness permitted, he examined the spot where she had disappeared, but could find no opening through which she could have escaped.

He called aloud that he was a friend, and that she had nothing to fear. The only answer was the weird wail of the tempest through the broken arches. With a feeling akin to superstitions terror, he hastily remounted his horse, and did not draw rein until he reached the village inn.

"Who occupies the old church yonder?" he inquired of this landlord.

"Ah! you too have seen it," exclaimed the landlord, mysteriously.

"It?" echoed the traveler. "I saw what I thought to be a poor, demented girl."

"You saw the spirit of one," answered the host, solemnly. "Every one here knows the story. When she was alive her name was Ada Morton. Her father died a year back, leaving her heiress to his property. As she was yet a minor, he appointed his friend Stephen Eastburn her guardian, who in case of her death unmarried, was to inherit the property. It is said that he beat, starved and ill-treated her. One night—just such a night as this—she disappeared. Her hat and cloak were found on the river bank next morning. It was plain that the poor creature had sought deliverance from her persecutor by suicide. That was three months ago. Her body was never found, but her spirit had been often seen in the churchyard, where her father lies. Meanwhile, the man who drove her to her death lives at his ease in her father's house on the hill."

The traveler was evidently deeply interested in the story, but he made no comment upon it. Merely informing the landlord that he should remain for a week or two, he retired to his room.

Like many another young man of fortune Chas. Barclay was afflicted with too much leisure. His sole object in this part of the country was mere languid search after amusement. The landlord's story had strongly aroused his curiosity. Moreover, the young girl's sad face and beseeching glance in the churchyard had made a strange impression upon him. Something in her improbable history had led him to form a vague suspicion of a truth nearly as improbable. Eagerly accepting the possible chance of an exciting experience, he determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

Without dropping a hint as to his intentions, he left the inn on the next night shortly after 11 o'clock and proceeded to the old church. The place was deserted and silent; not even a stray dog was to be seen wandering about the churchyard. An ineffably dreary air hung about the place, depressing his spirits and almost resolving him to abandon his object. But a sentiment of pride urged him on, and he cautiously made his way into the church and sat down in one of the pews.

For more than an hour nothing occurred to attract his attention. He became drowsy, and was on the point of falling asleep where he sat, when a low, weird peal from the old organ moaned through the church. He sat erect and listened with suspended breath. The sound rose higher and clearer, and presently the sweet but mournful tones of a woman's voice joined it. He could make out the words of a prayer for the wretched.

After a moment the music ceased, and he could hear the singer sobbing in a low, heart-broken way, that brought tears to his eyes. He strained his eyes through the darkness, but could make out nothing. Arising, he called out:

"Whoever you are, you are in sorrow and affliction. I cannot see you. I will not pursue you. All I desire is to be your friend. Will you answer me?"

There was no reply, and the weeping suddenly ceased. After a moment of hesitation he made his way to the organ loft and struck a match. No one was visible, nor was there the smallest trace of the recent presence of any living being. Considerably startled, he left the

church, determined to repeat his experience on the following night.

Providing himself with a dark lantern he went to the church on the next night, and secreted himself near the organ. As before it was nearly midnight before he became conscious of the presence of an other person in the building. On this occasion the organ was not played, but there was a slight rustle as of a woman's dress, and presently he heard the same low bitter weeping.

Quickly arising he shot the rays of the lantern in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Not more than three yards from him in the broad glare of the light he beheld the girl whom he had met in the churchyard. She was looking at him with an expression of intense terror in her white face and tear-wet eyes. As she stood covering before him she reminded him of the innocent animal crouching at the hunter's feet. With an accent of deep pity he addressed her:

"I saw you in the churchyard night before last, I spoke to you last night. I am not an enemy, nor an idle curiosity seeker. I earnestly want to aid you. Will you not trust me?"

Keeping her eyes fixed upon him with the same distrustful look, she answered in a faint, far-off voice:

"Your friendship or your enemy can be nothing to me. The world you live in by its wickedness and cruelty, drove me to my death. I am doomed to this place until justice is done upon my destroyer."

