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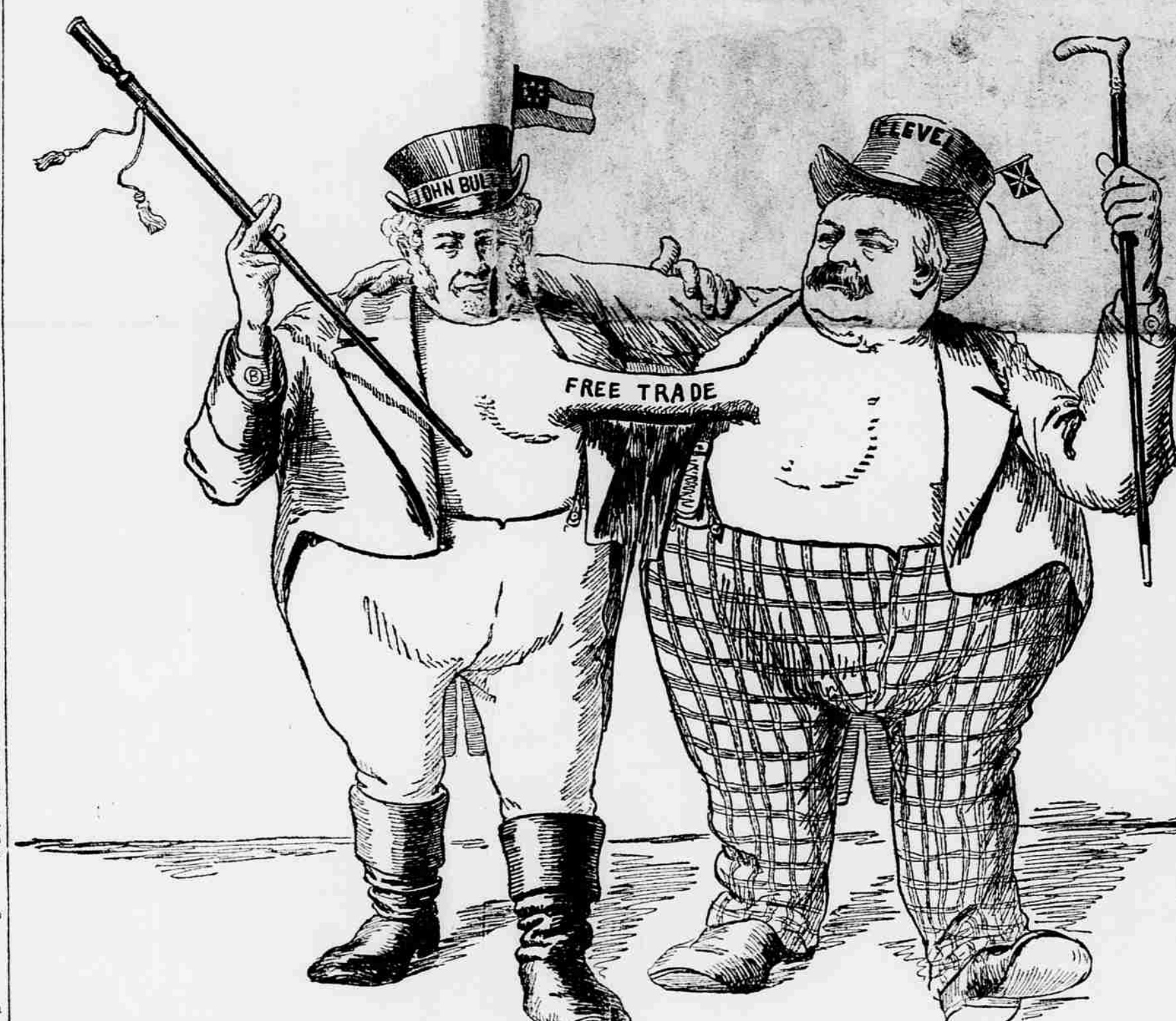
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THEY WERE NOT BORN THIS WAY.