"You are trying to mislead me," exclaimed Barclay. "You are no spirit, but a poor, starving homeless young girl. You have suffered miserably and I have resolved to restore you to your rights, as well as exact reparation from the man who has wronged you."

He advanced toward her as he spoke and stretched out his arms to seize her. In an instant she seemed uncertain how to act, then even as his hand seemed to pass boldly through her shape, she melted into the shadows of the place. This time he did not pursue her. Her mysterious escape, which seemed to confirm her own words, began to impress him with the belief that he had indeed confronted a visitant from the other world.

Next morning, however, cool reflection taught him that he might easily have deceived himself in his excitement. He therefore resolved all the more obstinately to pursue the investigation.

For three nights following he secreted himself in the church and awaited her appearance, but his watch was fruitless. This caution on her part fully convinced him that he was dealing with a human being and not with an impalpable phantom.

Meantime in pursuance of the suspicion which the landlord's story had imparted to him, he found a pretense on which to make the acquaintance of Stephen Eastburn. The man impressed him unfavorably at the first sight. Tall and gaunt of figure, with small, restless gray eyes and false smile, he seemed to Barclay to be capable of any villainy. The young man was careful to avoid mentioning the supposed ghost, and departed with an invitation to call again.

On the fourth day Barclay again secreted himself in the church. It was cold for the season, and he shivered in his hiding place, despite his warm clothing. Hour after hour passed away, and he was beginning to fear that his errand would again prove fruitless, when a faint light in the church caught his eye. As rose higher, he could see that it proceeded from a small heap of sticks collected upon the stone floor. Crouching over it and extending her thin fingers to the flame, he beheld the figure of the young girl. Evidently overcome with the cold, she had ventured to indulge in this small comfort in the hope that it might escape notice.

Pulling off his shoes, Barclay crept up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, seized her in his strong grasp.

"I knew you were no ghost," he said, smiling; "though if you continue this life much longer you will soon become one."

She uttered a faint cry of terror, and sunk upon her knees.

"Spare me," she sobbed. "I am only a poor, homeless, friendless girl, who never wronged any one. Why do you pursue me?"

"For your own good, my poor girl," he said kindly. "Why will you not believe me in my good intentions?"

"Why should I?" she cried passionately. "Did not my father's trusted friend, the man who had sworn to be my second father, seek my life?"

"Ah!" said Barclay, with a start. "My conjecture was true, then. He then deceived you to the river, and after believing you safely out of the way, left your cloak and hat upon the bank to give the impression that you had committed suicide?"

"Yes," she answered; "but the river was more merciful than he, for it cast me ashore alive. Sickly with horror, and madly afraid of the whole world, I came here where my father lay, to die upon his grave. But it is hard for one so young to die. I have lived here these three months, suffering, freezing, dying. That I was taken for my own ghost was fortunate for me, and aided me to get what little would keep me alive, after nightfall. And I encouraged the superstition. Now you know all. If you are that man's emissary, may God forgive you and help me."

"I am the emissary of mercy," returned Barclay. "I am here to do justice on a villain and to restore you to your rights. Will you trust and help me?"

She looked up at him.

"You have a good, kind face," she

said, offering him her hand, "I will trust you."

"Then," said Barclay, "keep up the character you have assumed for one more day. To-morrow night I shall bring Eastburn here with witnesses. Do you play on that organ when you hear us enter. When I turn the dark lantern upon you, rise, and denounce him as your murderer. We can safely leave him to accuse himself."

"I will do as you wish," she answered. "How can I thank you?"

"By following my directions," replied Barclay, brusquely, to hide his own emotion.

With a few words more of advice he left her. His next move was to go directly to the landlord of the inn, relate the whole story and secure his support.

At 10 o'clock on the next night, in company with the landlord, he called upon Stephen Eastburn. Cutting short his smooth salutation, Barclay said:

"Mr. Eastburn, the obscure manner of your ward's death has given rise to strange rumors in the village. Her spirit is said to wander in the old church. We desire you to accompany us there tonight in order to set their stories at rest."

Eastburn's jaw dropped, his face grew livid, and he was barely able to reply in a quivering voice:

"Ghost? ghost! Do you mean to make a fool of me? I will not go to the church at this hour of the night."

"Allow me to observe," said Barclay, sternly, "that the rumors, unless you aid in dissipating them, may culminate in a charge of murder."

Something significant in his tone seemed to render Eastburn suddenly submissive.

"Of course I will go, out of politeness, if you insist. We will probably bag a church mouse. They are proverbially so starved as to be incapable of flight."

No reply was made to this lame attempt at humor, and in a very uncomfortable frame of mind he went with them to the church, and was shown into a pew in the dark between them. After a moment's silence the low tones of the organ sounded through the church, accompanied by a woman's voice.

"What is this?" cried Eastburn, starting up. "Whose voice is that?"

"Be silent," said Barclay, sternly. "Good reason have you to hear that voice with guilty horror."

At the same instance the glass from his lantern fell broadly upon the organ. Standing before it, looking down at them, was the figure of Ada Morton.

"Oh, God," groaned Eastburn, chokingly. "My sins have found me out. She has come back from the other world to accuse me of her death."

"Yes," said the girl solemnly.

"Stephen Eastburn, you are my murderer."

"I confess it," shrieked the terror-madened wretch; "I ask no mercy from men, for the grave has condemned me. Take me away—hide me from this awful sight."

The light was turned out and the girl's figure disappeared. The horror-stricken Eastburn, shrieking mingled prayers and curses, was taken to the village and imprisoned on the double charge of fraud and attempted murder. In course of time he was convicted and punished.

On the same day that he was sentenced Barclay called upon Ada Morton, now installed in her father's house. With her restoration to her rights she had recovered her health and beauty, and it was with a strange feeling of mingled hope and fear that the young man took her hand and said:

"I have called to say good-bye, Miss Morton."

The bright smile faded from her face, and a look of pain came in its place.

"You are going away? I had hoped you would stay with us."

"My work here is done," he answered. "I have restored you to your home, and to-day your enemy receives the punishment of his crimes. What more is there to do?"

"Nothing," she returned brokenly, "but to forget the poor girl whom you have befriended. That will be easy."

"No," he replied earnestly, "so difficult that I shall never accomplish it. To stay as your friend is impossible. I must go away and labor to crush out this longing, this love for you which has overgrown my whole heart, or stay to cherish it for your sake. Tell me, dear Ada, which must I do?"

She looked up at him shyly, and came nearer to his side as she whispered:

"Stay."

A Washington reporter of the *World* has discovered that the notes of his interview with Senator Conkling in April, 1878, are fuller than they were translated at the time. He has made a literal transcript, showing that the Senator said: "Hill, of Georgia, is well known in his section as the champion liar of the South. Nobody in his own State would believe him under oath." Of Senator Butler, of South Carolina, the New York *Chesterfield* said: "He is a cool and polished villain." The reporter further states: "In the published account of the interview I left off the last word. But it is recorded in my note-book, and the Senator will not deny using the language. In Butler's case he added the trite quotation of 'As mild a mannered man as ever settled ship.'" Senator Hill is a gentleman from Georgia, sah, and he hails from La Grange, while Butler's address is Columbia, S. C.

King Oscar, of Sweden, gave 120,000 crowns toward the expenses of Norden-skjold's expedition. The total cost of the expedition is said to have been 419,177 crowns. Norden-skjold's account of his voyage is shortly to be published in German, at Leipsic.

## Liquors and Tobacco.

According to the ancient rhyme, the reason why little Johnny Reed resolved never to masticate the Indian leaf was the filthiness of the weed. But according to Dr. George Beard, of New York, the reason was that the little Reed's nervous system wouldn't endure it; the paternal Reed had used tobacco lavishly and, so far as he was concerned, with impunity, but he bequeathed to his son a nervous system that would stand nicotine; wherefore, where the father chewed the son eschewed.