THE MODERN SIAMESE TWINS—A PAIR THAT ARE UNITED BY AN INSEPARABLE BOND IN THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN—REPRODUCED FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

Harry Burton.

OR—
TRUE FRIENDSHIP'S SACRIFICE
A Romance of the War.

BY OTWEIS.

AUTHOR OF "BESSIE'S DIARY," ETC.
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CHAPTER IX.

After Pearl was taken away from the library, Harry again relapsed into a state of stupor. He seems utterly unconscious of the confusion around him, which seems to increase rather than diminish. No one seems to have the slightest idea of what should be done, until Captain Van Fleet comes in and realizes the horrible situation. He orders a sheet thrown over the cold senseless form, and those wide open staring eyes. He tears a leaf from his pocket book, and hastily writes a summons for the civil authorities, in the adjoining city, which he sends by one of the servants. Then he orders all the soldiers back to quarters and manages to calm the terrified servants, and requests Lieutenant Warren to remain with him in charge until the proper authorities should arrive.

Harry still sits in the dark corner where he had flung himself after Pearl had been taken from the room, his face bowed in his hands, the image of dejection and despair.

The entire evening is spent in unbroken silence. About midnight the coroner and his party arrived. Mr. Cook, the coroner, bustled into the room rubbing his hands complacently, and smiling at every body as though this pleasant little tragedy was gotten up for his special benefit, and to add to his already well filled pocket. "This is a bad business gentlemen, a bad business," he remarked, addressing no one in particular, but glancing with his restless black eyes at each of the occupants of the room, then at his jury men. No one seemed called upon to answer, and he went on. "Servants all gone to bed eh? Miss Bedford takes it pretty hard I reckon. That a relative?" pointing to Harry with a backward jerk of his thumb. "Bad business I say, very bad business, very mysterious." Here Captain Van Fleet thought it time to suggest the lateness of the hour, and that it might be well to proceed with the examination. They found that the general had come to his death by a stab in the left breast—penetrating the heart—inflicted by a sharp knife or dagger.

The captain and lieutenant both testified that they had been attracted to the scene by cries of

murder, fire, etc. from an excited crowd. Had found the house full of people, and the general died upon the floor.

Harry when called upon to testify, arose to his feet with a blanched face, and glanced at the body still upon the floor, with a perceptible shudder. He said that he had had an appointment with the general at seven o'clock, but had been detained, and did not come until nearly eight. The servant had told him at the door that General Bedford was in the library, where he went. Upon opening the door he was almost paralyzed to see the general lying dead on the floor. That he had been aroused by the sight of Miss Bedford coming in at the library door, and that he had tried to prevent her coming in, but had not succeeded, and that it was her cry which brought the servants to the room.

"So you was the first person in the room after the killing?" said Mr. Cook. "Did you move any thing or disturb anything in the room?"

"No sir."

"What was your business with the late general?"

"I came for the purpose of asking his consent to my engagement with his daughter sir."

At the answer to this question Lieutenant Warren started to his feet, but sat down again while his face spoke volumes, if there had been any one interested in reading it.

"Had you any doubt as to his consent?" continued Mr. Cook with a knowing wink and blink towards his flock, which they interpreted to mean something like this—"You see my shrewdness has found a clew. Don't you wish you were a coroner and filled the noble position as gloriously as John A. Cook does?"

Before Harry could answer this question, Captain Van Fleet, "now see here Mr. Coroner I'll be just teetotal by hung if I can see as just any of your business whether he expected to get the general's consent or not. A one horse coroner isn't a whole court house and all anyway. You'd best stick to your calling." Whereat the little flock exchanged glances not wholly indicative of their belief in J. A. Cook's ability, and the latter looked sword points, and daggers in Captain Van Fleet's direction, and muttered that it looked mighty strange that General Bedford should be murdered in broad daylight, as he must have been if the deed was done before eight o'clock, the time the witnesses arrived. That in his opinion "things looked mighty strange, mighty suspicious." All of which he took good care the captain should not hear. But he succeeded in impressing the jury that Harry was the guilty one. William, the butler swore that he had given the general a cup of tea in the library not fifteen minutes before admittance Harry at the hall door, and that he (Mr. Burton) had said he would not trouble him (William) to announce him, but

would go immediately to the library.

When the inquest was concluded Mr. J. H. Cook decided that it was too late, or rather too early in the morning to cross the river to the city, and suggested that some refreshments, in the way of wine and cold chicken in the dining room might be acceptable after their night's arduous labor. J. H. Cook Esquire had a weakness for cold chicken and very old port, which he freely indulged whenever the opportunity presented itself. On this particular occasion he simply outdid himself in his efforts to impress upon the minds of his followers that he knew good wine when he tasted it, and that a coroner's office was a "mighty responsible position," that he—J. A. Cook prided himself upon his "shrewdness." That he always made up his mind who the "guilty party" was the first thing, and he had never been known to be mistaken yet. That he thought that "Burton feller" was guilty the minute he set eyes on him in that dark corner—that they would find out he was right "afore long," and he helped himself to another piece of chicken.

CHAPTER X.

Harry was walking up and down between the long rows of lime trees, leading from the house to the river, the little boathouse where Pearl had promised to meet him yesterday. Was it only yesterday? Only last night? It seemed to him ten years, and yet it seemed that it must after all be only a fevered dream from which he would presently awaken. This terrible crime. That awful deed of last night could not be real, was not true. He had been wandering here since the inquest. He had been unable to leave the place. There seemed some terrible fascination chaining him to the spot. He had neither eaten nor slept, and looked worn and haggard. He had overheard the doctor say that Pearl was dangerously ill with brain fever, and that no one must see her. Could this be the same world of yesterday? Yesterday when everything was in a rose glow of happiness! To day the glow had deepened into crimson—crimson with blood—blood everywhere. Yes, there was blood upon his hands—his sleeves. He vaguely wondered how it came there, but did not think of washing his hands or changing his clothes. And thus the officers of the law (set upon his trail by the little sleuth hound John Anderson Cook) found him.

"Mr. Harry Burton you are my prisoner" said the officer.

"For what am I a prisoner?" said Harry taken entirely by surprise.

"You are accused of the murder of General Bedford and you had better come along with us without any trouble. I wonder how you can stand there calmly and ask

such questions with the proof of your infamous deed staring at you from your hands and sleeves."

"Has it come to this—to this," groaned Harry. "Oh, mother, it is well you died ere this blow could strike. Gentlemen, I am innocent. Before God I am innocent. You have arrested the wrong man." "I hope you can prove your innocence my man," said one of the officers more kindly than the rest, but we are compelled to obey orders and so you had better walk down town with us. We will spare you the indignity of those if you will come along without any trouble," as the first officer would have placed the handcuffs upon Harry's hands.

"Here! what in the name of all the gods of morristown does this mean," broke in Capt. Van Fleet coming rapidly from toward the river. "Am I too late? Curse the luck anyway. I have been looking for you everywhere Harry—and to find you in this fix is too much. Why didn't you go home and act like a rational being?" he added with an anxious look at the bloody hands and cuffs. "I could thrash you, but there is no use growling," taking in the situation at once. "You had better go along peacefully. Of course you are innocent," as Harry would have spoken and it will come all right at the trial. Only a great deal of annoyance gentlemen to innocent people. But of course you can't help that. Law is law and will have to take its course. I suppose you have no objections to my walking down the street with my young friend here. You needn't show them things. I'll guarantee he don't try to escape." When they arrived at the prison and Harry consigned to a cell among the most hardened criminals, the Captain begged leave to remain with his friend through the night. But this they assured him could not possibly be allowed.

"Well, I must have a private conversation with him. Come now," slipping a five-dollar bill into the warden's hand. "How long can I remain?"

"Well, sir you may stay a half an hour, though it's as much as my place is worth to let you. Hurry up now and say what you want to for the superintendent is in, and if he should take it into his head to come here you'd have to git purty quick," so saying he pushed the Captain into the cell and shut and locked the door, and stood with his back against it.