As the senior Reed never had a particle of tobacco in his mouth, and the junior Reed had acquired the habit of chewing surreptitiously, had been flogged several times for indulgence in the vice, and had never recited his little verse about tobacco with sincerity, both of them would have been greatly astonished at hearing Dr. Beard's lecture before the Philosophical society. In that lecture the doctor set forth that while the late generation of Americans indulged in the copious use of alcoholic liquors, and, without much distinction of sex, in the use of tobacco, the present generation finds its nerves in such a condition that it has to limit its use and stimulants and narcotics to the minimum; and the doctor not only discovered a rapid reduction in the amount of smoking, but he already foresees that millennial period when chewing will be a lost art. All this Dr. Beard attributes to the increasing nervousness of the American people, which obliges them to abandon whisky, tobacco, and in many cases even tea and coffee. A few facts in support of this theory would facilitate its acceptance.

There are a large class of young men, who are now smoking and chewing with an industry that is highly gratifying to all patriots who desire to see the public debt paid, and every one of whose ancestors looked on tobacco smoke as identical with smoke from the bottomless pit, who are a little curious to know where Dr. Beard got the impression that the dead Americans were large users of tobacco and that the living ones are gradually giving up chewing and smoking. In spite of reductions in the internal revenue duties, the national revenue from distilled spirits was \$18,000,000 in 1865; \$55,000,000 in 1870; \$52,000,000 in 1875, and the same in 1879. The use of tobacco doesn't appear to be diminishing, in view of the fact that the tobacco crop of 1869 was 225,000,000 pounds, and in 1878 395,000,000 pounds. It is within the recollection of persons by no means old that the culture of tobacco came, saw, and conquered the Connecticut valley.

The attention of the public has been called several times lately to the enormous increase of the consumption of cigarettes. No person who walks the streets can be ignorant of the youthfulness of the smokers who chiefly use cigarettes, and the increase of their consumption means that more youths are smoking than formerly.

Among the Dutch of New York it may be true that men and women of former generations both used tobacco and used it more freely than now. But among New Englanders and their western offspring the use of tobacco was formerly looked on as a sin, and in those communities of New England extraction where the world, the flesh, and the devil have been most successfully resisted, smoking is still looked upon as an evidence of an unregenerate nature. The great Methodist Church, which looks pretty closely after the habits of its members, and even recommends a rising hour to its ministers, deprecates every year the increasing numbers of those within its fold who use tobacco; especially does it fearfully notice that it is not uncommon thing now for candidates of the ministry to be addicted to the use of tobacco. If Dr. Beard has found more non-smoking sons of non-smoking fathers, his observation is exceptional.

That drinking, as a social institution, is less prominent in America now than formerly, and less here than in Europe, is true; but that this results from the increasing nervousness of our people is not proven. Two of three questions that eternally agitate Americans, according to Dr. Beard, are: "Who shall be the next President?" and "Where shall I go when I die?" The latter has had a good deal to do with the disuse of liquors. In no other country have temperance societies exerted so much influence as here. The Methodist church is itself a temperance society. The other churches have efficiently co-operated with temperance societies. Clergymen were among the first to abandon their bibulous habits. Nearly all the churches have taken part in the war on drinking, and nearly all the temperance orators and organizers are church people. The most successful of recent temperance movements have been as distinctively religious as the Moody and Sankey meetings. Among the people who are exempt from the influences of any church it is questionable whether Dr. Beard could prove that there has been any radical diminution in the use of liquors.

Dr. Beard's remarks about the great reduction in the use of liquors in England are not corroborated by other and very recent observers. Some of these have noticed an increase of intemperance among English women of the better classes. On the whole, there has doubtless been a decrease in England, but, next to America, England is the country where temperance societies have most flourished, and where religion has exerted the most influence on the side of abstinence.—[Chicago Times.

Germany, France and Italy now impose a tax, in proportion to their means, on all who, for family reasons or physical deformities, are exempted from military service.