"Now Harry," said the Captain in a whisper, "I want to know the truth about this business—tell me everything. You needn't be afraid. I'll stand by you till the last. Yes, by all the gods I will. I have money and I'll use the last cent of it if necessary to save you my boy."

"Oh, Captain your sympathy is worth worlds to me; but I will not need your money. It is simply a mistake—a grave mistake and I will be released as soon as the right man is found."

"Now see here Harry I asked you for the truth. Whether you are guilty or not, I will stand by you just the same. I simply want the particulars that I may better know how to proceed. Now confess freely everything."

"Captain do you, can you think me guilty of that horrible awful crime?"

"Forgive me my boy if I have wronged you. But I did think you had done it in an angry moment, and that you were suffering from remorse now. That blood on your hands and cuffs."

"Captain before God I am ignorant of how that blood came there; but I swear to you by everything that I hold sacred—by my mother's grave that I am as innocent of that foul murder as a new born babe. I was so startled, so surprised in my life as when I opened the library door and beheld that awful, ghastly sight."

"I believe you my boy, I believe you. Your countenance is not a guilty one I am sure. But that blood. Can't you account for that some way? That and your actions will go against you I'm afraid."

"I do not know of any way it could get there unless I tried to lift the General from the floor though I have no recollection of doing so. The first thing I remember after going into the library was hearing Pearl—Miss Bedford I mean call her father."

"Times' up sir," said the warden opening the door.

"Well old boy," said the Captain. "Keep a stiff upper lip, and don't converse with anyone—nobody is the word, do you understand? Trust everything to me. I'll get you out of this pickle or my name isn't Van Fleet. Now any thing I can do for you? I'll be back in the morning as early as I can get into this black den."

"Would it be too much trouble Captain to ascertain how Miss Bedford is and bring the news in the morning?"

"Trouble? No of course not. I am interested in the little woman myself—bless her. Harry Burton if the old Dutchman hadn't been so old and gray headed you would have had opposition on that suit. You've won a prize young man."

"Times' up sir," growled the warden rattling his keys impatiently against the door.

"I've got to go, I suppose! Confound it," and admonishing Harry repeatedly to be sure to sleep, to keep up his courage, to not get the drops, to trust all to the old Dutchman who would soon set things all right. Captain Van Fleet, allowed the warden to conduct him down the long, dark, lobbies and out into the street, the great massive iron doors clanging shut behind him with an ominous creak and the rattling chains and creaking bolts as they were drawn to their places and securely fastened sent a shudder through his innermost soul. When he was with Harry he had felt compelled to be cheerful; but now that he was alone and dissembling no longer necessary he did not appear so sanguine. "Captain Van Fleet," he muttered to himself as he walks slowly toward the fort. "Captain Van Fleet, you never saw quite so big a middle before. But look here old fellow you're in for it though if it takes your boots off. Harry is as innocent of the deed as you are. I would stake my life on that now, though I did doubt him at first. But if he is innocent that won't save his neck from wearing a hemp necktie God help him. If he is convicted and hung it won't be the first time such a thing occurred. 'O if only I could have seen him before he was arrested and made him change his clothes. Durn it, anyway; why didn't I lead him home last night with the rest of them. His own testimony was right against himself. Hang the luck! Jesse Van Fleet, if you was any other man, and I hadn't a great deal of respect for gray hairs, I'd kick you. I'll just be totally changed if it don't seem like hell luck gets to running down hill once, there's no such thing as putting on the brake till you're clear down to the bottom. Everything has gone wrong in this business. That sweet little girl must get the brain fever, and if she dies—but there, she must not die, that's all there is about that," and he wiped a suspicious moisture from his eyes which he never would have owned was tears.

Ah, Captain Van Fleet, hide it as you will, there is a tender heart under that rough exterior. He had been born under American skies, though of German parents, and took great pride in calling himself an "American Dutchman." He had been betrothed in his youth to a sweet temperate, sunny haired little German maiden, who contracted a lingering pulmonary disease, and after a year and a half of tedious suffering died on the very day on which they were to have been married, and he had always remained true to her memory.

(To be Continued.)