## The Rugby Colony.

The English colony which Mr. Thos. Hughes and his friends propose to found in Tennessee has been misunderstood as being an enterprise exclusively English, which was to maintain itself as English, cultivate English traditions and feelings and aim to be a little England in the midst of the United States, in the same way that Plymouth was a new England in the wilderness of 1620. The American and English critics of the scheme showed at once that such an undertaking must fail because the movement springs from no religious or social theory, but is merely an industrial enterprise. The result would inevitably be the mingling of the colony with the American life around it, and gradual absorption in the great American community. But when this had been all cogently set forth and reasoned to a logical conclusion, Mr. Hughes made a speech at the opening of the town, so to speak, in which he stated that such was not the intention, that the gates of the colony would stand wide open to the entry of industry and intelligence from every quarter, and that while in its beginning it was necessarily English, "we hope that this will very soon cease to be so."

It is, in fact, merely an escape from the narrower opportunities of life in older communities, and its hope and aim apparently are to give more and fairer chances to capable and well-meaning people than they are likely to find at home. There is a price to be paid, indeed, for so great a gain, and that price is separation from the association of older regions and at home, and the formation of new ties with strangers. There is another price to be paid also, which is inevitable, and that is the attempted entrance of the shiftless and impracticable. No body of persons can found a simple industrial community which is designed to lessen the friction of the great contest for existence without being beset by a swarm of drones who hope somehow to be helped without helping themselves. There is perhaps to be added to this price list the slight unnaturalness which seems to belong to the impression of such endeavors. This is not, indeed, what can be called an original feeling, because from the community in some form our modern society has sprung. But individualism and every man for himself have become so wholly the principle of our society that there is now a shrinking from any return to any form of communism.

Of this Mr. Hughes is well aware, and in his very tranquil and sensible speech he alludes to the odium which attaches to the word community, and repudiates entirely all sympathy with the State communism of which we have had some ugly teachings in this country, and of which Lasalle and Marx are leaders in Europe. Indeed, the Rugby community is to be neither political nor religious, but simply Arcadian. It proposes no re-organization of society, no revision of fundamental laws. It accepts with perfect contentment the laws relating to property and to family life as they exist, and hopes to make the business of living under those laws somewhat easier. The colonists intend to lay out a pretty town, with due provision for parks and gardens, and to erect suitable, simple, and attractive buildings. They mean also to apply co-operation to the supply of many of the fundamental and constant necessities of daily life, economizing health and labor and expense, and thereby greatly increasing the common stock of vigor and rational enjoyment; and they consecrate the colony to perfect religious freedom.

It is thus a unique enterprise. The colony will avail itself of the results of experience elsewhere, and begin with the taste and foresight which are usually wholly wanting, or which are entirely contented in the beginnings of such communities. Towns and villages are chance growths. They gather around some water-power, or mine, or spring, or natural advantage, or they are agricultural centres growing without purpose or plan. There is scarcely a pretty or pleasant town or village which a little forethought would not have made very much more charming. The village improvement societies are signs of the wish to remedy congenital defects of rural communities. Where there is a beautiful shore, of a river or a lake, it has been generally sequestered to private and individual use, and is lost to the community. If the natural beauty of thousands of towns had been developed for the common benefit, it would be found that profit and pleasure are different phases of the same fact, for property in an attractive community is more valuable than in one which is not so.

But when, as at Rugby, it is proposed to add to this cheap and easy care for the common pleasure the lightening of the common labor by the introduction of a kind of co-operation whose value is incontestable, the only question that remains is whether the colonists who will have the taste and intelligence of the few leaders, or will yield to them the control. The hope of the colony, as Mr. Hughes expressed it, is that it will be a community of natural, not of artificial or conventional, ladies and gentlemen. This is the natural hope of generous enthusiasm.—[Harper's Magazine.

A young lady artist married a young gentleman artist. The uncle of the bride made a call upon them and found them sitting in opposite corners of their joint studio in the sulks, the husband saying that his wife's waist was out of proportion and the wife saying that her husband's nose was too small.

"Why," said the indignant customer to his tailor, "you have made this coat three sizes too small for me." "But," said the tailor, "did you not tell me that you were going to live at the Xenophon Hotel?"